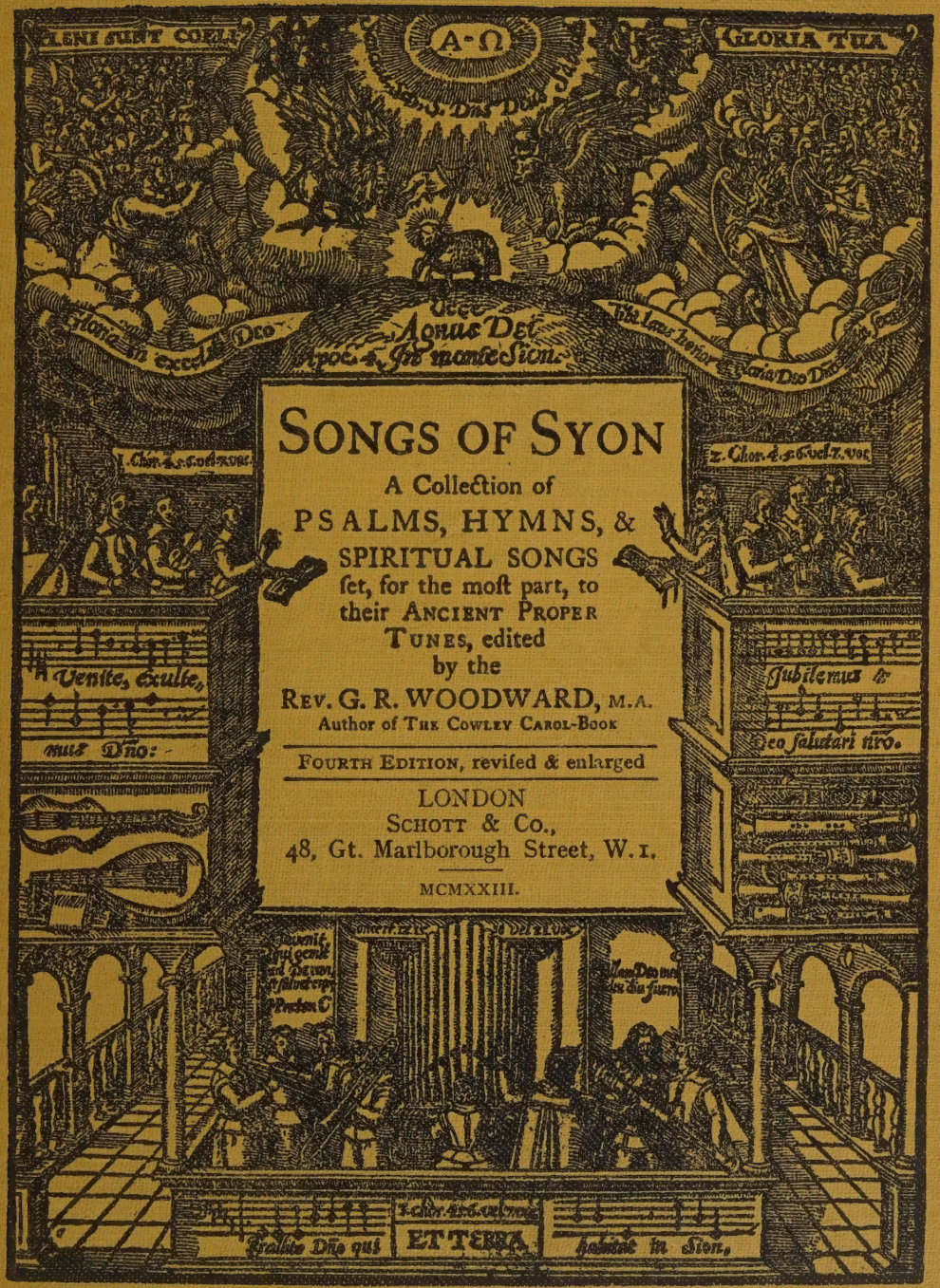


SONGS OF SYON

A Collection of

PSALMS, HYMNS, & SPIRITUAL SONGS

set, for the most part, to their ANCIENT PROPER TUNES, edited by the

REV. G. R. WOODWARD, M.A.
Author of THE COWLEY CAROL-BOOK

FOURTH EDITION, revised & enlarged

LONDON
SCHOTT & Co.,
48, Gt. Marlborough Street, W.1.

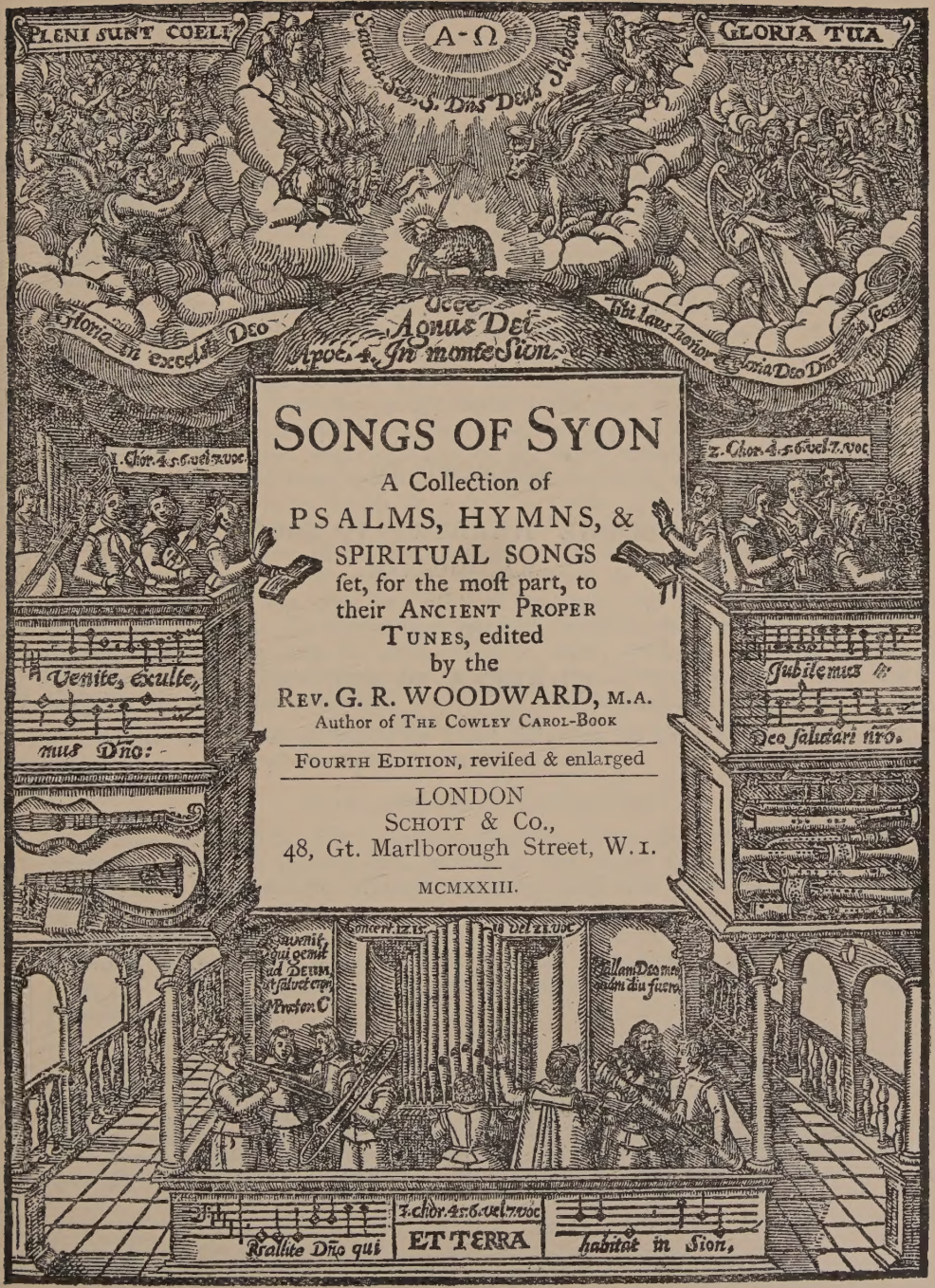
MCMXXIII.

J. T. Belcher

SONGS OF SYON

SING US ONE OF THE SONGS OF SYON

Ps. cxxxvij, 3.



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INSCRIBED TO

GEORGE HERBERT PALMER,

B.A., MUS. DOC.,

AND TO

CHARLES WOOD,

M.A., MUS. DOC.

PREFACE

IN this Third and Enlarged Edition of SONGS OF SYON will be found a number of Tunes which have never yet appeared in any English collection. Many of these are of peculiar metre, for which no English words existed. Previous experience had taught the Editor that, with rare exceptions, English Hymn-writers and Translators decline to be trammelled with the requirements of uncommon measures, particularly in the case of double-rimes and feminine endings, of which latter, though there be plenty in other languages, there is only a limited number in the English tongue. This difficulty has often been the cause of the mutilation of foreign melodies when wedding them to English words, as will be seen at a glance on comparing the settings of Nos. 57, 60, 83, 128, 133, 214, 246, 274, 303, 312, 323, 348A, 372, etc., with the corrupt forms of the same now in vogue.* Accordingly, sooner than perpetuate or increase these unwarranted acts of barbarism and discourtesy towards the works of some of the finest melodists in Europe, when the Editor discovered long ago that there were no words available in the exact measure of certain tunes which he wished to make better known, he had no alternative but to provide words of his own. This must be his apology for the frequent recurrence of his own initials. But where English Hymn-writers or Translators had already provided suitable words *in the right metre* for some particular tune, he was only too thankful to make use of their labours and publish their verses. In Germany, poets like Scheffler and Gerhardt composed Sacred Lyrics to be sung to some favourite tune. But, as the bulk of our traditional English Hymn-tunes are of Ballad or Common Measure, there has been, so far, small encouragement for English poets to employ other metres.

As for the Tunes in SONGS OF SYON, they may be generally comprehended under one or other of the following heads :—

(*a*) PLAINSONG MELODIES

These are chiefly from English sources. They are given without harmonies, it being the Editor's firm conviction that unless the organist be a well-instructed and sympathetic Church musician, Gregorian music is better when sung without instrumental accompaniment. Moreover, opinions differ as to the exact style of harmony to be employed. To have harmonized all the Plainsong Melodies in this Book would have still further increased its size ; and, moreover, the ordinary organist usually prefers substituting, for better or for worse, harmonies of his own.

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* It must be laid to the credit of the German, Dutch, Italian, and Scandinavian Psalter-makers that they have invariably observed the rule of providing words in the exact metres of the Old French Psalter, for there is a certain deference due to the rimes and rhythms of these tunes, composed as they were by master musicians. But, granting the difficulty of the English language and the scarcity of words with feminine rimes, it must be confessed by an Englishman that his fellow-countrymen alone have shirked this duty, and from the very first have treated foreign tunes with scant respect.

(*b*) METRICAL MELODIES
OF THE THIRTEENTH TO THE SIXTEENTH CENTURIES

These consist partly of Liturgical Hymns and Sequences, partly of favourite Secular Airs—all in one or other of the Ancient Ecclesiastical Modes. These may be roughly sub-divided into (1) Latin or German Psalms, Hymns, and Songs; (2) Old English; (3) Old Finnish (all taken from PIÆ CANTIONES,* 1582); (4) Bohemian, Moravian, and Polish; (5) possibly a few Old French Airs.

(*c*) LUTHERAN TUNES

These may be divided into two classes: (1) Those of the sixteenth, and first half of the seventeenth century; they are often metrical adaptations of the Old Church Hymns, or of ancient *Volkslieder*.† (2) Those from about the middle of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century. To this period belong the magnificent settings of John Sebastian Bach, found in his Church Cantatas, Passions, Christmas Oratorio, and Schemelli's *Gesangbuch*. SONGS OF SYON contains many specimens from these works. In such an embarrassment of riches the principal difficulty was which particular setting to take and which to leave. It has been too frequently assumed that Bach was an innovator and a destroyer of the simplicity of the German Choral. Rather he may be said to have accepted the forms which he found in common use (degenerate as they often were), adorning and beautifying them with the whole powers of his devout soul, and the treasures of his marvellous contrapuntal skill.

(*d*) OLD ENGLISH AND SCOTCH PSALM-TUNES
OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES

(*e*) OLD FRENCH PSALM-TUNES AND CANTICLES
OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

To Mr. Robert Bridges belongs the credit, in the Yattendon Hymnal (1898), of having been the first to provide English words, in the right metre, for many of L. Bourgeois' finest melodies—a task in which the early English and Scotch Psalm-books had failed. The Editor of SONGS OF SYON is grateful for having been allowed to incorporate much of Mr. Bridges' work. As regards

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* Revised and reprinted, with Preface and Commentary, by the Plainsong and Mediæval Music Society (1910), 44, Russell Square, London.

† If there be any persons who dislike the old practice of pressing secular tunes into the service of the Church, let them consider that, provided these tunes be of a suitable, devotional, and ecclesiastical style, there is no solid ground for their objection. How much poorer German Hymnody would have been, what a loss to 'the Church throughout all the world,' had our musical forefathers acted otherwise! As it was, they adopted and adapted many secular melodies, such as the following: *Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen*, *Mein G'müt ist mir verwirret*, *Il me souffit de touts mes maulx*, *Ich hört ein Fräulein klagen*, *Einmal ich gieng spatzieren*, *Flora meine Freude*, *Entlaubet ist der Walde*, *Petite Camusette*—and this to the great enrichment of Sacred Song.

the settings of these Old French Psalms, they are given in SONGS OF SYON generally under two forms: (*a*) with the Melody in the Upper Part; (*b*) with the Melody in the Tenor. It is well known that Claude Goudimel usually, though not invariably, employed the latter method, as was the custom in his time. Where Goudimel's settings were unobtainable, harmonies in keeping with the style of the period have been provided. It is hoped that, where practicable, at least one verse of every Psalm may be sung with the Plainsong in the Tenor.

The residue includes the workmanship of many Composers of different ages and of various countries.

If objection be taken to the number of foreign tunes which appear in this Edition, be it remembered that many of our favourite Hymn-tunes, *e.g.*, *The Old Hundredth*, *Luther's Hymn*, *Adeste fideles*, *O Sacred Head surrounded*, *Now thank we all our God*, *Sing praise to God who reigns above*, are not of English origin. It is confidently believed that many other *exotics* need only to be transplanted, and they will take equally deep root in the hearts of English-speaking people.

Concerning the method of singing the tunes, the proper speed, etc. The Plainsong Melodies must be sung *lightly* and *quasi loquendo*, with due attention to the tonal accents.* As for the other tunes, they are to be sung *always smoothly*, and *generally slowly*; ever *legato*, never *staccato*. On no account should they be *dragged*; on no account *hurried*. The pace will depend, to some extent, on the acoustic properties of the building, the size of the Quire, the volume of sound proceeding from the lips of the congregation;† but the right *tempo* must be determined by the style of the Melody and the character of the Harmony. The more elaborate settings, especially those by Bach, require slower singing than the simpler ones. The Quire-master will be guided herein by his own musical intuition and good taste.

With regard to the Unbarred Tunes. As many of the tunes in this collection were written long before bars came into fashion, it would have been unreasonable to have employed bars. Moreover, a designed irregularity of the rhythm often requires that the bars should be dispensed with, their absence promoting greater freedom and facility of phrasing the melody, and of avoiding the strong accent now considered necessary for the first beat of the bar. In many cases the single bar has been used only to denote the end of a line.

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* See the Introduction to the Plainsong and Mediæval Music Society's 'Plainsong Hymn Melodies.'

† Some of the settings, being more of the nature of Motets, are not intended to be sung by the congregation at all, and are better fitted for use as Anthems in Cathedral Churches or College Chapels. To enable the congregation to take an intelligent and efficient part in the singing, it is suggested that Quire-masters should organize regular congregational practices. If the people be desirous of joining in the musical part of the Service, it is only right that they should be given the opportunity of attending rehearsals, and only due to Almighty God that they should sacrifice some little time in preparing for his worship, and not be content to give him that which has cost them no trouble.

Concerning the Style of the Harmonies. It is frankly avowed that these are mostly old-fashioned. With a bold disregard for later conventionalities, the harmonies of each earlier age have been purposely retained. That which may sound as a 'false relation' to modern ears was not disagreeable to the taste of our musical forefathers, who rejoiced in the *Tierce de Picardie*, who delighted in 'open fifths,' and were not averse from 'consecutive octaves' and 'parallel quints,' when these occurred between the end of one phrase and the beginning of another. The Editor believes that there is room for a book containing specimens of the work, both melodic and harmonic, of bygone ages. There are signs that the tide is setting in that direction, and it is believed that to many English Churchmen and Musicians these old-world strains will sound refreshing. To have harmonized 'Agincourt,' *c.* 1415, for instance, in the style of 1910, would have been an anachronism, and in every instance it is hoped that this fault has been guarded against.

As regards Pitch. It should be remembered that three centuries ago the pitch was much lower than now. It must be left to the judgement of the Quire-master to decide the actual pitch of some of the tunes, especially the Plainsong Melodies. Some of the other settings, too, will bear, or even require, transposition, according to the capabilities of the singers, the state of the weather, the building, and other considerations. As a rule, the Editor has given Bach's settings in their original key; for often a lowering or raising of the pitch would have involved a transposition of the middle parts, and a reverent-minded musician will pause before improving Bach, of all people.

For help in harmonizing several tunes, thanks are herewith returned to the Rev. J. A. Langdon, and Mr. E. W. Goldsmith. The Editor also records his sincere gratitude to Mr. Charles Wood, M.A., Mus.Doc., Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, not only for revising much of the harmony, but also for many settings of his own, including two original tunes, which now make their first appearance in print. Above all, it gives him pleasure to acknowledge his indebtedness to his old friend, the Rev. G. H. Palmer, B.A., who has freely bestowed an immense amount of time, thought, labour, and trouble in the preparation of this Work, in reading and revising proofs of the letter-press, as well as of the music-note, besides harmonizing a very considerable number of tunes.

Lastly, the Editor asks the singers and readers of his Songs of Syon, of their charity, to remember him sometimes in their prayers during his life-time, and to bid for the repose of his soul after death.

Aug. 4, 1910. Feast of the vij Sleepers of Ephesus.

THis, the Fourth Edition of Songs of Syon, is, to all intents and purposes, a reprint of that which immediately preceded it. At the advice, and under the care, of Dr. Charles Wood, a few musical errors have been corrected. In two or three cases, only, finer melodies, or better harmonies, have been substituted.

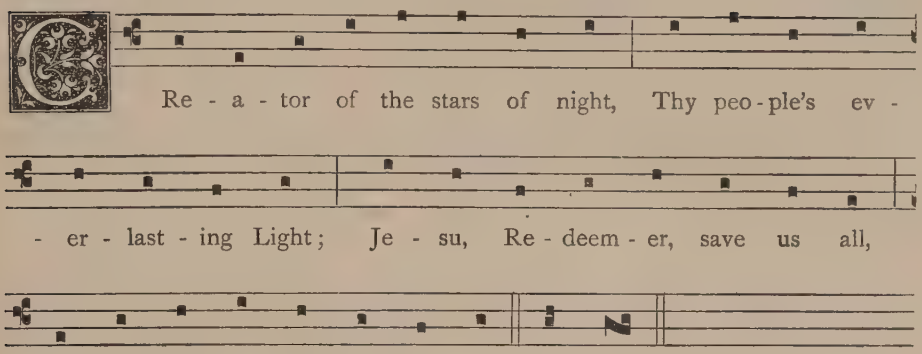
July 15, 1923, St. Swithun's Day.

SONGS OF SYON

ADVENT

I CONDITOR ALME SYDERVM

[E] SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.) Mode iv


Re - a - tor of the stars of night, Thy peo-ple's ev -
- er - last - ing Light; Je - su, Re - deem - er, save us all,
And hear thy ser-vants when they call. A - men.

2

Thou, grieving that the ancient curse
Should doom to death an universe,
Hast found the med'cine, full of grace,
To save and heal a ruin'd race.

3

Thou cam'st, the Bridegroom of the Bride,
As drew the world to evening-tide;
Proceeding from a Virgin shrine,
The spotless Victim all divine.

4

At whose dread Name, majestick now,
All knees must bend, all hearts must bow:
And things celestial thee shall own,
And things terrestrial, Lord alone.

5

O thou, whose coming is with dread
To judge and doom the quick and dead,
Preserve us, while we dwell below,
From every insult of the foe.

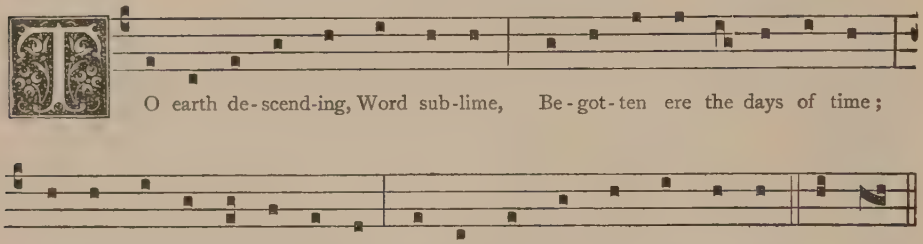
6

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Laud, honour, might, and glory be
From age to age eternally. Amen.

Ambrosian (vi or vij cent.) **Tr.** *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

2 VERBVM SVPERNVM PRODIENS

[M] SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.) Mode ij, transposed


O earth de-scend-ing, Word sub-lime, Be-got-ten ere the days of time;
Who cam'st a Child, the world to aid, As years their down-ward course dis-play'd. A-men.

2

Each breast be lighten'd from above,
Each heart be kindled with thy love;
That we, who hear thy call to-day,
At length may cast earth's joys away.

3

That so—when thou, our Judge, art nigh,
All secret deeds of men to try,
Shalt mete to sin pangs rightly won,
To just men joy for deeds well done—

4

Thy servants may not be enchain'd
By punishment their guilt has gain'd,
But with the blessèd evermore
May serve and love thee, and adore.

5

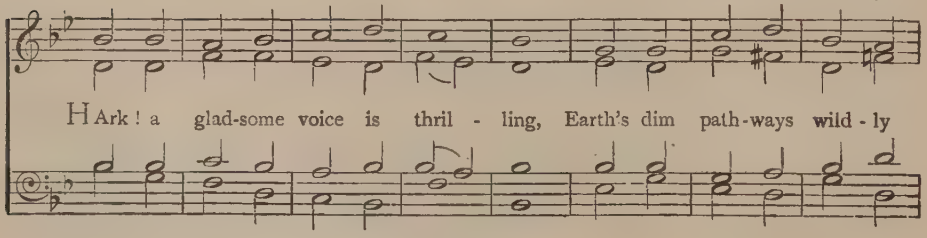
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Thee in One,
Laud, honour, might, and glory be
From age to age eternally. Amen.

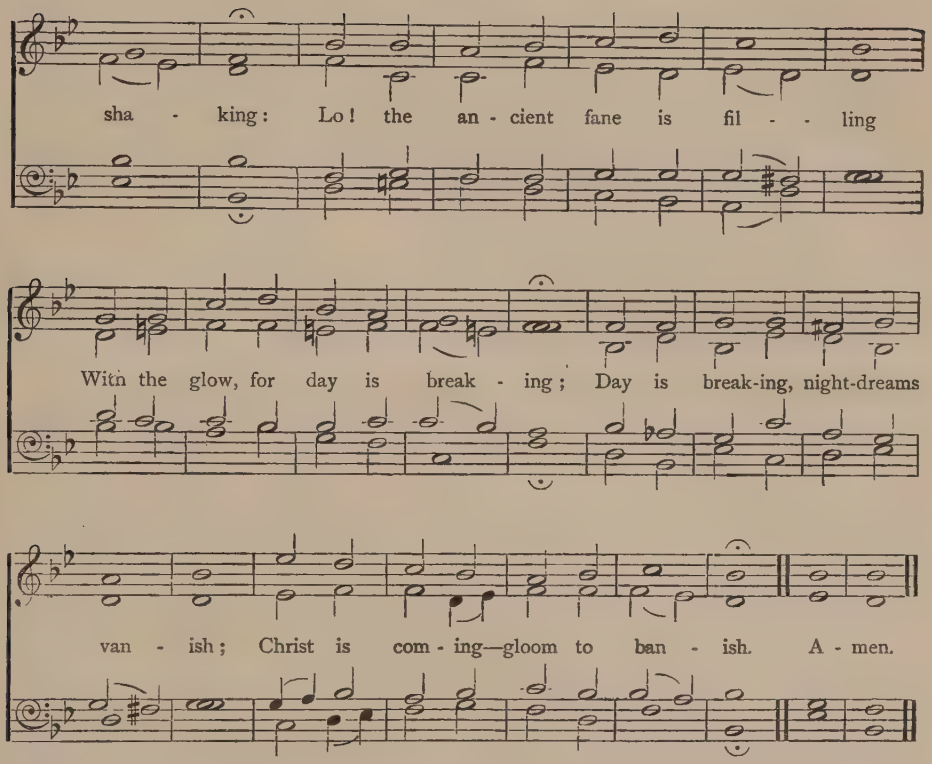
Ambrosian (v or vj cent.) Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

3 VOX CLARA ECCE INTONAT

Tune—HIERVSALEM LVMINOSA (Trochaic, 8.8.8.8.8.8.)

C. Powell (1889)




sha - king: Lo! the an - cient fane is fil - - ling
With the glow, for day is break - ing; Day is break-ing, night-dreams
van - ish; Christ is com - ing—gloom to ban - ish. A - men.

2

Christ is coming! from thy prison,
Earth-bound spirit, spring with gladness!
Rising with the Star, new risen,
Health to shed on human sadness:
Lo! the Lamb descends from heaven:
Sinners, haste to be forgiven.

3

Yea! to grant a gracious guerdon,
Once again he comes in glory:
Mourners—freighted with your pardon,
His right hand he lifteth o'er ye:
Lord, when doom and death confound us,
Be thine arm of mercy round us.

4

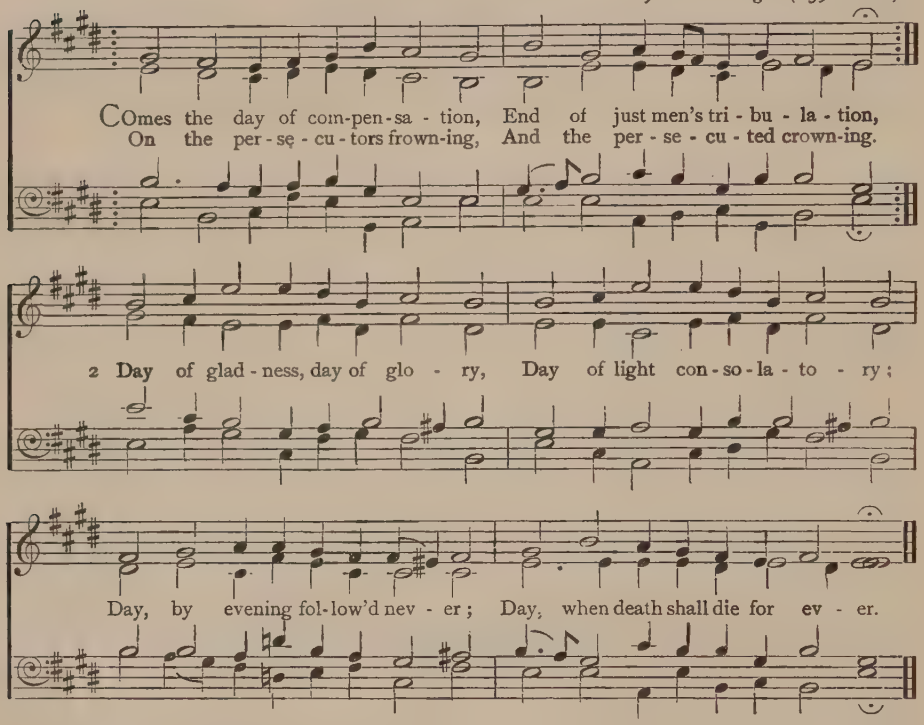
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Glory, honour, power, be given:
Lord, to thine eternal merit
Praise be sung in earth and heaven:
Voice of Saints in concert blending,
Heard through ages never ending. Amen.

Ambrosian (v or vj cent.) Tr. *J. H. Newman* (1801–1890) and *W. J. Blew* (1808–1894)

4 APPROPINQVAT ENIM DIES

Tune—SCHMÜCKE DICH, O LIEBE SEELE (Trochaic, 8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8.)

Johann Crüger (1598–1662)


COmes the day of com-pen-sa - tion, End of just men's tri - bu - la - tion,
On the per - se - cu - tors frown-ing, And the per - se - cu - ted crown-ing.
2 Day of glad - ness, day of glo - ry, Day of light con - so - la - to - ry;
Day, by evening fol-low'd nev - er; Day, when death shall die for ev - er.

3

Comes the King so long expected,
By each righteous soul affected,
Comes with mighty preparation
To complete our full salvation.

4

He shall come, no more delaying,
Man's most righteous guerdon paying,
All the weight of glory showing
To the Faith's confessors owing.

5

Then the glory, then the pleasure
To have hated this world's treasure;
Then the bitter recollection
To have held it in affection.

6

O how blessèd then the mourners,
They for Christ who scorn'd the scorners!
Whom this world, the while it paineth,
Gives a crown that ay remaineth.

7

There is peace without contention,
Joy beyond all human mention;
Youth and beauty, never faded,
And salvation uninvaded.

8

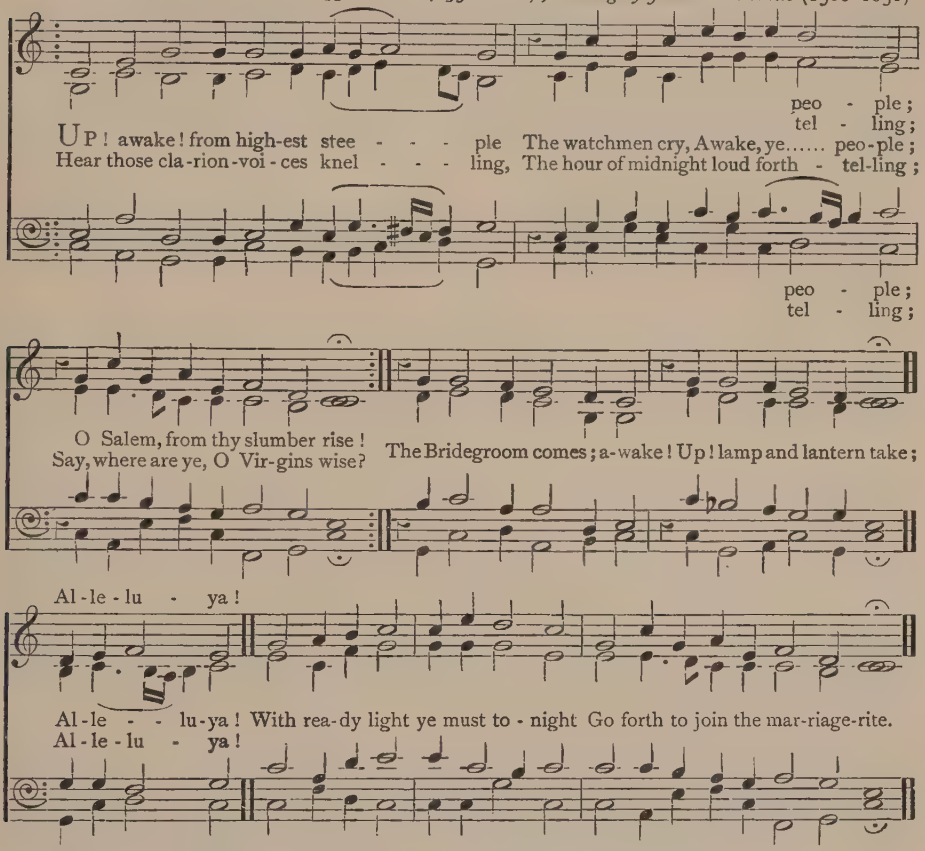
Righteous Judge, returning hither,
O vouchsafe to call me thither!
Thee my very soul desireth,
Thee my anxious prayer requireth.

Pietro Gonella (xi cent.) Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

5 Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme

(Trochaic-Iambic, $\bar{8}.9.8.\bar{8}.9.8.6.6.\bar{4}.4.4.8.$)

Melody by (?) *Philipp Nicolai* (1556–1608); *Setting by Jakob Prætorius* (1586–1651)


peo - ple;
tel - ling;
UP! awake! from high-est stee - - - ple The watchmen cry, Awake, ye..... peo-ple;
Hear those cla-rion-voi-ces knel - - - ling, The hour of midnight loud forth - tel-ling;
peo - ple;
tel - ling;
O Salem, from thy slumber rise!
Say, where are ye, O Vir-gins wise?
The Bridegroom comes; a-wake! Up! lamp and lantern take;
Al-le-lu - ya!
Al-le - - lu-ya! With rea-dy light ye must to-night Go forth to join the mar-riage-rite.
Al-le-lu - ya!

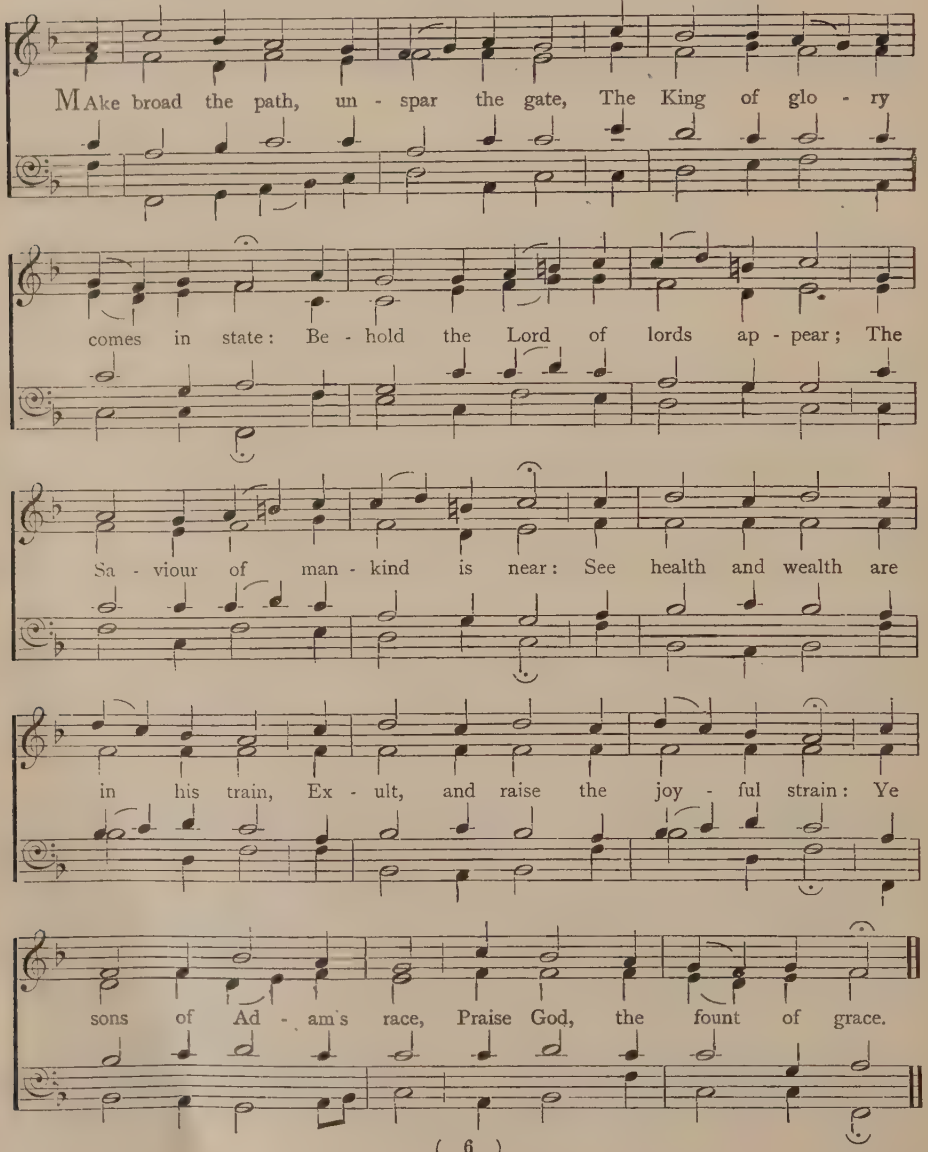
2 Syon hears the watchmen sounding,
Her heart with deep delight is bounding;
Anon she wakes; away she wends:
Comes her Spouse from heav'n, all glorious,
In grace almight, in truth victorious;
Her light doth shine, her star ascends.
Jesu, our peerless Crown,
Strong Son of God, come down!
Alleluya!
Fain will we all obey thy call,
And follow to the bridal-hall.

3 Glory unto thee in heaven
By men and Angel-tongues be given,
With harp and cymbal's thrilling tone;
Syon hath twelve pearly portals,
Wherein, with Angel-quire, we mortals
On high may stand around thy throne:
Eye ne'er saw aught like this;
Ear ne'er heard tell such bliss;
Alleluya!
And we therefore will thee adore,
And hymn thy praises evermore.

Philipp Nicolai (1566–1608) Tr. *Cen.o*

6 Macht hoch die Thür, die Thor' macht weit

Melody from J. A. Freylinghausen (1670–1739); *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*


MAke broad the path, un - spar the gate, The King of glo - ry
comes in state: Be - hold the Lord of lords ap - pear; The
Sa - viour of man - kind is near: See health and wealth are
in his train, Ex - ult, and raise the joy - ful strain: Ye
sons of Ad - am's race, Praise God, the fount of grace.

2 The Sun of justice, help in need,
On wings of mercy he doth speed:
His regal crown is holiness,
His sceptre, mercy, quick to bless:
He comes to terminate our woe;
Therefore rejoice ye, high and low.
Sing praises to the Lord,
Mighty in deed and word.

3 O happy town and blessèd land,
Whereof this Sovran hath command;
And well is every home and breast
That harbours such a royal guest:
He is the very Sun of joy,
And fraught with bliss without alloy.
All praise to God Almight,
My comfort, day and night.

4 Come, Jesu Christ: for thee, my hope,
The gateway of mine heart is ope:
Ah! deign to pass within the port,
And deal with me in friendly sort:
Thine holy Spirit guide my way
Unto the land of endless day!
Laud, honour, and fair fame
Ascribe to Jesu's Name.

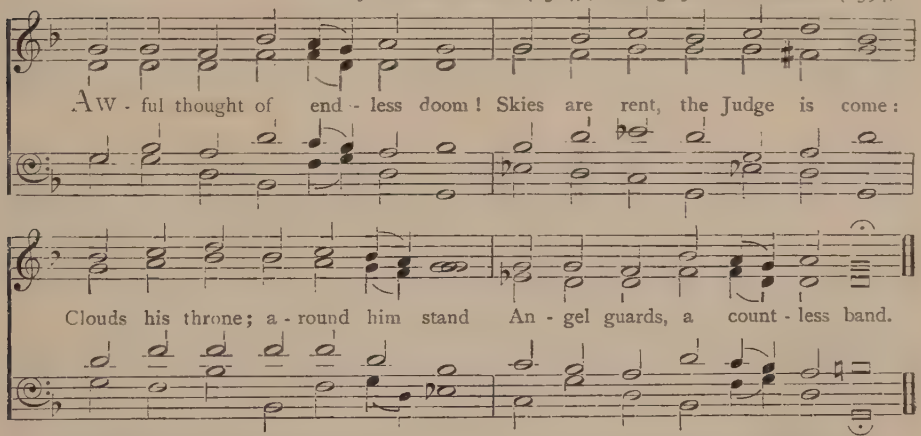
5 Make broad the path, unspar the gate.
To God your temple consecrate;
With sober joy and holy psalm
Receive your King with boughs of palm:
So shall your Monarch enter in;
So health and welfare shall ye win.
Praise God, old age and youth—
His mercy, grace and truth.

Georg Weissel (1590–1635); Tr. *G. R. W.*

7 SENSVS QVIS HORROR PERCVTIT

Tune—NUN KOMM DER HEIDEN HEILAND (Trochaic, 7 7.7.7.)

Erfurt Enchiridion (1524); *Setting by Seth Calvisius* (1594)


AW - ful thought of end - less doom! Skies are rent, the Judge is come:
Clouds his throne; a - round him stand An - gel guards, a count - less band.

2 Hark, the voice from shore to shore
Tells that time shall be no more:
See the dead from dust arise,
Hurried to the last assize.

3 On his right are placed the just;
To his left the wicked thrust:
Well to him are sinners known,
Quickly sever'd from his own.

4 These a blest retreat have won,
Who had learn'd earth's joys to shun:
Chose for him the pain and loss,
Follow'd him who bore the Cross:—

5 Cross, from which the Hebrew turn'd;
Cross, by haughty Gentile spurn'd;
Thee with joy the righteous see,
But the lost with agony.

6 Deeper still their shame and dread,
Seeing him whose blood they shed:
Lord, from sin thy people keep,
Lest its dreadful fruit they reap.

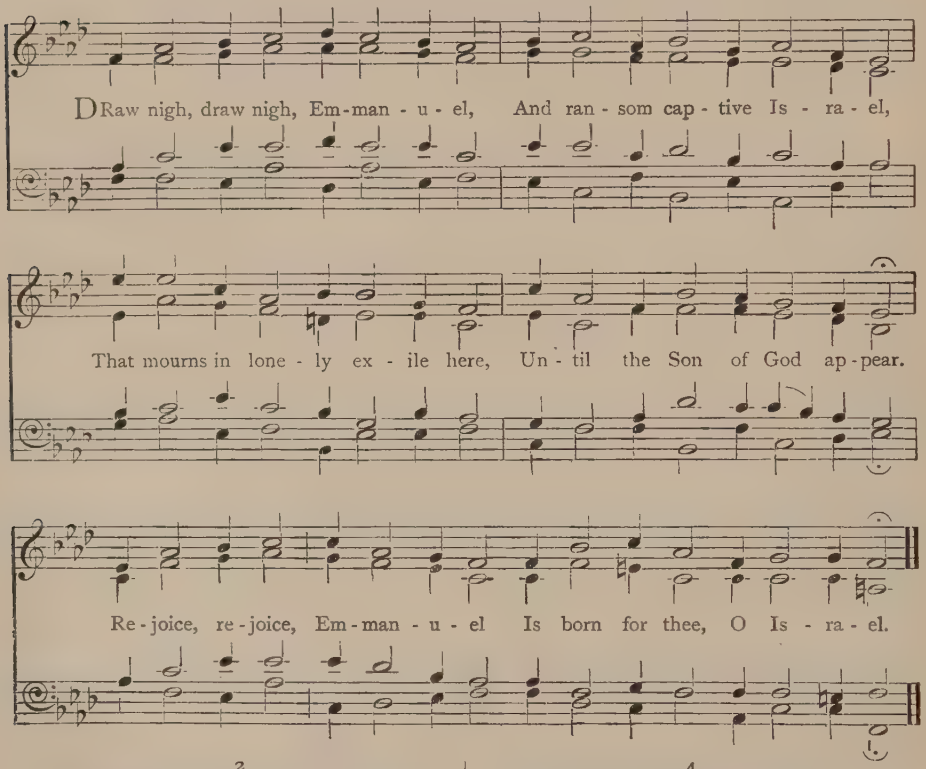
7 Mingling joy with holy fear,
Praise we him whose day is near:
Bless alike the Father's Name,
And the Spirit's praise proclaim.

J. B. de Santeüil (1630–1697); Tr. *R. Campbell* (1814–1868)

8 VENI, VENI, EMMANVEL

Tune—CHRISTVS PRO NOBIS PASSVS EST (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.8.8.)

From Lucas Lossius' Psalmodia (1561); *Setting by G. R. W.*


DRaw nigh, draw nigh, Em-man-u-el, And ran-som cap-tive Is-ra-el,
That mourns in lone-ly ex-ile here, Un-til the Son of God ap-pear.
Re-joice, re-joice, Em-man-u-el Is born for thee, O Is-ra-el.

2

Draw nigh, O Jesse's Rod, draw nigh,
To free us from the enemy;
From hell's infernal pit to save,
And give us vict'ry o'er the grave.
Rejoice, rejoice, Emmanuel
Is born for thee, O Israel.

3

Draw nigh, thou Orient, who shalt cheer
And comfort by thine Advent here,
And banish far the brooding gloom
Of sinful night and endless doom.
Rejoice, rejoice, Emmanuel
Is born for thee, O Israel.

4

Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
The heav'nly gate will ope to thee;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice, rejoice, Emmanuel
Is born for thee, O Israel.

5

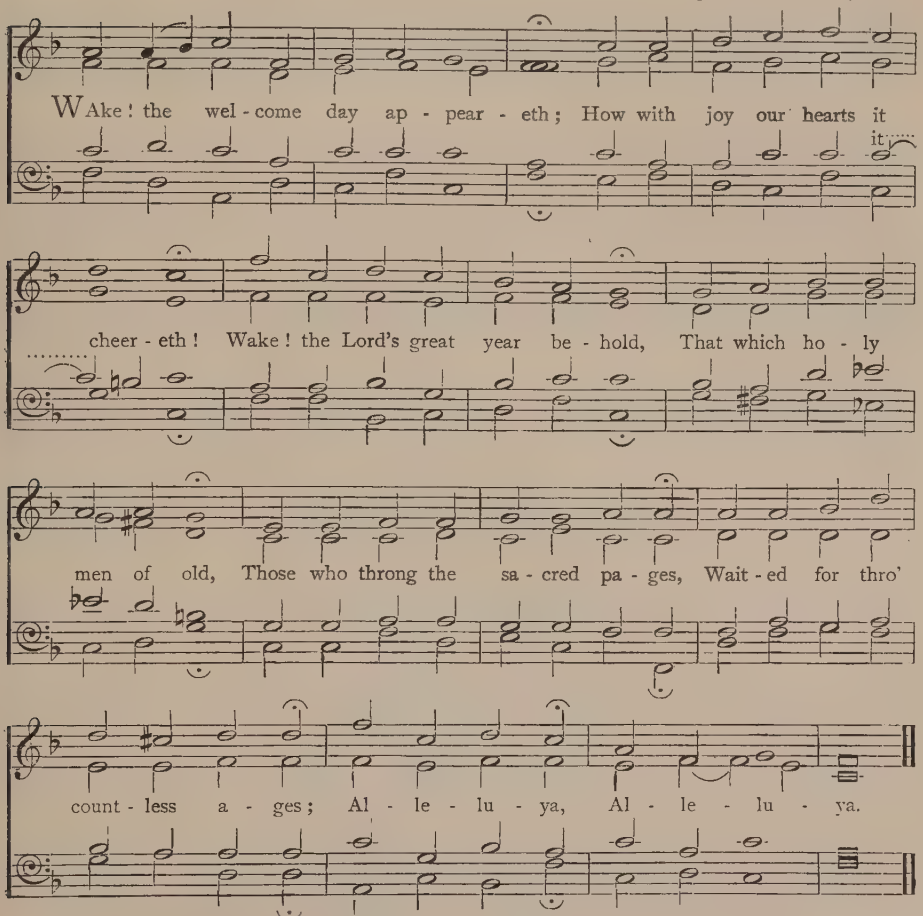
Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of might,
Who to thy tribes from Sinai's height
In ancient time didst give the Law
In cloud and majesty and awe.
Rejoice, rejoice, Emmanuel
Is born for thee, O Israel.

Psalteriolum Cant. Cath., Cöln (1710); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

9 Auf! auf! weil der Tag erſchienen

Tune—JESVS UNSER TROST UND LEBEN (Trochaic, 8.8.7.7.8.8.8.)

J. Fr. Rötscher (1786)


Wake! the wel-come day ap-pear-eth; How with joy our hearts it
cheer-eth! Wake! the Lord's great year be-hold, That which ho-ly
men of old, Those who throng the sa-cred pa-ges, Wait-ed for thro'
count-less a-ges; Al-le-lu-ya, Al-le-lu-ya.

2 Now the wish'd for morning breaketh;
Hark! how Syon's daughter waketh
Shouts of joy and jubilee,
Thus his Advent-dawn to see;
King and Bridegroom she enthrones him,
Though 'tis but a remnant owns him;
Alleluya, Alleluya.

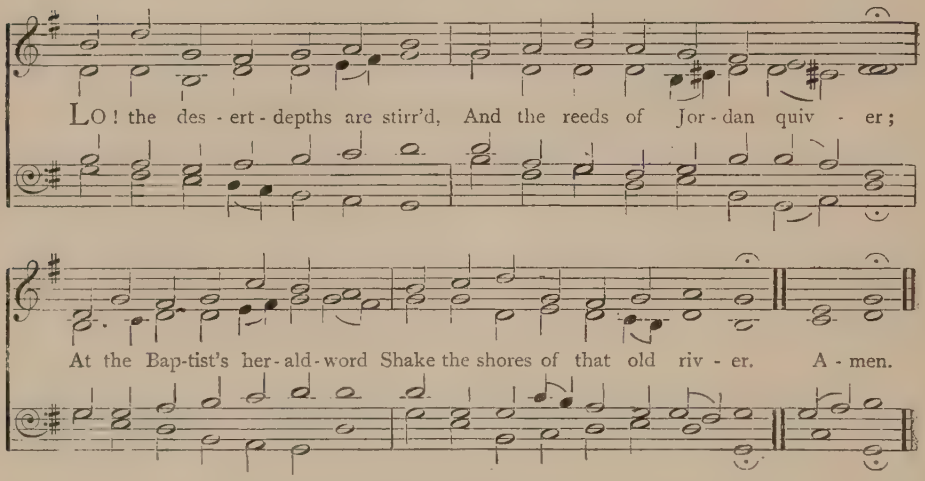
3 Patriarchs erst and priests aspiring,
Kings and prophets long desiring
Saw not this before they died:
Lo! the light to them denied!
See its beams to earth directed!
Welcome, O thou long-expected!
Alleluya, Alleluya.

Joh. Anastasius Freylinghausen (1670–1739); Tr. *Frances Elizabeth Cox* (1812–1897)

IO JORDANIS ORAS PRÆVIA

Tune—UNS'RE AUSSAAT SEEGNE GOTT (Trochaic, 7.8.7.8.)

Georg Peter Weimar (1734–1800)


LO! the des - ert - depths are stirr'd, And the reeds of Jor - dan quiv - er;
At the Bap-tist's her - ald - word Shake the shores of that old riv - er. A - men.

2 Nearer comes the preacher's cry,
Deeper sounds his voice and deeper,
Telling that the Christ is nigh,
In a tone to rouse the sleeper. [Alleluya.]

3 By their Maker's coming feet
Moved, the earth, the air, the ocean
Joyously his Advent greet
With a strangely yearning motion. [Alleluya.]

4 Cleanse the heart; a highway strew
For the Godhead hither faring;
Cleanse the home—a dwelling due
To the mighty guest preparing. [Alleluya.]

5 Jesu, thou our solace art,
Thou our strength and our salvation;
Wither'd grass, from thee apart,
Fades away man's feeble nation. [Alleluya.]

6 Lift the lost with hand of health,
Whom the plague is fast consuming:
Lift the veil; in all its wealth
Lo! the beauteous world is blooming. [Alleluya.]

7 Thou, who comest man to free,
Son, be thine all praise for ever:
Thine with Sire and Spirit be
Laud through ages ending never. [Alleluya.] Amen.

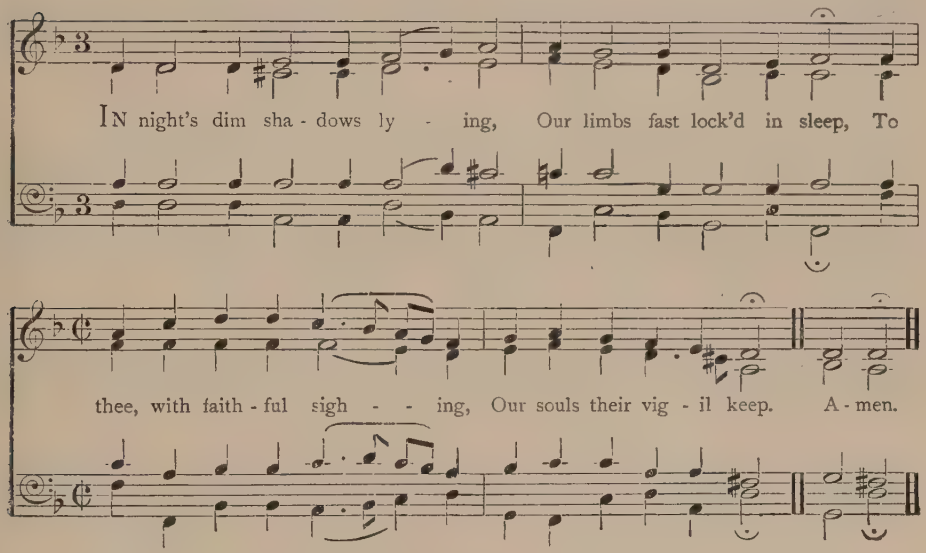
C. Coffin (1676–1749); Tr. *W. J. Blew* (1808–1894)

¶ *For an alternative Tune see No. 104, in which case alone the Alleluya is required.*

11 IN NOCTIS VMBRA DESIDES

Tune—{UNS KOMPT EIN SCHIFF GEFAHREN / ES KOMT EIN SCHIFF GELADEN} (Iambic, 7.6.7.6.)

Kath. Gesangbuch, Andernach (1608)



2

Desire of every nation,
Hear, Lord, our piteous cry;
Thou Word, the world's salvation,
Uplift us where we lie.

3

Lord, be thine Advent hasten'd,
Lest sin thy people mar;
The gates which Adam fasten'd—
The gates of heav'n, unbar.

4

Son, to thine endless merit,
Redeemer, Saviour, Friend,
With Sire and Holy Spirit
Be praises without end. Amen.

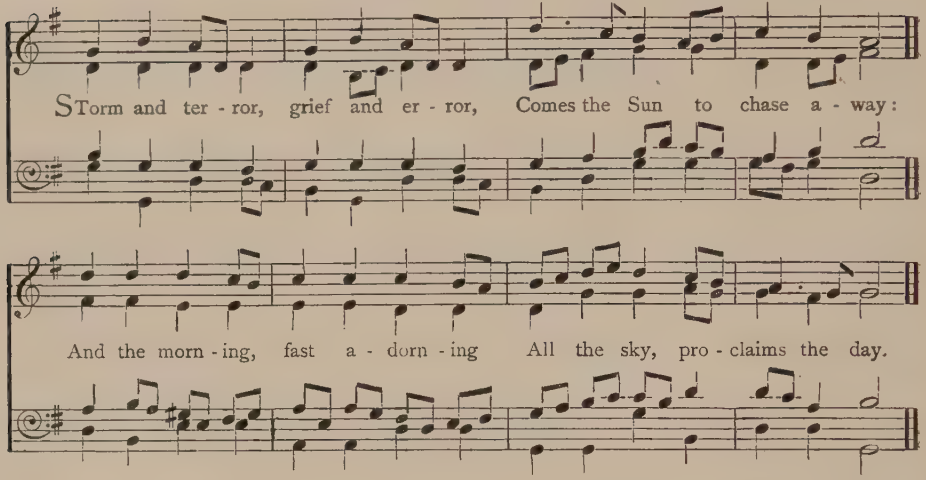
C. Coffin (1676-1749); Tr. *W. J. Blew* (1808-1894)

¶ *For an alternative Tune see No. 187,* A *or* B

12A TANDEM FLVCTVS, TANDEM LVCTVS

Tune—GOTT WILLS MACHEN DASS DIE SACHEN (Trochaic, 4.4.7.4.4.7.)

Joh. Ludwig Steiner (1688–1761); *Setting by Charles Wood*



2 O true Splendour, bright and tender,
Sun of Righteousness on high,
Port thou showest, source thou owest
To the Virgin's purity.

3 Now thou keepest rest and sleepest
In that zodiac of delight:
Joy hereafter shall with laughter
Hail the coming Monarch's sight.

4 Satan, gnashing, sees it flashing
Through that cloud so pure and white:
Thou endurest ever purest,
Virgin-Mother of the Light.

5 Darkness scatter'd, hell-gates shatter'd,
Victory to the souls draws nigh,
Whom confession of transgression
Justly had condemn'd to die.

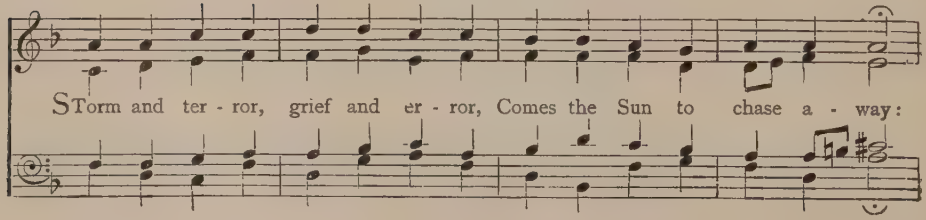
6 Earth rejoices, heav'nly voices
Render praise to God above,
Now renewing and bedewing
Every soul with fuller love.

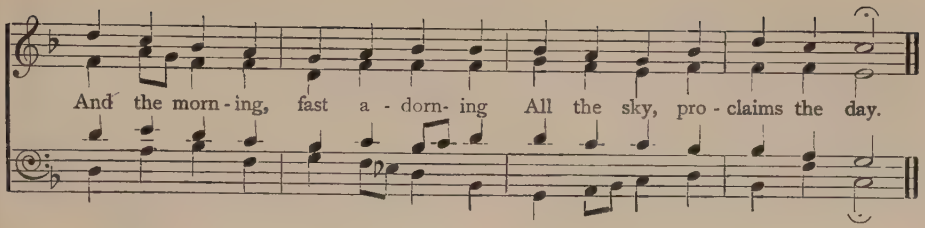
H. Lindenborn (1712–1750); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

12B

Tune—O SCHOLARES, VOCE PARES

Piæ Cantiones (1582); *Harmonized by G. R. W.*

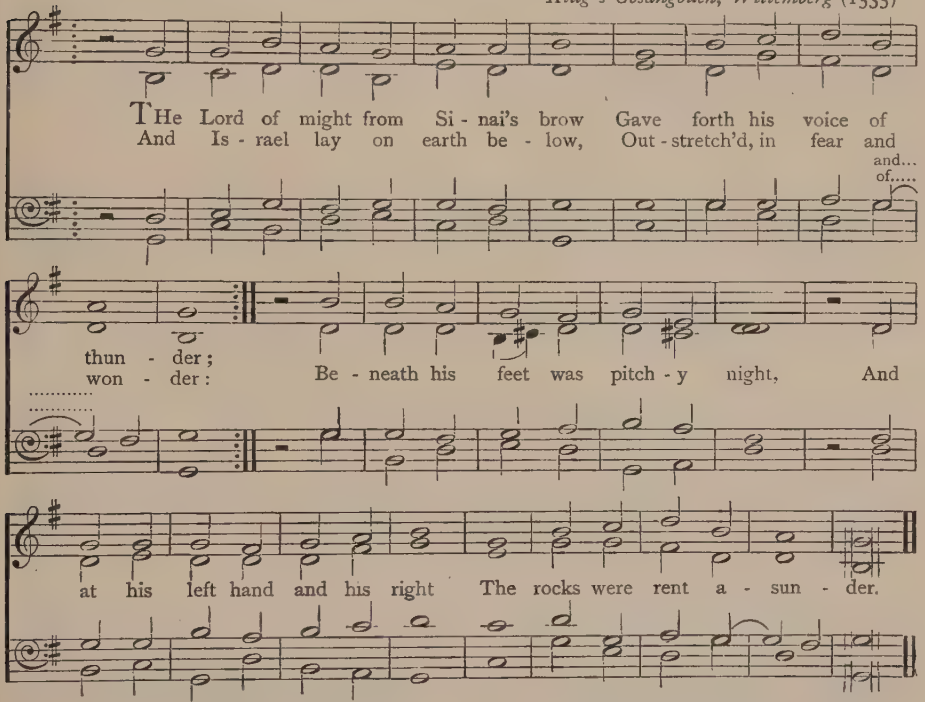




13 THE LORD OF MIGHT FROM SINAI'S BROW

Tune—NUN FREUT EUCH, LIEBEN CHRISTEN G'MEIN (Iambic, 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.)

Klug's Gesangbuch, Wittemberg (1535)


THe Lord of might from Si - nai's brow Gave forth his voice of
And Is - rael lay on earth be - low, Out - stretch'd, in fear and
and...
of.....
thun - der;
won - der:
Be - neath his feet was pitch - y night, And
at his left hand and his right The rocks were rent a - sun - der.

2 The Lord of love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Uprais'd to heaven his languid eye
In nature's hour of danger:
For us he bore the weight of woe,
For us he gave his blood to flow,
And met his Father's anger.

3 The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim his right,
On clouds of glory seated:
With trumpet-sound, and Angel-song,
And Alleluyas loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated.

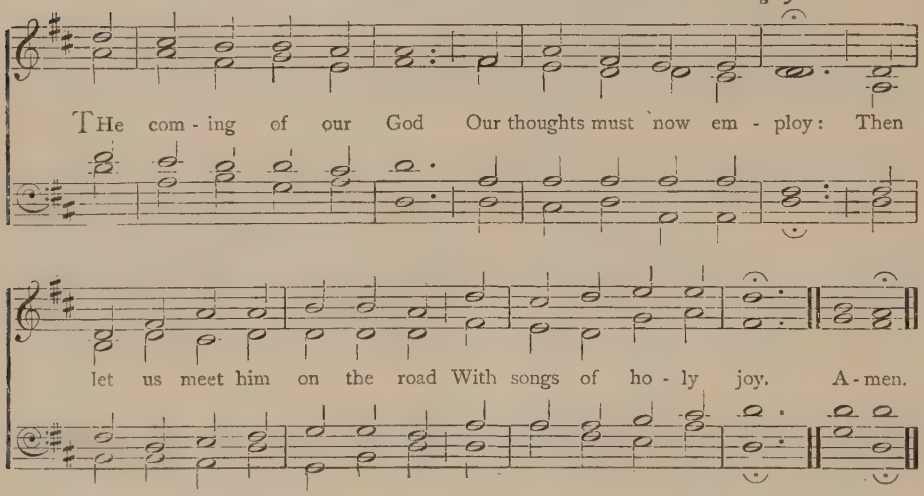
Reginald Heber (1783–1826)

¶ *For an alternative Tune see No. 299*

14 INSTANTIS ADVENTVM DEI

Tune—OPTATVS VOTIS OMNIVM (Iambic, 6.6.8.6.)

Anon. Setting by G. R. W.



2 The co-eternal Son
A maiden's offspring see:
A servant's form Christ putteth on,
To make his people free.

3 Mother of Saints, arise
To greet thine infant-King,
And do not thanklessly despise
The pardon he doth bring.

4 In glory from his throne
Again will Christ descend,
And summon all that are his own
To joys that never end.

5 Let deeds of darkness fly
Before the approaching morn,
For unto sin 'tis ours to die,
And serve the Virgin-born.

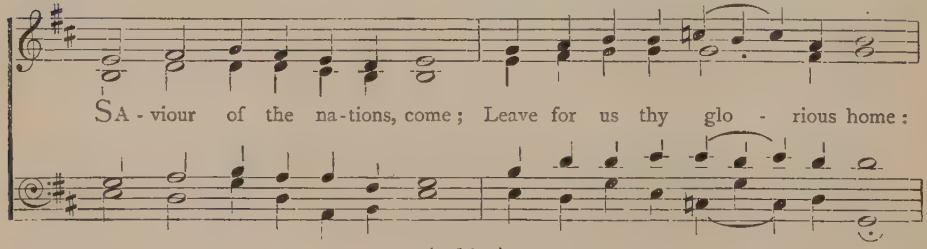
6 Our joyful praises sing
To Christ, that set us free;
Like tribute to the Father bring,
And, Holy Ghost, to thee Amen.

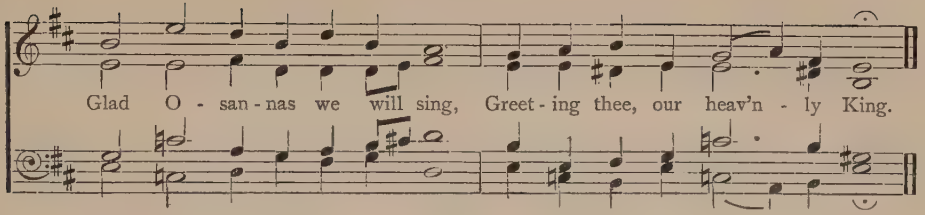
C. Coffin (1676–1749); Tr. *R. Campbell* (1814–1868)

15 PART I. SAVIOUR OF THE NATIONS, COME

Tune—FREUEN WIR UNS ALL IN EIN (Trochaic, 7.7.7.7.)

Michael Weisse (1531); *Setting by G. R. W.*





2 With a loyal kiss of love
We receive thee from above,
With a solemn vow to pay
True allegiance to thy sway.

3 Come, Lord Jesu, take thy rest
In the convert sinner's breast:
Make the quicken'd heart thy throne,
Son of God, the Virgin's Son.

4 Welcome to this vale of tears,
Ripeness of the perfect years,
Born as man with man to dwell,
Come, our true Emmanuel.

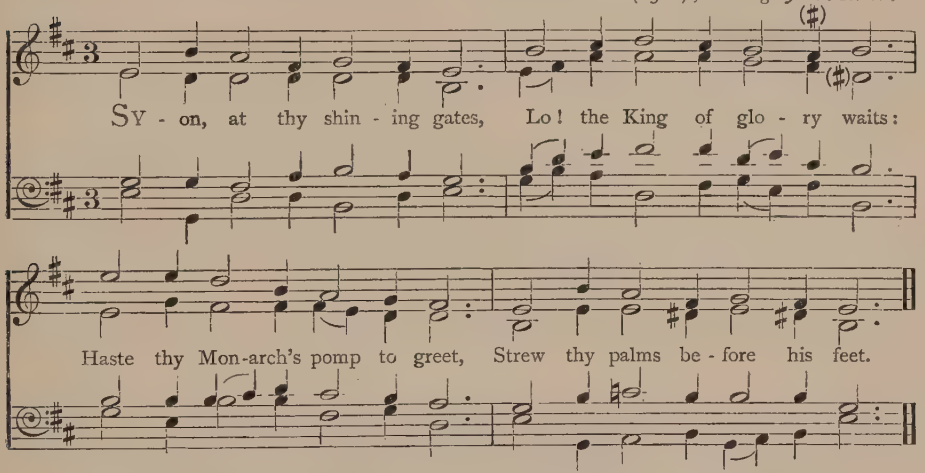
5 God in man, incarnate God,
Sinless child of flesh and blood,
Man in God, thy brethren we,
Raise us up to God in thee.

B. H. Kennedy (1804–1889)

15 PART II. SYON, AT THY SHINING GATES

Tune—NOS RESPECTV GRATIÆ (Trochaic, 7.7.7.7.)

Böhm. Brüder (1566); *Setting by G. R. W.*



2 Christ, for thee their triple light
Faith and hope and love unite:
This the beacon we display
To proclaim thine Advent-day.

3 Come, and give us peace within:
Loose us from the bands of sin:
Take away the galling weight
Laid on us by Satan's hate.

4 Give us grace thy yoke to wear,
Give us strength thy cross to bear;
Make us thine in deed and word,
Thine in heart and life, O Lord.

5 Kill in us the carnal root,
That the Spirit may bear fruit:
Plant in us thy lowly mind;
Keep us faithful, loving, kind.

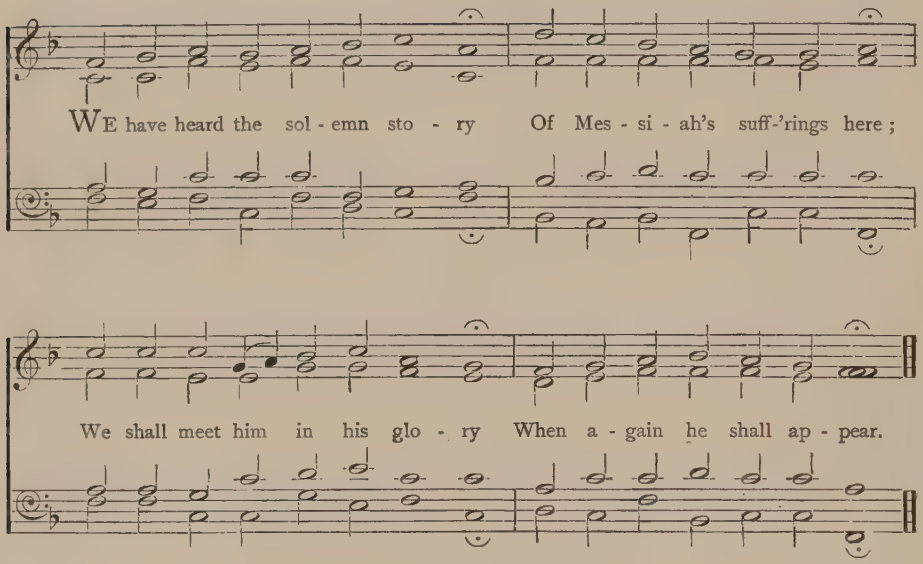
6 So, when thou shalt come agen,
Judge of Angels and of men,
We with all thy Saints shall sing
Alleluyas to our King.

B. H. Kennedy (1804–1889)

16 WE HAVE HEARD THE SOLEMN STORY

Tune—RINGE RECHT, WENN GOTTES GNADE (Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.)

From Joh. Christoph Kühnau (1786)



2

Every grave shall burst asunder,
Lightnings crest the riven ground ;
Loud above the echoing thunder
All shall hear the trumpet's sound.

3

We shall mark his Angels raising
Alleluyas by his side ;
We shall see his cresset blazing
Through the welkin far and wide.

4

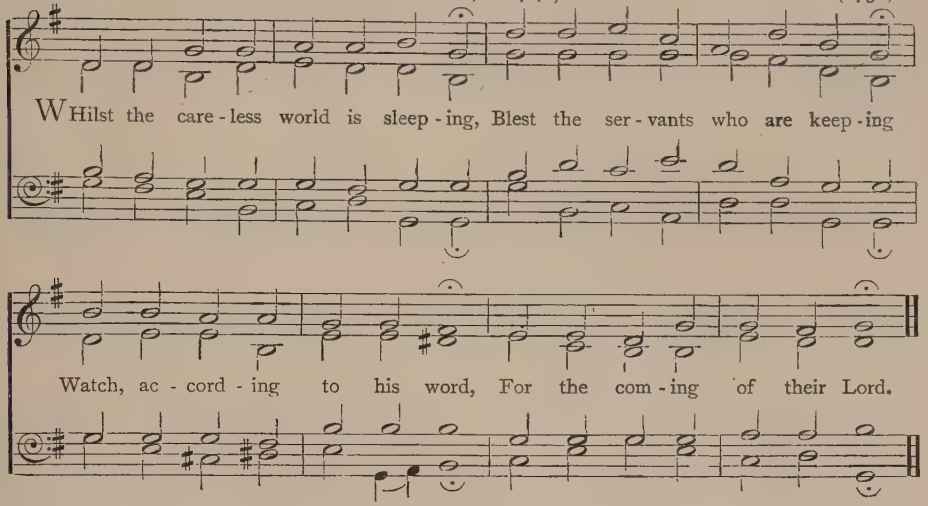
With the myriads there assembling
Each of us must take his place,
Bide his wrath with fear and trembling,
Or adore his saving grace.

W. W. Hull (1794–1873)

17 WHILST THE CARELESS WORLD IS SLEEPING

Tune—SOLLT ES GLEICH BISWEILEN SCHEINEN

(Trochaic, 8.8.7.7.) *C. H. Dretzel* (1731)


WHilst the care-less world is sleep-ing, Blest the ser-vants who are keep-ing
Watch, ac-cord-ing to his word, For the com-ing of their Lord.

2

At his table he will place them,
With his royal banquet grace them,
Banquet that shall never cloy,
Bread of life and wine of joy.

3

Heard ye not your Master's warning?
He will come before the morning,
Unexpected, undescried;
Watch ye for him open-eyed.

4

Teach us so to watch, Lord Jesus;
From the sleep of sin release us:
Swift to hear thee let us be,
Meet to enter in with thee.

5

God who with all good provides us,
God who made, who saved, who guides us,
Praise we with the heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

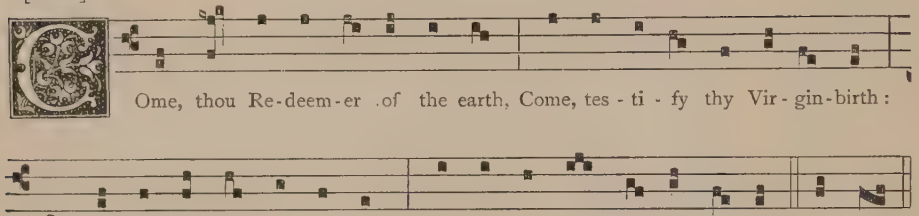
B. H. Kennedy (1804–1889)

¶ *See also Nos. 286, 361, 365, 391, 396, 402*

CHRISTMAS-EVEN

18 VENI, REDEMPTOR GENCIVM

[1st E] SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.) Mode j


Come, thou Re-deem-er of the earth, Come, tes - ti - fy thy Vir - gin-birth :
All lands ad-mire, all times ap-plaud ! Such is the birth that fits a God. A - men.

2 Begotten of no human will,
But of the Spirit, mystick still,
The Word of God in flesh array'd—
The promis'd fruit to man display'd.

3 The Virgin womb that burden gain'd
With Virgin honour all unstain'd :
The banners there of virtue glow ;
God in his temple dwells below.

4 Proceeding from his chamber free,
The royal hall of chastity,
Giant of two-fold substance, straight
His destin'd way he runs elate.

5 From God the Father he proceeds ;
To God the Father back he speeds :
Proceeds, as far as very hell ;
Speeds back, to light ineffable.

6 O Equal to thy Father, thou !
Gird on thy fleshly mantle now :
The weakness of our mortal state
With deathless might invigorate.

7 Thy cradle here shall glitter bright,
And darkness breathe a newer light,
Where endless faith shall shine serene,
And twilight never intervene.

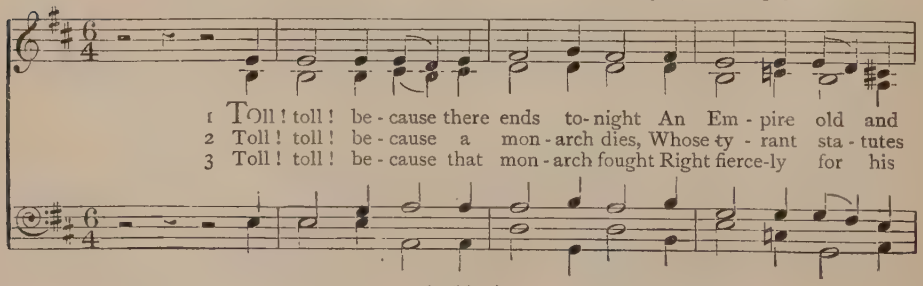
8 All laud to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to thee :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the Holy Paraclete. Amen.

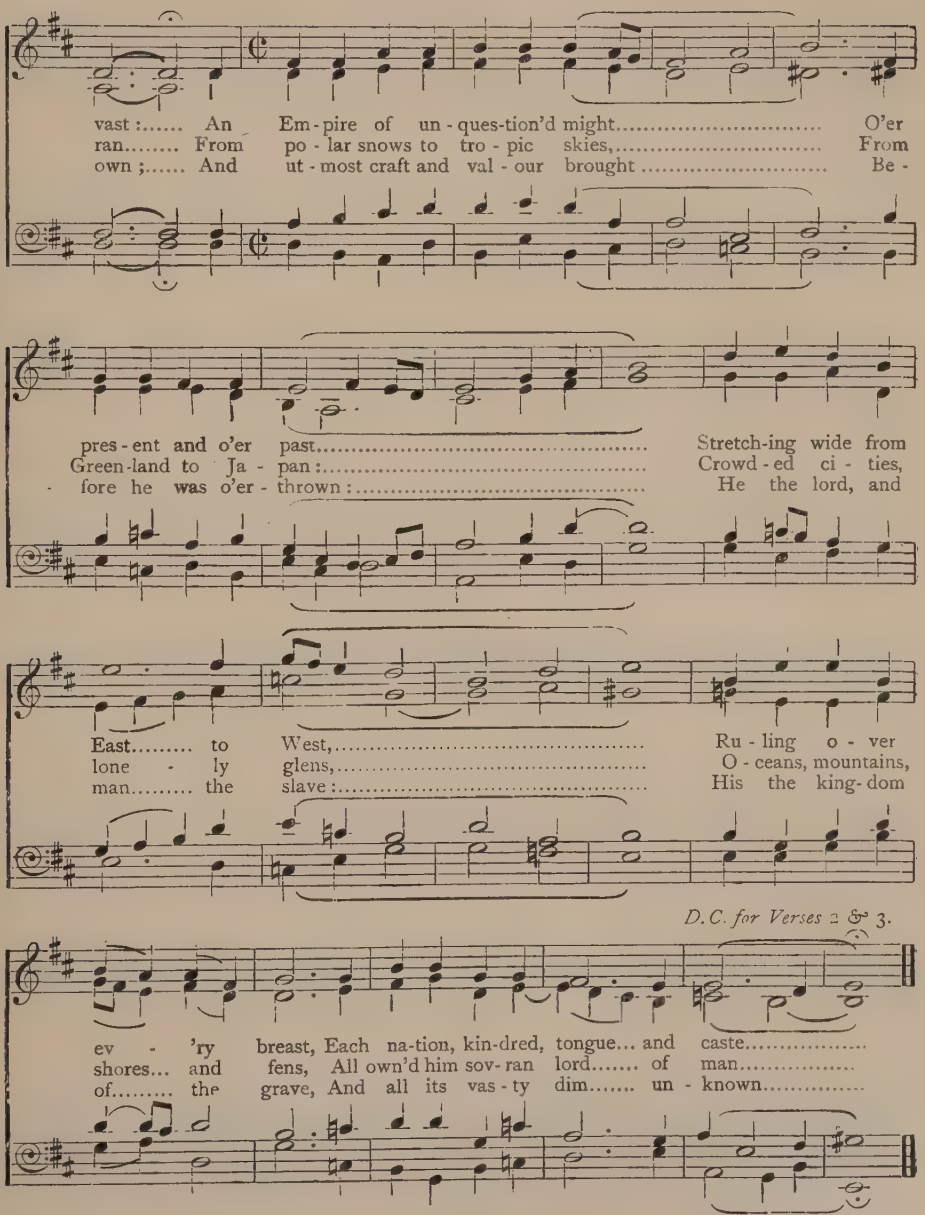
S. Ambrose (340–397) ; Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

19 TOLL! TOLL! BECAUSE THERE ENDS TO-NIGHT

Tune—PSALLAT SCHOLARVM CONCIO (Iambic-Trochaic, 8.6.8.6.7.7.8.)

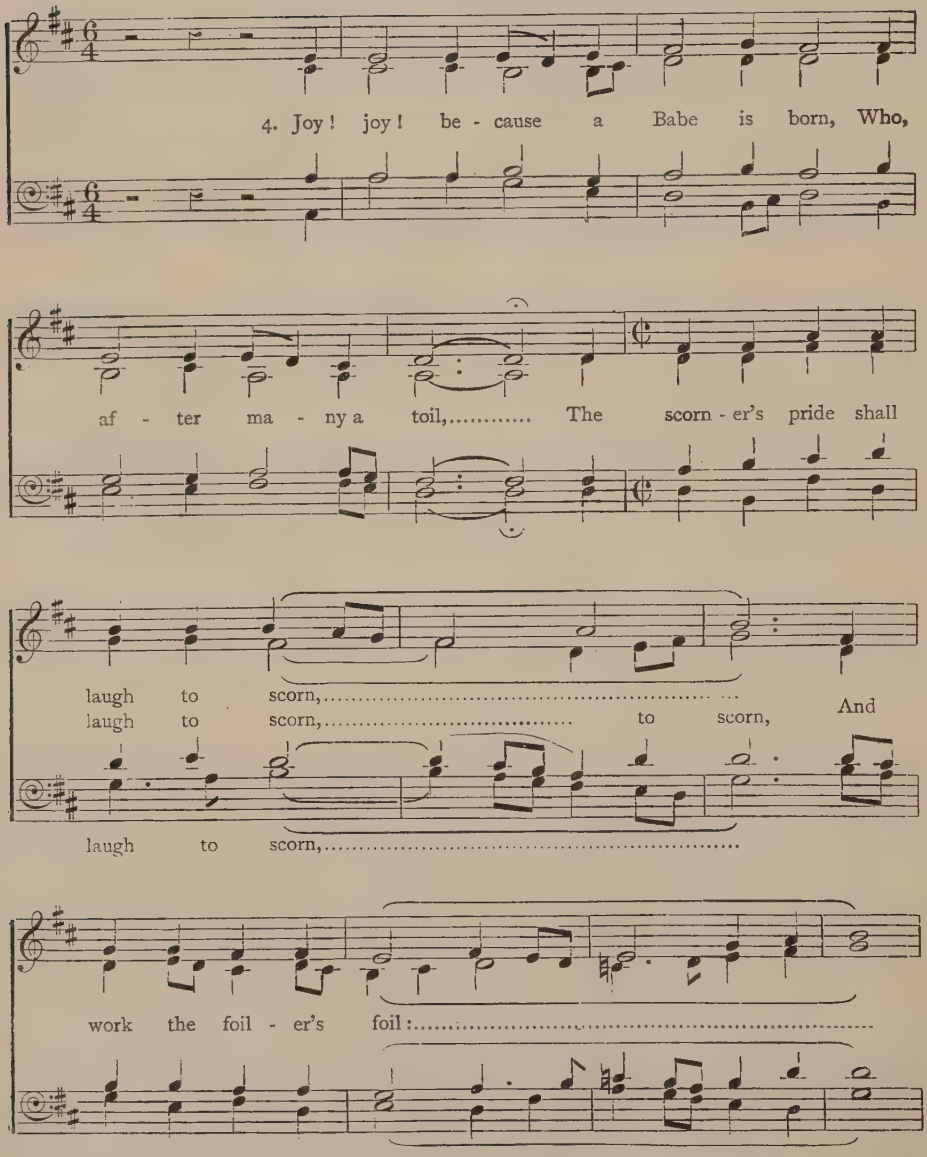
From Theodoric Petri of Nyland's Piæ Can'iones (1582) ; *Setting by G. R. W.*

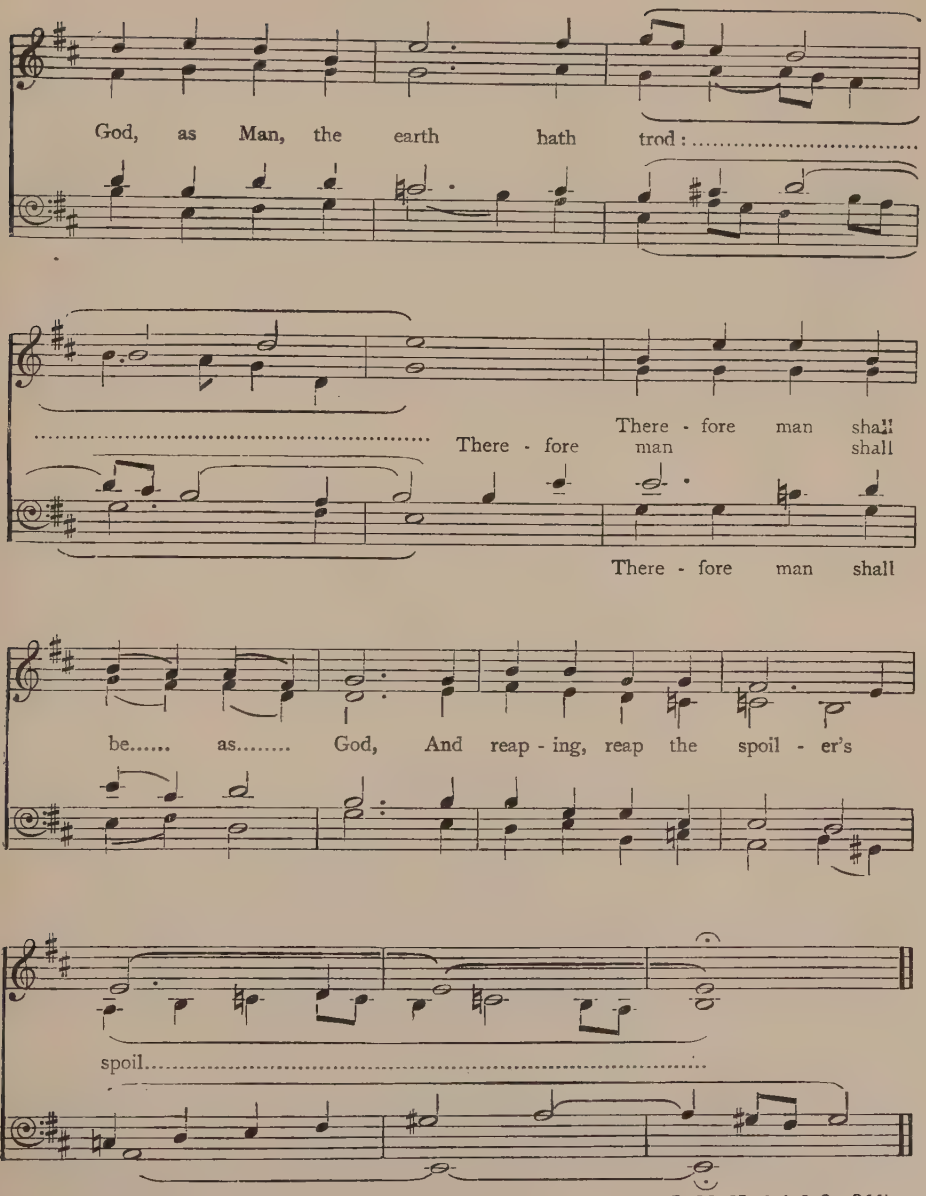

1 Toll ! toll ! be - cause there ends to-night An Em - pire old and
2 Toll ! toll ! be - cause a mon - arch dies, Whose ty - rant sta - tutes
3 Toll ! toll ! be - cause that mon - arch fought Right fierce-ly for his


vast :..... An Em-pire of un-ques-tion'd might..... O'er
ran..... From po-lar snows to tro-pic skies,..... From
own ;..... And ut-most craft and val-our brought ..... Be-
pres-ent and o'er past..... Stretch-ing wide from
Green-land to Ja-pan :..... Crowd-ed ci-ties,
fore he was o'er-thrown :..... He the lord, and
East..... to West,..... Ru-ling o-ver
lone-ly glens,..... O-ceans, mountains,
man..... the slave :..... His the king-dom
D.C. for Verses 2 & 3.
ev-'ry breast, Each na-tion, kin-dred, tongue... and caste.....
shores... and fens, All own'd him sov-ran lord..... of man.....
of..... the grave, And all its vas-ty dim..... un-known.....

[See over for Verse 4.]

Verse 4, harmonized by Charles Wood


4. Joy! joy! be - cause a Babe is born, Who,
af - ter ma - ny a toil,..... The scorn - er's pride shall
laugh to scorn,.....
laugh to scorn,..... to scorn, And
laugh to scorn,.....
work the foil - er's foil:.....


God, as Man, the earth hath trod: .....
There - fore man shall
There - fore man shall
There - fore man shall
be..... as..... God, And reap - ing, reap the spoil - er's
spoil.....

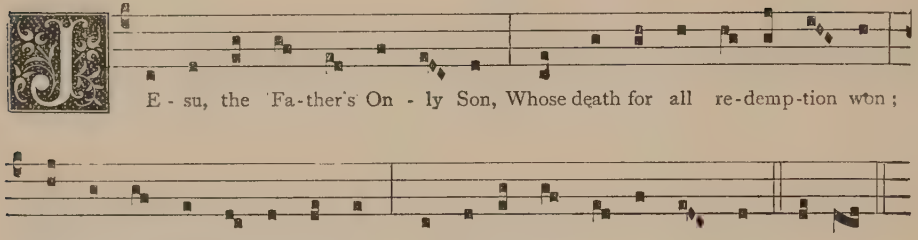
J. M. Neale (1818–1866)

CHRISTMAS-TIDE

20 CHRISTE, REDEMPTOR OMNIVM

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[M] Mode j


E - su, the Fa-ther's On - ly Son, Whose death for all re-demp-tion won ;
Be - fore the worlds, of God most High Be - got-ten all in - ef - fa - bly. A - men.

2 The Father's Light and Splendour thou,
Their endless Hope to thee that bow ;
Accept the prayers and praise to-day
That through the world thy servants pay.

3 Salvation's Author, call to mind
How, taking form of humankind,
Born of a Virgin undefil'd,
Thou in man's flesh becam'st a Child.

4 Thus testifies the present day
Through every year in long array,
That thou, Salvation's source alone,
Proceededst from the Father's throne.

5 Whence sky, and stars, and sea's abyss,
And earth, and all that therein is,
Shall still, with laud and carol meet,
The Author of thine Advent greet.

6 And we who, by thy precious blood
From sin redeemed, are marked for God,
On this the day that saw thy Birth,
Sing the new song of ransom'd earth.

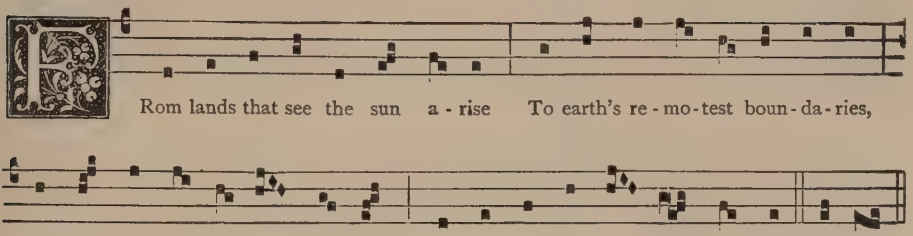
7 For that thine Advent glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee ;
With Father, and with Holy Ghost,
From men and from the heav'nly host. Amen.

Ambrosian (v or vj cent.) ; Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

21 A SOLIS ORTVS CARDINE

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[M and 2nd E] Mode iij


From lands that see the sun a - rise To earth's re - mo - test boun - da - ries,
The Vir - gin - born to - day we sing, The Son of Ma. - ry, Christ the King. A - men

2 Blest Author of this earthly frame,
To take a servant's form he came,
That, liberating flesh by flesh,
Whom he had made might live afresh.

3 In that chaste parent's holy womb
Celestial grace hath found its home;
And she, as earthly bride unknown,
Yet calls that Offspring blest her own.

4 The mansion of the modest breast
Becomes a shrine where God shall rest:
The pure and undefilèd one
Conceivèd in her womb the Son.

5 That Son, that Royal Son she bore,
Whom Gabriel had told afore;
Whom, in his mother yet conceal'd,
The infant Baptist had reveal'd.

6 The manger and the straw he bore,
The cradle did he not abhor;
By milk in infant portions fed,
Who gives e'en fowls their daily bread.

7 The heav'nly chorus fill'd the sky,
The Angels sang to God on high,
What time to shepherds, watching lone,
They made creation's Shepherd known.

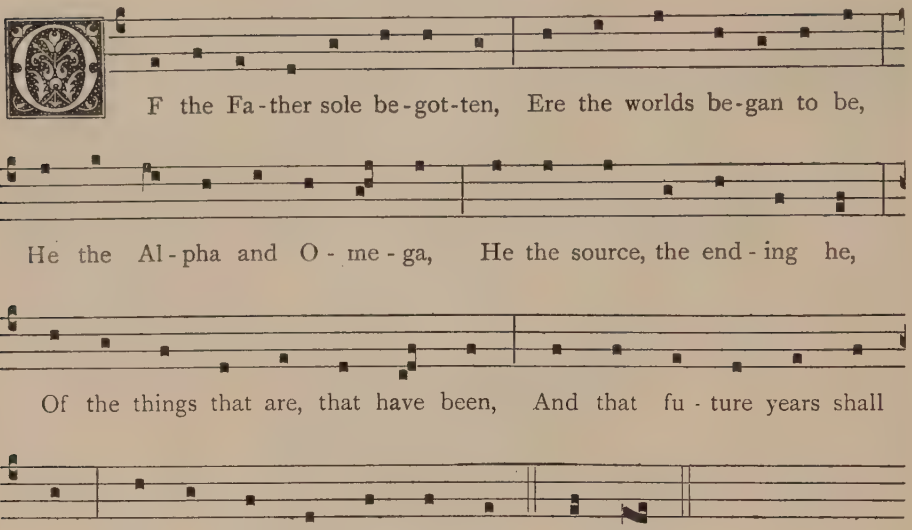
8 For that thine Advent glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee;
With Father and with Holy Ghost,
From men and from the heav'nly host. Amen.

Cælius Sedulius (v cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

22 CORDE NATVS EX PARENTIS

YORK MELODY (Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.8.7.7.)

Mode iij


F the Fa-ther sole be-got-ten, Ere the worlds be-gan to be,
He the Al-pha and O-me-ga, He the source, the end-ing he,
Of the things that are, that have been, And that fu-ture years shall
see, Ev-er-more and ev-er-more. A-men.

2 He is here, whom seers in old time
Chaunted of, while ages ran ;
Whom the writings of the Prophets
Promised since the world began ;
Then foretold, now manifested,
To receive the praise of man,
Evermore and evermore.

3 O that ever-blessèd birthday,
When the Virgin, full of grace,
Of the Holy Ghost incarnate
Bare the Saviour of our race ;
And that Child, the world's Redeemer,
First display'd his sacred face,
Evermore and evermore.

4 Praise him, O ye Heavens of Heavens !
Praise him, Angels in the height !
Every Power and every Virtue
Sing the praise of God aright :
Let no tongue of man be silent,
Let each heart and voice unite,
Evermore and evermore.

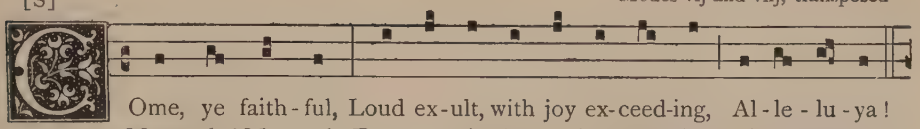
5 Thee let age, and thee let manhood,
Thee let quires of infants sing ;
Thee the matrons and the virgins,
And the children answering :
Let their modest song re-echo,
And their heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore.

6 Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One :
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run,
Evermore and evermore. Amen.

Prudentius (iv cent.) ; Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

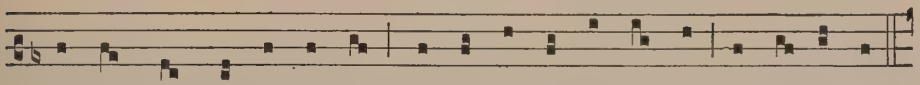
23 LETABVNDVS

[S] Modes vij and viij, transposed

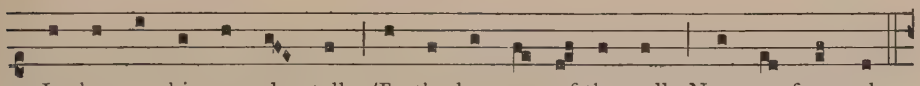


Come, ye faith-ful, Loud ex-ult, with joy ex-ceed-ing, Al-le-lu-ya!
2 Monarchs' Monarch, From a Vir-gin womb proceeding, Mighty wonder!

3 An-gel of the Counsel, here Sun from star, he doth ap-pear, Born of Maid-en:
4 Sun that nev-er knoweth night, Star for ev-er shin-ing bright, Lustrous ev-er.



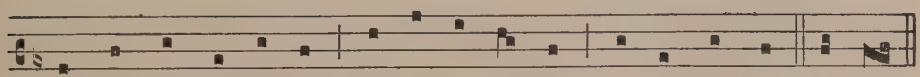
5 As a star his kin-dred ray, Ma-ry doth her Child display, Like in na-ture:
6 Still undimm'd the star shines on, And the Vir-gin bears a Son, Pure as ev-er.



7 Le-ban-on his ce-dar tall To the hys-sop of the wall Now con-form-eth:
8 Word on high, he doth as-sume Human flesh in Mary's womb, God in-car-nate.

9 Tho' E-sai-as had foreshown, Though the Syn-a-gogue had known, Yet the
10 If her prophets speak in vain, Let her heed a Gen-tile strain, And from

truth she will not own, Blind re-main-ing: 11 No long-er then de-lay;
mys-tick Si-byl gain Light in dark-ness. 12 Turn and this Child be-hold—



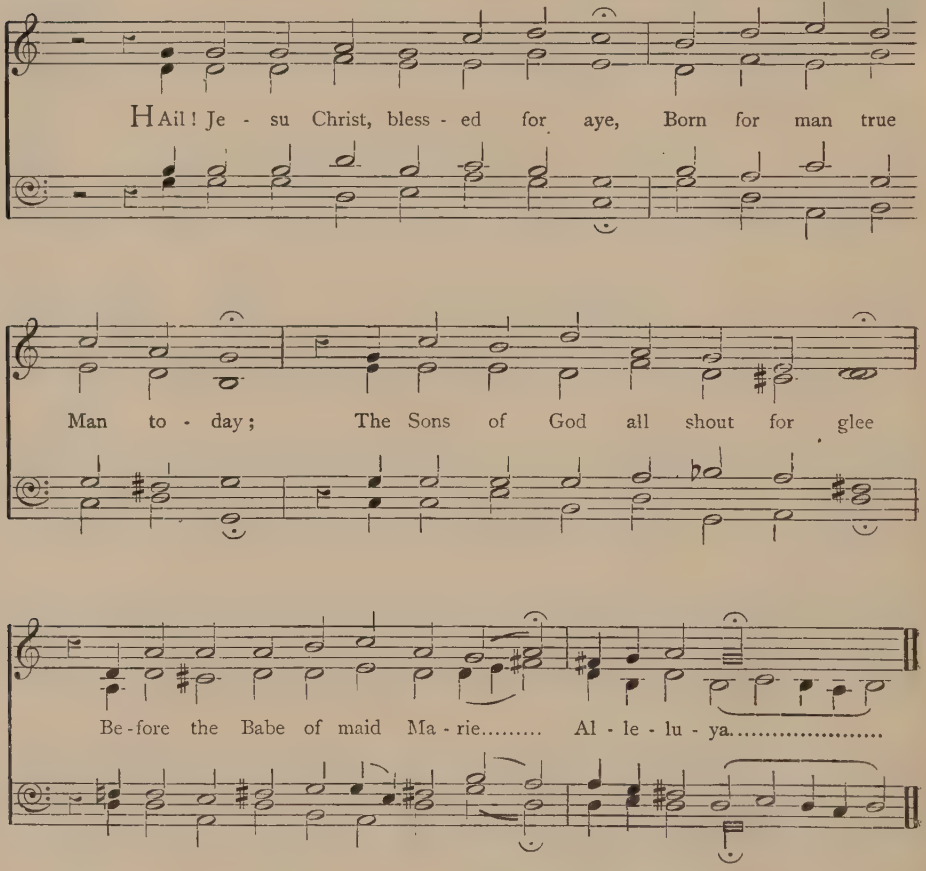
Doubt not what legends say; Why be cast a-way, A race for-lorn? [A-men.]
That ve-ry Son, of old In God's writ fore-told, A Maid hath borne.

Anon. (xj or xij cent.); Tr. *Hymner* (1904)

24 A Gelobet seyst du, Jesu Christ

(Iambic, 8.7.8.8.4.)

Adapted by Layriz from Joh. Walter's Geystliche gesangk Buchleyn (1524)


HAil! Je - su Christ, bless - ed for aye, Born for man true
Man to - day; The Sons of God all shout for glee
Be-fore the Babe of maid Ma - rie..... Al - le - lu - ya.....

2

The Father's everlasting Son
Manger-cradle doth not shun:
And God, so holy, high and good,
His glory veils 'neath flesh and blood.
Alleluya.

3

In pity of our state forlorn,
Poor on earth the Lord is born,
To make man rich in realms of light,
In fellowship of Angels bright.
Alleluya.

4

Him whom the wide world cannot hold,
Now a mother's arms enfold :
Behold an Infant weak and small,
Whose hand upholdeth all in all.
Alleluya.

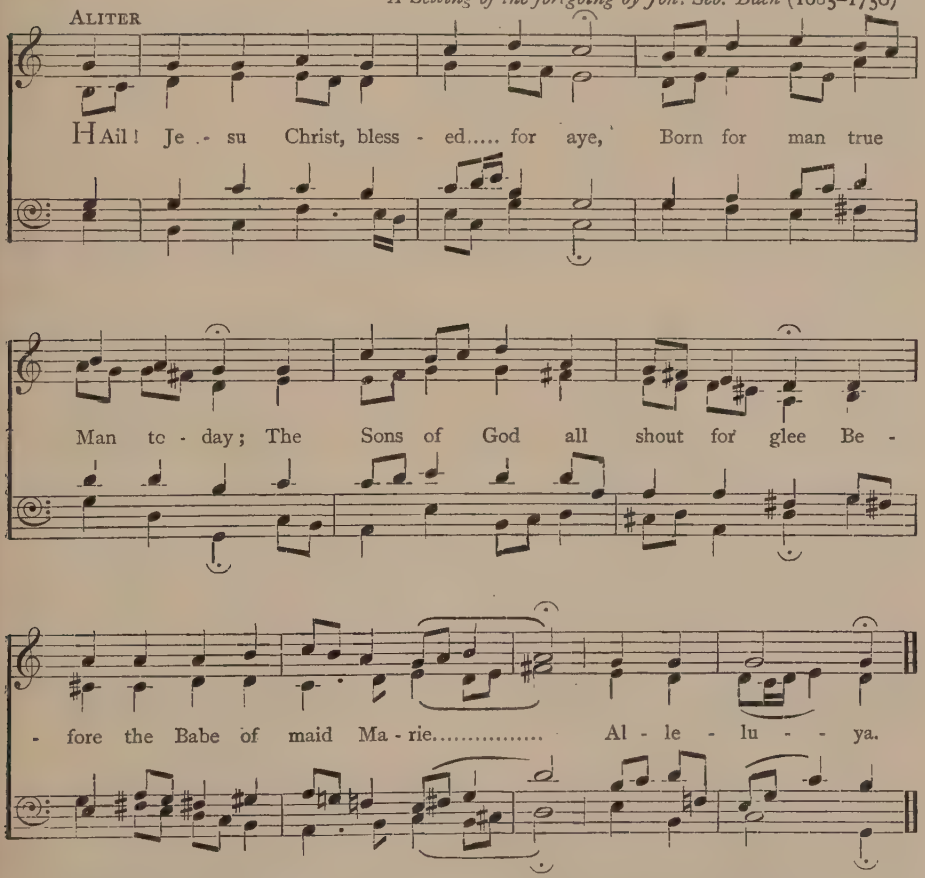
5

Thus hath he done for human kind ;
Set on mercy is his mind ;
Good Christian folk, rejoice and sing,
And bless for evermore your King.
Alleluya.

Anon. (xiv cent.) ; Tr. *G. R. W.*

24 B

A Setting of the foregoing by Joh. Seb. Bach (1685–1750)

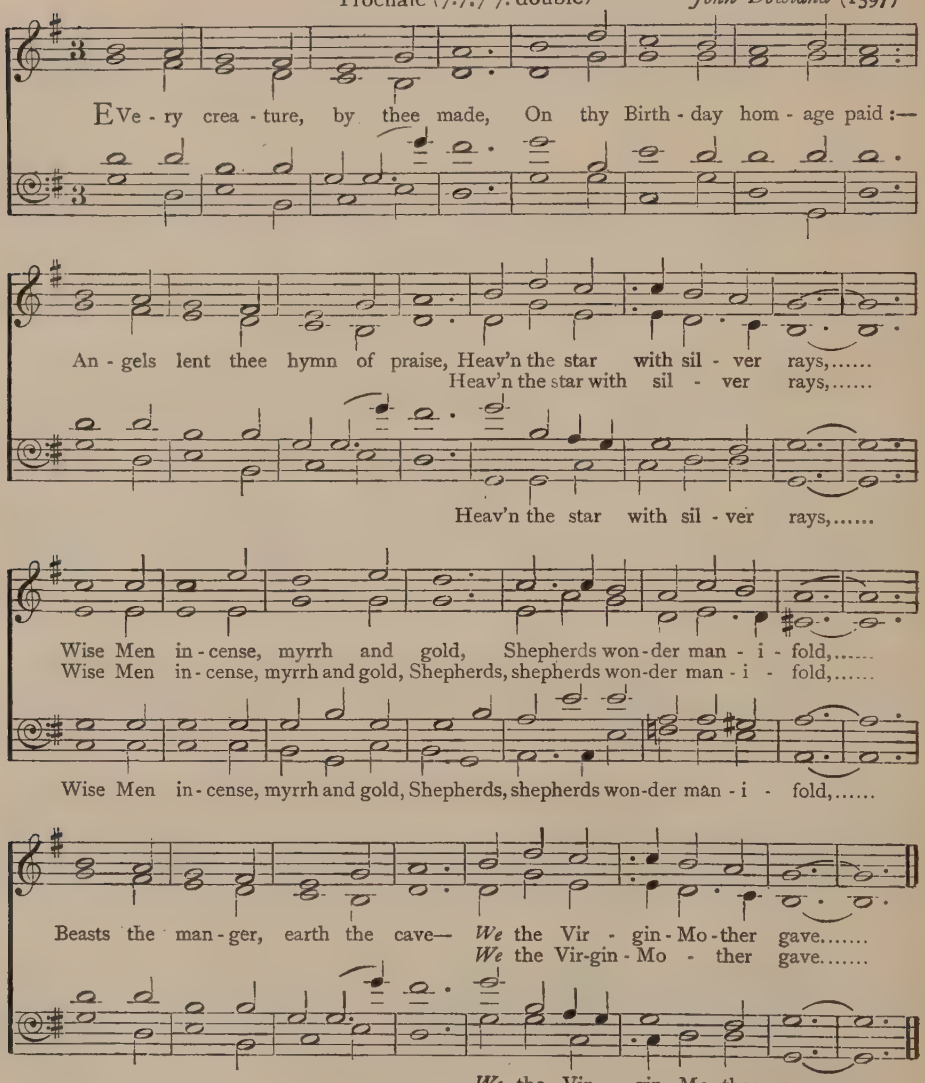

ALITER
HAil ! Je - su Christ, bless - ed..... for aye, Born for man true
Man to - day ; The Sons of God all shout for glee Be -
- fore the Babe of maid Ma - rie..... Al - le - lu - ya.

¶ *For two other Settings, by J. S. Bach, see 'The Cowley Carol Book,' No. 11*

25 Ἕκαστον τῶν ὑπὸ σοῦ γενομένων

Tune—NOW, O NOW, I NEEDS MUST PART

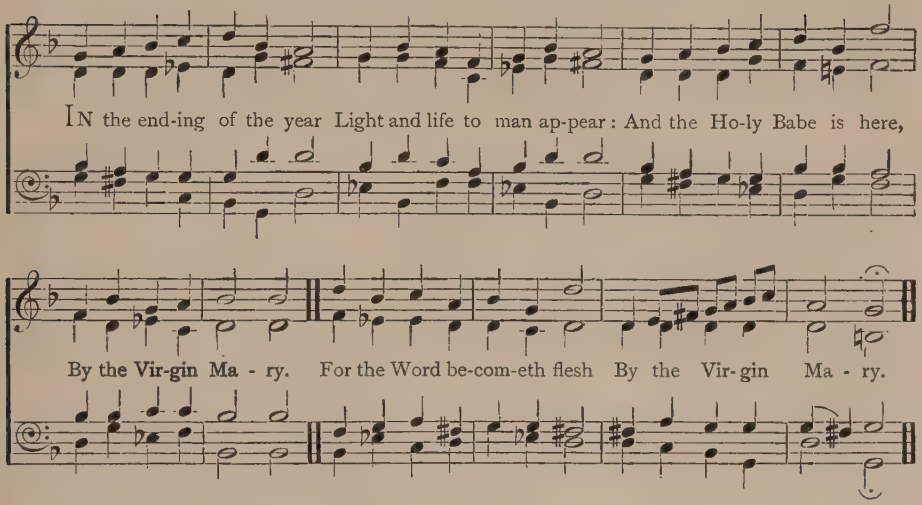
Trochaic (7.7.7 7. double) *John Dowland* (1597)


Ev - ry crea - ture, by thee made, On thy Birth - day hom - age paid:—
An - gels lent thee hymn of praise, Heav'n the star with sil - ver rays,.....
Heav'n the star with sil - ver rays,.....
Heav'n the star with sil - ver rays,.....
Wise Men in - cense, myrrh and gold, Shepherds won - der man - i - fold,.....
Wise Men in - cense, myrrh and gold, Shepherds, shepherds won - der man - i - fold,.....
Wise Men in - cense, myrrh and gold, Shepherds, shepherds won - der man - i - fold,.....
Beasts the man - ger, earth the cave— We the Vir - gin - Mo - ther gave.....
We the Vir - gin - Mo - ther gave.....
We the Vir - gin - Mo - ther gave.....

Greek Menæa (*Dec. 25*); Tr. *G. R. W.*

26 IN HOC ANNI CIRCVLO

OLD FRENCH MELODY (Trochaic, 7.7.7.6.7.6.) *Anon.*


IN the end-ing of the year Light and life to man ap-pear: And the Ho-ly Babe is here,
By the Vir-gin Ma - ry. For the Word be-com-eth flesh By the Vir-gin Ma - ry.

2 What in ancient days was slain,
This day calls to life again:
God is coming, God shall reign—
By the Virgin Mary.
For the Word, etc.

3 Adam ate the fruit and died,
But the curse, that did betide
All his sons, is turn'd aside
By the Virgin Mary.
For the Word, etc.

4 Noe shut the Ark of old,
When the flood came, as is told:
Us its doors to-day enfold
By the Virgin Mary.
For the Word, etc.

5 Every creature of the plain
Own'd the guileful serpent's reign;
He this happy day is slain
By the Virgin Mary.
For the Word, etc.

6 'Twas the Star the Sun that bore,
Which salvation should restore;
But pollution ne'er the more
Touch'd the Virgin Mary.
For the Word, etc.

7 And they circumcise the Lord,
And his Blood for us is pour'd;
Thus salvation is restored
By the Virgin Mary.
For the Word, etc.

8 In a manger he is laid:
Ox and ass their worship paid;
Over him her veil is spread
By the Virgin Mary.
For the Word, etc.

9 And the heav'nly Angels' tongue
'Glory in the highest' sung;
And the shepherds o'er him hung,
With the Virgin Mary.
For the Word, etc.

10 Joseph watches o'er his rest:
Cold and sorrow him infest:
He, an hung'red, seeks the breast
Of the Virgin Mary.
For the Word, etc.

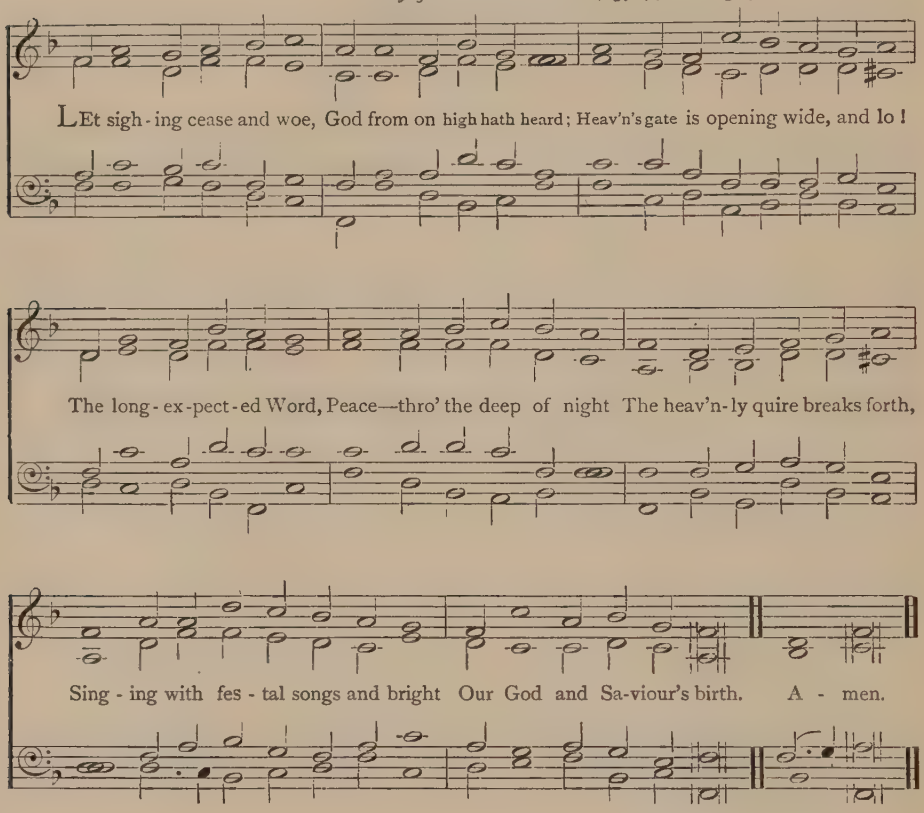
11 Wherefore let our quire to-day
Banish sorrow far away,
Singing and exulting aye
With the Virgin Mary.
For the Word, etc.

Anon. (xiv cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

27 A JAM DESINANT SVSPIRIA

OLD XXVTH PSALM (Iambic, 6 6.8.6. D.)

Melody from Est's Psalter (1592); *Setting by Charles Wood*


LEt sigh - ing cease and woe, God from on high hath heard; Heav'n's gate is opening wide, and lo!
The long - ex - pect - ed Word, Peace—thro' the deep of night The heav'n - ly quire breaks forth,
Sing - ing with fes - tal songs and bright Our God and Sa-viour's birth. A - men.

2

The cave of Bethlehem
Those wakeful shepherds seek;
Let us, too, rise and greet with them
That Infant pure and meek.
We enter—at the door
What marvel meets the eye?
A crib, a mother pale and poor,
A child of poverty.

3

Art thou the eternal Son,
The eternal Father's ray?
Whose little hand, thou Infant one,
Doth lift the world alway?
Yea—faith through that dim cloud
Like lightning darts before,
And greets thee, at whose footstool bow'd
Heav'n's trembling hosts adore.

4

Our Master—silent yet,
Thou teachest from thy chair,
'Shun that on which thy flesh is set;
What flesh abhorreth, bear.'
Chaste be our love like thine,
Our swelling souls bring low,
And in our hearts, O Babe divine,
Be born, abide, and grow.

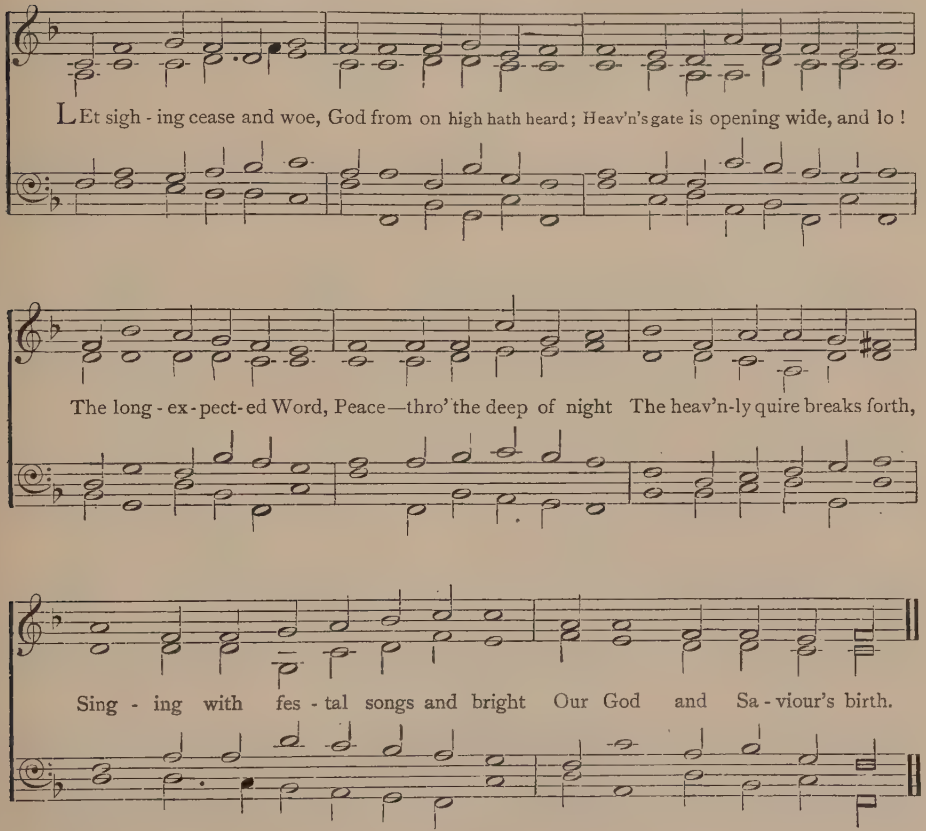
5

So shall thy Birth-day morn,
Lord Christ, our birth-day be:
Then greet we all, ourselves new-born,
Our King's Nativity.
Borne at a Virgin's breast,
Jesu, be praise to thee,
With Sire and Holy Spirit blest,
Through all eternity. Amen

C. Coffin (1676–1749); Tr. *W. J. Blew* (1808–1894)

27 B

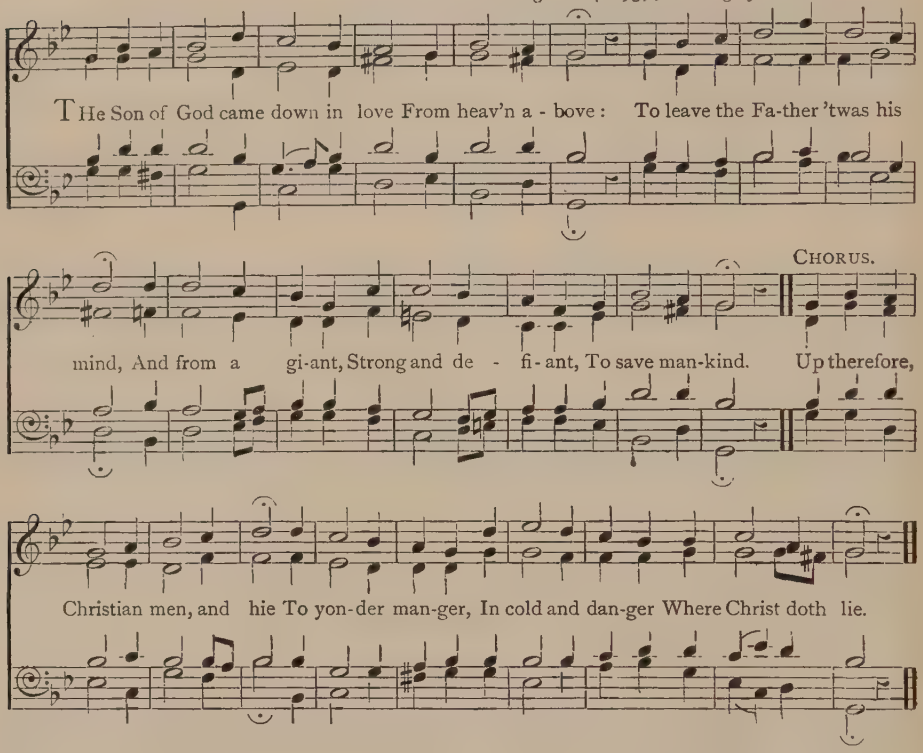
The foregoing—With the Melody in the Tenor *Harmonized by E. Blancks* (xvj cent.)


LEt sigh - ing cease and woe, God from on high hath heard; Heav'n's gate is opening wide, and lo!
The long - ex - pect - ed Word, Peace—thro' the deep of night The heav'n-ly quire breaks forth,
Sing - ing with fes - tal songs and bright Our God and Sa - viour's birth.

28 Geſtiegen iſt vom Himmels-thron

(Irregular)

Trier Gesangbuch (1893); *Setting by Charles Wood*


THe Son of God came down in love From heav'n a - bove: To leave the Fa-ther 'twas his
CHORUS.
mind, And from a gi-ant, Strong and de - fi-ant, To save man-kind. Up therefore,
Christian men, and hie To yon-der man-ger, In cold and dan-ger Where Christ doth lie.

2 The Word made flesh doth condescend
Man to befriend:
Those infant lips, how full of grace!
Yet hear him crying,
On bed-straw lying,
In doleful case.
Up therefore, etc.

3 Hail Mary! God of thee is born,
Thou Star of Morn,
That dost full daylight usher in,
Help, blissful Maiden,
Souls heavy-laden
Pardon to win.
Up therefore, etc.

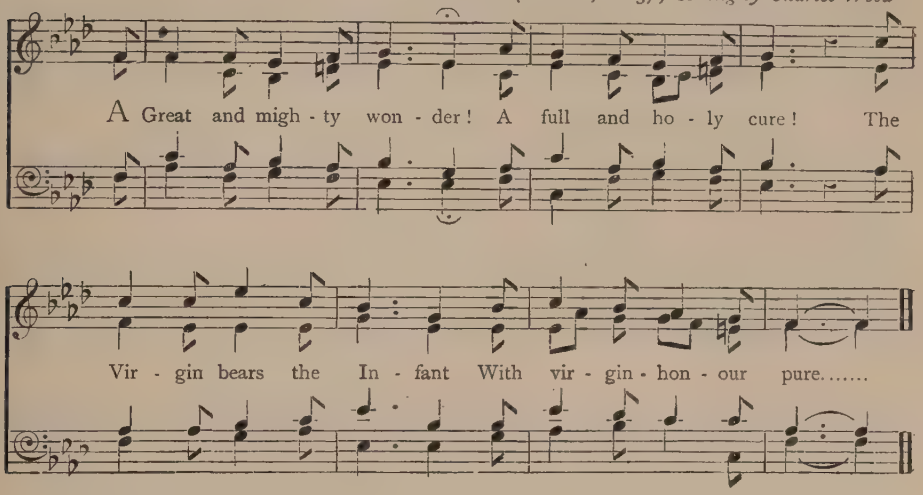
4 Ne'er let that Angel-descant cease
To herald peace
At Jesus Christ's Nativity:
Grace, my soul, cherish;
So vice shall perish,
And well is thee.
Up therefore, etc.

Seraphischer Lustgart. (1635); Tr. *G. R. W.*

29A Μέγα καὶ παράδοξον θαῦμα

Tune—MARIA IST GEBOREN (Iambic, 7.6.7.6.)

Cöln (Brachel, 1623); *Setting by Charles Wood*



2 The Word becomes Incarnate,
And yet remains on high:
And Cherubyn sing anthems
To shepherds from the sky.

3 And we with them triumphant
Repeat the hymn agen:
'To God on high be glory,
And peace on earth to men.'

4 While thus they sing your Monarch,
Those bright angelick bands,
Rejoice, ye vales and mountains,
Ye oceans, clap your hands.

5 Since all he comes to ransom,
By all be he adored,
The Infant born in Bethlem,
The Saviour and the Lord.

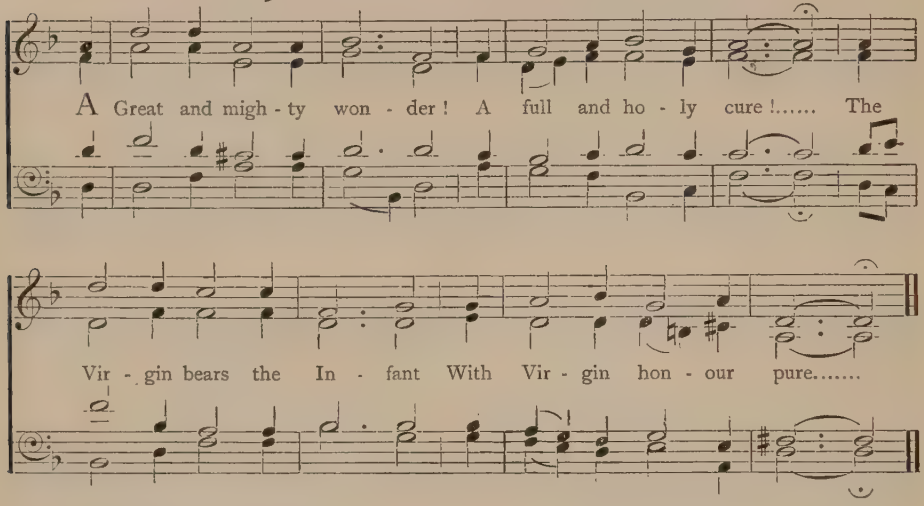
6 And idol forms shall perish,
And error shall decay,
And Christ shall wield his sceptre,
Our Lord and God for aye.

S. Germanus (vij cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

29 B

Tune—Es war ein König von Thule

In D minor—the Melody in the Treble *Old German Volkslied; Setting by G. R. W.*



2 The Word becomes Incarnate,
And yet remains on high:
And Cherubyn sing anthems
To shepherds from the sky.

3 And we with them triumphant
Repeat the hymn agen:
'To God on high be glory,
And peace on earth to men.'

4 While thus they sing your Monarch,
Those bright angelick bands,
Rejoice, ye vales and mountains,
Ye oceans, clap your hands.

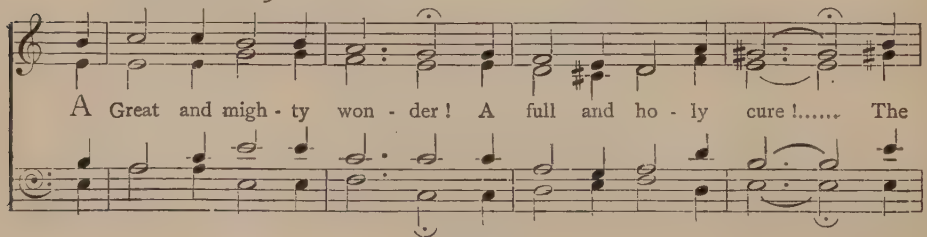
5 Since all he comes to ransom,
By all be he adored,
The Infant born in Beth'lem,
The Saviour and the Lord.

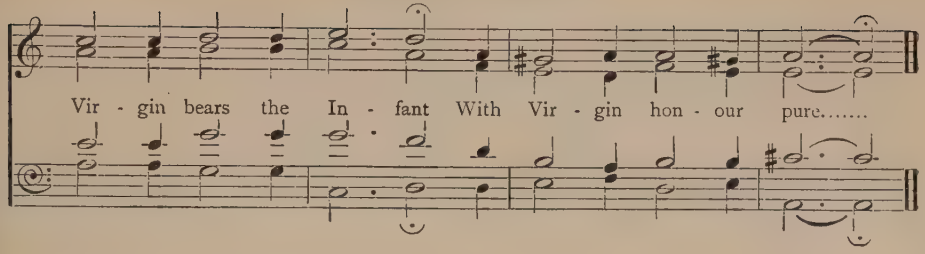
6 And idol forms shall perish,
And error shall decay,
And Christ shall wield his sceptre,
Our Lord and God for aye.

29 C

Tune—Es war ein König von Thule

In A minor—the Melody in the Bass

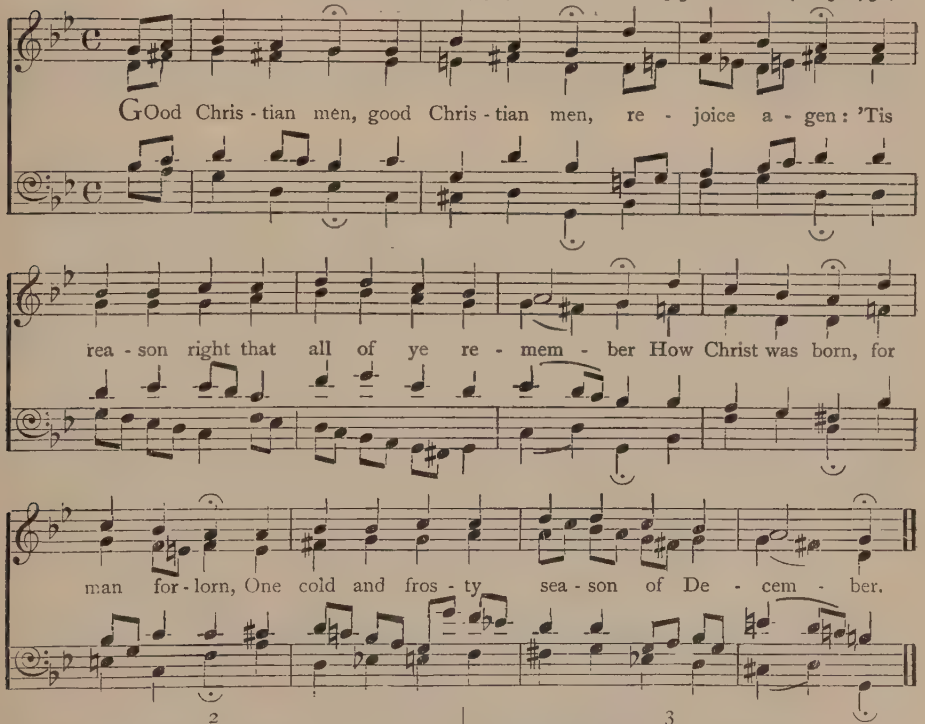




30 Wir Christen-leut

(Iambic, 4.4.11.4.4.11.)

Dresden Gesangbuch (1593); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


GOod Chris - tian men, good Chris - tian men, re - joice a - gen: 'Tis
rea - son right that all of ye re - mem - ber How Christ was born, for
man for - lorn, One cold and fros - ty sea - son of De - cem - ber.

2

O wonder-love, that God above
Took flesh of man, from sin for to release us:
Lo! Mary mild God's Son doth child,
And call the same that sweetest name of Jesus.

3

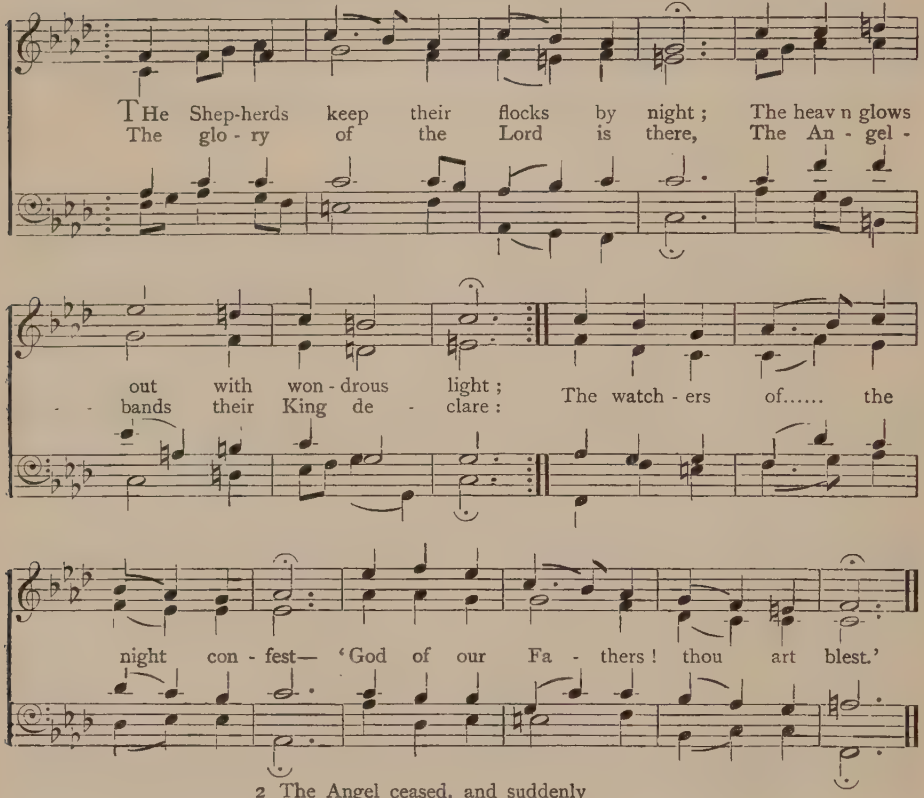
Then hither throng with festal song;
Come, old or young, come saint, or sin-beladen:
Before him fall, in oxen-stall,
That blissful Babe of Mary, mother-maiden.

After *Wir Christen-leut.* *G. R. W.*

31 Ποιμένες ἀγραυλοῦντες

Tune—PARVVLVS NOBIS NASCITVR (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.8.8.)

Melchior Vulpius (*c.* 1560–1616); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


THe Shep-herds keep their flocks by night; The heav n glows
The glo - ry of the Lord is there, The An - gel -
out with won - drous light;
- - bands their King de - clare: The watch - ers of..... the
night con - fest— 'God of our Fa - thers! thou art blest.'

2 The Angel ceased, and suddenly
Seraphick legions fill'd the sky:
'Glory to God!' they cry agen,
'And peace on earth, goodwill to men!'
Christ comes! And they that heard confest—
'God of our Fathers! thou art blest.'

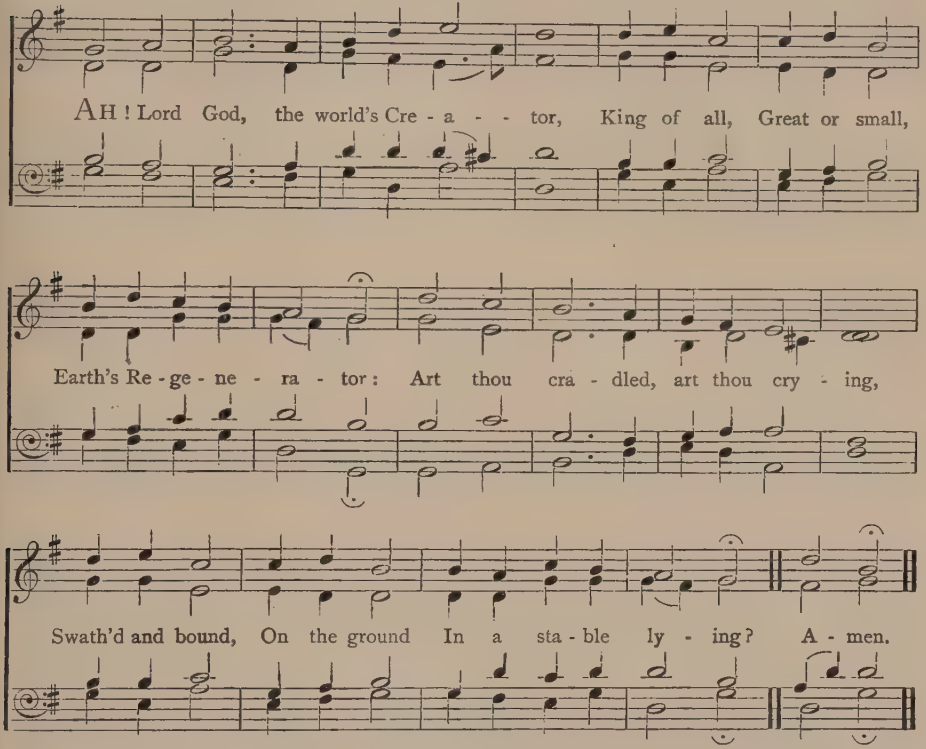
3 What said the Shepherds? 'Let us turn
This new-born miracle to learn:'
To Bethlem's gate their footsteps drew,
The Mother with the Child they view:
They knelt and worshipp'd, and confest—
'God of our Fathers! thou art blest.'

S. Cosmas the Melodist (viij cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

32 HEV! QVID IACES STABVLO

Tune—WARUM SOLLT ICH MICH DENN GRÄMEN (Trochaic, 8.3.3.6.8.3.3 6.)

Joh. Georg Ebeling (*c.* 1620–1676)


AH! Lord God, the world's Cre - a - - tor, King of all, Great or small,
Earth's Re - ge - ne - ra - tor: Art thou cra - dled, art thou cry - ing,
Swath'd and bound, On the ground In a sta - ble ly - ing? A - men.

2 Love of man hath drawn me hither,
Cords of love, From above,
To exalt him thither:
Dead in trespass, child, I sought thee,
Gone astray From my way,
Life and pardon brought thee.

3 Empty be my scrip and coffer,
Yet 'tis wealth, Plenty, health,
I am come to offer:
Haste I to enrich and dress thee;
Born to die, Low I lie,
And would gladly bless thee.

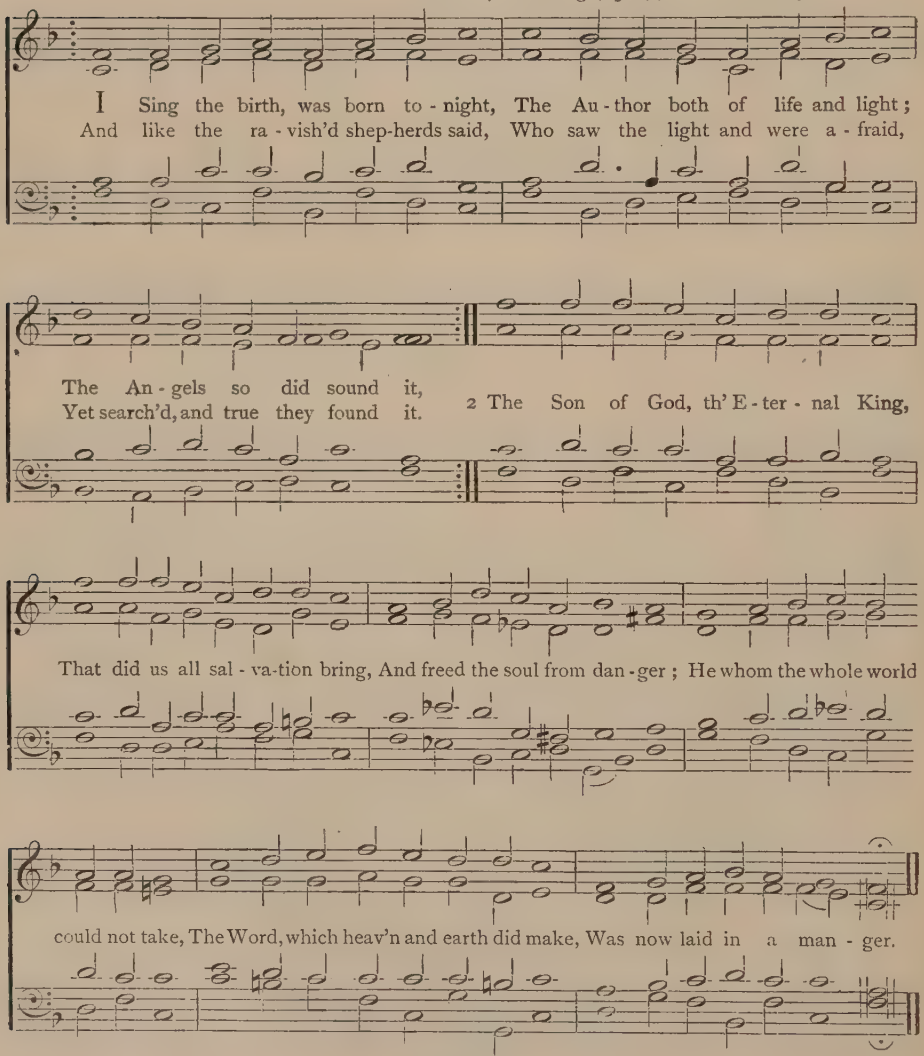
4 Therefore thousand thousand praises
Are thy due, Babe Jesù;
These my heart upraises:
Angels, mortals, furthest, nighest,
Sing in mirth, 'Peace on earth,
Glory in the highest.' Amen.

J. Mauburn (xv cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

33A I SING THE BIRTH, WAS BORN TO-NIGHT

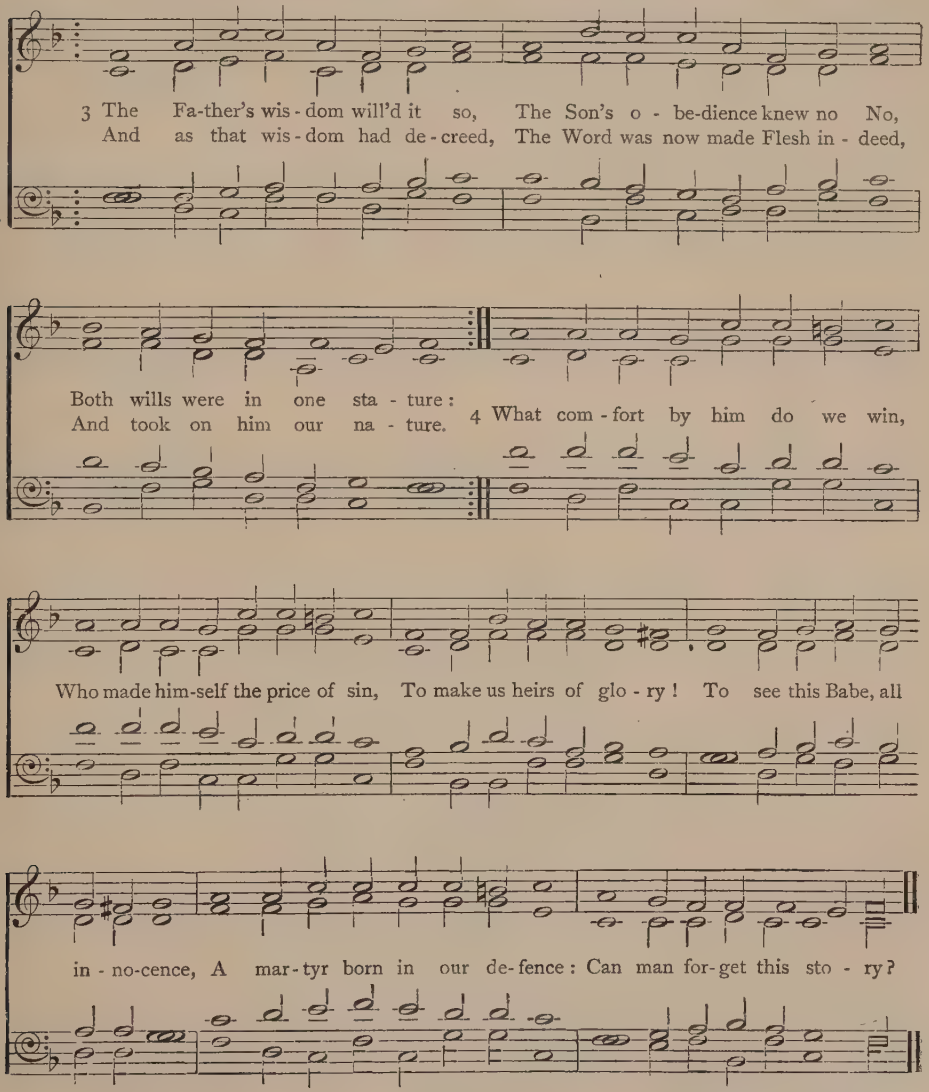
Tune—ES SIND DOCH SELIG ALLE, DIE (Iambic, 8.8.7.8.8.7. D.)

Melody probably by Matthæus Greiter (c. 1500–1552)
Psalmen, Strasburg (1526); Harmonized by G. R. W.


I Sing the birth, was born to-night, The Au-thor both of life and light;
And like the ra-vish'd shep-herds said, Who saw the light and were a-fraid,
The An-gels so did sound it,
Yet search'd, and true they found it.
2 The Son of God, th' E-ter-nal King,
That did us all sal-va-tion bring, And freed the soul from dan-ger; He whom the whole world
could not take, The Word, which heav'n and earth did make, Was now laid in a man-ger.

33 B I SING THE BIRTH, WAS BORN TO-NIGHT

The foregoing—Melody in the Tenor *Setting by Claude Goudimel (c. 1510–1574)*

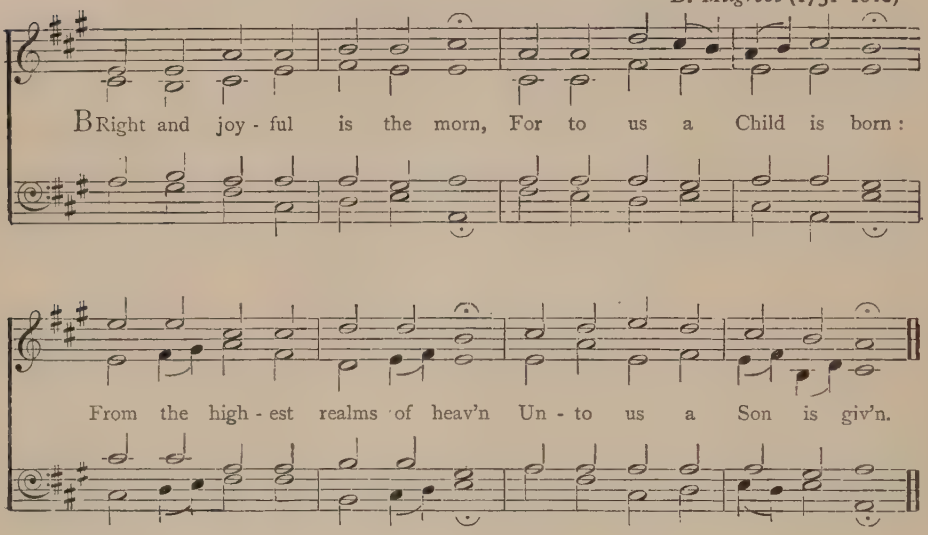

3 The Fa-ther's wis-dom will'd it so, The Son's o-be-dience knew no No,
And as that wis-dom had de-creed, The Word was now made Flesh in-deed,
Both wills were in one sta-ture:
And took on him our na-ture.
4 What com-fort by him do we win,
Who made him-self the price of sin, To make us heirs of glo-ry! To see this Babe, all
in-no-cence, A mar-tyr born in our de-fence: Can man for-get this sto-ry?

Ben Jonson (1573–1637)

34 BRIGHT AND JOYFUL IS THE MORN

Tune—HARTFORD (Trochaic, 7.7.7.7.)

B. Milgrove (1731–1810)



2

On his shoulder he shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear
On his vesture and his thigh
Names most awful, names most high.

3

Wonderful in counsel he,
The incarnate Deity:
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of peace.

4

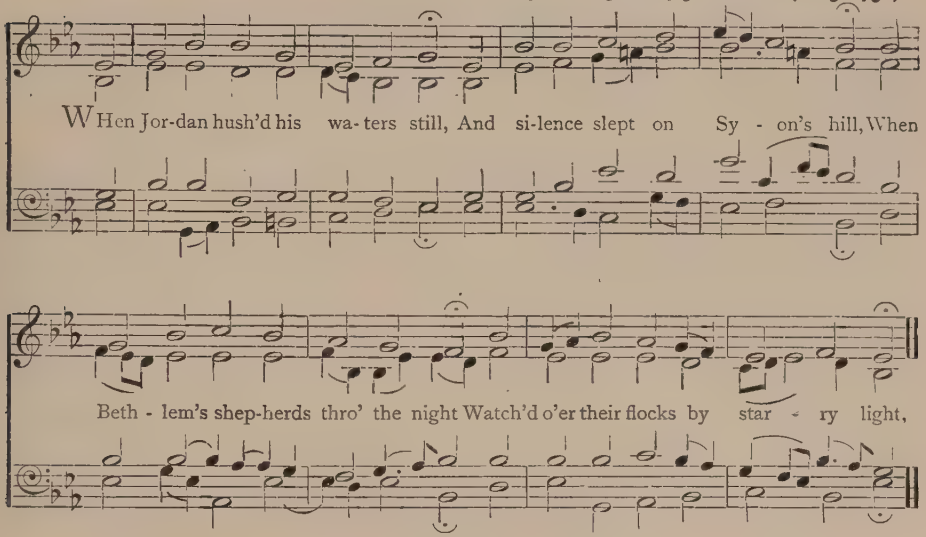
Come and worship at his feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet,
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone.

James Montgomery (1771–1854)

35 WHEN JORDAN HUSH'D HIS WATERS STILL

Tune—DAS WALT GOTT VATER UND GOTT SOHN (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Dan. Vetter († *c.* 1730) *As given by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


When Jor-dan hush'd his wa-ters still, And si-lence slept on Sy - on's hill, When
Beth - lem's shep-herds thro' the night Watch'd o'er their flocks by star - ry light,

2

Lo! swift to every startled eye
New streams of glory fire the sky;
Heaven's azure gates are oped to pour
Its armies on the midnight hour.

3

On wheels of light, on wings of flame
The gratulating myriads came;
High heav'n with songs of triumph rung,
While loud they struck their harps and sung:

4

'To God, the Lord of power and might,
Be glory in the highest height,
For peace on earth proclaim'd agen,
And tidings of goodwill to men.'

Thomas Campbell (1777–1844) & *B. H. Kennedy* (1804–1889)

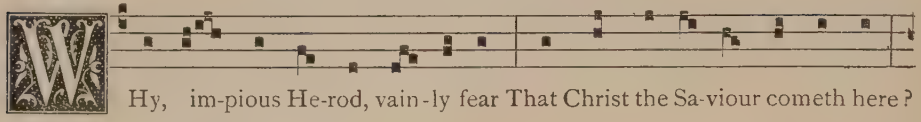
¶ *See also Nos. 213, 214, 215, 346, & 422–429*

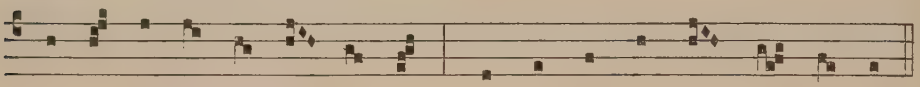
ĖPIPHANY-TIDE

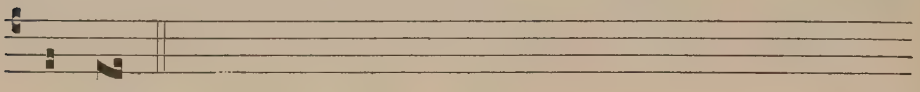
36 HOSTIS HERODES IMPIE

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[E and M] Mode iij







2

To greet his birth the Wise men went,
Led by the star before them sent:
Call'd on by light, to Light they press'd,
And by their gifts their God confess'd.

3

In holy Jordan's purest wave
The heavenly Lamb vouchsafed to lave;
That he, to whom was sin unknown,
Might cleanse his people from their own.

4

New miracle of power divine!
The water reddens into wine:
He spake the word, and pour'd the wave
In other streams than nature gave.

5

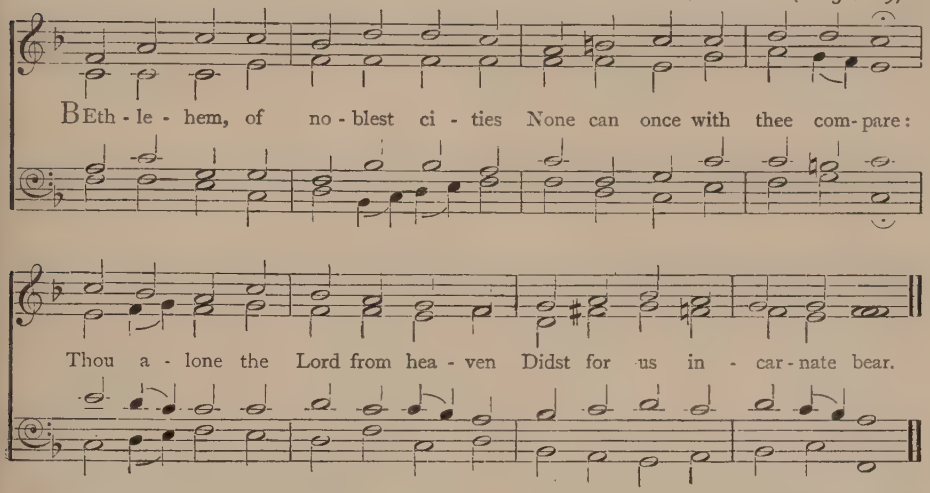
All glory, Lord, to thee we pay,
For thine Epiphany to-day;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

Cælius Sedulius (v cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

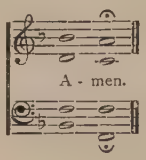
37 O SOLA MAGNARVM VRBIVM

Tune—MERTON (Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.)

W. H. Monk (1823–1889)



2

Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told his birth:
To the lands their God announcing,
Hid beneath a form of earth.

3

By its lambent beauty guided,
See, the Eastern Kings appear:
See them bend, their gifts to offer—
Gifts of incense, gold and myrrh.

4

Solemn things of mystick meaning—
Incense doth the God disclose:
Gold a Royal child proclaimeth:
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

5

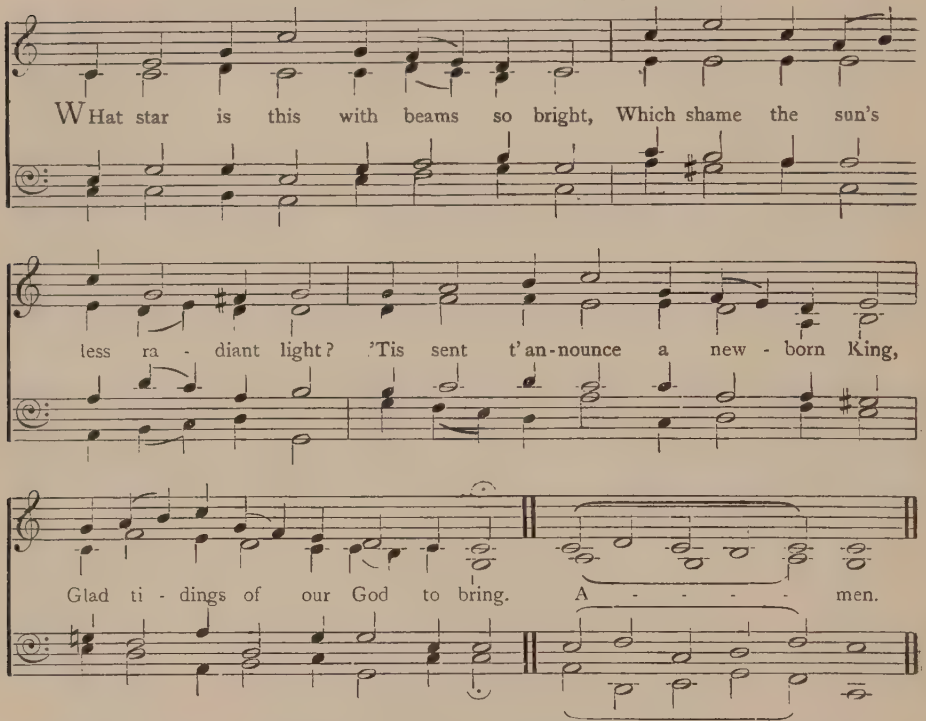
Holy Jesu, in thy brightness
To the Gentile world display'd,
With the Father and the Spirit
Praise eterne to thee be paid. Amen.

Prudentius (iv cent.); Tr. *E. Caswall* (1814–1878)

38 QVÆ STELLA SOLE PVLCHRIOR

Tune—DEVS TVORVM MILITVM (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Grenoble Paroissien; Setting by J. R. Lunn & G. H. Palmer


What star is this with beams so bright, Which shame the sun's
less ra - diant light? 'Tis sent t'an-nounce a new - born King,
Glad ti - dings of our God to bring. A - - - - men.

2 'Tis now fulfill'd as God decreed,
'From Jacob shall a star proceed:'
And lo! the Eastern sages stand
To read in heaven the Lord's command.
[Alleluya.]

3 While outward signs the star displays,
An inward light the Lord conveys,
And urges them with force benign
To seek the giver of the sign.
[Alleluya.]

4 Impatient love knows no delay,
Through toil and danger lies their way:
And yet their home, their friends, their all,
They leave at once at God's high call.
[Alleluya.]

5 O while the star of heavenly grace
Invites us, Lord, to seek thy face,
May we no more that grace repel,
Or quench the light which shines so well.
[Alleluya.]

6 To God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
May every tongue and nation raise
An endless song of thankful praise. [Alleluya.]

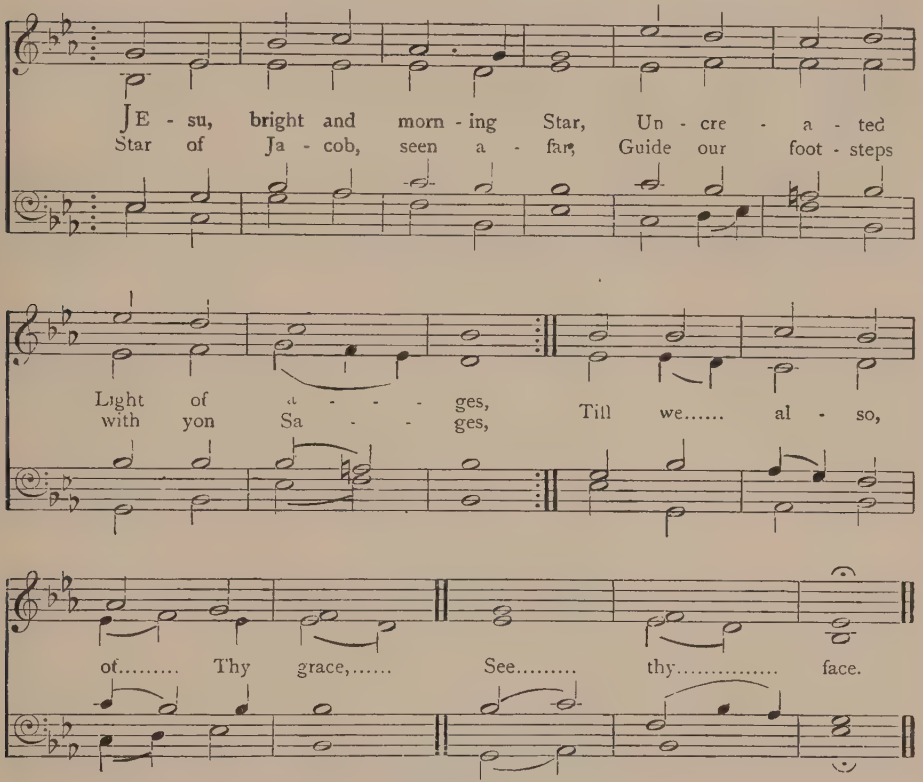
C. Coffin (1676–1749); Tr. *J. Chandler* (1806–1876).

¶ *For an alternative Tune see No. 91, in which case alone the Alleluya is required.*

39 JESU, BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR

Tune—MORGENGLANZ DER EWIGKEIT (Trochaic, 7.8.7.8.7.3.)

J. A. Freylinghausen (1670–1739); *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*


JE - su, bright and morn - ing Star, Un - cre - a - ted
Star of Ja - cob, seen a - far, Guide our foot - steps
Light of a - - - ges,
with yon Sa - - ges,
Till we..... al - so,
of..... Thy grace,..... See..... thy..... face.

2 If the timid mariner
Do but eye thee, Star of morrow,
Though the winter night be drear,
Courage high he straight will borrow,
Soon will gain the port, where he
Fain would be.

3 Wonder-Star of eastern skies,
Grant that, at thy next appearing,
With our bodies we may rise,
Joyfully thy summons hearing,
And to realms of endless day
Wend our way.

After *Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit.* *G. R. W. & C. Winkworth* (1829–1878)

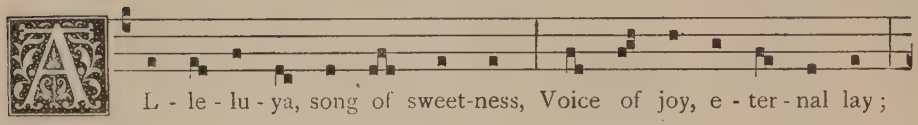
WEEK BEFORE SEPTUAGESIMA

40 ALLELVYA DVLCE CARMEN

(Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.8.7.)

Karlsruhe Bibliothek. MS. 368 (xv cent.)

Mode iv



2

Alleluya thou resoundest,
Salem, Mother ever blest;
Alleluyas without ending
Fit yon place of gladsome rest:
Exiles we, by Babel's waters
Sit in bondage and distrest.

3

Alleluya we deserve not
Here to chaunt for evermore:
Alleluya our transgressions
Make us for a while give o'er;
For the holy time is coming,
Bidding us our sins deplore.

4

Trinity of endless glory,
Hear thy people as they cry;
Grant us all to keep thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky;
There to thee our Alleluya
Singing everlastingly. Amen.

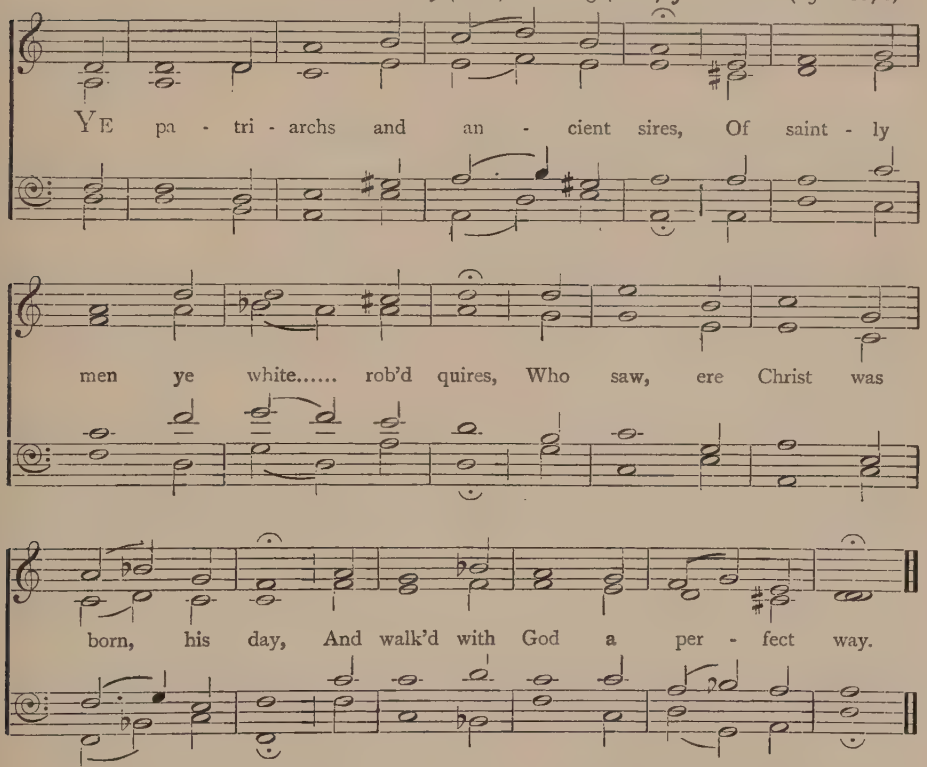
Anon. (x cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

SEPTUAGESIMA

41 VOS ANTE CHRISTI TEMPORA

Tune—ICH HEB' MEIN' AUGEN SEHNLICH AUF (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Melody (1628) *& setting* (1661) *of H. Schütz* (1582–1672)


YE pa - tri - archs and an - cient sires, Of saint - ly
men ye white..... rob'd quires, Who saw, ere Christ was
born, his day, And walk'd with God a per - fect way.

2 Pilgrim of Ur, submissive still
In all things to the heavenly will,
And ye, great chieftains of his race,
Sons of his faith, and heirs of grace:

3 O how can words of equal worth
The wonders of your faith set forth,
Or tell of all your panting sighs,
Which hope uplifted to the skies?

4 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
Ye deem'd the world an empty show,
And, resting on God's promise sure,
Ye sought a home that should endure.

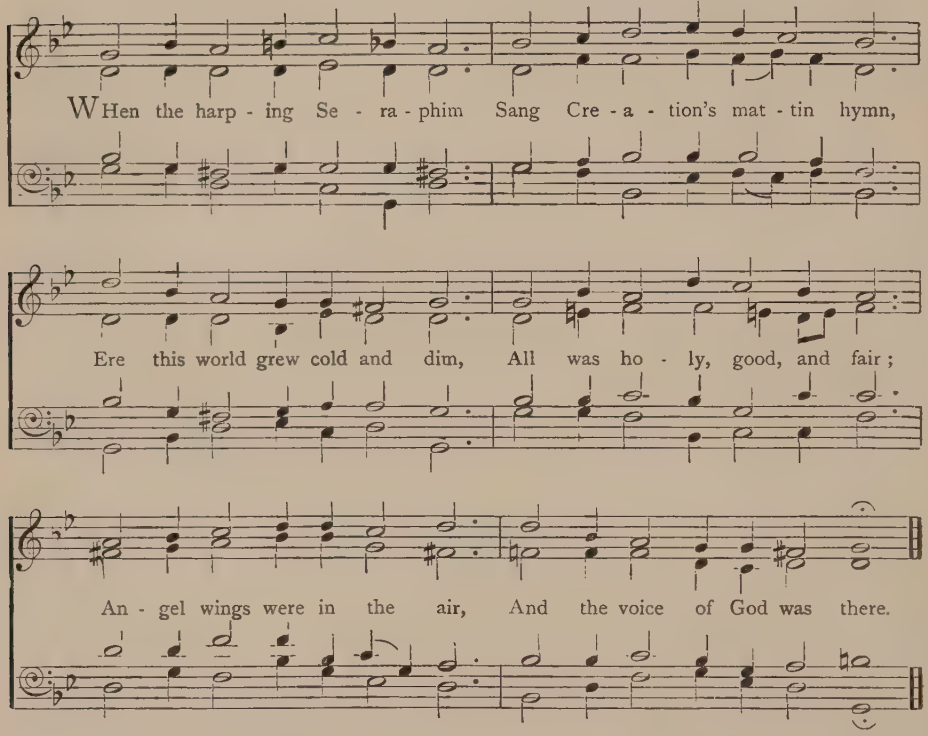
5 So wean us, Lord, from things we see,
And fix our hopes on heav'n and thee,
That high o'er earth our souls may rise,
With thee conversing in the skies.

C. Coffin (1676–1749); Tr. *J. Chandler* (1806–1876) *& B. H. Kennedy* (1804–1889)

42 WHEN THE HARPING SERAPHIM

Tune—HEILGER GEIST, DU TRÖSTER MEIN (Trochaic, 7.7.7. 7.7.7.)

Psalmen, Bremen (1639), *& J. Crüger* (1640)


WHen the harp - ing Se - ra - phim Sang Cre - a - tion's mat - tin hymn,
Ere this world grew cold and dim, All was ho - ly, good, and fair;
An - gel wings were in the air, And the voice of God was there.

2 Oftentimes a dream will rise,
In the light of summer skies,
Of man's forfeit Paradise:
Fondly, vainly, we retrace
All the glory and the grace
Of that long-lost dwelling-place.

3 Bitter, bitter was the shoot,
Deadly, deadly was the fruit
Of the fatal knowledge-root:
When the serpent, preaching sin,
Dared his subtil way to win
Eva's wayward heart within.

4 Then our Eden was o'erthrown:
Man was driven forth alone,
In the world to toil and groan:
Weary heart and aching brow
Stubborn earth to dig and plow,
This must be his portion now.

5 But the heaven-born light of faith
Shines upon the couch of death,
Soothes and cheers the failing breath:
One there is who opens wide
Eden's portal, long denied,
Christ, our Saviour and our guide.

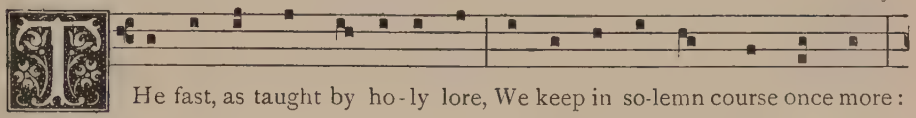
6 Life has sorrow, death has fear;
But the Son of God is near,
Pointing to a happier sphere:
Where, their toils and trials o'er,
Souls, by him redeem'd, adore
God their Saviour evermore.

C. F. Alexander (1823–1895)

LENTEN-TIDE

43 EX MORE DOCTI MYSTICO

[E] SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.) Mode ij


He fast, as taught by ho-ly lore, We keep in so-lemn course once more:
The fast to all men known and bound In for-ty days of year-ly round. A-men.

2 The law and seers that were of old
In divers ways this Lent foretold,
Which Christ, all seasons' King and guide,
In after ages sanctified.

3 More sparing therefore let us make
The words we speak, the food we take,
Our sleep and mirth,—and closer barr'd
Be every sense in closer guard.

4 In prayer together let us fall,
And cry for mercy, one and all,
And weep before the Judge's feet,
And his avenging wrath entreat.

5 Thy grace have we offended sore,
By sins, O God, which we deplore;
But pour upon us from on high,
O pardoning One, thy clemency.

6 Remember thou, though frail we be,
That yet thine handiwork are we;
Nor let the honour of thy Name
Be by another put to shame.

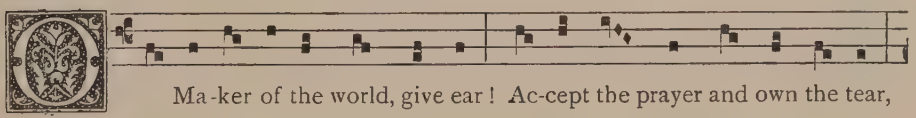
7 Forgive the sin that we have wrought;
Increase the good that we have sought:
That we at length, our wanderings o'er,
May please thee here and evermore.

8 Grant, O thou Blessed Trinity,
Grant, O Essential Unity,
That this our fast of forty days
May work our profit and thy praise. Amen.

S. Gregory the Great (*c.* 540–604); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

44 AVDI BENIGNE CONDITOR

[M] SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.) Mode ij


Ma-ker of the world, give ear! Ac-cept the prayer and own the tear,
To-wards thy seat of mer-cy sent In this most ho-ly fast of Lent. A-men.

2 Each heart is manifest to thee:
Thou knowest our infirmity:
Forgive thou then each soul that fain
Would seek to thee, and turn again.

3 Our sins are manifold and sore,
But pardon them that sin deplore;
And, for thy Name's sake, make each soul
That feels and owns its languor whole.

4 So mortify we every sense
By grace of outward abstinence,
That from each stain and spot of sin
The soul may keep her fast within.

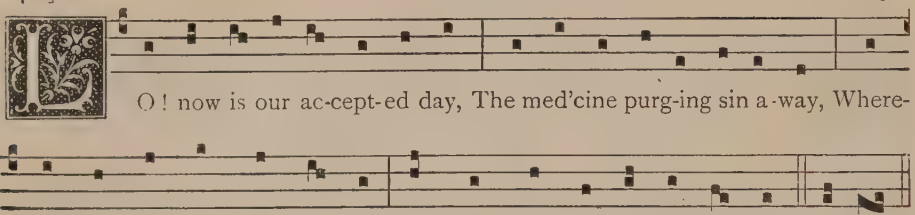
5 Grant, O thou Blessed Trinity,
Grant, O Essential Unity,
That this our fast of forty days
May work our profit and thy praise. Amen.

S. Gregory the Great (*c.* 540–504); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

45 ECCE TEMPVS IDONEVM

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[E] Mode iij


O! now is our ac-cept-ed day, The med'cine purg-ing sin a-way, Where-
- e'er our lives have wrought of-fence, By thought and word, by deed and sense. A-men.

2

For God, the merciful and true,
Hath spared his people hitherto;
Nor us and ours, with searching eyes,
Destroy'd for our iniquities.

3

Him therefore now, with earnest care,
And contrite fast, and tear and prayer,
And works of mercy and of love,
We pray for pardon from above:

4

That from pollution making whole,
With virtues he may deck each soul,
And join us in the heav'nly place
To Angel cohorts by his grace.

5

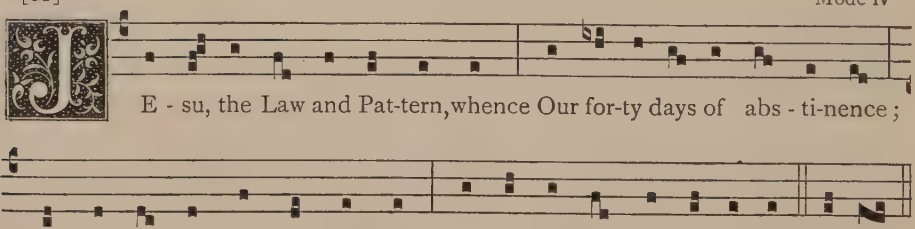
All blessing to the Father be,
Like blessing, only Son, to thee;
Whom with the Spirit we adore,
Blest Three in One, for evermore. Amen.

Anon. (xj or xij cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

46 JESV, QVADRAGENARIÆ

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8)

[M] Mode iv


E - su, the Law and Pat-tern, whence Our for-ty days of abs - ti-nence;
Who, souls to save that else had died, This sa-cred fast hast ra - ti - fied: A-men.

2

That so to Paradise once more
Might abstinence preserved restore
Them that had lost its fields of light,
Through crafty wiles of appetite.

3

Be present now, be present here,
And mark thy Church's falling tear;
And own the grief that fills her eyes
In mourning her iniquities.

4

O by thy grace be pardon won
For sins that former years have done ;
And let thy mercy guard us still
From crimes that threaten future ill.

5

That by the fast we offer here,
Our annual sacrifice sincere,
To Paschal gladness at the end,
Set free from guilt, our souls may tend.

6

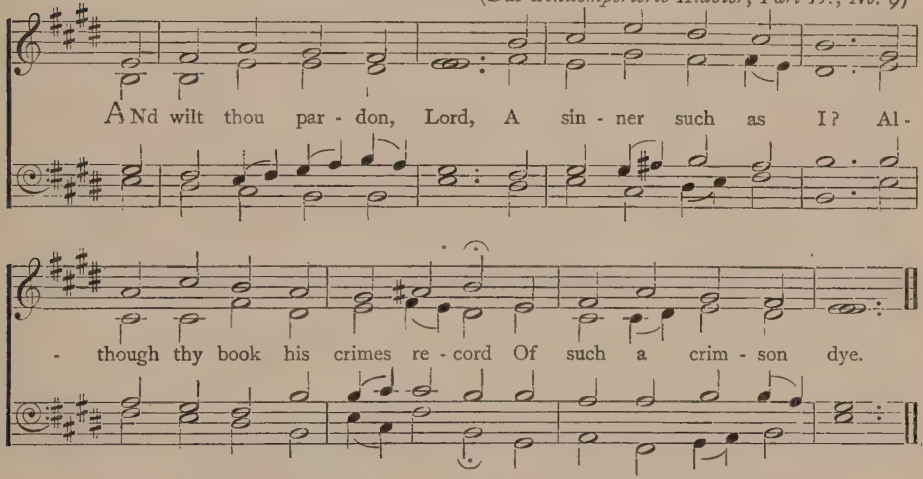
May this, O Father, through the Son,
For thy sweet Spirit's sake be done ;
Adored through all eternity,
In Nature One, in Person Three. Amen.

Ambrosian (ix or x cent.) ; Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

47 Τῶν ἁμαρτιῶν μου τὴν πληθὺν

POTSDAM TUNE (Iambic, 6.6.8.6.)

Anon. Founded on J. S. Bach's Fugue in E
(Das wohltemperierte Klavier, Part II., No. 9)



2

So deep are they engraved,—
So terrible their fear,—
The righteous scarcely shall be saved,
And where shall I appear?

3

My soul, make all things known
To him who all things sees :
That so the Lamb may yet atone
For thine iniquities.

4

O thou, Physician blest,
Make clean my guilty soul,
And me, by many a sin opprest,
Restore, and keep me whole.

5

I know not how to praise
Thy mercy and thy love :
But deign thy servant to upraise,
And I shall learn above.

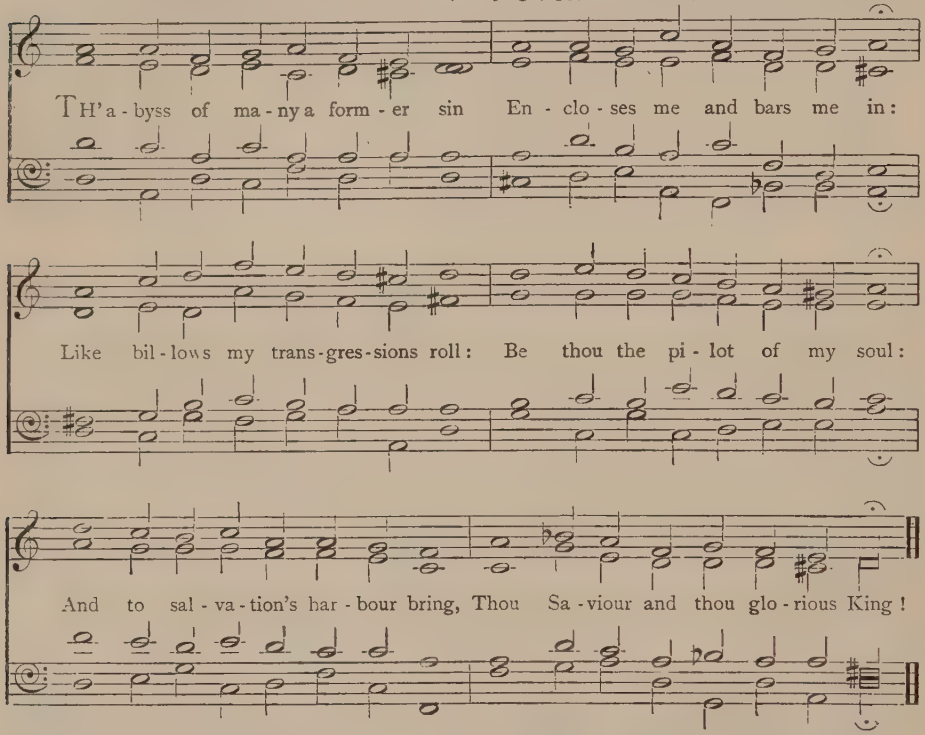
S. Joseph of the Studium (ix cent.) ; Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

¶ *For an alternative Tune, see 'Southwell,' No. 52* A *or* B

48 A Βυθὸς ἁμαρτημάτων

Tune—VATER UNSER IM HIMMELREICH (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.8.8.)

From Geistliche Lieder. Val. Schumann, Leipzig (1539); *Setting by M. Prætorius* (1609)


TH'a-byss of ma-ny a form-er sin En-clo-ses me and bars me in:
Like bil-lows my trans-gres-sions roll: Be thou the pi-lot of my soul:
And to sal-va-tion's har-bour bring, Thou Sa-viour and thou glo-rious King!

2 My Father's heritage abused,
Wasted by lust, by sin misused;
To shame and want and misery brought,
The slave to many a fruitless thought,
I cry to thee, who lovest men,
O pity and receive agen!

3 In hunger now,—no more possest
Of that my portion bright and blest,
The exile and the alien see,
Who yet would fain return to thee;
And save me, Lord, who seek to raise
To thy dear love the hymn of praise.

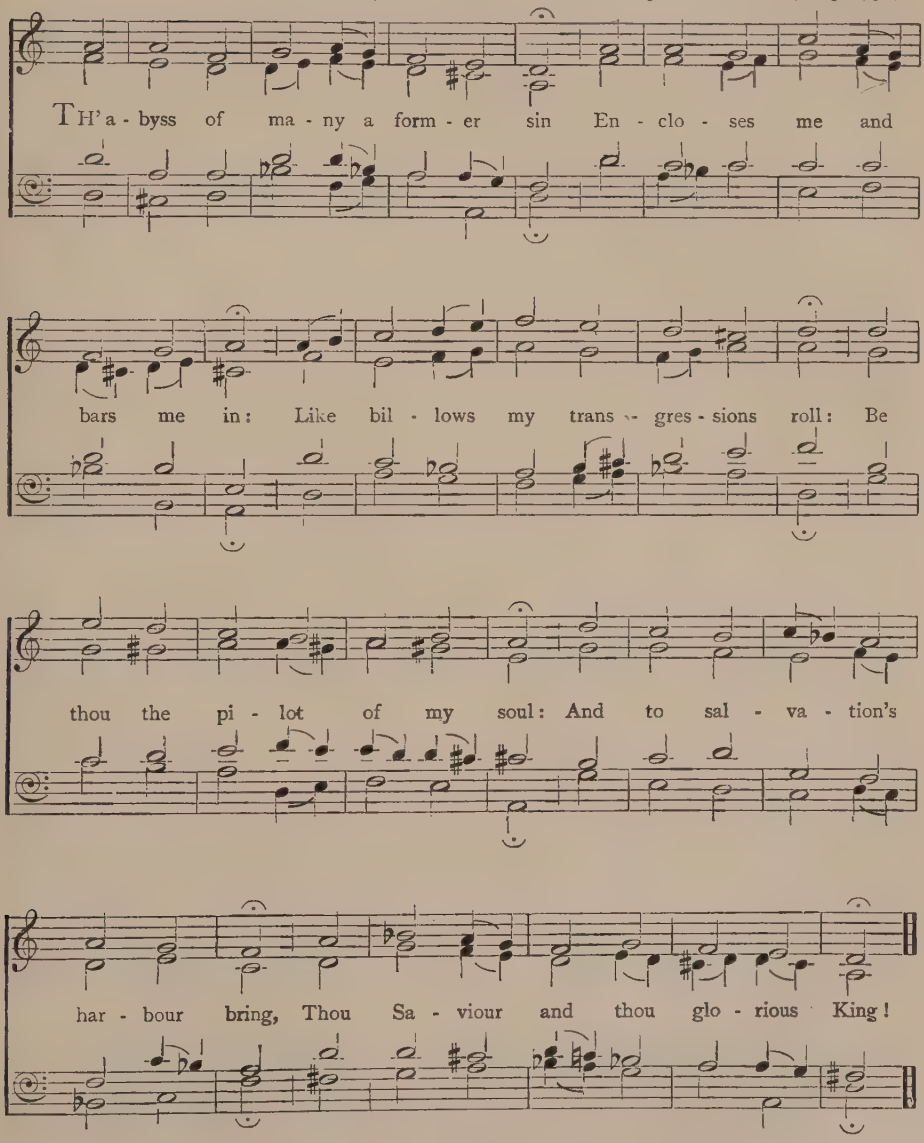
4 With that blest thief my prayer I make,
Remember for thy mercy's sake!
With that poor publican I cry,
Be merciful, O God most high!
With that lost prodigal I fain
Back to my home would turn again.

5 Mourn, mourn, my soul, with earnest care,
And raise to Christ the contrite prayer:—
O thou, who freely wast made poor,
My sorrows and my sins to cure,
Me, poor of all good works, embrace,
Enriching with thy boundless grace.

S. Joseph of the Studium (ix cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

48 B

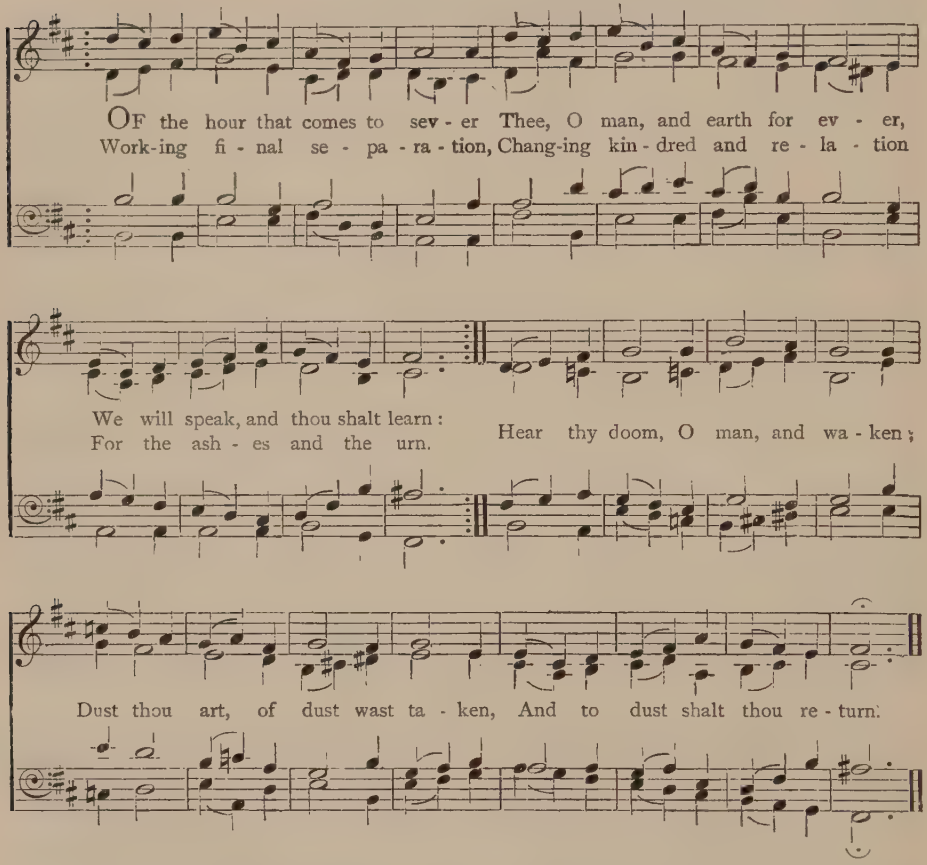
Another version of the foregoing, harmonized by Joh. Seb. Bach (1685–1750)


TH'a - byss of ma - ny a form - er sin En - clo - ses me and
bars me in: Like bil - lows my trans - gres - sions roll: Be
thou the pi - lot of my soul: And to sal - va - tion's
har - bour bring, Thou Sa - viour and thou glo - rious King!

49 CVM SIT OMNIS CARO FŒNVM

(Trochaic, 8.8.7.8.8.7.8.8.7.)

Piæ Cantiones (1582); *Setting by G. H. Palmer*

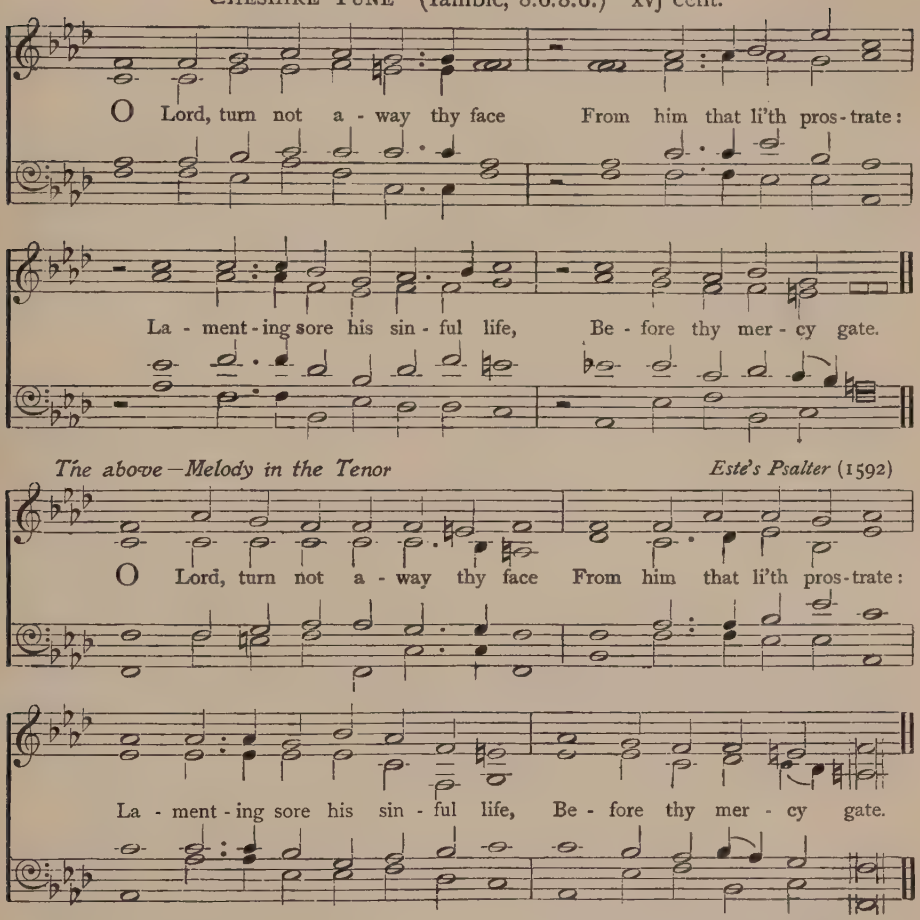

OF the hour that comes to sev - er Thee, O man, and earth for ev - er,
Work-ing fi - nal se - pa - ra - tion, Chang-ing kin - dred and re - la - tion
We will speak, and thou shalt learn:
For the ash - es and the urn.
Hear thy doom, O man, and wa - ken;
Dust thou art, of dust wast ta - ken, And to dust shalt thou re - turn.

2 Grace repell'd and life expended,
Harvest past and summer ended,
Whither shall the sinner turn?
Righteous meed and final sentence,
Vain resolve and late repentance
Sadly, sadly shall discern.
Hear thy doom, O man, etc.

3 Wherefore, man, while yet thou mayest,
If thou fastest, if thou prayest,
Earthly care and pleasure spurn,
Dreams that cannot last despising,
And with Christ at Easter rising,
Seek of heav'nly joy to learn.
Hear thy doom, O man, etc.

After *Philippe de Grève* († 1236); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818-1866)

50 O LORD, TURN NOT AWAY THY FACE

CHESHIRE TUNE (Iambic, 8.6.8.6.) xvj cent.

O Lord, turn not a - way thy face From him that li'th pros - trate:
La - ment - ing sore his sin - ful life, Be - fore thy mer - cy gate.
The above—Melody in the Tenor
Este's Psalter (1592)
O Lord, turn not a - way thy face From him that li'th pros - trate:
La - ment - ing sore his sin - ful life, Be - fore thy mer - cy gate.

2 Which gate thou openest wide to those
That do lament their sin:
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

3 And call me not to mine accounts,
How I have livèd here:
For then I know right well, O Lord,
How vile I shall appear.

4 Wherefore with tears I come to thee,
To beg and to intreat:
E'en as the child that hath done ill,
And feareth to be beat.

5 So come I to thy mercy gate,
Where mercy doth abound:
Requiring mercy for my sin,
To heal my deadly wound.

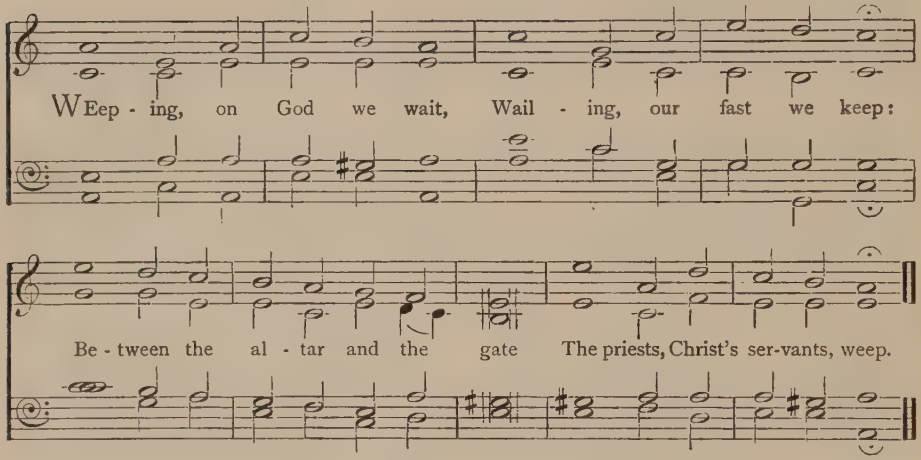
6 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum:
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
Lord, let thy mercy come.

John Marckant (xvj cent.)

51 SOLEMNE NOS IEIVNII

ST. BRIDGET'S TUNE (Iambic, 6.6.8.6.)

Samuel Howard (1710–1782)



2 But vain that voice of woe
The wrath of God to slake,
Unless it crieth from below,
From hearts that burst and break.

3 Though dust the forehead stain,
Though torn the robe and rent,
Vain were those rents, those ashes vain,
To souls impenitent.

4 Then weep we hearty tears,
To turn the wrath of God,
And cry—that when our cry he hears,
He drop the avenging rod.

5 Just Judge of all that live,
Be slow to wrath; relent:
Give time for penitence—O give
A heart right penitent.

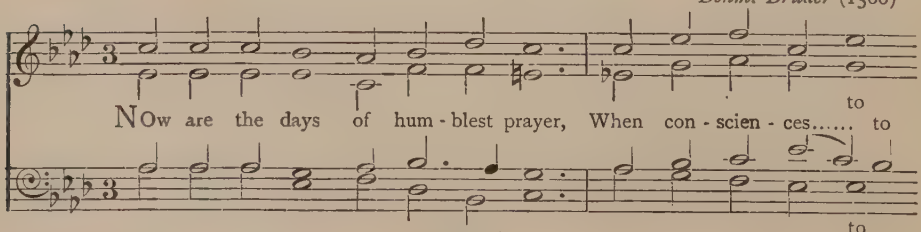
6 Blest Trinity, uplift
Our souls, one God, to thee:
That fruitful every fasting gift
To us, thy servants, be.

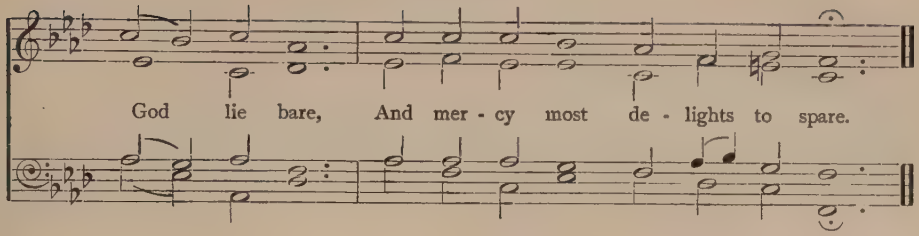
Paris Breviary (1736); Tr. *W. J. Blew* (1808–1894)

52 NOW ARE THE DAYS OF HUMBLEST PRAYER

Tune—O MENSCH, SIEH WIE HIE AUF ERDREICH (Iambic, 8.8.8.)

Böhm. Brüder (1566)

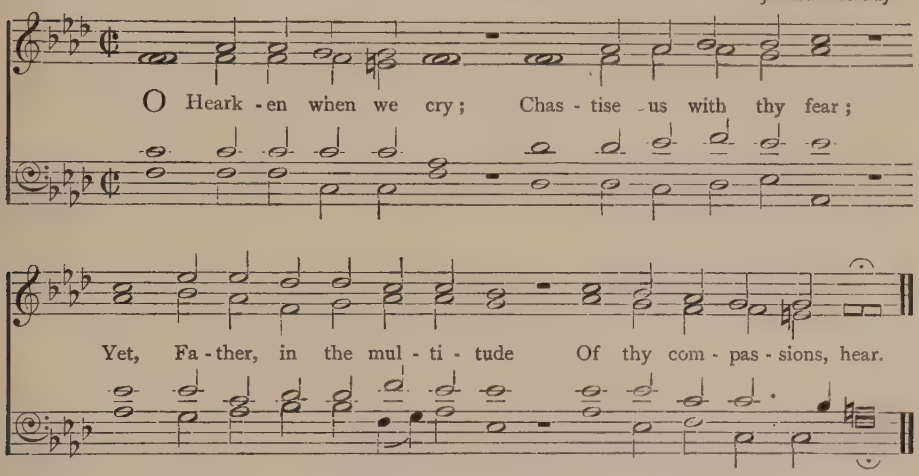




52 A

SOUTHWELL TUNE (Iambic, 6.6.8.6.)

xvj cent. Melody



2 Now is the season, wisely long,
Of sadder thought and graver song,
When ailing souls grow well and strong.
O hearken, etc.

3 The feast of penance! O so bright
With true conversion's heavenly light,
Like sunrise after stormy night.
O hearken, etc.

4 O happy time of blessed tears,
Of surer hopes, of chast'ning fears,
Undoing all our evil years.
O hearken, etc.

5 We, who have loved the world, must learn
Upon that world our backs to turn,
And with the love of God to burn.
O hearken, etc.

6 Full long in sin's dark ways we went,
Yet now our steps are heavenward bent,
And grace is plentiful in Lent.
O hearken, etc.

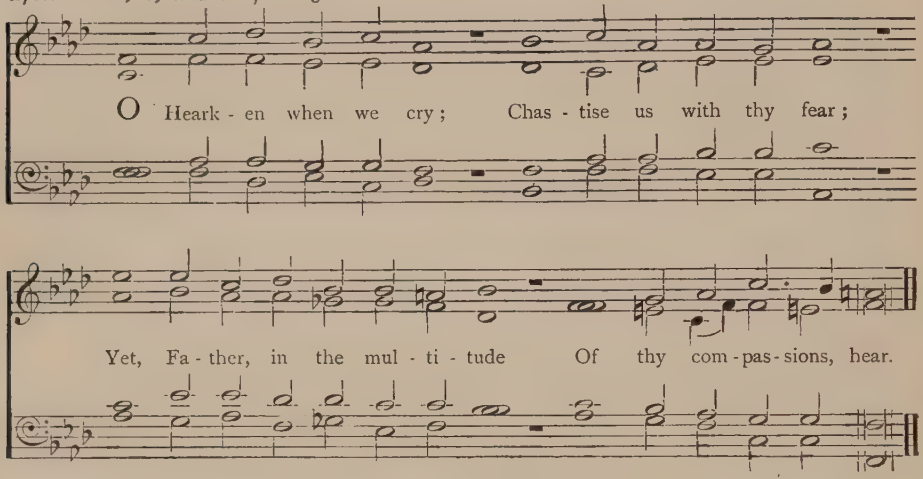
7 All glory to redeeming grace,
Disdaining not our evil case,
But showing us our Saviour's face.

F. W. Faber (1814–1863)

For another setting see over (*No. 52* B)

52 B

The foregoing tune, 'Southwell' (with the Melody in the Tenor), to be sung, ad lib., after vv. 2, 4, and 6 of Song 52



2 Now is the season, wisely long,
Of sadder thought and graver song,
When ailing souls grow well and strong.
O hearken, etc.

3 The feast of penance! O so bright
With true conversion's heavenly light,
Like sunrise after stormy night.
O hearken, etc.

4 O happy time of blessed tears,
Of surer hopes, of chast'ning fears,
Undoing all our evil years.
O hearken, etc.

5 We, who have loved the world, must learn
Upon that world our backs to turn,
And with the love of God to burn.
O hearken, etc.

6 Full long in sin's dark ways we went,
Yet now our steps are heavenward bent,
And grace is plentiful in Lent.
O hearken, etc.

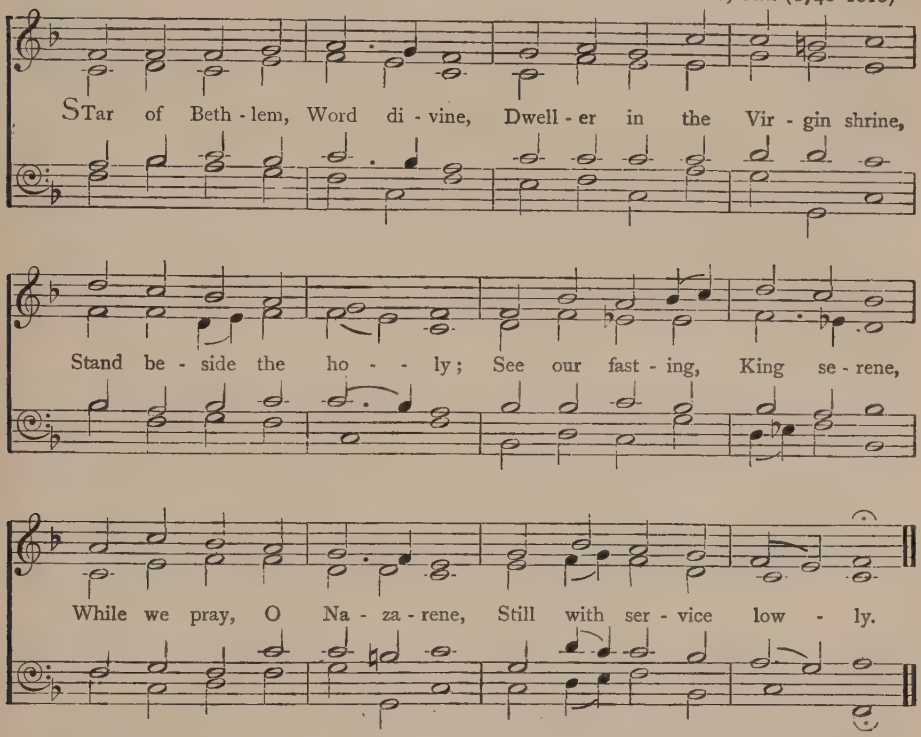
7 All glory to redeeming grace,
Disdaining not our evil case,
But showing us our Saviour's face.

F. W. Faber (1814–1863)

53 O NAZARENE, LVX BETHLEHEM

Tune—VENI, SANCTE SPIRITVS

Samuel Webbe, Sen. (1740–1816)


STar of Beth - lem, Word di - vine, Dwell - er in the Vir - gin shrine,
Stand be - side the ho - - ly; See our fast - ing, King se - rene,
While we pray, O Na - za - rene, Still with ser - vice low - ly.

2 Fasting for the flesh is good;
Abstinence from wine and food,
Christian, thou must cherish;
Lest the soul grow dull and dark,
And the Spirit's inward spark
Faint, and fade, and perish.

3 Forty days in desert bare
Dwelt our Captain, needful fare
And sweet food untasted;
Strength'ning by a wise control
The weak vessel of man's soul,
Worn, and pleasure-wasted.

4 Be we followers, Christ, of thine,
And thine ordinance divine,
In thy virtue sharing;
So shall luxury be put down,
And the spirit win a crown
By its kingly bearing.

5 Power, and fulness of all grace,
Glory filling every place.
Give to God for ever;
Honour to the Trinity,
Three in One, and One in Three,
One, whom naught can sever.

Prudentius (348–413); Tr. *W. J. Blew* (1808–1894)

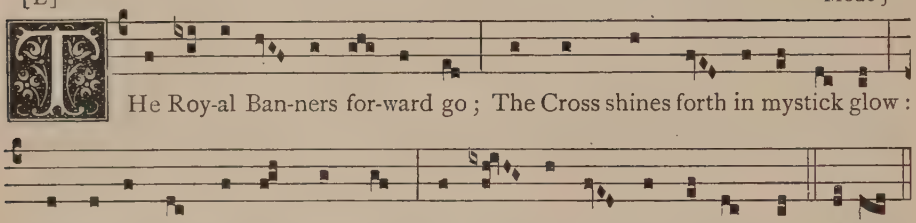
PASSION-TIDE

PASSION SUNDAY

54 VEXILLA REGIS PRODEVNT

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[E] Mode j


THe Roy-al Ban-ners for-ward go ; The Cross shines forth in mystick glow :
Where he in flesh, our flesh who made, Our sentence bore, our ransom paid. A-men.

2 Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
Life's torrent rushing from his side,
To wash us in that precious flood
Where mingled Water flow'd, and Blood.

3 Fulfill'd is all that David told
In true prophetick song of old ;
Amidst the nations, God, saith he,
Hath reign'd and triumph'd from the Tree.

4 O Tree of beauty, Tree of light !
O Tree with royal purple dight !
Elect on whose triumphal breast
Those holy limbs should find their rest :

5 On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung :
The price of humankind to pay,
And spoil the spoiler of his prey.

6 O Cross, our one reliance, hail !
This holy Passion-tide, avail
To give fresh merit to the saint,
And pardon to the penitent.

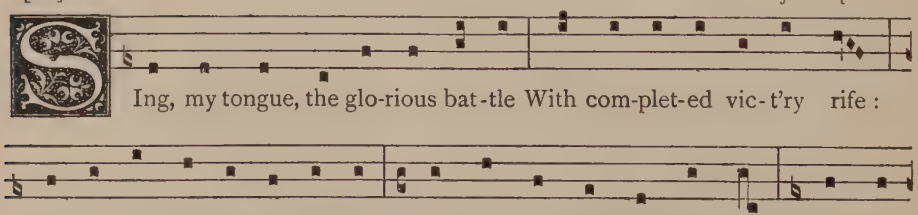
7 To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done :
Whom by the Cross thou dost restore
Preserve and govern evermore. Amen.

Venantius Fortunatus (vj cent.) ; Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

55 A PANGE LINGVA GLORIOSI

SARVM MELODY (Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.8.7.)

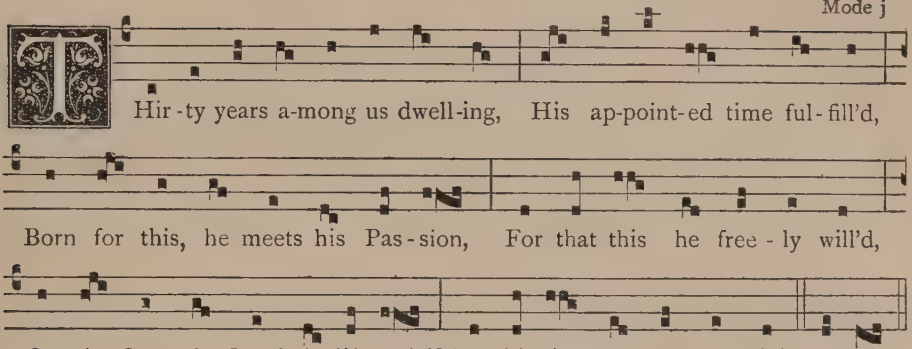
[M] Mode iij transposed


SIng, my tongue, the glo-rious bat-tle With com-plet-ed vic-t'ry rife :
And a-bove the Cross's tro-phy Tell the tri-umph of the strife : How the
world's Re-deem-er con-quer'd By sur-ren-d'ring of his life. A-men.

55 B

Tune—Crvx Fidelis (Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.8.7.)

Mode j


Hir-ty years a-mong us dwell-ing, His ap-point-ed time ful-fill'd,
Born for this, he meets his Pas-sion, For that this he free-ly will'd,
On the Cross the Lamb is lift-ed, Where his life-blood shall be spill'd. A-men.

PART I

SING, my tongue, the glorious battle
With completed victory rife:
And above the Cross's trophy
Tell the triumph of the strife:
How the world's Redeemer conquer'd
By surrendering of his life.

2 God, his Maker, sorely grieving
That the first-made Adam fell,
When he ate the fruit of sorrow,
Whose reward was death and hell,
Noted then this Wood, the ruin
Of the ancient wood to quell.

3 For the work of our salvation
Needs would have his order so,
And the multiform deceiver's
Art by art would overthrow,
And from thence would bring the med'cine,
Whence the insult of the foe.

4 Wherefore, when the sacred fulness
Of the appointed time was come,
This world's Maker left his Father,
Sent the heav'nly Mansion from,
And proceeded, God Incarnate
Of the Virgin's holy womb.

5 To the Trinity be glory
Everlasting, as is meet;
Equal to the Father, equal
To the Son, and Paraclete:
Trinal Unity, whose praises
All created things repeat. Amen.

PART II.

THIRTY years among us dwelling,
His appointed time fulfill'd,
Born for this, he meets his Passion,
For that this he freely will'd:
On the Cross the Lamb is lifted,
Where his life-blood shall be spill'd.

2 He endured the nails, the spitting,
Vinegar, and spear, and reed;
From that Holy Body broken
Blood and Water forth proceed:
Earth, and stars, and sky, and ocean
By that flood from stain are freed.

3 Faithful Cross! above all other,
One and only noble tree!
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peer may be;
Sweetest Wood and sweetest Iron!
Sweetest Weight is hung on thee.

4 Bend thy boughs, O Tree of Glory!
Thy relaxing sinews bend;
For awhile the ancient rigour
That thy birth bestow'd, suspend;
And the King of heav'nly beauty
On thy bosom gently tend!

5 Thou alone wast counted worthy
This world's ransom to uphold;
For a shipwreck'd race preparing
Harbour, like the Ark of old;
With the sacred Blood anointed
From the smitten Lamb that roll'd.

6 To the Trinity be glory
Everlasting, as is meet;
Equal to the Father, equal
To the Son, and Paraclete:
Trinal Unity, whose praises
All created things repeat. Amen.

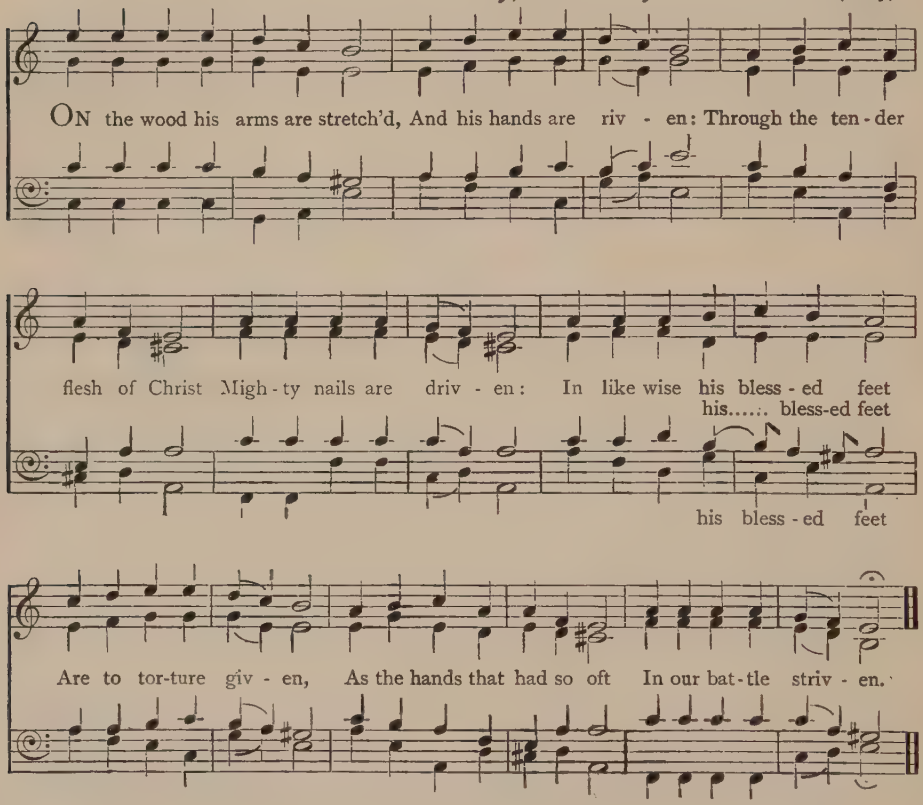
Venantius Fortunatus (vj cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

56 A TENSIS LIGNO BRACHIIS

Tune—PATRIS SAPIENCIA (CHRISTUS DER UNS SELIG MACHT)

(Trochaic, 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.)

Ancient Melody, harmonized by Michael Prætorius (1609)

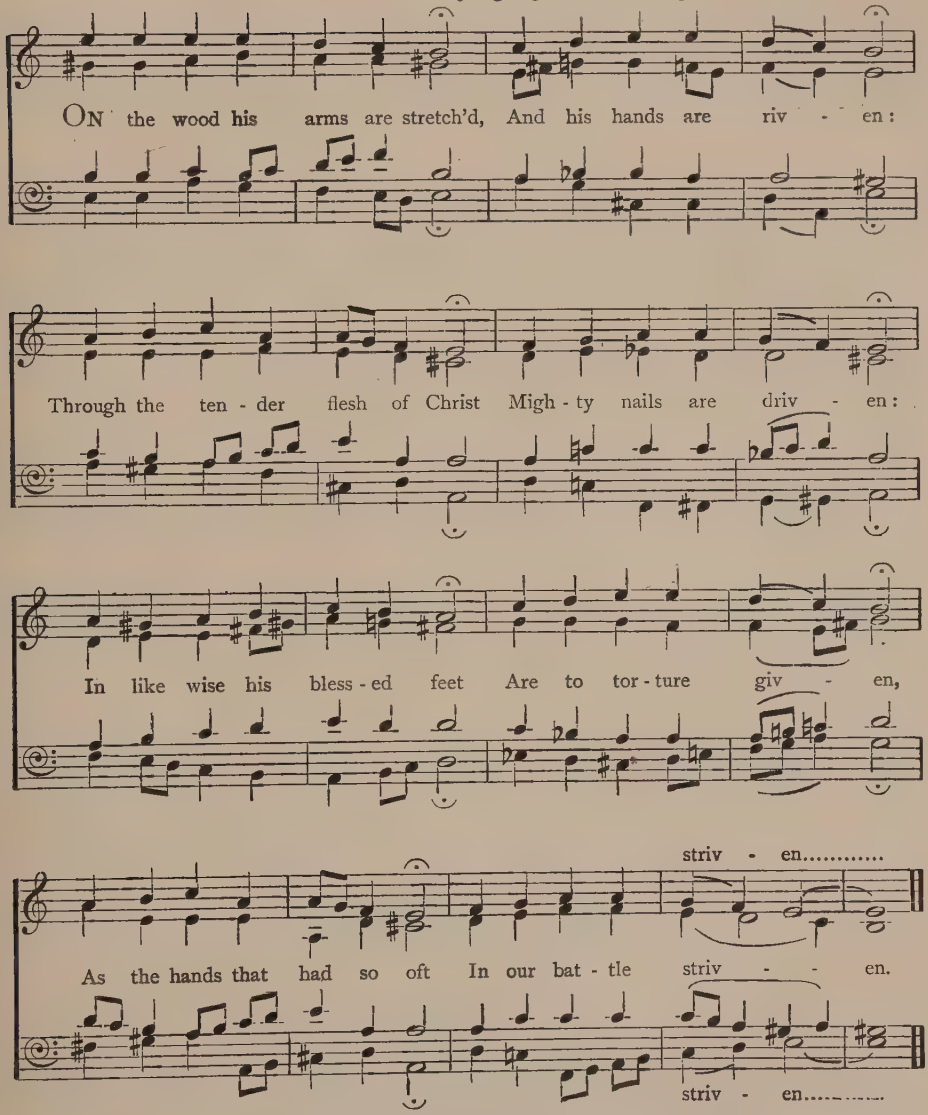

ON the wood his arms are stretch'd, And his hands are riv - en: Through the ten - der
flesh of Christ Migh - ty nails are driv - en: In like wise his bless - ed feet
his..... bless-ed feet
his bless - ed feet
Are to tor-ture giv - en, As the hands that had so oft In our bat - tle striv - en.

2 Streams of Blood are trickling down
From those holy sources:
Hither! weak and sinful soul,
And renew thy forces:
This the med'cine, that shall cure
Terrors and remorses:
This the writing, that for us
Freedom's deed endorses.

Sarum Missal (*c.* 1400); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

56 B

The foregoing harmonized by J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

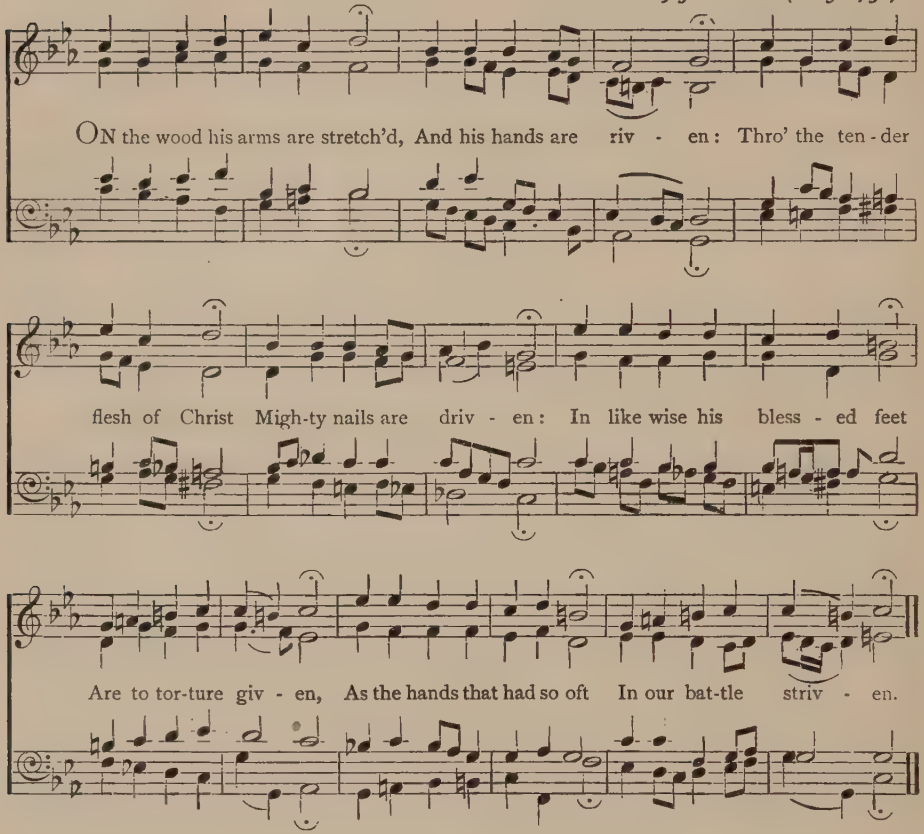

ON the wood his arms are stretch'd, And his hands are riv - en:
Through the ten - der flesh of Christ Migh - ty nails are driv - en:
In like wise his bless - ed feet Are to tor - ture giv - en,
striv - en.....
As the hands that had so oft In our bat - tle striv - - en.
striv - en.....

¶ *For another Tune see over* (*No. 56* C)

56c

Tune—SCHWING DICH AUF ZU DEINEM GOTT

Harmonized by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)


ON the wood his arms are stretch'd, And his hands are riv - en: Thro' the ten - der
flesh of Christ Migh-ty nails are driv - en: In like wise his bless - ed feet
Are to tor-ture giv - en, As the hands that had so oft In our bat-tle striv - en.

2 Streams of Blood are trickling down
From those holy sources:
Hither! weak and sinful soul,
And renew thy forces:
This the med'cine, that shall cure
Terrors and remorses:
This the writing, that for us
Freedom's deed endorses.

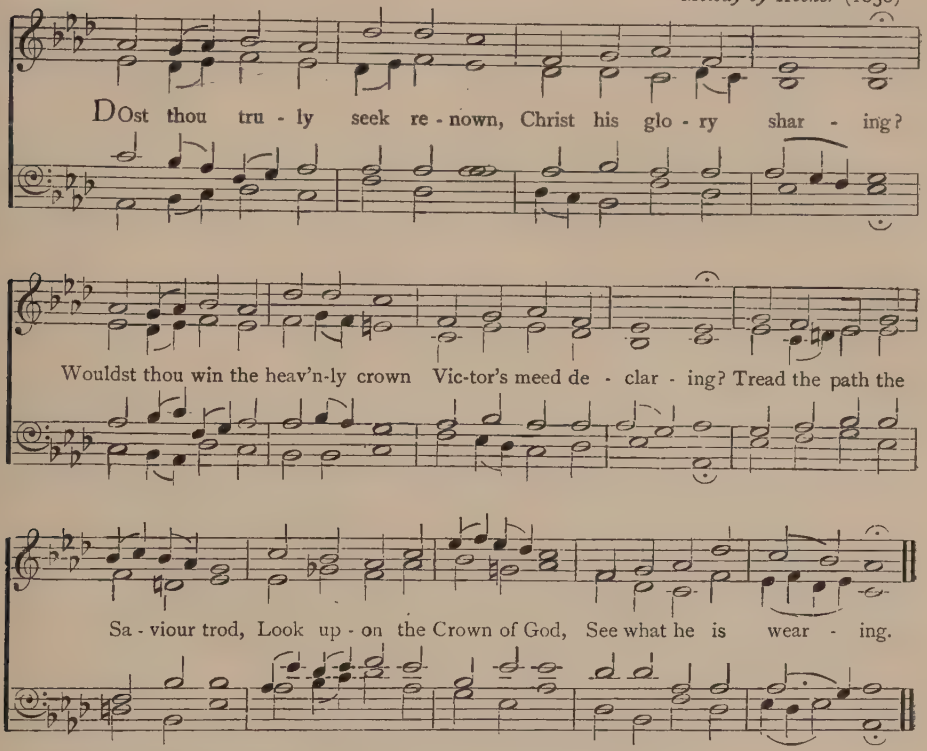
Sarum Missal (*c.* 1400); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

¶ *Alternative Tune, No. 335*

57 SI VIS VERE GLORIARI

Tune—TREUER HEILAND, WIR SIND HIER (Trochaic, 7.6.7.6.7.7.6.)

Melody by Kocher (1838)


DOst thou tru - ly seek re - nown, Christ his glo - ry shar - ing?
Wouldst thou win the heav'n-ly crown Vic-tor's meed de - clar - ing? Tread the path the
Sa - viour trod, Look up - on the Crown of God, See what he is wear - ing.

2 This the King of heaven bore
In that sore contending;
This his sacred temples wore,
Honour to it lending;
In this helm he faced the foe,
On the Rood he laid him low,
Satan's kingdom ending.

3 Christ upon the Tree of scorn,
In salvation's hour,
Turn'd to gold these pricks of thorn
By his Passion's power:
So on sinners, who had earn'd
Endless death, from sin return'd,
Endless blessings shower.

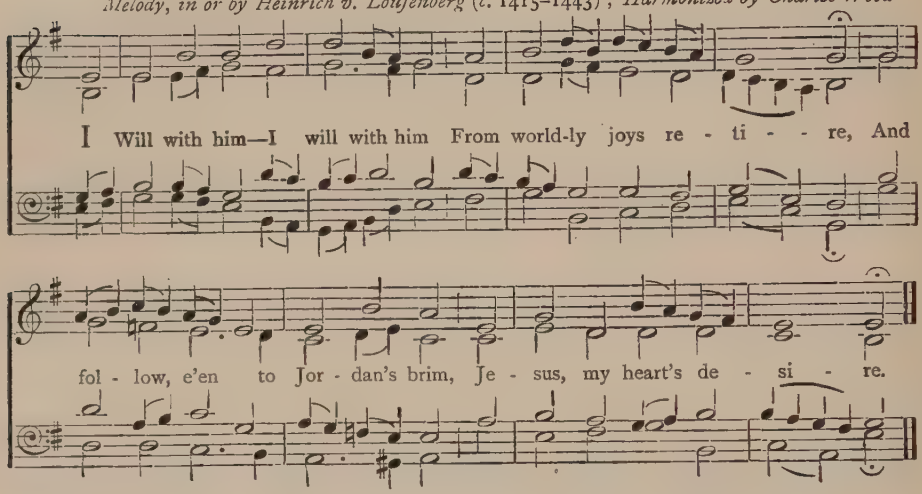
4 When in death's embrace we lie,
Then, good Lord, be near us;
With thy presence fortify,
And with victory cheer us:
Turn our erring hearts to thee,
That we crown'd for aye may be:
O good Jesu, hear us.

Paris Missal (xiv cent.); Tr. *Athelstan Riley*

58 A Ich will mit ihm

Tune—ACH DÖHTERLIN, MIN SEL GEMEIT (Iambic, 8.7.8.7.)

Melody, in or by Heinrich v. Loufenberg (c. 1415–1443); Harmonized by Charles Wood



2 I saw my Lord, the Nazarene;
Colt, foal of ass, it bore him:
Men lopp'd the branches off the treen,
And spread their robes before Him.

3 Ah! noble Lord of Nazareth,
Beneath thy shadow hide me;
Who with thy blood and precious death
Hast freely justified me:

4 Ah! noble Lord of Nazareth,
Thy mercy grace dispenses:
Forgive my sins, ere fails my breath,
And pardon mine offences.

5 The Cross I saw thee undergo;
For thee my soul doth languish:
That I can no-way ease thy woe,
Mine heart is sick for anguish:

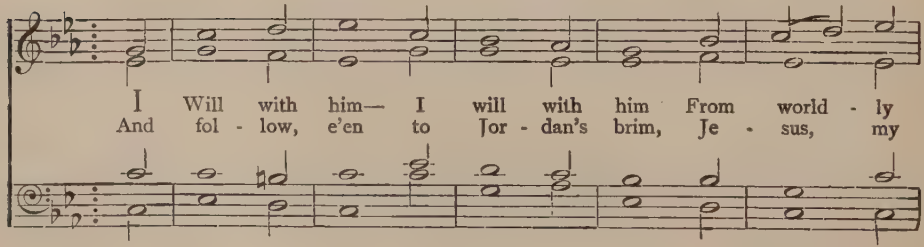
6 I saw thee, Jesu, crucified;
Thy love did never vary:
And there I bide till eventide,
To mourn with Blessed Mary.

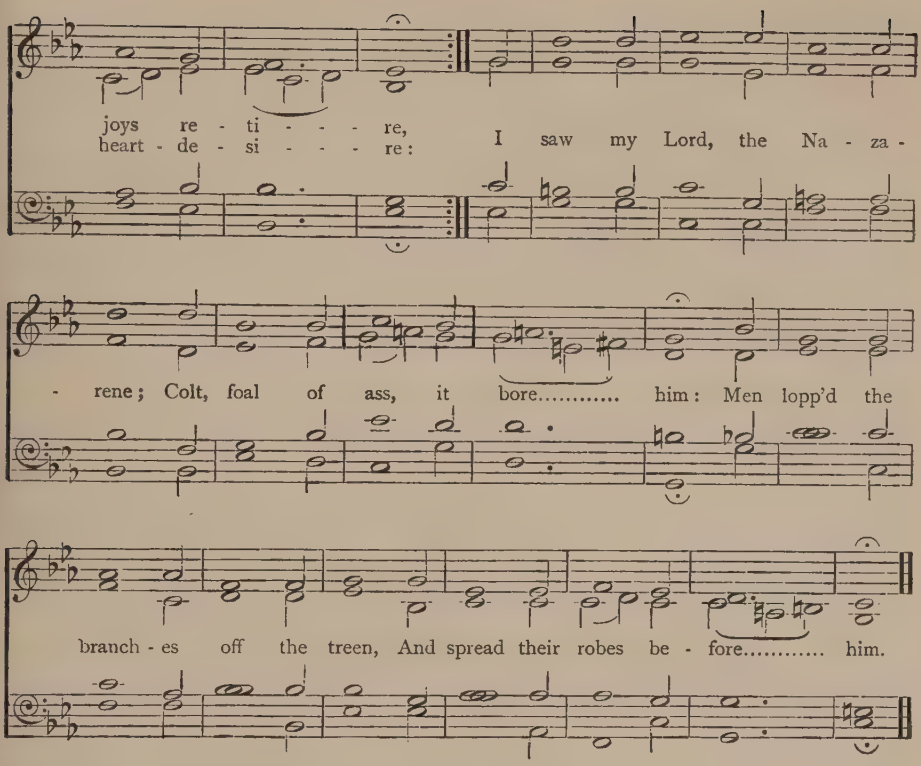
K. Tirs' Liederbuch (before 1588); Tr. *G. R. W.*

58 B

Tune—ACH WAN DOCH JESU LIEBSTER MEIN

Spee's Trutz-Nachtigall (1649); *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*




joys re - ti - - - re,
heart - de - si - - - re:
I saw my Lord, the Na - za -
- rene; Colt, foal of ass, it bore..... him: Men lopp'd the
branch - es off the treen, And spread their robes be - fore..... him.

2 Ah! noble Lord of Nazareth,
Beneath thy shadow hide me;
Who with thy blood and precious death
Hast freely justified me:
Ah! noble Lord of Nazareth,
Thy mercy grace dispenses:
Forgive my sins, ere fails my breath,
And pardon mine offences.

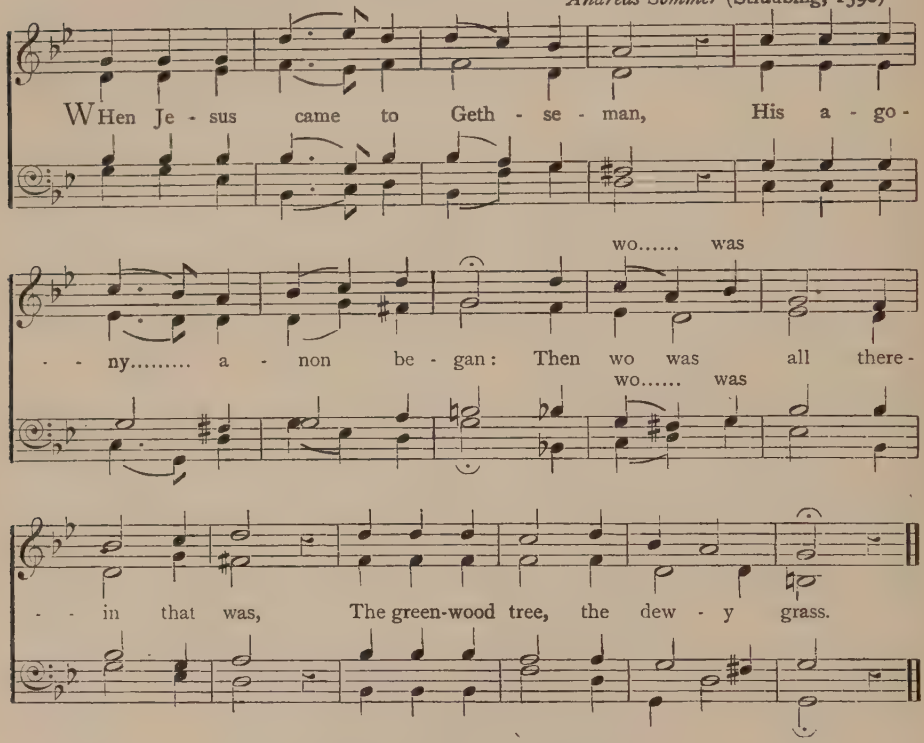
3 The Cross I saw thee undergo;
For thee my soul doth languish:
That I can no-way ease thy woe,
Mine heart is sick for anguish:
I saw thee, Jesu, crucified;
Thy love did never vary:
And there I bide till eventide,
To mourn with Blessed Mary.

¶ *See also Tunes Nos. 128 A and 150 A*

59 Da Jesus in den Garten gieng

PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Harmonies from Friedrich Layriz's Kern des Deutschen Kirchengesangs (1853)
Andreas Sommer (Straubing, 1590)


When Je - sus came to Geth - se - man, His a - go -
wo..... was
- - ny..... a - non be - gan: Then wo was all there -
wo..... was
- - in that was, The green-wood tree, the dew - y grass.

2 Fierce grew the fight and fiercer yet:
Witness the drops of bloody sweat:
From brow and breast adown it ran,—
Remember this, O sinful man.

3 Behold what sorrow Jesus bore,
What shame, with scoff and scourging sore!
E'en death upon the tree of scorn,—
And all to save mankind forlorn.

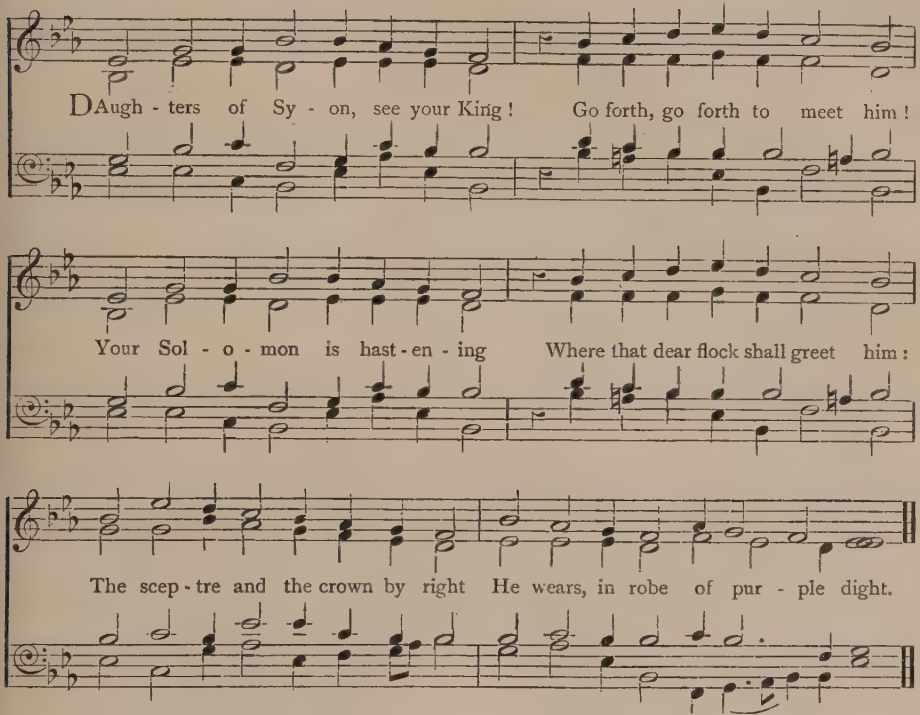
4 Praise, honour, thanks eternally
From inmost depths of heart give we:
For-why he suffer'd for our sin,
That we his Father's grace might win.

Anon. (xv or xvj cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

60 EXITE, FILIÆ SYON

Tune—MACHS MIT MIR, GOTT, NACH DEINER GÜT (Iambic, 8.7.8.7.8.8.)

J. H. Schein (1628)


DAugh - ters of Sy - on, see your King! Go forth, go forth to meet him!
Your Sol - o - mon is hast - en - ing Where that dear flock shall greet him:
The scep - tre and the crown by right He wears, in robe of pur - ple dight.

2 It glitters fair, his diadem,
But thorns are there entwining:
And from the Red Sea comes each gem,
That in its wreath is shining:
Their radiance glows like stars at night;
With precious blood-drops are they bright.

3 The royal sceptre that he bears,
Beneath whom nature quaketh,
No monarch's pride and pomp declares,
A reed, it feebly shaketh:
For iron sceptre ne'er possess'd
The power to guide a human breast.

4 The festive purple of the Lord
Is here no garment stately:
A vest, by very slaves abhorr'd;
The worm hath tinged it lately:
'I am a Worm,' of old said he,
And what its toils have tinged, ye see.

5 We therefore to the King of kings
Bow lowly, from him learning
The pomp and pride that this world brings
To make our boast in spurning:
Such love the members best adorns,
For whom the Head was crown'd with thorns.

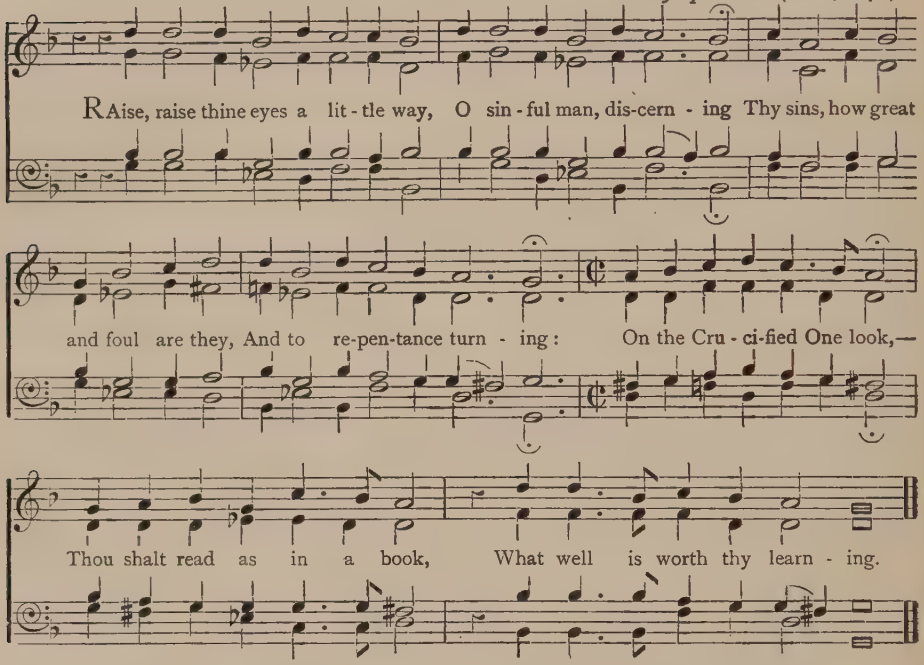
Anon. (XV cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

¶ *For an other Setting, by J. S. Bach, see No. 85*

61 ATTOLLE PAVLVM LVMINA

Tune—JESUS RUFT DIR, O SÜNDER MEIN (Iambic-trochaic, 8.7.8.7.7.7.7.)

Sirenes symphoniacæ (Köln, 1678)


RAise, raise thine eyes a lit - tle way, O sin - ful man, dis-cern - ing Thy sins, how great
and foul are they, And to re-pen-tance turn - ing: On the Cru - ci-fied One look,—
Thou shalt read as in a book, What well is worth thy learn - ing.

2 Look on the Head, with such a crown
Of bitter thorns surrounded:
Look on the blood that trickles down
The Feet and Hands thus wounded:
Let that frame thy tears engage,
Marking how Judea's rage
And malice hath abounded.

3 But though upon him many a smart
Its bitterness expendeth,
Yet more,—O how much more!—his heart
Man's thankless spirit rendeth:
On the Cross, bewail'd by none,
Mark, O man, how Mary's Son
His life of sorrow endeth.

4 None ever bare such grief, alas,
None ever such affliction,
As when Judea brought to pass
His bitter Crucifixion:
He, that we might dwell on high,
Bare the pangs that made him die,
In oft-renewed infliction.

5 O therefore Satan's wiles repel,
And yield not to temptation;
Think on the woes that Christ befell
In working thy salvation:
For, if he had never died,
What could thee and all betide
But uttermost damnation?

6 If thus he bled, that only Son
The Father held so dearly,
Thou wicked servant, faithless one,
O how much more severely!
If the green wood kindled, how
Shall not every sapless bough
Consume as fuel merely.

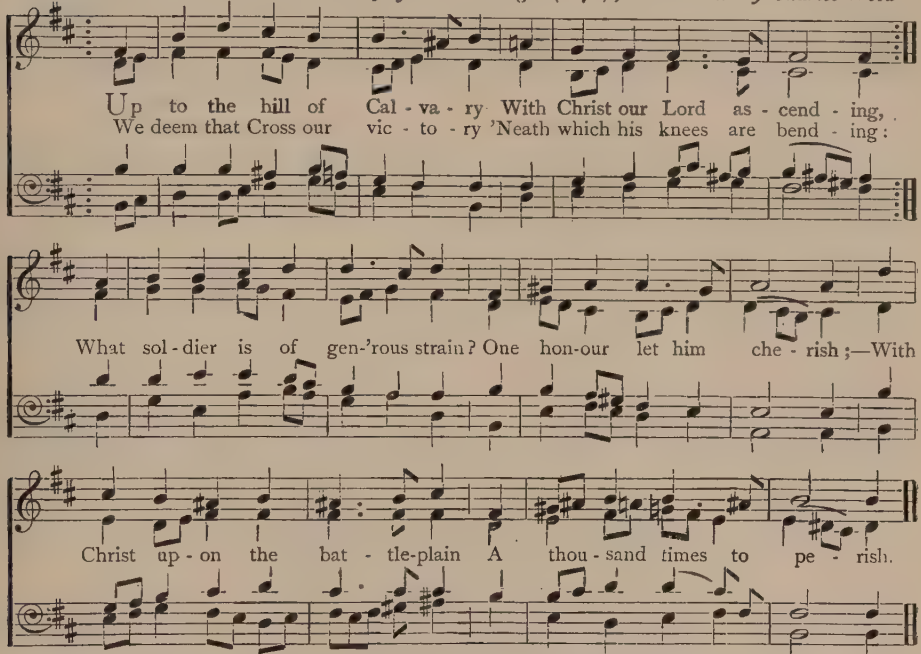
7 O mortal, heed these terrors well;
O sinner, flee from sinning:
Consider thou the woes of hell,
Ne'er ending, still beginning:
Render thanks to Christ on high,
Thus with him beyond the sky
Eternal glory winning.

Anon. (xvj or xvij cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

62 HVC AD IVGVM CALVARIÆ

Tune—DER HAT GESIEGT, DEN GOTT VERGNÜGT (Iambic, 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.)

Melody of Adam Krieger (1676); *Harmonized by Charles Wood*


Up to the hill of Cal - va - ry With Christ our Lord as - cend - ing,
We deem that Cross our vic - to - ry 'Neath which his knees are bend - ing:
What sol - dier is of gen-'rous strain? One hon-our let him che - rish;—With
Christ up - on the bat - tle-plain A thou - sand times to pe - rish.

2 On must the faithful warrior go
Whereso the Chief precedeth;
And all true hearts will seek the foe
Where'er the banner leadeth;
Our highest victory,—it is loss:
No cup hath such completeness
Of gall, but that remember'd Cross
Will turn it into sweetness.

3 Doth sickness hover o'er thy head?
In weakness art thou lying?
Behold upon the Cross's bed
Thy sick physician dying:
No member in the holy frame,
That there for thee must languish,
But what thy pride hath clothed with shame,—
But what thy sin, with anguish.

4 Have wealth and honour spread their wing
And left thee all unfriended?—
See naked on the Cross thy King,—
And thy regrets are ended:
The fox hath where to lay his head,
Her nest receives the sparrow:
Thy Monarch, for his latest bed,
One plank hath, hard and narrow.

5 Thy good name suffers from the tongue
Of slanderers and oppressors?
Jesus, as on the Cross he hung,
Was reckon'd with transgressors:
More than the nails and than the spear,
His sacred limbs assailing,
Judea's children pierced his ear
With blasphemy and railing.

6 Fear'st thou the death that comes to all,
And knows no interceder?
O glorious struggle! thou wilt fall
The soldier by the leader:
Christ went with death to grapple first,
And vanquish'd him before thee:
His darts then, let him do his worst,
Can win no triumph o'er thee.

7 And, if thy conscience brands each sense
With many a past defilement,
Here, by the fruits of penitence,
Hope thou for reconcilement:
For he, who bow'd his holy head,
In death serenely sleeping,
Hath grace on contrite hearts to shed,
And pardon for the weeping.

Anon. (xvij cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

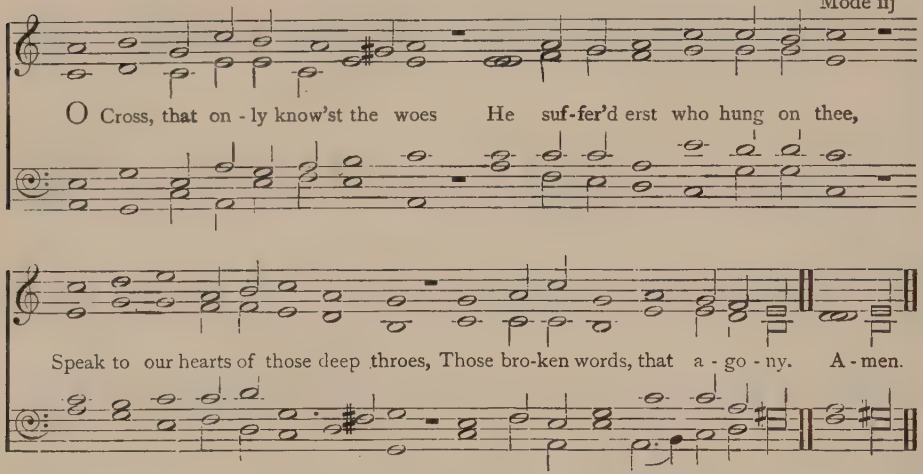
¶ *For an alternative Tune see No. 58* B

63 A CRVX, SOLA LANGVORVM DEI

Tune—SEIGNEUR, JE N'AY POINT Ps. cxxxi (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Geneve, Crespin (1551); *Harmonized by Charles Wood*

Mode iij


O Cross, that on - ly know'st the woes He suf-fer'd erst who hung on thee,
Speak to our hearts of those deep throes, Those bro-ken words, that a - go - ny. A - men.

2 Sharp were the nails, which ruthless bound
His fainting form in thine embrace;
The thorns, about his temples wound,
Forbade him e'en that resting-place.

3 O fearful woe—the Lord of life
Upon thy breast contends with death;
And, Victor in the mortal strife,
Yet yielded up his last faint breath.

4 O holy Cross, by thee we live;
And at thy foot our life we lay:
Tribunal whence our Lord shall give
His judgement in that bitter day.

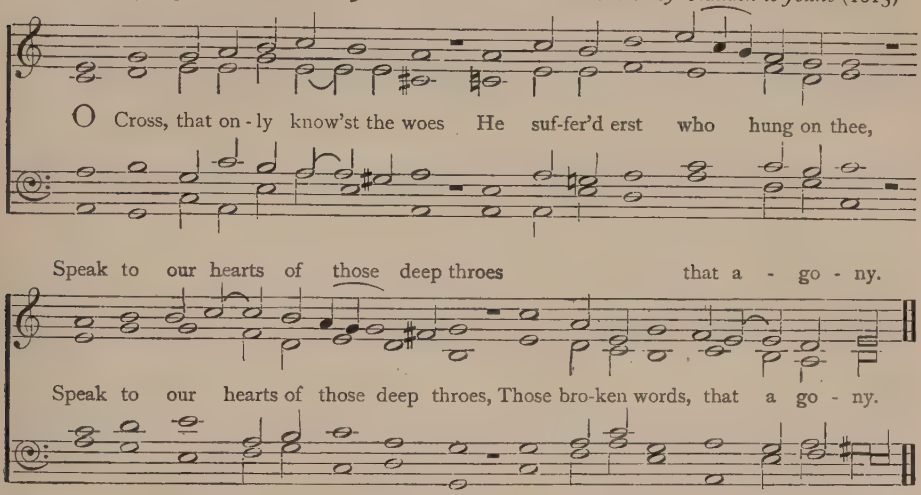
5 Give us, O Lord, to die with thee,
With thee above fell death to rise;
Despising earthly vanity,
To fix our hearts beyond the skies.

6 The Father praise we; and the Son,
Who triumph'd for us on the Tree,
And hath for us that glory won;
Like praise unto the Spirit be. Amen.

J. B. de Santeüil (1630–1697); Tr. *Sister Miriam*

63 B

The foregoing—with the Melody in the Tenor *Harmonized by Claudin le Jeune* (1613)


O Cross, that on - ly know'st the woes He suf-fer'd erst who hung on thee,
Speak to our hearts of those deep throes that a - go - ny.
Speak to our hearts of those deep throes, Those bro-ken words, that a go - ny.

2 Sharp were the nails, which ruthless bound
His fainting form in thine embrace;
The thorns, about his temples wound,
Forbade him e'en that resting-place.

3 O fearful woe—the Lord of life
Upon thy breast contends with death;
And, Victor in the mortal strife,
Yet yielded up his last faint breath.

4 O holy Cross, by thee we live;
And at thy foot our life we lay:
Tribunal whence our Lord shall give
His judgement in that bitter day.

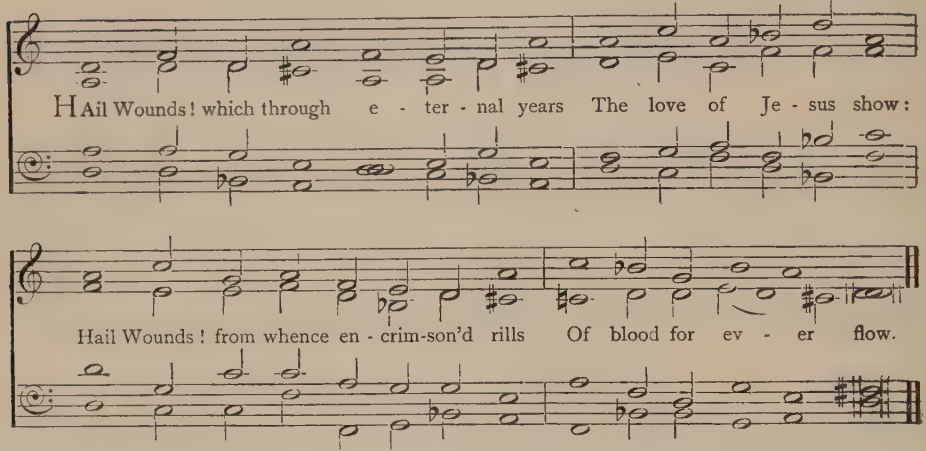
5 Give us, O Lord, to die with thee,
With thee above fell death to rise;
Despising earthly vanity,
To fix our hearts beyond the skies.

6 The Father praise we; and the Son,
Who triumph'd for us on the Tree,
And hath for us that glory won;
Like praise unto the Spirit be. Amen.

J. B. de Santeüil (1630–1697); Tr. *Sister Miriam*

64 A SALVETE, CHRISTI VULNERA

MARTYRS' TUNE (Iambic, 8.6.8.6.) *Old Scottish Melody*


HAil Wounds! which through e - ter - nal years The love of Je - sus show:
Hail Wounds! from whence en - crim-son'd rills Of blood for ev - er flow.

2 More precious than the gems of Ind,
Than all the stars more fair;
Nor honey-comb, nor fragrant rose
Can once with you compare.

3 Through you is opened to our souls
A refuge safe and calm:
Whither no raging enemy
Can reach to work us harm.

4 What countless stripes did Christ receive,
Naked in Pilate's hall!
From his torn flesh what streams of blood
Did all around him fall!

5 How doth th' ensanguin'd thorny crown
That beauteous brow transpierce!
How do the nails those hands and feet
Contract with tortures fierce!

6 He bows his head, and forth at last
His loving spirit soars:
Yet even after death his heart
For us its tribute pours.

7 Beneath the wine-press of God's wrath
His Blood for us he drains:
Till for himself, O wondrous love!
No single drop remains.

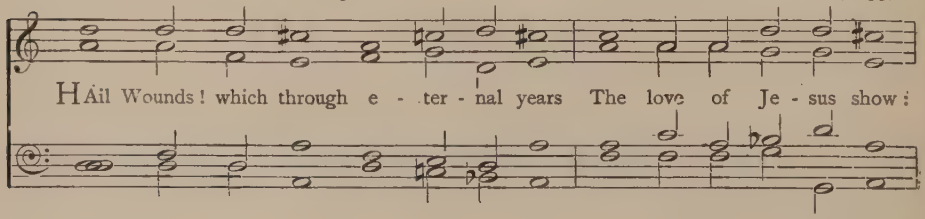
8 O come all ye in whom are fix'd
The deadly stains of sin!
Come, wash in this all-saving Blood,
And ye shall be made clean.

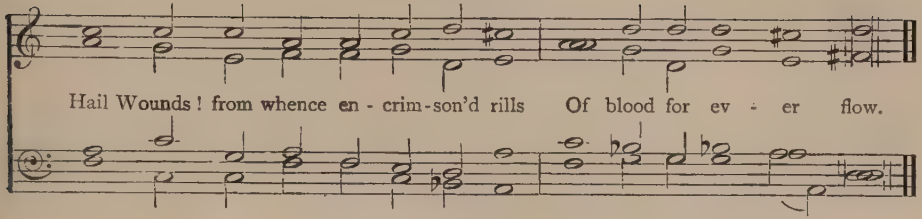
9 Praise him, who with the Father sits
Enthron'd upon the skies:
Whose Blood redeems our souls from guilt,
Whose Spirit sanctifies.

Roman Breviary, Venice (xviij cent.); Tr. *E. Caswall* (1814–1878)

64 B

The above—with the Melody in the Tenor *Scottish Psalter* (1633)

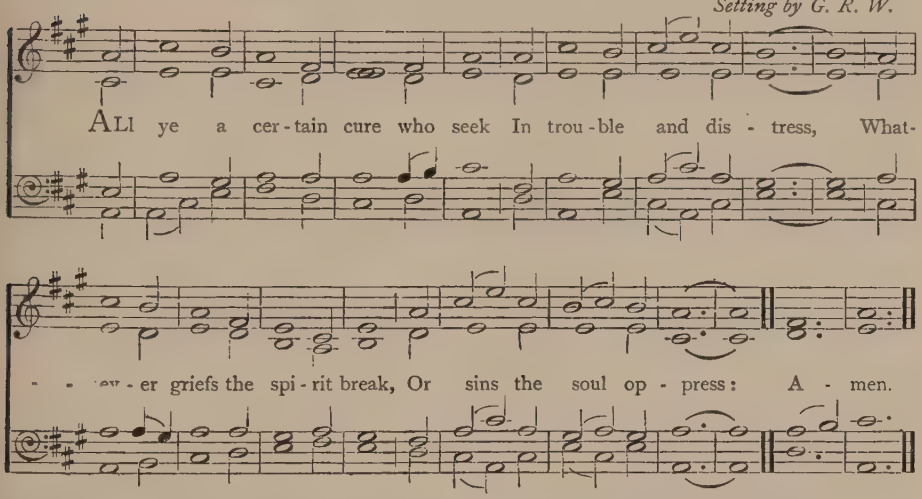




65 QVICVNQVE CERTVM QVÆRITIS

Melody—OLD SPANISH (Iambic, 8.6.8.6.)

Setting by G. R. W.



2 Jesus, who gave himself for men,
Upon the Cross to die,
For you unlocks his heart, O then
Unto that heart draw nigh.

3 Ye hear his gracious voice and free,
Ye hear his summons blest:
'All ye that travail, come to me,
And I will give you rest.'

4 Sweet fount, whence life eternal flows,
Fresh spring of waters clear,
Bright flame celestial, cleansing those
That unto thee draw near.

5 Our wounds with that dear Blood bedew,
Those streams, from thee that flow,
New grace, new hopes inspire, a new
And better heart bestow.

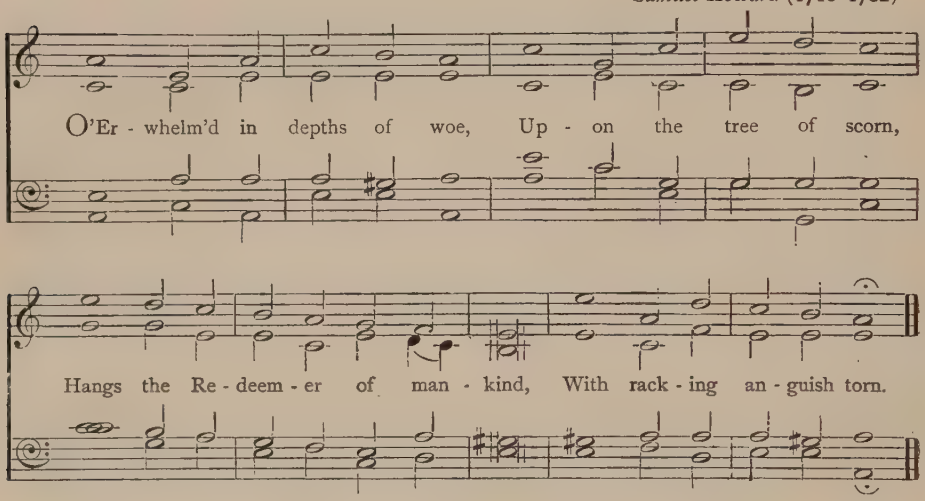
6 To God the Sire give glory meet,
And to his only Son,
With glory greet the Paraclete,
While endless ages run. Amen

Anon. (xviij cent.); Tr. *E. Caswall & W. J. Blew*

66 SÆVO DOLORVM TVRBINE

ST. BRIDGET'S TUNE (Iambic, 6.6.8.6.)

Samuel Howard (1710–1782)



2

See, how the nails those hands
And feet so tender rend:
See, down his face and neck and breast
His sacred blood descend.

3

Hark! with what awful cry
His spirit takes its flight:
That cry, it smote his Mother's heart,
And wrapt her soul in night.

4

Earth hears, and to its base
Rocks wildly to and fro:
Tombs burst; seas, rivers, mountains quake;
The veil is rent in two.

5

The sun withdraws his light:
The midday heav'ns grow pale:
The moon, the stars, the universe
Their Maker's death bewail.

6

Shall man alone be mute?
Come, youth and hoary hairs;
Come, rich and poor; come, all mankind,
And bathe those feet in tears.

7

Come, fall before his Cross,
Who shed for us his blood:
Who died the victim of pure love,
To make us sons of God.

8

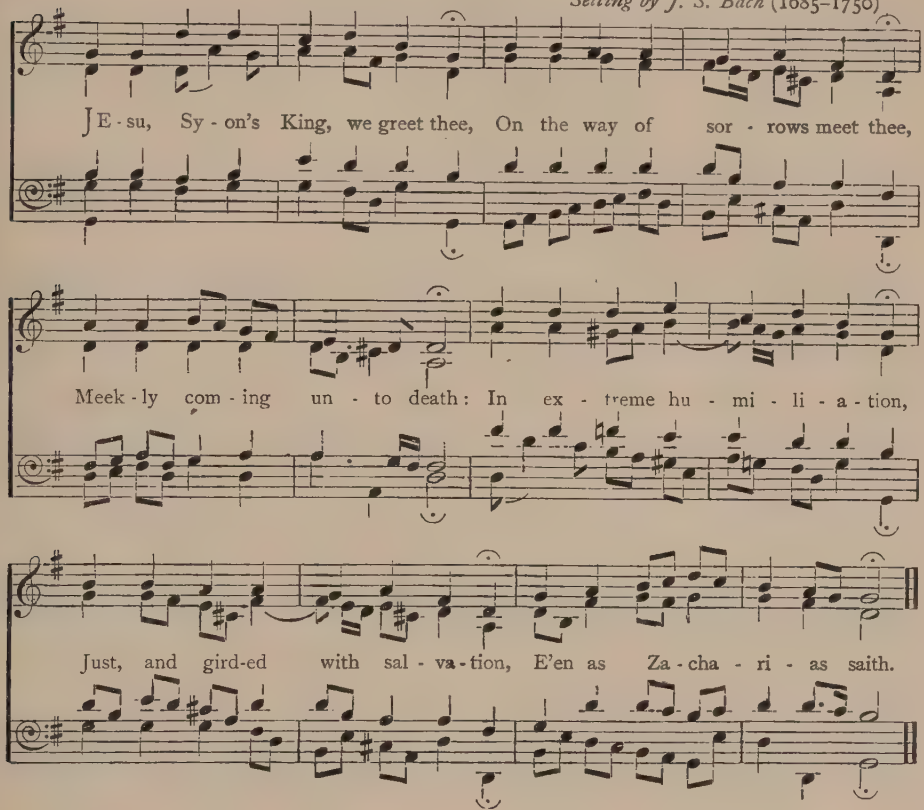
Iesu, all praise to thee,
Our joy and endless rest:
Be thou our guide while pilgrims here,
Our crown amid the blest.

Roman Breviary (Bologna, 1827); Tr. *E. Caswall* (1814–1878)

67 JESU, SYON'S KING, WE GREET THEE

Tune—ALLES IST AN GOTTES SEGEN (Trochaic, 8.8.7.8.8.7.)

Founded on Soll mein Herz die Wahrheit sagen, *by J. Löhner* (1694)
Setting by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)


JE-su, Sy-on's King, we greet thee, On the way of sor-rows meet thee,
Meek-ly com-ing un-to death: In ex-treme hu-mi-li-a-tion,
Just, and gird-ed with sal-va-tion, E'en as Za-cha-ri-as saith.

2 King, how soon the cruel scorning!
Purple robe for mock adorning,
Sceptre poor of bending reed:
Then thine infinite affliction,
Bloody sweat and crucifixion,
Thirst, and last dread hour of need.

3 By thy precious Blood, good Jesus,
From transgression's burthen ease us:
By thy wounds give health divine:
And our lives vouchsafe to fashion,
By the virtue of thy Passion,
Into likeness unto thine.

4 Thus hereafter may we merit
That glad city to inherit,
Which the Cross, dear Lord, makes free;—
There, where nothing may afflict us,
Chaunt unending *Benedictus*,
Palm and crown cast down to thee.

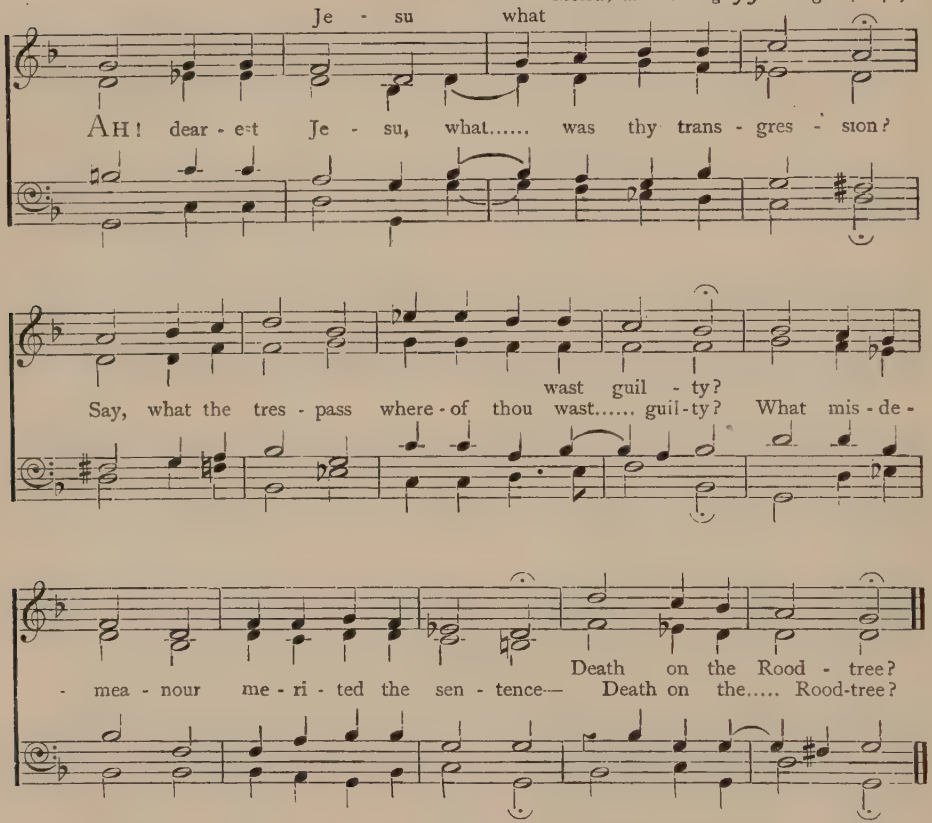
Anon. *From St. Margaret's Hymnal* (East Grinsted, 1892)

¶ *For an alternative Tune, see No. 71*

68 A Herzliebster Jesu

PROPER TUNE (Sapphic Metre)

Melody and setting of J. Crüger (1640)


Je - su what
AH! dear - est Je - su, what..... was thy trans - gres - sion?
wast guil - ty?
Say, what the tres - pass where - of thou wast..... guil - ty? What mis - de -
Death on the Rood - tree?
- mea - nour me - ri - ted the sen - tence— Death on the..... Rood-tree?

2 Wast thou deserving of the scourge and spear-wound,
Reed for thy sceptre, crown of thorn, reviling,
Vesture of purple, buffeting and insult,
E'en crucifixion?

3 Jesu, what brought thee to this pass of anguish?
I and my misdeeds. Thou alone wast sinless;
Sore was the burden of my foul offences,
Lord, on thy shoulder.

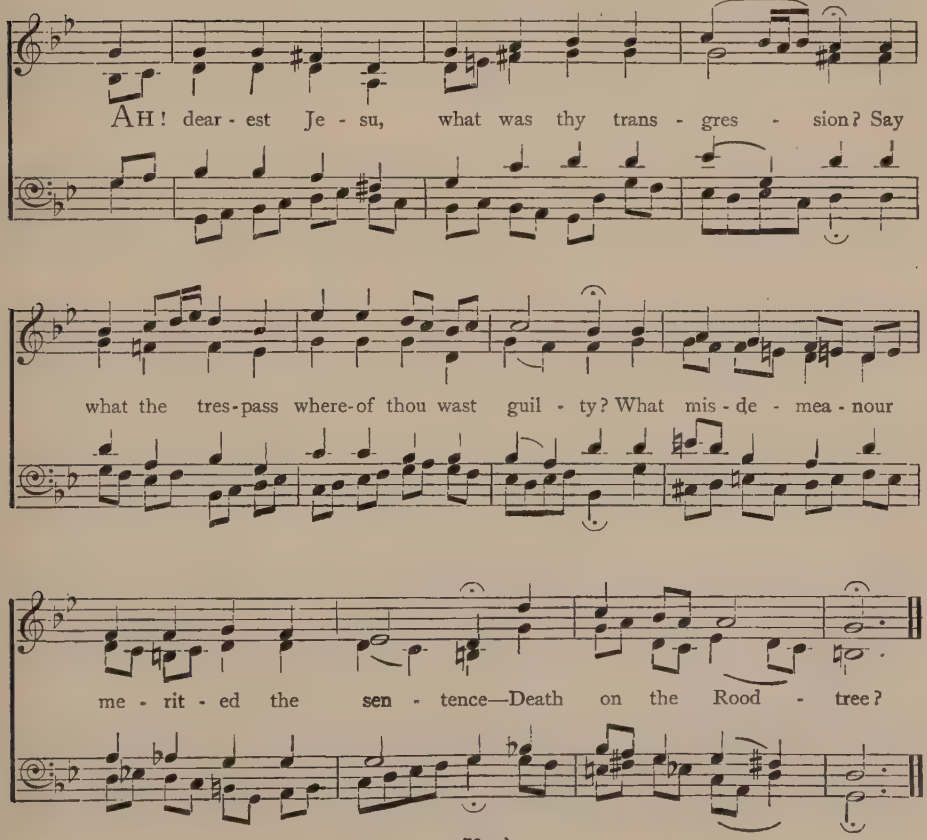
4 Jesu, good Shepherd, for the sheep who diedest,
Shriving the robber penitent beside thee,
Praying forgiveness for the men who cross'd thee,
Grant me thy pardon.

5 That so, hereafter, clad in white apparel,
Guerdon'd, and wearing diadem of honour,
I, thy poor servant, may extol thy mercy
World without ending.

After *Herzliebster Jesu; G. R. W.*

68 B

A later version of the foregoing, harmonized by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)

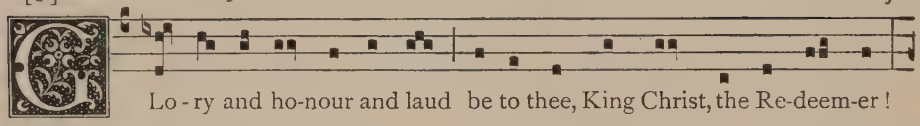

AH! dear - est Je - su, what was thy trans - gres - sion? Say
what the tres-pass where-of thou wast guil - ty? What mis - de - mea - nour
me - rit - ed the sen - tence—Death on the Rood - tree?

PALM SUNDAY

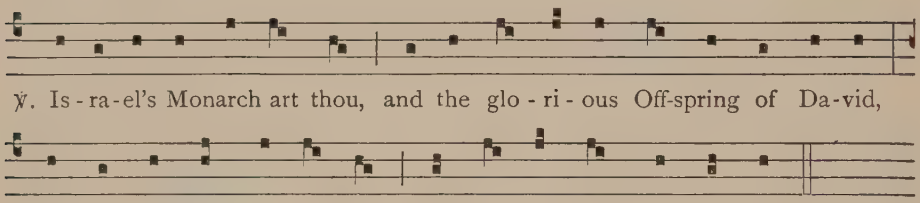
69 GLORIA, LAVS ET HONOR

SARVM MELODY (Elegiac Metre)

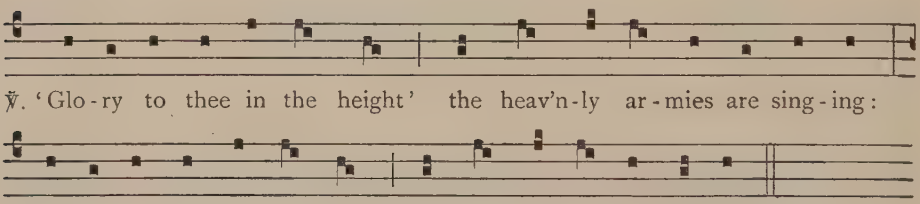
[P] ℣. *Seven boys.* Mode j



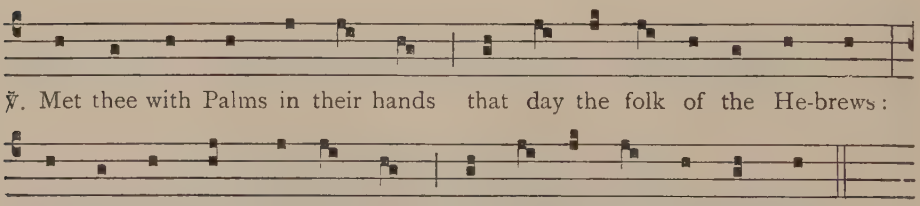
℟. Glory and honour, etc.



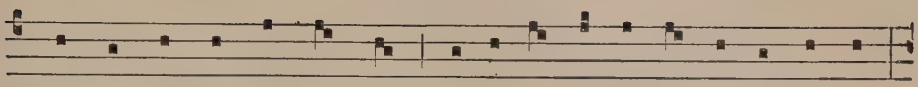
℟. Glory and honour, etc.



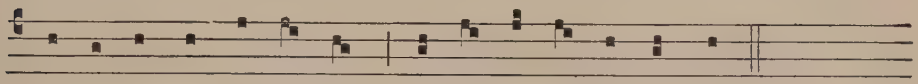
℟. Glory and honour, etc.


℣. Met thee with Palms in their hands that day the folk of the He-brews:
We with our prayers and our hymns now to thy pre-sence ap-proach.

℟. Glory and honour, etc.



℣. They to thee prof-fer'd their praise for to he-rald thy do-lo-rous Pas-sion:

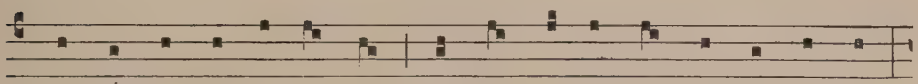


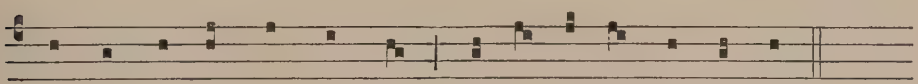
We to the King on his throne ut-ter the ju-bi-lant hymn.

℟. Glory and honour, etc.

℣. They were then pleas-ing to thee, un-to thee our de-vo-tion be pleas-ing;

Mer-ci-ful King, kind King, who in all good-ness art pleas'd.

℟. Glory and honour, etc.

℣. They in their pride of des-cent were right-ly the chil-dren of He-brews:



He-brews are we, whom the Lord's Pass-o-ver mak-eth the same.

℟. Glory and honour, etc.

℣. Vic-to-ry won o'er the world be to us for our bran-ches of Palm-tree:

So in the Con-que-ror's joy this to thee still be our song.

℟. Glory and honour, etc.

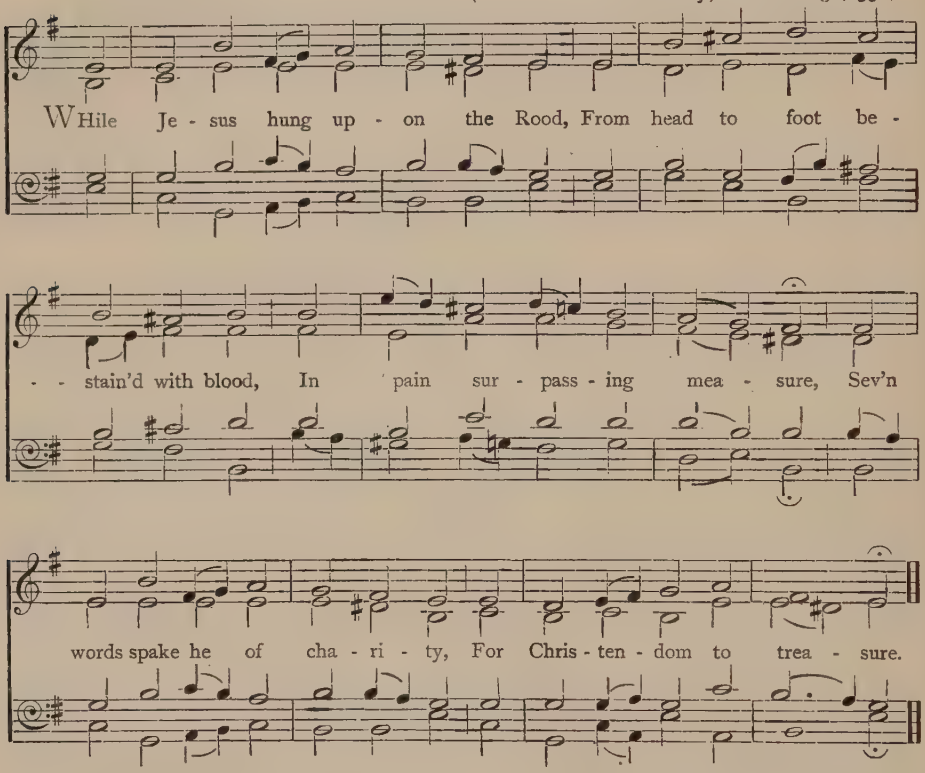
Theodulph of Orleans (ix cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

GOOD FRIDAY

70A IN CRVCIS PENDENS ARBORE

Tune—IN DICH HAB' ICH GEHOFFET, HERR (Iambic, 8.8.7.4.4 7.)

(A xiv or xv cent. Melody) *Strassburg* (1536)


While Je - sus hung up - on the Rood, From head to foot be -
- - stain'd with blood, In pain sur - pass - ing mea - sure, Sev'n
words spake he of cha - ri - ty, For Chris - ten - dom to trea - sure.

2 At first he said, with gentle cheer,
'Absolve them, O my Father dear,
Their trespass be forgiven:
Did they but know, they ne'er would do
To death the King of Heaven.'

3 See next, the dying thief hard by,
Bewailing sore his villany,
In mercy Christ hath shriven:
'Thou verily shalt be with me
In Paradise ere even.'

4 Now Mary stood the Cross beside,—
'O Lady, see thy son,' he cried,
In John, my friend and brother;
And thou, O John, from this day on,
Take Mary to thy mother.'

5 Forth from his parchèd lips there burst
A wonder-cry. He saith 'I thirst':
The Lord of all creation,
In midst of his own agonies,
Doth thirst for our salvation.

6 In bitter pain the Son divine
Saith 'Eli, Eli, Father mine,
Why hast thou me forsaken?'
What time we die, good Lord, be nigh,
At doomsday us awaken.

7 The ninth hour come ('twas mirk as night,
So Gospel saith, and saith aright),
''Tis finish'd,' hear him crying:
In awful strife the Lord of life
Defeated death by dying.

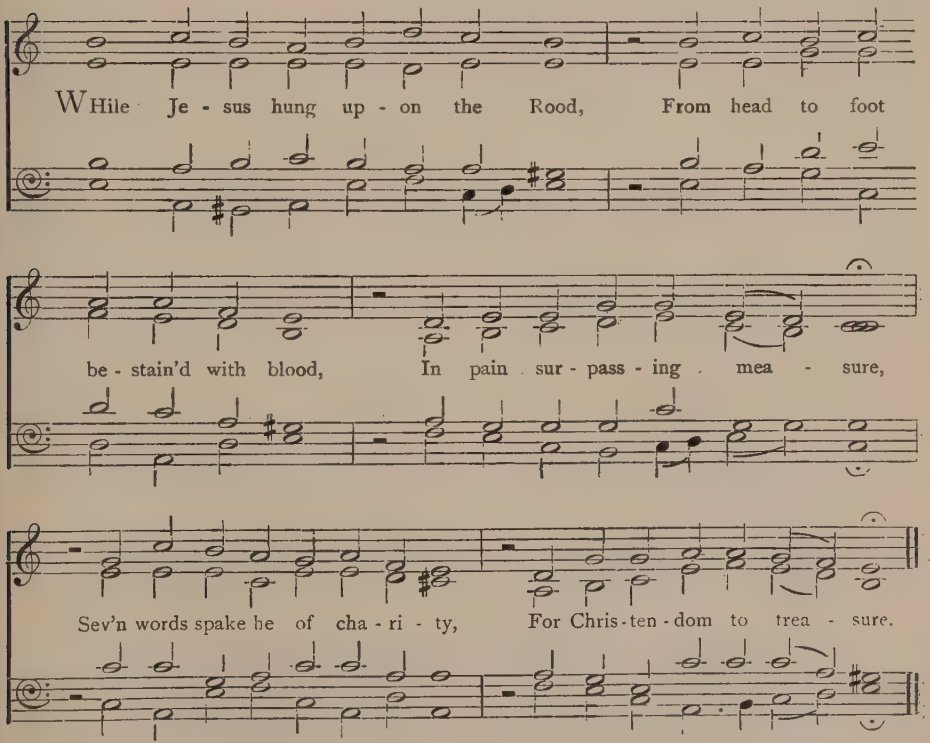
8 Once more he spake afore the end,
'My spirit now I do commend,
O Father, to thy keeping.'
He cried aloud, his forehead bow'd,
Then gently fell on sleeping.

9 O sinner, learn thy lusts to quell;
With contrite heart consider well
These words of Jesus seven:
If haply he, who died for thee,
May grant thee bliss in heaven.

From *Symphonia Sirenum* (Köln, 1695); *Daniel's Thesaurus Hymnologicus* (1841) II, No. xxv;
Tr. *G. R. W.*

70B Da Jesus an dem Kreutze stund

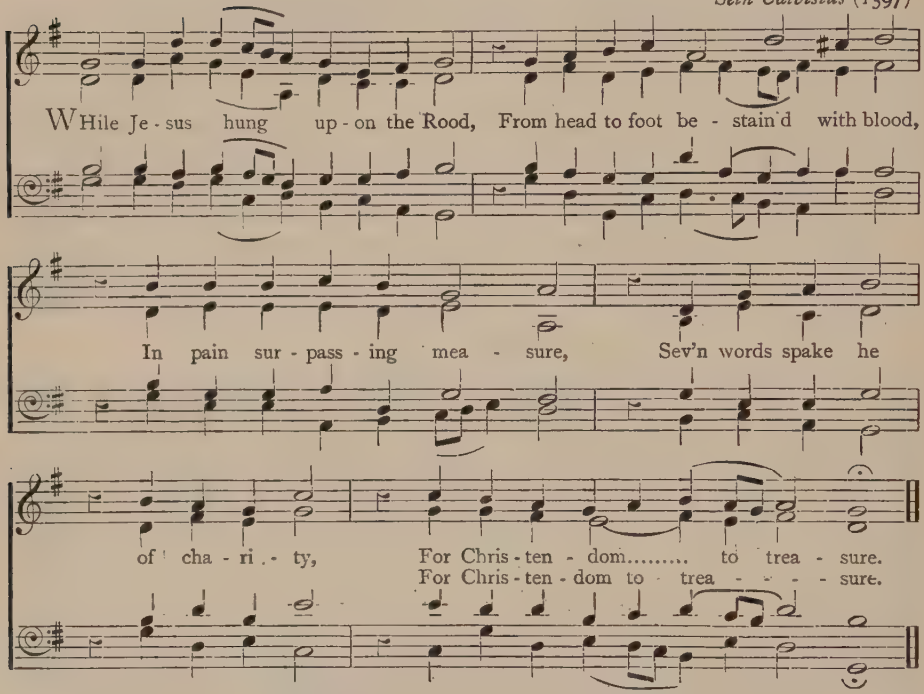
From *J. Leisentrit* (1567); *Harmonized by Charles Wood*


While Je - sus hung up - on the Rood, From head to foot
be - stain'd with blood, In pain sur - pass - ing mea - sure,
Sev'n words spake he of cha - ri - ty, For Chris - ten - dom to trea - sure.

70c

Tune—IN DICH HAB' ICH GEHOFFET, HERR

Seth Calvisius (1597)


WHile Je - sus hung up - on the Rood, From head to foot be - stain'd with blood,
In pain sur - pass - ing mea - sure, Sev'n words spake he
of cha - ri - ty, For Chris - ten - dom..... to trea - sure.
For Chris - ten - dom to trea - - - - sure.

2 At first he said, with gentle cheer,
'Absolve them, O my Father dear,
Their trespass be forgiven:
Did they but know, they ne'er would do
To death the King of Heaven.'

3 See next, the dying thief hard by,
Bewailing sore his villany,
In mercy Christ hath shriven:
'Thou verily shalt be with me
In Paradise ere even.'

4 Now Mary stood the Cross beside,—
'O Lady, see thy son,' he cried,
'In John, my friend and brother;
And thou, O John, from this day on,
Take Mary to thy mother.'

5 Forth from his parchèd lips there burst
A wonder-cry. He saith 'I thirst':
The Lord of all creation,
In midst of his own agonies,
Doth thirst for our salvation.

6 In bitter pain the Son divine
Saith, 'Éli, Eli, Father mine,
Why hast thou me forsaken?'
What time we die, good Lord, be nigh,
At doomsday us awaken.

7 The ninth hour come ('twas mirk as night,
So Gospel saith, and saith aright),
''Tis finish'd,' hear him crying:
In awful strife the Lord of life
Defeated death by dying.

8 Once more he spake afore the end,
'My spirit now I do commend,
O Father, to thy keeping.'
He cried aloud, his forehead bow'd,
Then gently fell on sleeping.

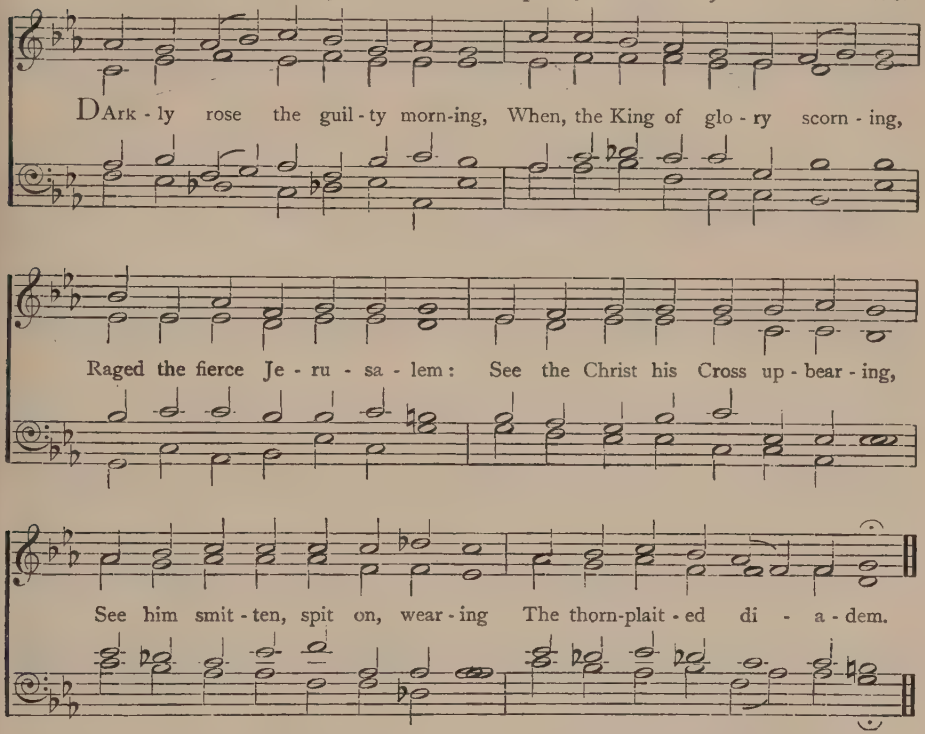
9 O sinner, learn thy lusts to quell;
With contrite heart consider well
These words of Jesus seven:
If haply he, who died for thee,
May grant thee bliss in heaven.

From *Symphonia Sirenum* (Köln, 1695; *Daniel's Thesaurus Hymnologicus* (1841) II, No. xxv; Tr. *G. R. W.*

71 DARKLY ROSE THE GUILTY MORNING

Tune—STABAT MATER DOLOROSA (Trochaic, 8.8.7.8.8.7.)

Melody from the Mechlin Vesperal; harmonized by G. R. W. Mode iv


DArk - ly rose the guil - ty morn-ing, When, the King of glo - ry scorn - ing,
Raged the fierce Je - ru - sa - lem: See the Christ his Cross up - bear - ing,
See him smit - ten, spit on, wear - ing The thorn-plait - ed di - a - dem.

2 Not the crowd whose cries assail'd him,
Not the hands that rudely nail'd him,
Slew him on the cursèd tree:
Ours the sin from heav'n that call'd him,
Ours the sin whose burden gall'd him
In the sad Gethsemane.

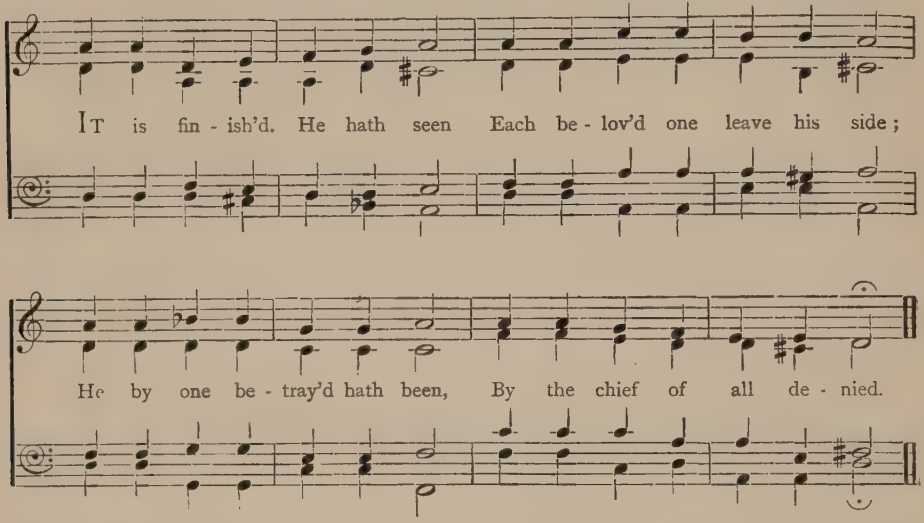
3 For our sins, of glory emptied,
He was fasting, lone, and tempted,
He was slain on Calvary;
Yet he for his murderers pleaded;
Lord, by us that prayer is needed;
We have pierced, yet trust in thee.

4 In our wealth and tribulation,
By thy gracious Cross and Passion,
By thy blood and agony,
By thy glorious Resurrection,
By thy Holy Ghost's protection
Make us thine eternally.

Joseph Anstice (1808–1836)

72 IT IS FINISH'D

Tune—AUS DER TIEFEN RUFE ICH (Trochaic, 7.7.7.7.)

Nürnberg Gesangbuch (1677)

2

It is finish'd. He hath wept
O'er the coming of his woe,
Till the blood in torrents swept
To the reddening ground below

3

It is finish'd. He hath borne
Sceptred reed and mocking stare,
Purple robe and crown of thorn,
Scourging blows his flesh to tear.

4

It is finish'd. He hath stood
By the ribald king, whose hand,
Guilty of the Baptist's blood,
Mock'd him to his soldier-band.

5

It is finished. He hath bow'd
'Neath the Cross to Calvary's steep,
And hath seen amidst the crowd
(Bitter woe), his Mother weep.

6

It is finish'd. Not a wail
Told his pain when hammer sent,
To the very head, the nail
Through his sinews crush'd and rent.

7

It is finish'd. He hath hung
Three long hours in grief to die;
Curses loud on every tongue,
Malice in each heart and eye.

8

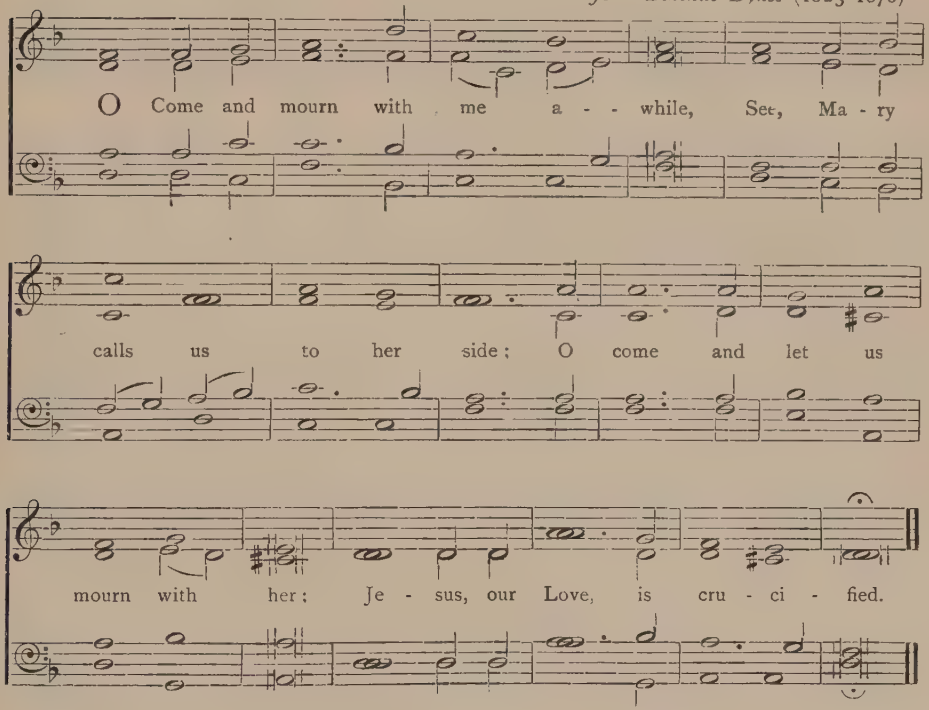
It is finish'd. Naught is left,
He may yield at last his breath:
Bleeding, bruis'd, forlorn, bereft—
Life in dying conquers Death.

Cecilia Mary Caddell (1833–1877).

73 O COME AND MOURN WITH ME AWHILE

(Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)



2 Have we no tears to shed for him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently he hangs;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

3 How fast his hands and feet are nail'd!
His blessed tongue with thirst is tied:
His failing eyes are blind with blood;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

4 Seven times he spake, seven words of love,
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

5 O break, O break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and his Judas were;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

6 Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross,
And let the blood from out that side
Fall gently on thee, drop by drop;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

7 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

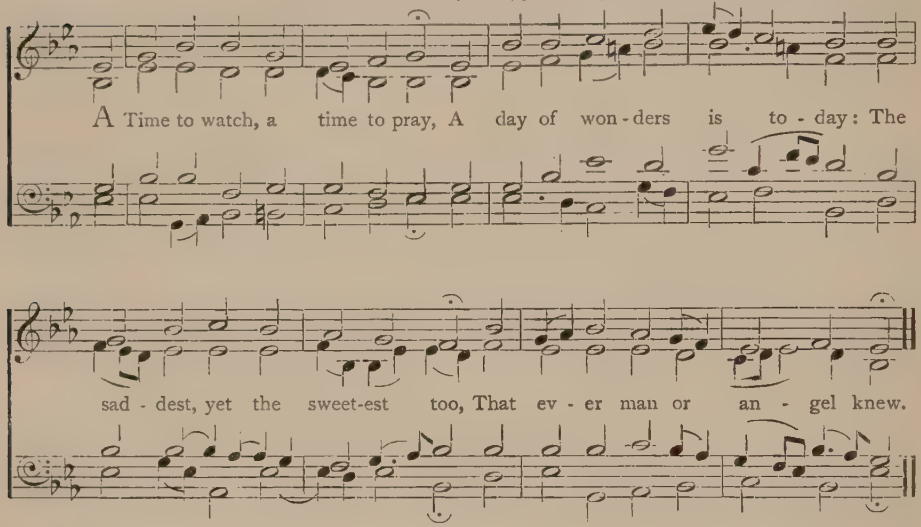
8 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love,
For he, our Love, is crucified.

F. W. Faber (1814–1863)

74 A TIME TO WATCH, A TIME TO PRAY

Tune—DAS WALT GOTT VATER UND GOTT SOHN (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Dan. Vetter († *c.* 1730) *As given by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)



2 The saddest,—for our Saviour bore
His death, that man might die no more:
The Agony, the Scourge, the Fear,
The Crown of thorns, the Cross, the Spear.

3 And yet the sweetest,—for to-day
Our load of sin was borne away:
And hopes of joy that never dies
Hang on our Saviour's sacrifice.

4 Like straying sheep we wander'd wide,
Thy laws we broke, thy Name defied;
On thee the guilt of all was laid,
By thee the debt of all was paid.

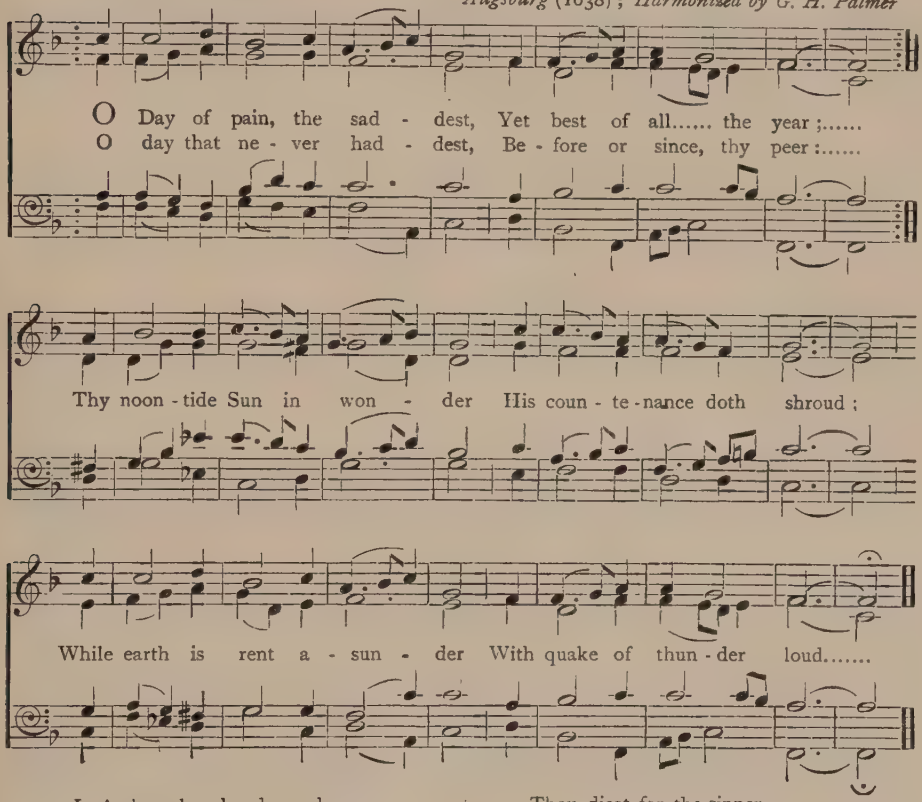
5 O Saviour, blessed be thy Name!
Thine is the glory, ours the shame;
By all the pain thy love endured
Let all our many sins be cured.

J. M. Neale (1818–1866)

¶ *For an alternative Tune see No. 148*

75 A O Tag der Pein und Plage

Tune—IN SCHWARZ WILL ICH MICH KLEIDEN (Iambic, 7.6. 7.6. 7.6. 7.6.;
Augsburg (1638); *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*


O Day of pain, the sad - dest, Yet best of all..... the year;.....
O day that ne - ver had - dest, Be - fore or since, thy peer:.....
Thy noon - tide Sun in won - der His coun - te - nance doth shroud;
While earth is rent a - sun - der With quake of thun - der loud.....

2 Lo! shameless hands, and gory,
Have nail'd upon the Tree
The Lord, the King of glory,
In nameless agony:
Go, Christen, kneel before him—
His side, his hands, his feet:
In penitence adore him,
Thy wounded Saviour greet.

3 Christ, who the Cross hast mounted,
Acquaint with reed and rod,
Among transgressors counted,
Though ever Son of God;
Thou diest for the sinner,
In pity of his case,
That man may be the winner
Of God the Father's grace.

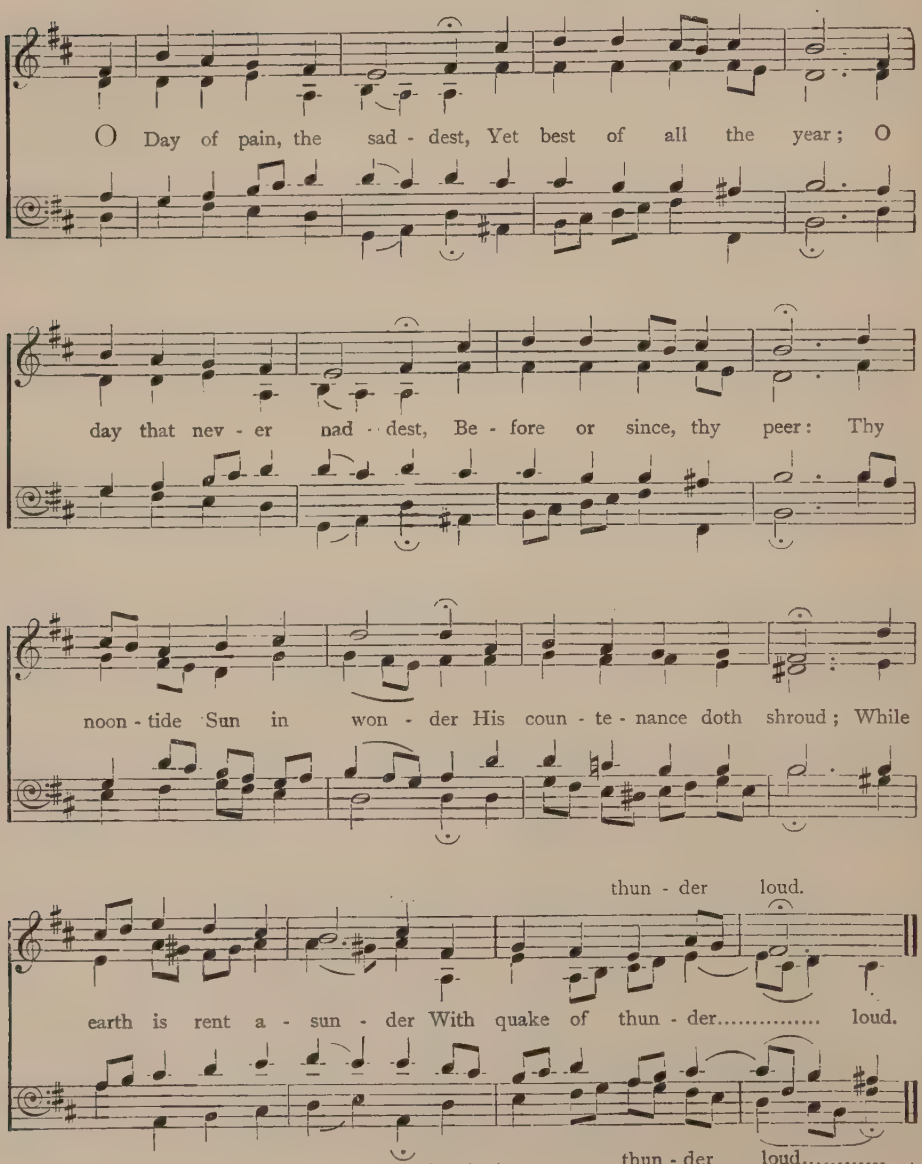
4 Then, like thy subject loyal,
While as I draw my breath,
I swear thee, Sovran royal,
Allegiance until death:
When thou shalt come all glorious,
To hold thy dread assize,
'Mid all thy saints victorious
Exalt me to the skies.

Freiburg Magnificat (xix cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

75 B

Tune—MEIN GMÜT IST MIR VERWIRRET

Harmonized by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)


O Day of pain, the sad - dest, Yet best of all the year; O
day that nev - er nad - dest, Be - fore or since, thy peer: Thy
noon - tide Sun in won - der His coun - te - nance doth shroud; While
thun - der loud.
earth is rent a - sun - der With quake of thun - der..... loud.
thun - der loud.....

2 Lo! shameless hands, and gory,
Have nail'd upon the Tree
The Lord, the King of glory,
In nameless agony:
Go, Christen, kneel before him—
His side, his hands, his feet;
In penitence adore him,
Thy wounded Saviour greet.

3 Christ, who the Cross hast mounted,
Acquaint with reed and rod,
Among transgressors counted,
Though ever Son of God;
Thou diest for the sinner,
In pity of his case,
That man may be the winner
Of God the Father's grace.

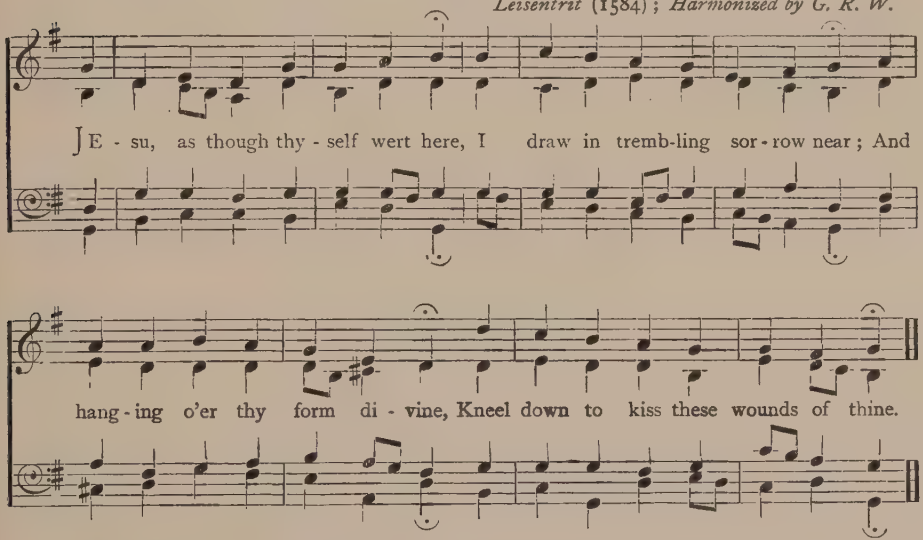
4 Then, like thy subject loyal,
While as I draw my breath,
I swear thee, Sovran royal,
Allegiance until death:
When thou shalt come all glorious,
To hold thy dread assize,
'Mid all thy saints victorious
Exalt me to the skies.

Freiburg Magnificat (xix cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

76 IESV, DVLCIS AMOR MEVS

Tune—NU WOL GOTT DAS UNSER GESANG (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Leisentrit (1584); *Harmonized by G. R. W.*


JE - su, as though thy - self wert here, I draw in tremb-ling sor - row near; And
hang - ing o'er thy form di - vine, Kneel down to kiss these wounds of thine.

2 Hail, awful brow! hail, thorny wreath!
Hail, countenance now pale in death!
Whose glance but late so brightly blazed
That angels trembled as they gazed.

3 And hail to thee, my Saviour's side!
And hail to thee, thou wound so wide!
Thou wound more ruddy than the rose,
True antidote of all our woes.

4 O by those sacred hands and feet,
For me so mangled, I entreat,
My Jesu, turn me not away,
But let me here for ever stay.

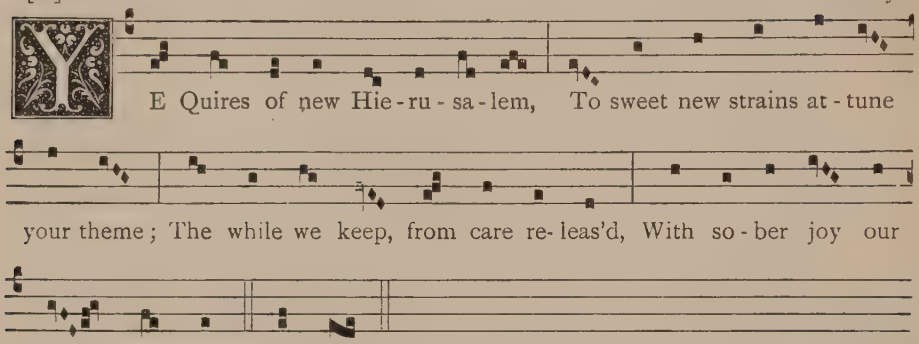
Roman Breviary, Bologna (1827); Tr. *E. Caswall* (1814–1878)

EASTER-TIDE

77 CHORVS NOVÆ HIERVSALEM

SARVM PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[E] Mode iij


YE Quires of new Hie-ru-sa-lem, To sweet new strains at-tune
your theme; The while we keep, from care re-leas'd, With so-ber joy our
Pas-chal Feast: A-men.

2

When Christ, unconquer'd Lion, first
The dragon's chains by rising burst:
And while with living voice he cries,
The dead of other ages rise.

3

Engorged in former years, their prey
Must death and hell restore to-day:
And many a captive soul, set free,
With Jesus leaves captivity.

4

Right gloriously he triumphs now,
Worthy to whom should all things bow;
And joining heaven and earth again,
Links in one commonweal the twain.

5

And we, as these his deeds we sing,
His suppliant soldiers, pray our King,
That in his palace, bright and vast,
We may keep watch and ward at last.

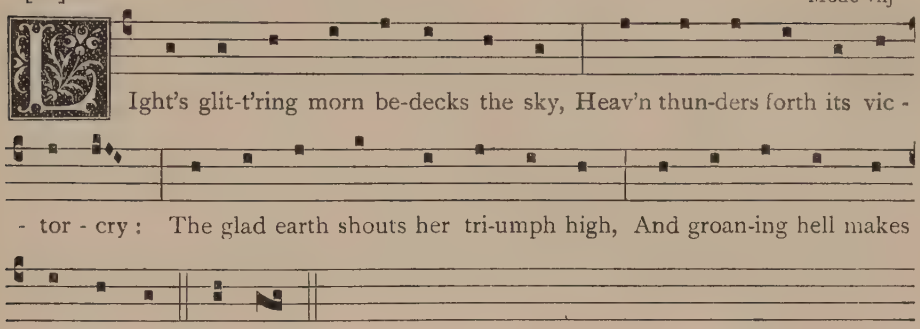
6

Long as unending ages run,
To God the Father, laud be done:
To God the Son, our equal praise,
And God the Holy Ghost, we raise. Amen.

Fulbert of Chartres (xj cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818-1866)

78 AVRORA LVCIS RVTILAT

[M] SARVM PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.) Mode viij


Ight's glit-t'ring morn be-decks the sky, Heav'n thun-ders forth its vic -
- tor - cry : The glad earth shouts her tri-umph high, And groan-ing hell makes
wild re - ply. A - men.

2 While he, the King of glorious might,
Treads down death's strength in death's despite ;
And trampling hell by victor's right,
Brings forth his sleeping saints to light.

3 Fast barr'd beneath the stone of late,
In watch and ward where soldiers wait,
Now shining in triumphant state,
He rises victor from death's gate.

4 Hell's pains are loosed, and tears are fled ;
Captivity is captive led ;
The Angel, crown'd with light, hath said,
'The Lord is risen from the dead.'

5 The Apostles' hearts were full of pain
For their dear Lord so lately slain ;
That Lord his servants' wicked train
With bitter scorn had dared arraign.

6 We pray thee, King with glory deck'd,
In this our Paschal joy, protect
From all that death would fain effect,
Thy ransom'd flock, thine own elect.

7 To thee who, dead, again dost live,
All glory, Lord, thy people give :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

Ambrosian (iv–v cent.) ; Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

79 SERMONE BLANDO ANGELVS

(*To be sung to the preceding Tune*)

WITH gentle voice the angel gave
The women tidings at the grave ;
'Forthwith your Master shall ye see :
He goes before to Galilee.'

2 And while with fear and joy they press'd
To tell these tidings to the rest,
Their Lord, their living Lord, they meet,
And see his form, and kiss his feet.

3 The Eleven, when they hear, with speed
To Galilee forthwith proceed :
That there they may behold once more
The Lord's dear face, as oft afore.

4 In this our bright and Paschal day
The sun shines out with purer ray ;
When Christ, to earthly sight made plain,
The glad Apostles see again.

5 The wounds, the riven wounds he shows,
In that his flesh with light that glows,
With public voice, both far and nigh,
The Lord's arising testify.

6 O Christ, the King who lov'st to bless,
Do thou our hearts and souls possess :
To thee our praise that we may pay,
To whom our laud is due, for aye.

7 We pray thee, King with glory deck'd,
In this our Paschal joy, protect
From all that death would fain effect,
Thy ransom'd flock, thine own elect.

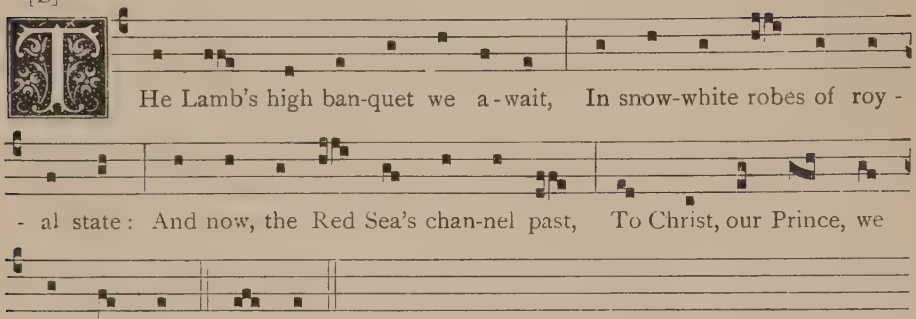
8 To thee who, dead, again dost live,
All glory, Lord, thy people give :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

Ambrosian (iv or v cent.) ; Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

80A AD CŒNAM AGNI PROVIDI

SARVM FESTAL MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[E] Mode iv


He Lamb's high ban-quet we a-wait, In snow-white robes of roy-
- al state: And now, the Red Sea's chan-nel past, To Christ, our Prince, we
sing at last. A-men

2 Upon the altar of the Cross
His Body hath redeem'd our loss:
And tasting of his roseate Blood,
Our life is hid with him in God.

3 That Paschal eve God's arm was bared:
The devastating Angel spared:
By strength of hand our hosts went free
From Pharao's ruthless tyranny.

4 Now Christ, our Paschal Lamb, is slain,
The Lamb of God that knows no stain,
The true Oblation offer'd here,
Our own unleaven'd Bread sincere.

5 O thou from whom hell's monarch flies,
O great, O very Sacrifice,
Thy captive people are set free,
And endless life restored in thee.

6 For Christ, arising from the dead,
From conquer'd hell victorious sped:
He thrust the tyrant down to chains,
And Paradise for man regains.

7 We pray thee, King with glory deck'd,
In this our Paschal joy, protect
From all that death would fain effect,
Thy ransom'd flock, thine own elect.

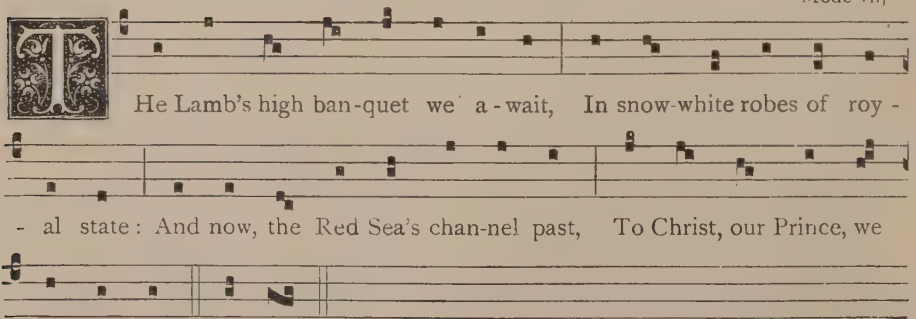
8 To thee who, dead, again dost live,
All glory, Lord, thy people give;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

Ambrosian (vij cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

80B

SARVM FERIAL MELODY

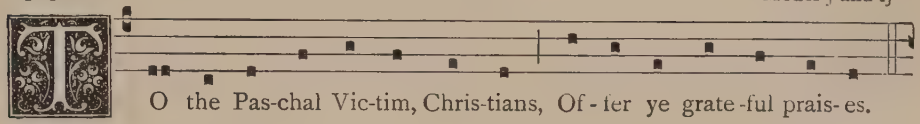
Mode viij

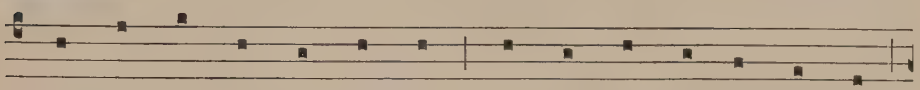

He Lamb's high ban-quet we a-wait, In snow-white robes of roy-
- al state: And now, the Red Sea's chan-nel past, To Christ, our Prince, we
sing at last. A-men.

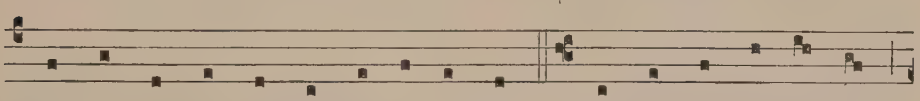
81 VICTIMÆ PASCHALI LAVDES

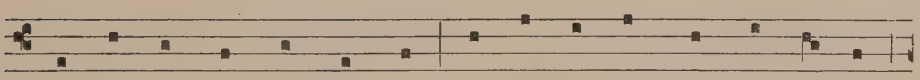
(Irregular.)

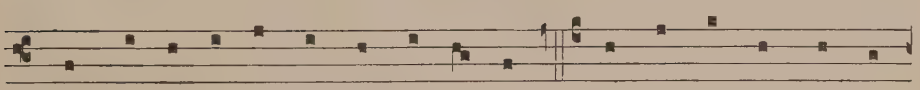
[S] Modes j and ij






Re-con-ci-leth sin-ners to the Fa-ther. 4 Tell, Ma-ries, pray, tell ye,
The Prince of life, who died, ev-er liv-eth. 5 'Two an-gels by-stand-ing,



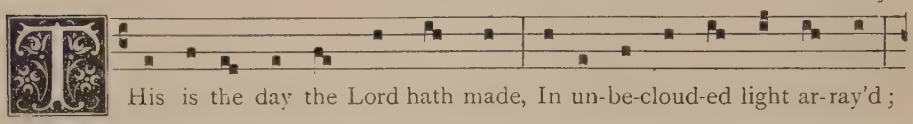


(?) *Wipo* (xj cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

82 HIC EST VERVS DIES DEI

PROPER MELODY—SARVM FORM (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Mode viij


This is the day the Lord hath made, In un-be-cloud-ed light ar-ray'd;
His sa-cred Blood who free-ly spilt, To wash the world from stains of guilt.

2

Regain, ye faithless, faith and sight!
Awake, and Christ shall give ye light:
Lo! he that shrove the dying thief
Shall ease the burthen of your grief. [Alleluya.]

3

O wonder-faith! ere sun went down,
Who bore the cross, soon wore the crown:
Saints many win the heav'nly hall;
That some-time sinner outran all. [Alleluya.]

4

Yea, Angels stand in mute amaze,
As on that body rack'd they gaze,
Whose soul, that unto Christ doth cleave,
Shall gift of endless life receive. [Alleluya.]

5

O mystery deep! set was his mind
To cleanse the taint of human-kind;
To free from bonds a guilty race,
Man must the sins of man efface. [Alleluya.]

6

What more sublime can be than this,
That very sin should end in bliss!
Yea, perfect love out-casteth fear;
By Jesu's death new life is here. [Alleluya.]

7

Gorge, hungry Death, bait, hook, and all!
In net, out-spread for other, fall!
The Life of all mankind is slain,
That all mankind may life regain. [Alleluya.]

8

And what though death o'er all hath past?
Up-spring to life shall all at last:
'Tis Death shall perish, Death alone,
By his own weapons overthrown. [Alleluya.]

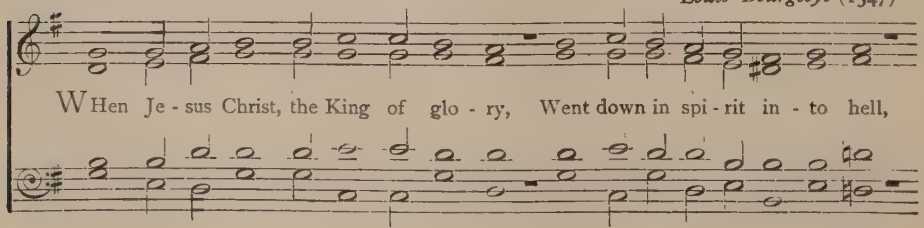
St. Ambrose (340–397); Tr. *G. R. W.*

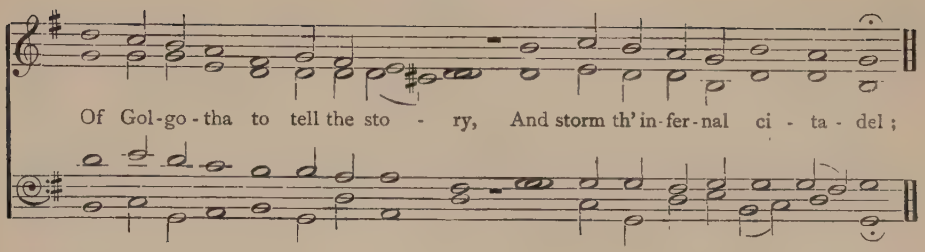
¶ *For an alternative Tune see No. 91, with Alleluya after every verse.*

83 A CVM REX GLORIÆ CHRISTVS

Tune—LEVE LE CŒUR, OUVRE L'AUREILLE (Iambic, 9.8.9.8.)

Louis Bourgeoys (1547)





2

And when the Angel-host attending
Gave order to the gates of brass
To lift their heads, that Christ descending
Might through those gloomy portals pass;

3

The righteous souls of ages olden,
In prison and captivity,
In Hades' grip now long time holden,
Cried out, 'All welcome, Lord, to thee!'

4

'Constrain'd in darkness long to tarry,
Thine Advent, our Desire, we hail:
Lord, thou art come to-day to carry
Thy caitiff people forth from jail.'

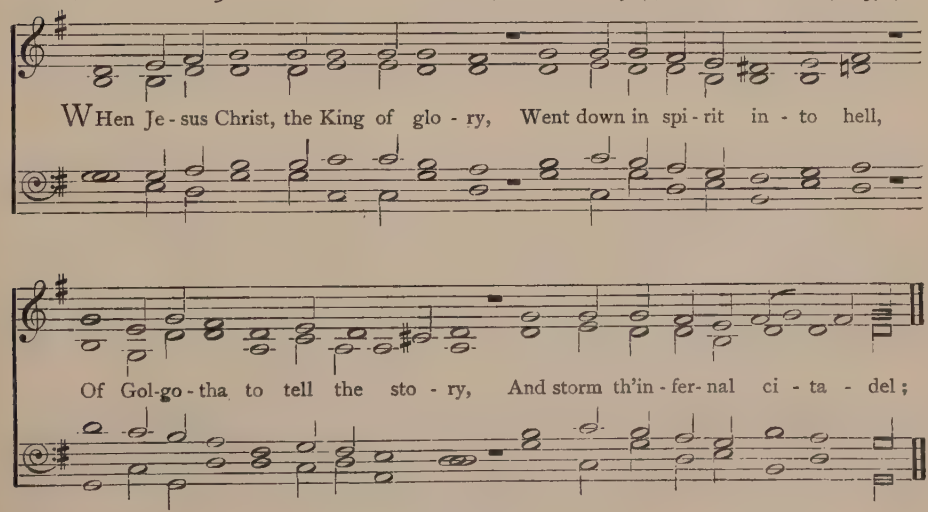
5

'For thee we sigh'd, for thee did languish:
(Sore ailments need a skilful leech:)
Thou art our hope, relief from anguish,
Thou, only thou, canst heal the breach.'

Notker Balbulus (ix cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

83 B

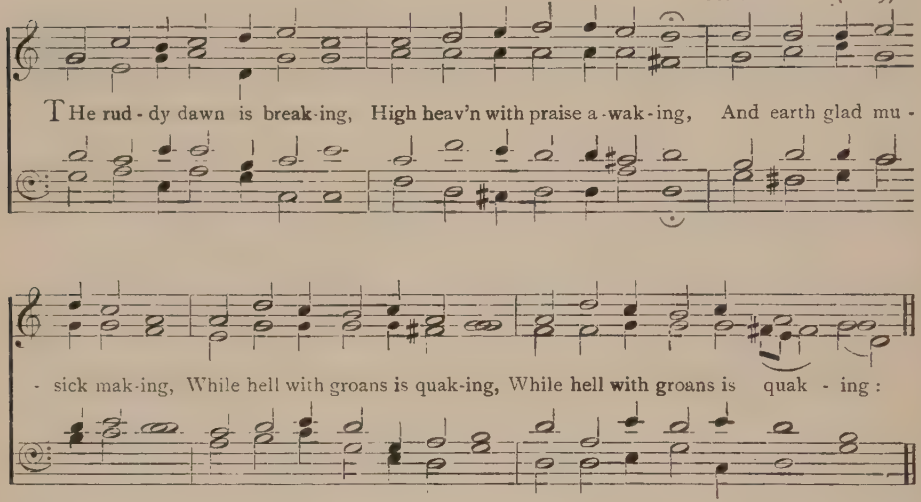
With the Melody in the Tenor *The same, harmonized by* (?) *Claude Goudimel* († 1572)


When Je-sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Went down in spi-rit in - to hell,
Of Gol-go-tha to tell the sto - ry, And storm th'in-fer-nal ci - ta - del;

84 A AVRORA LVCIS RVTILAT

Tune—SEID FRÖLICH IN DEM HERREN (Iambic, 7 7·7·7·)

M. Prætorius (1609)


THe rud - dy dawn is break-ing, High heav'n with praise a-wak-ing, And earth glad mu -
- sick mak-ing, While hell with groans is quak-ing, While hell with groans is quak - ing :

2

When thou, O King most Highest,
The might of death defiest,
And hell beneath thee treadest,
And forth his captives leadest.

3

Thou, in the stone close-guarded,
By warriors watch'd and warded,
With pomp of triumph glorious,
Dost rise from death victorious.

4

Then ceased hell's piteous groaning,
And hush'd was its sad moaning
At that bright Angel's story,
The Lord is risen in glory.'

5

Griev'd were th' Eleven and sadden'd
At that the slaves which gladden'd,—
Those sons of Salem's daughter,
Who dared their Lord to slaughter.

6

Giver of all good treasure,
In this, our Paschal pleasure,
From stroke of death deliver,
And shield thy flock for ever.

7

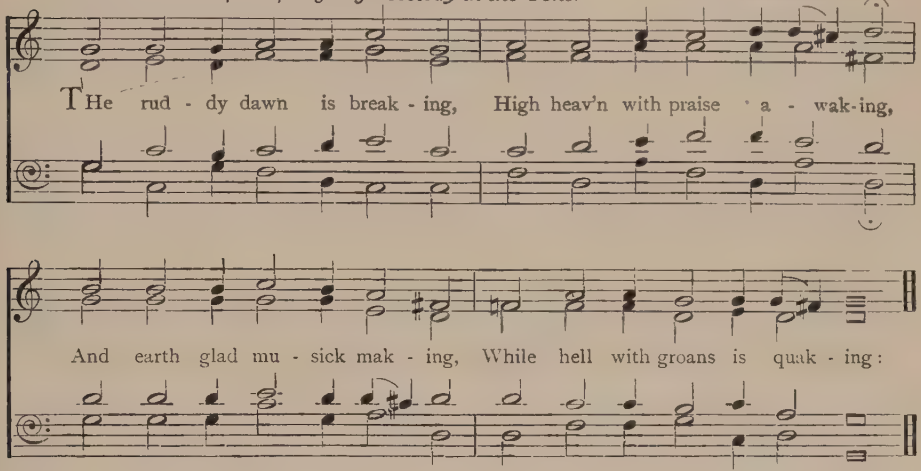
To thee, O Lord, new-risen
From out thy mirky prison,
With Sire and Spirit blessèd,
Be endless praise addressèd. Amen.

Ambrosian (iv or v cent.) Tr. *W. J. Blew* (1808–1894)

84 B

Tune—IHR CHRISTEN-MENSCHEN ALLE

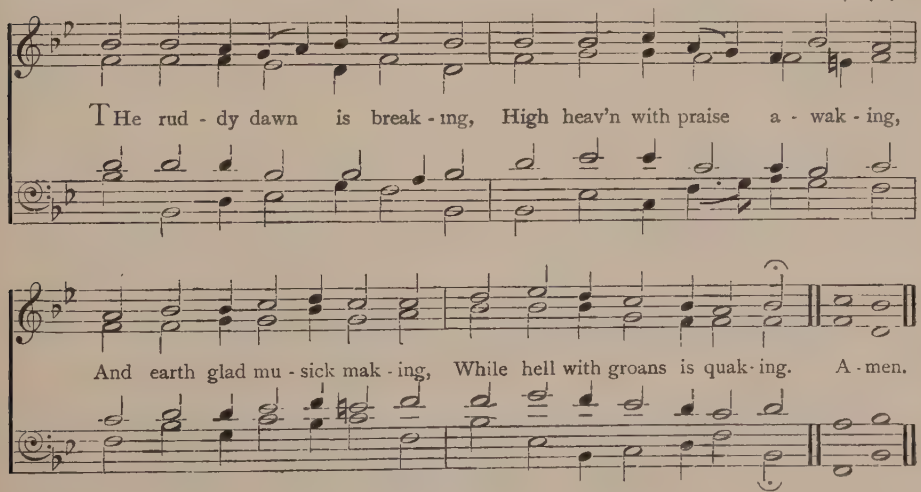
Another version of the foregoing—Melody in the Tenor — *Bamberger Gesangbuch* (1628)


THe rud - dy dawn is break - ing, High heav'n with praise a - wak-ing,
And earth glad mu - sick mak - ing, While hell with groans is quak - ing:

84 C

Tune—NUN LASST UNS GOTT DEM HERREN (WACH AUF MEIN HERZ, UND SINGE)

Praxis Pietatis Melica (1676)

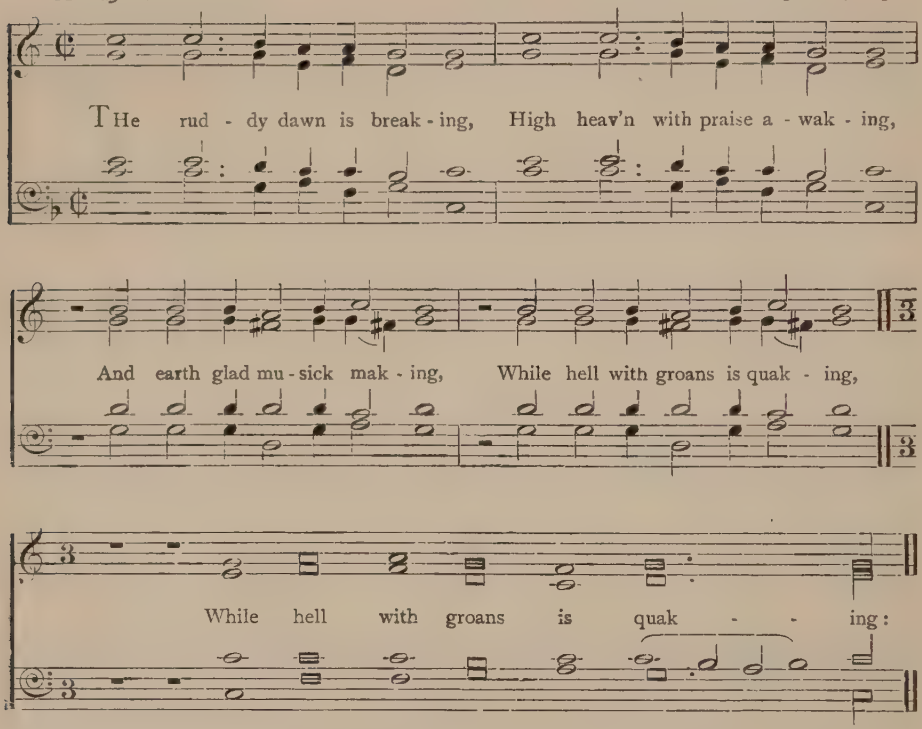

THe rud - dy dawn is break - ing, High heav'n with praise a - wak - ing,
And earth glad mu - sick mak - ing, While hell with groans is quak - ing. A - men.

¶ *For another setting, see No. 143*

84 D

Tune—O HOCH-HEILIGES CREUTZE

Melody in the Bass — *Constance Gesangbuch* (1613)


THe rud - dy dawn is break - ing, High heav'n with praise a - wak - ing,
And earth glad mu - sick mak - ing, While hell with groans is quak - ing,
While hell with groans is quak - - ing:

2 When thou, O King most Highest,
The might of death defiest,
And hell beneath thee treadest,
And forth his captives leadest.

3 Thou, in the stone close-guarded,
By warriors watch'd and warded,
With pomp of triumph glorious,
Dost rise from death victorious.

4 Then ceased hell's piteous groaning,
And hush'd was its sad moaning
At that bright Angel's story,
'The Lord is risen in glory.'

5 Griev'd were th' Eleven and sadden'd
At that the slaves which gladden'd,—
Those sons of Salem's daughter,
Who dared their Lord to slaughter.

6 Giver of all good treasure,
In this, our Paschal pleasure,
From stroke of death deliver,
And shield thy flock for ever.

7 To thee, O Lord, new-risen
From out thy mirky prison,
With Sire and Spirit blessèd,
Be endless praise addressèd. Amen.

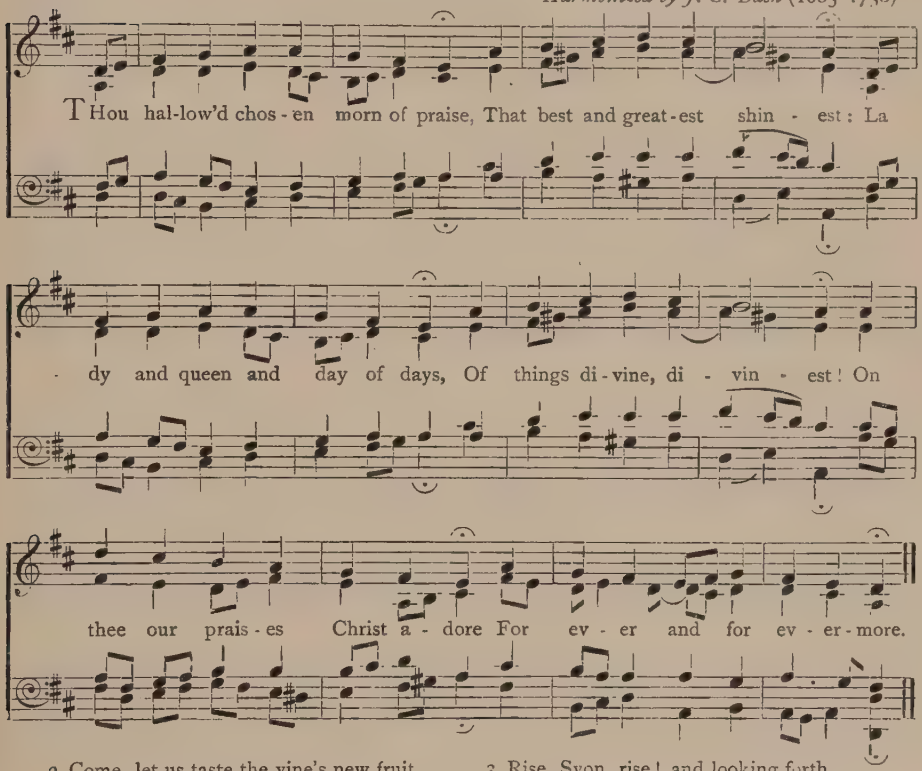
Ambrosian (iv or v cent.) Tr. *W. J. Blew* (1808–1894)

85 Αὕτη ἡ κλητὴ

Tune—MACH'S MIT MIR, GOTT, NACH DEINER GÜT'

(Iambic, 8.7.8.7.8.8)

Harmonized by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)


THou hal-low'd chos-en morn of praise, That best and great-est shin - est: La
- dy and queen and day of days, Of things di-vine, di - vin - est! On
thee our prais-es Christ a - dore For ev - er and for ev - er-more.

2 Come, let us taste the vine's new fruit,
For heav'nly joy preparing:
To-day the branches with the Root
In Resurrection sharing:
Whom as true God our hymns adore
For ever and for evermore.

3 Rise, Syon, rise! and looking forth,
Behold thy children round thee!
From East and West, from South and North
Thy scatter'd sons have found thee:
And in thy bosom Christ adore
For ever and for evermore.

4 O Father, O co-equal Son,
O co-eternal Spirit,
In Persons Three, in Substance One,
And One in power and merit;
In thee baptized, we thee adore
For ever and for evermore.

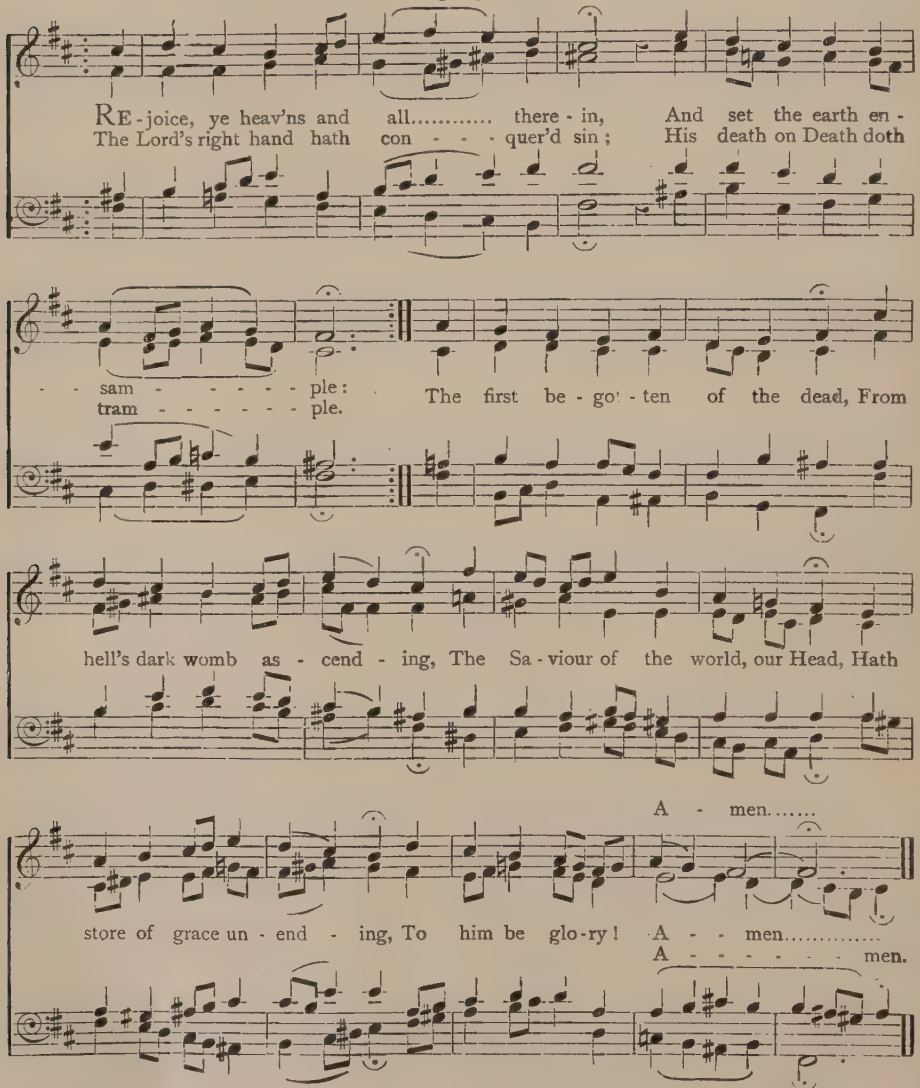
S. John Damascene (viii cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* 1818–1866)

¶ *For another setting, by J. H. Schein, see No. 60*

86 Εὐφραινέσθω τὰ οὐράνια

Tune—Es wollt uns Gott genädig sein (Iambic, 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.)

Strassburg (1524); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)

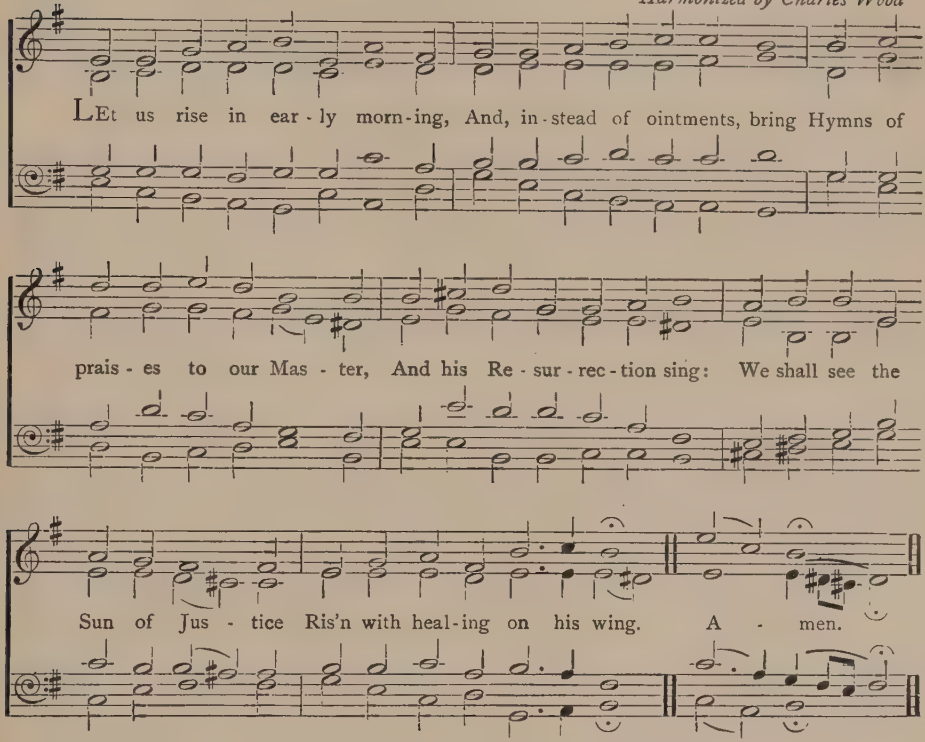

RE-joice, ye heav'ns and all..... there-in, And set the earth en-
The Lord's right hand hath con - - - quer'd sin; His death on Death doth
- - sam - - - - - ple:
tram - - - - - ple.
The first be-got-ten of the dead, From
hell's dark womb as-cend-ing, The Sa-viour of the world, our Head, Hath
A - men.....
store of grace un-end-ing, To him be glo-ry! A - - men.....
A - - - - - - men.
A - - - - men.

Greek Paracletice; Tr. *G. R. W.*

87 Ὀρθρίσωμεν ὄρθρου βαθέος

Tune—AD PERENNIS VITÆ FONTEM (Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.8.7.)

Harmonized by Charles Wood


LEt us rise in ear - ly morn - ing, And, in - stead of ointments, bring Hymns of
prais - es to our Mas - ter, And his Re - sur - rec - tion sing: We shall see the
Sun of Jus - tice Ris'n with heal - ing on his wing. A - men.

2 Thy unbounded loving-kindness,
They that groan'd in Hades' chain,
Prisoners, from afar beholding,
Hasten'd to the light again;
And to that eternal Pascha
Wove the dance and raised the strain.

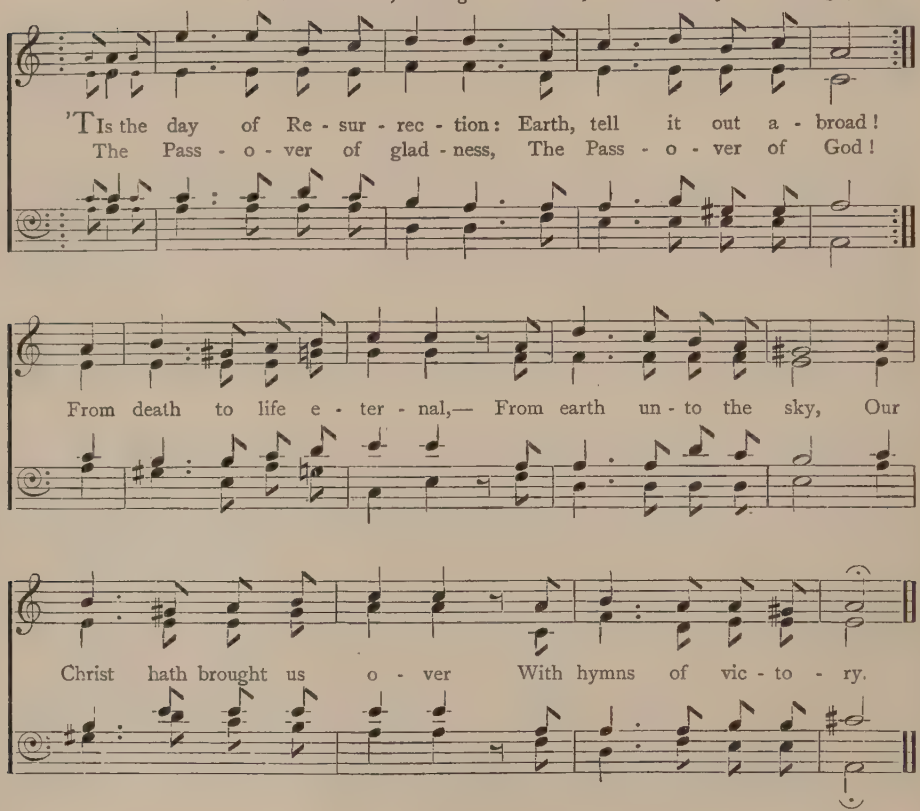
3 Go ye forth, his Saints, to meet him!
Go, with lamps in every hand!
From the sepulchre he riseth:
Ready for the Bridegroom stand:
And the Pascha of salvation
Hail, with his triumphant band.

S. John Damascene (viij cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

88 Ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα

(Iambic, 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.)

Old French Noël, as sung at Chartres; harmonized by E. Sedding (1860)


'Tis the day of Re - sur - rec - tion: Earth, tell it out a - broad!
The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God!
From death to life e - ter - nal,— From earth un - to the sky, Our
Christ hath brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry.

2

Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of Resurrection-light:
And, list'ning to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own *All hail!* and hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3

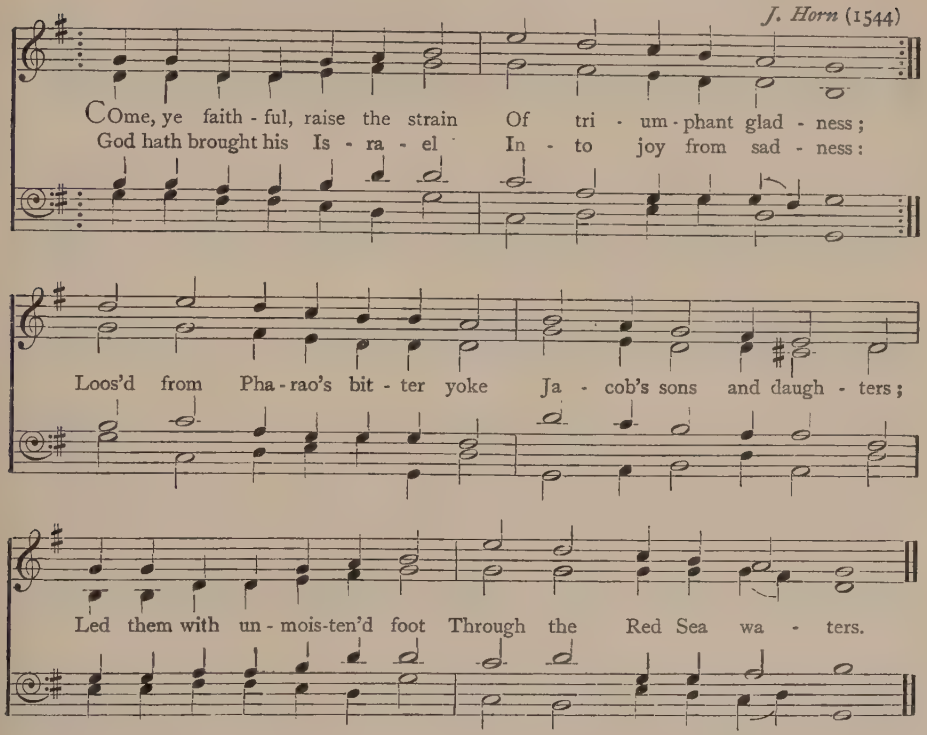
Now let the heav'ns be joyful!
Let earth her song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein:
Invisible, and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,—
For Christ the Lord hath risen,—
Our Joy that hath no end.

S. John Damascene (viij cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

89 Ἄισωμεν πάντες λαοί

Tune—GAVDEAMVS PARITER (Trochaic, 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.)

J. Horn (1544)


COme, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - um - phant glad - ness;
God hath brought his Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness:
Loos'd from Pha - rao's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters;
Led them with un - mois-ten'd foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters.

2 'Tis the Spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst his prison;
And from three days' sleep in death,
As a sun hath risen:
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From his light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the Queen of Seasons, bright
With the Day of Splendour,
With the royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render:
Comes to glad Hierusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes, in unwearied strains,
Jesu's Resurrection.

4 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst the Twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That thy peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

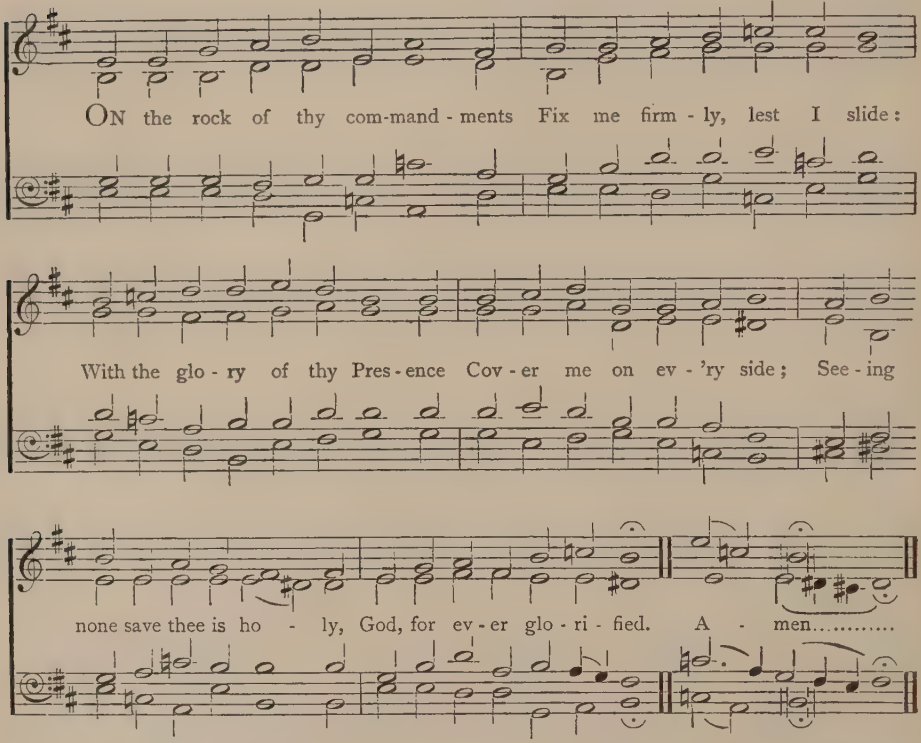
S. John Damascene (viij cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

¶ *For an alternative Tune, see No. 230*

90 Στερέωσόν με, Χριστὲ

Tune—AD PERENNIS VITÆ FONTEM (Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.8.7.)

French Melody; *Setting by J. R. Lunn*


ON the rock of thy com-mand - ments Fix me firm - ly, lest I slide:
With the glo - ry of thy Pres - ence Cov - er me on ev - 'ry side; See - ing
none save thee is ho - ly, God, for ev - er glo - ri - fied. A - men.....

2 New immortal out of mortal,
New existence out of old:
This the Cross of Christ accomplish'd,
This the Prophets had foretold:
So that we, thus newly quicken'd,
Might attain the heav'nly fold.

3 Thou who comprehendest all things,
Comprehended by the tomb,
Gav'st thy Body to the grave-clothes,
And the silence and the gloom:
Till through fast-clos'd doors thou camest
Thy disciples to illume.

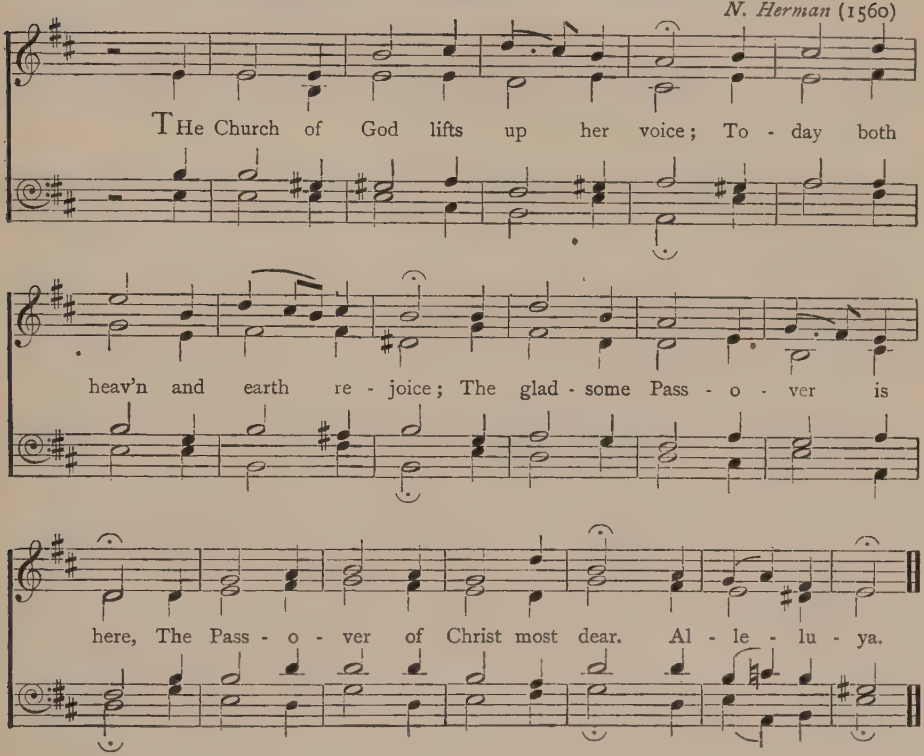
4 Every nail-print, every buffet,
Thou didst freely undergo,
As thy Resurrection's witness
To the Twelve thou cam'st to show:
So that what *they* saw in vision
Future years by faith might know.

S. John Damascene (viij cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

91 Πάσχα τὸ τερπνὸν

Tune—ERSCHIENEN IST DER HERRLICH' TAG (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.4.)

N. Herman (1560)


THe Church of God lifts up her voice; To - day both
heav'n and earth re - joice; The glad - some Pass - o - ver is
here, The Pass - o - ver of Christ most dear. Al - le - lu - ya.

2 The Passover that frees from woe,
That binds in chains the ancient foe,
That opens wide the heav'nly gate,
The Lord's own day we celebrate. Alleluya.

3 From 'very early' until night
One strain we lift, one shout of might;
With Eucharist the morn arose,
With Alleluya day shall close. Alleluya.

4 O Christ, eternal Pascha, thou,
The crown of every willing brow;
Thou spotless Lamb, and Victor bright,
Array'd in more than morning-light. Alleluya.

5 On this thy Resurrection-day,
Be strife and hate put far away,
That those who in thy likeness live
May each his brother's wrongs forgive. Alleluya.

6 The earth in festal raiment stands,
The floods for gladness clap their hands:
Then higher still and higher raise
The true, the living Pascha's praise. Alleluya.

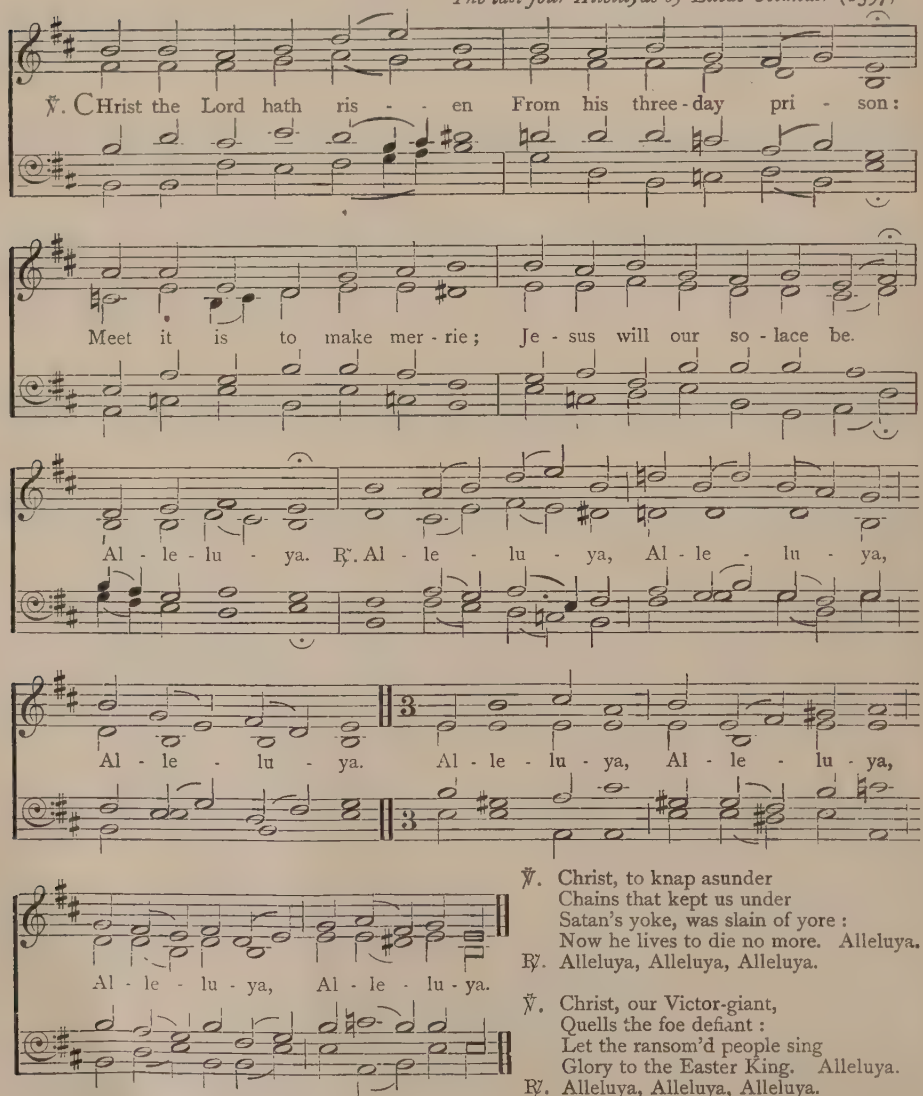
After the Greek, by W. C. Dix (1837–1898)

92 Christ ist erstanden

PROPER MELODY—xij cent. (Trochaic, 6.6.7.7.)

Harmonized chiefly by G. R. W.

The last four Alleluyas by Lucas Osiander (1597)


℣. CHrist the Lord hath ris - - en From his three-day pri - son:
Meet it is to make mer - rie; Je - sus will our so - lace be.
Al - le - lu - ya. ℟. Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya,
Al - le - lu - ya. Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya,
Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya.

℣. Christ, to knap asunder
Chains that kept us under
Satan's yoke, was slain of yore:
Now he lives to die no more. Alleluya.
℟. Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya.

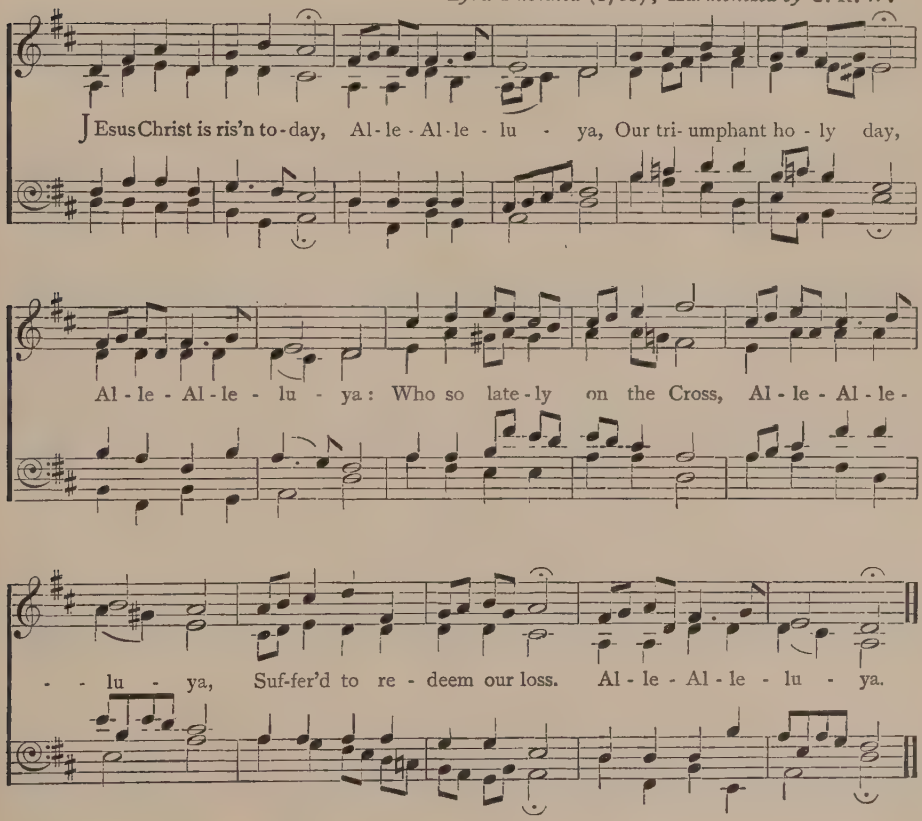
℣. Christ, our Victor-giant,
Quells the foe defiant:
Let the ransom'd people sing
Glory to the Easter King. Alleluya.
℟. Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya.

Anon. (xij cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

93 JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TO-DAY

(SVRREXIT CHRISTVS HODIE) (Trochaic 7.7.7.7.)

Lyra Davidica (1708); *Harmonized by G. R. W.*


JEsus Christ is ris'n to-day, Al-le-Al-le-lu-ya, Our tri-umphant ho-ly day,
Al-le-Al-le-lu-ya: Who so late-ly on the Cross, Al-le-Al-le-
-lu-ya, Suf-fer'd to re-deem our loss. Al-le-Al-le-lu-ya.

2 Haste, ye Maries, from your fright;
Take to Galilee your flight;
To his sad disciples say,
'Jesus Christ is risen to-day.'

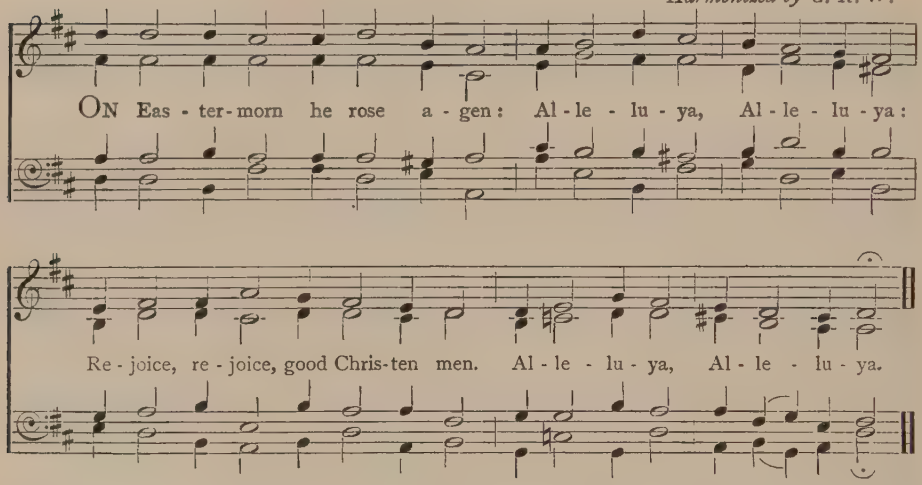
3 In our Paschal joy and feast,
Let the Lord of life be blest:
Let the Holy Trine be praised,
Thankful hearts to heav'n be raised.

Anon. (xij cent.); Tr. *Lyra Davidica*

94A SVRREXIT CHRISTVS HODIE

PROPER TUNE—xiv cent. (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Harmonized by G. R. W.



2 His death full nobly who did take
For miserable mortals' sake. Alleluya.

3 Unto the tomb iij Maries bore
Of spice and myrrh a goodly store. Alleluya.

4 The body thinking for to find
Of him who died to save mankind. Alleluya.

5 An Angel clad in white they see:
His message fills their souls with glee. Alleluya.

6 Quoth he, 'Good people, fear not ye:
Go get you into Galilee. Alleluya.

7 And say to his disciples this:
Uprisen is the King of bliss.' Alleluya.

8 Of Simon Peter next, I ween,
Then of th' Eleven he was seen. Alleluya.

9 At Easter-tide sing high, sing low,
Benedicamus Domino. Alleluya.

10 All honour, Lord, to thee we pay,
Arising from the tomb to-day. Alleluya.

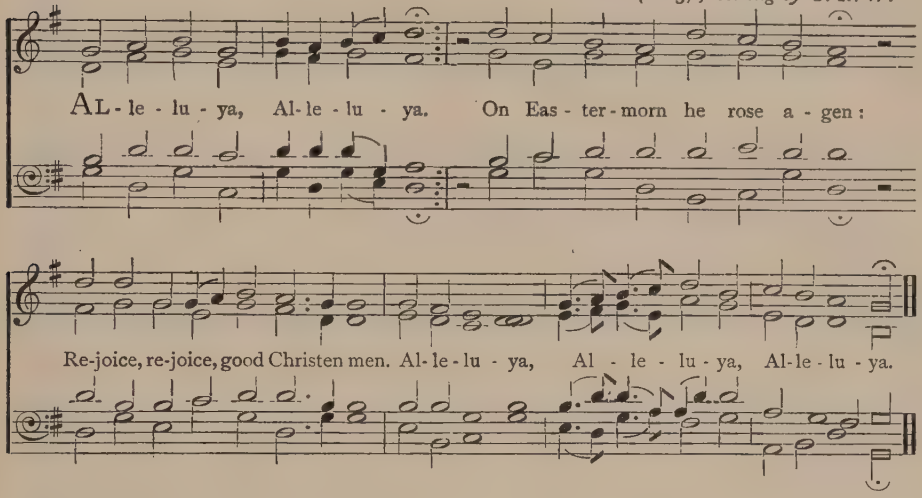
11 To Holy Trinity give praise,
With *Deo gracias* always. Alleluya.

Anon. (xij cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

94B SVRREXIT CHRISTVS HODIE

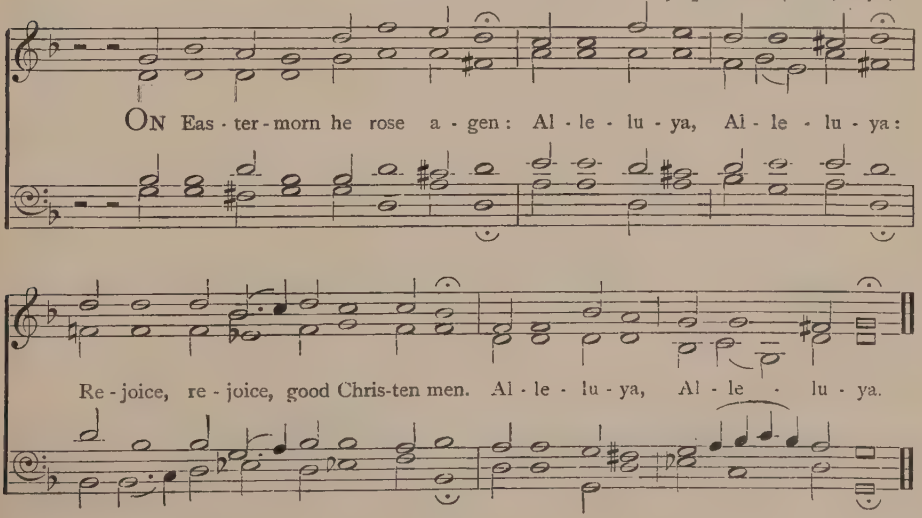
Tune—HEUT LEBENDIG DER HEILIG CHRIST (Trochaic-Iambic)

Köln (1623); *Setting by G. R. W.*



94C *Tune*—DIE GANZE WELT, HERR JESU CHRIST (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

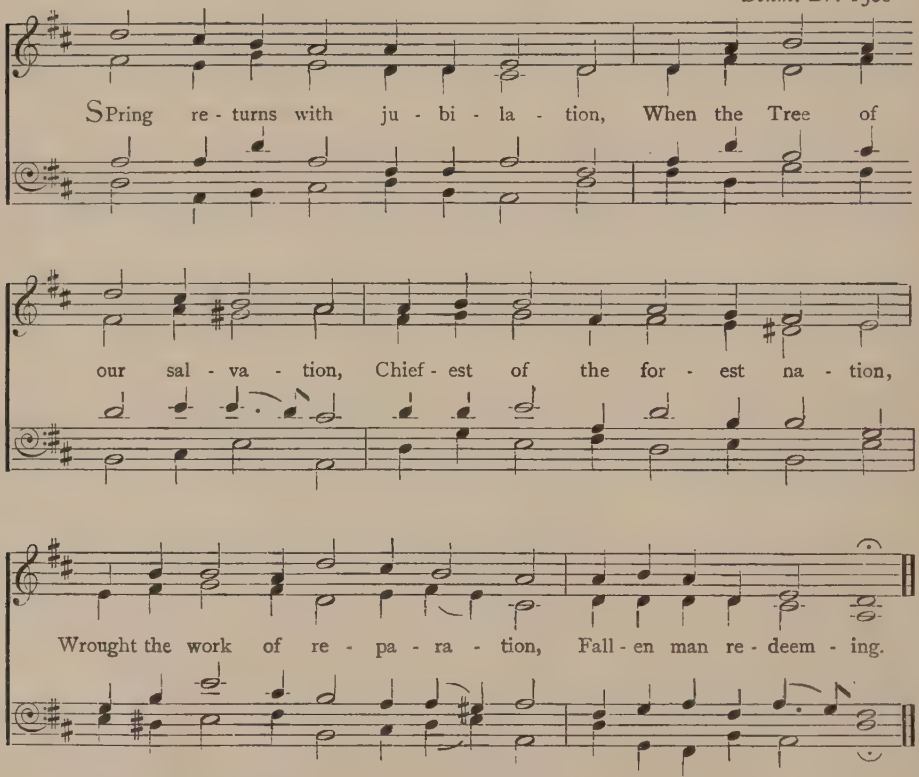
Sirenes symphoniacæ (*Köln*, 1678)



95 ECCE TEMPVS EST VERNALE

Tune—ZU GOTT WOLLEN WIR UNS KEHREN (Trochaic, 8.8.8.8.6.)

Böhm. Br. 1566


SPring re - turns with ju - bi - la - tion, When the Tree of
our sal - va - tion, Chief - est of the for - est na - tion,
Wrought the work of re - pa - ra - tion, Fall - en man re - deem - ing.

2 Through Judea's rage infernal
From the nut breaks forth the kernel:
Hangs upon the Cross the Eternal:
Trembles earth: the sun supernal
Hides in shades his beaming.

3 Accusation, condemnation,
Pillar, thongs and flagellation,
Gall and bitter coronation,
This he bore, and reprobation,
Railing and blaspheming.

4 Jewish people, crucify him!
Torture, scourge, and mock, and try him!
In that precious blood bedye him!
That our race is ransom'd by him,
O how little deeming!

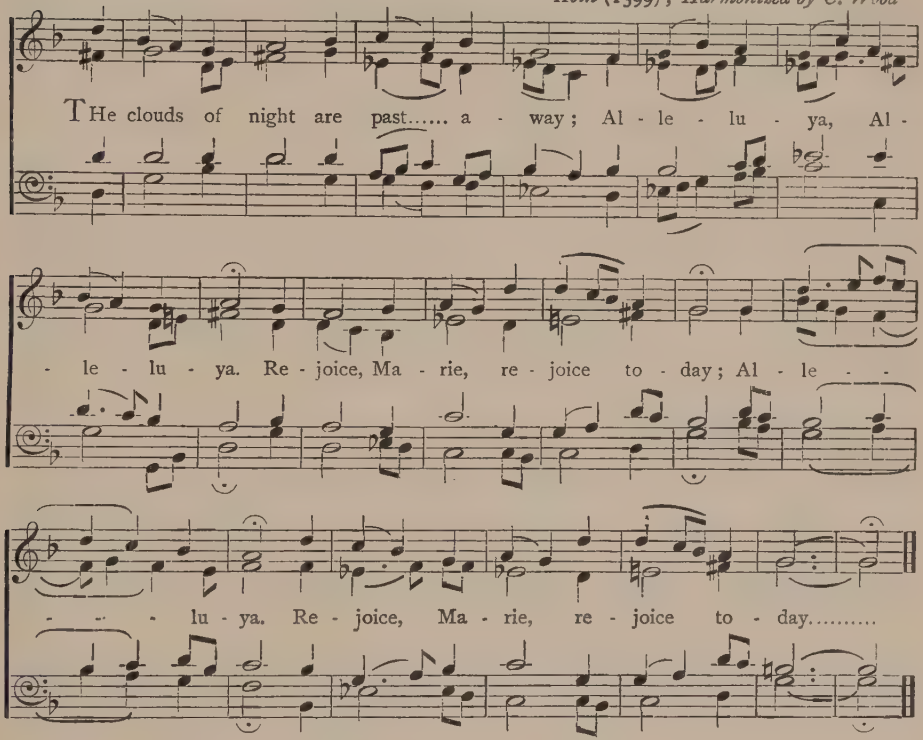
5 Theme of Israelite rejection,
Now, with joyful recollection,
Christians, hail the Resurrection;
With good deeds and hearts' affection
To the Victor teeming!

Anon. (xiij cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

96 A IAM PVLSA CEDVNT NVBILA

Tune—ERSTANDEN IST DER HEILIG CHRIST (Iambic, 8.8.8.4.8.)

Köln (1599); *Harmonized by C. Wood*



2 The Offspring of thy Virgin-womb
Is risen from the Virgin-tomb.

3 Death's arrows keen are knapt in twain;
At Jesu's feet Death lieth slain:

4 Though heaviness endure a night,
Joy cometh with the morning-light.

5 From spitting hid he not his face;
It beams with glory now and grace:

6 His wounds in side, in hands and feet,
Are springing-wells of mercy sweet.

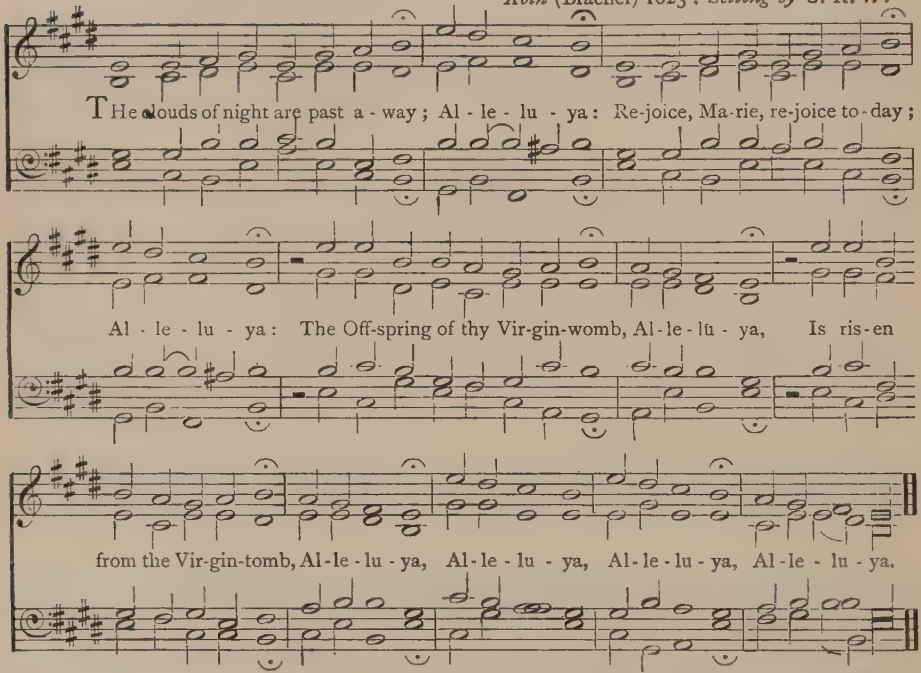
7 Cross-Christ, whereon our debts were paid,
His kingly sceptre now is made:

8 Rejoice, Marie, rejoice to-day;
The clouds of night are past away.

Anon. (xij cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

Tune—LASZT UNS ERFREUEN HERTZLICH SEHR (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Köln (Brachel) 1623; *Setting by G. R. W.*


THe clouds of night are past a - way; Al - le - lu - ya: Re-joice, Ma-rie, re-joice to-day;
Al - le - lu - ya: The Off-spring of thy Vir-gin-womb, Al-le-lū - ya, Is ris-en
from the Vir-gin-tomb, Al-le-lu-ya, Al-le-lu - ya, Al-le-lu-ya, Al-le - lu - ya.

2 Death's arrows keen are knapt in twain;
At Jesu's feet Death lieth slain:
Though heaviness endure a night,
Joy cometh with the morning-light.

3 From spitting hid he not his face;
It beams with glory now and grace:
His wounds in side, in hands and feet,
Are springing-wells of mercy sweet.

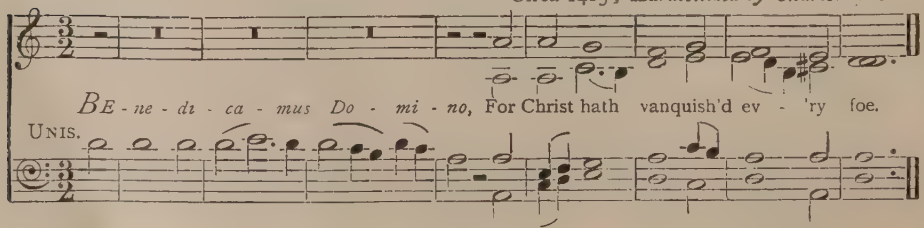
4 Cross-Christ, whereon our debts were paid,
His kingly sceptre now is made:
Rejoice, Marie, rejoice to-day;
The clouds of night are past away.

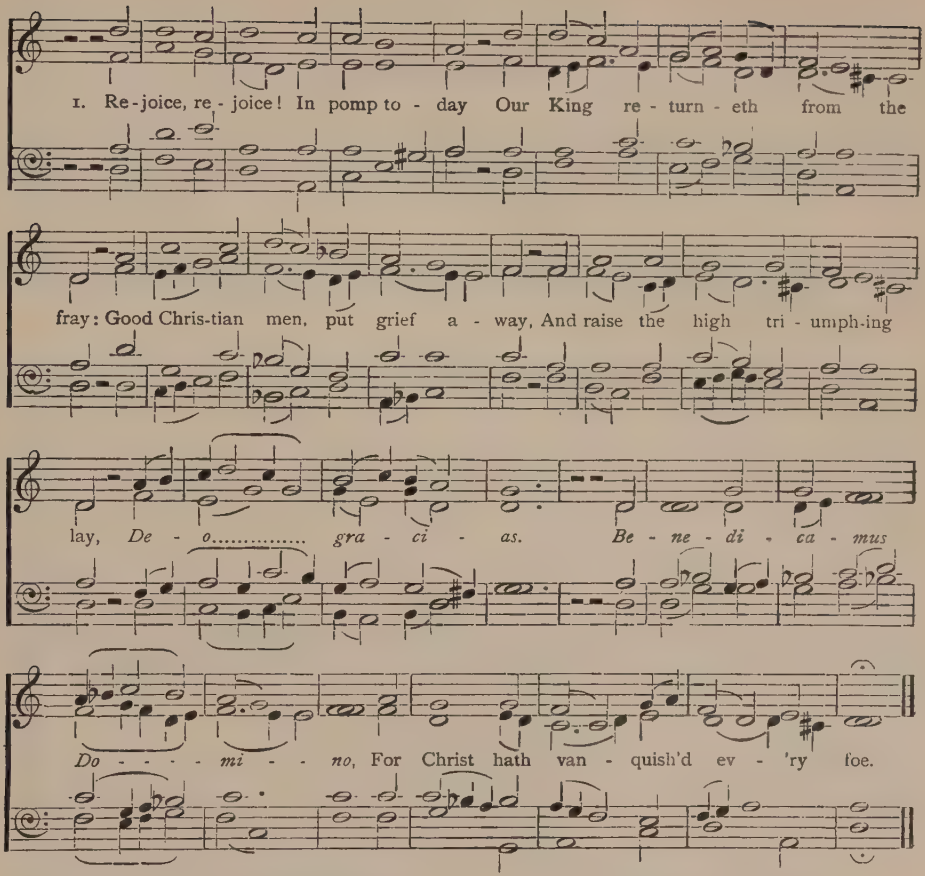
Anon. (xij cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

97 Triumph! triumph! Es kommt mit Pracht

Tune—AGINCOURT (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.5.)

Circa 1415; *Harmonized by Charles Wood*




1. Re-joice, re-joice! In pomp to-day Our King re-turn-eth from the
fray: Good Chris-tian men, put grief a-way, And raise the high tri-umph-ing
lay, De-o..... gra-ci-as. Be-ne-di-ca-mus
Do-----mi--no, For Christ hath van-quish'd ev-'ry foe.

2 Hark! down and dale resound with glee:
See all in blossom, earth and tree:
These festal robes and carols be
In joy of Jesu's victory:
Deo gracias.

3 The Lamb that died, the sheep to save,
Is Juda's Lion, stalwart, brave:
In vain the granite-stone, the grave,
The watch and ward, the sealèd cave.
Deo gracias.

4 The second Adam at this tide
Awoke from sleep, and found his bride,
Church Apostolick, far and wide,
Like Eva, ta'en from out his side.
Deo gracias.

5 As Aaron's rod brake forth of yore,
And almond-bloom ere morning bore,
So our High-priest, his service o'er,
Bare fruitage—life for evermore.
Deo gracias.

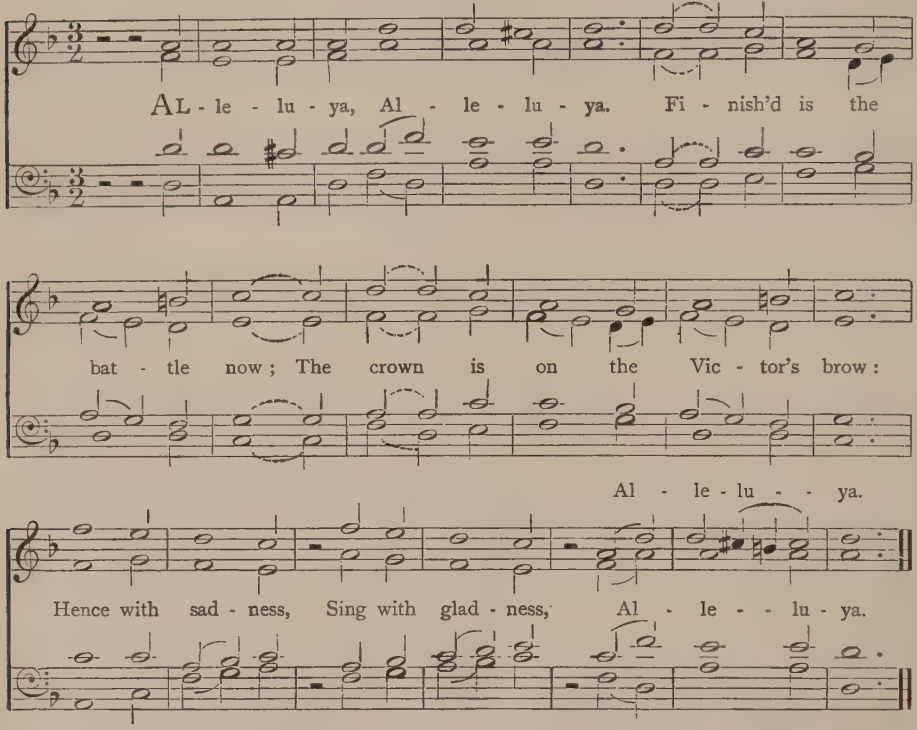
6 Jesu, true Victor in the fray,
Restore thy people peace, we pray,
The pledge of this thy Rising-day,
That we may ever raise the lay,
Deo gracias.

Des Knaben Wunderhorn (1808); Tr. *G. R. W.*

98 FINITA IAM SVNT PRÆLIA

(Irregular Metre)

Tune and Setting by Charles Wood


AL - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya. Fi - nish'd is the
bat - tle now; The crown is on the Vic - tor's brow:
Al - le - lu - ya.
Hence with sad - ness, Sing with glad - ness, Al - le - lu - ya.

2

Alleluya, Alleluya.
After sharp death that him befell,
Jesus Christ hath harrow'd hell:
Earth is singing,
Heaven is ringing, Alleluya.

3

Alleluya, Alleluya.
On the third morning he arose,
Bright with victory o'er his foes:
Sing we lauding,
And applauding, Alleluya.

4

Alleluya, Alleluya.
He hath closed hell's brazen door,
And heav'n is open evermore:
Hence with sadness,
Sing with gladness, Alleluya.

5

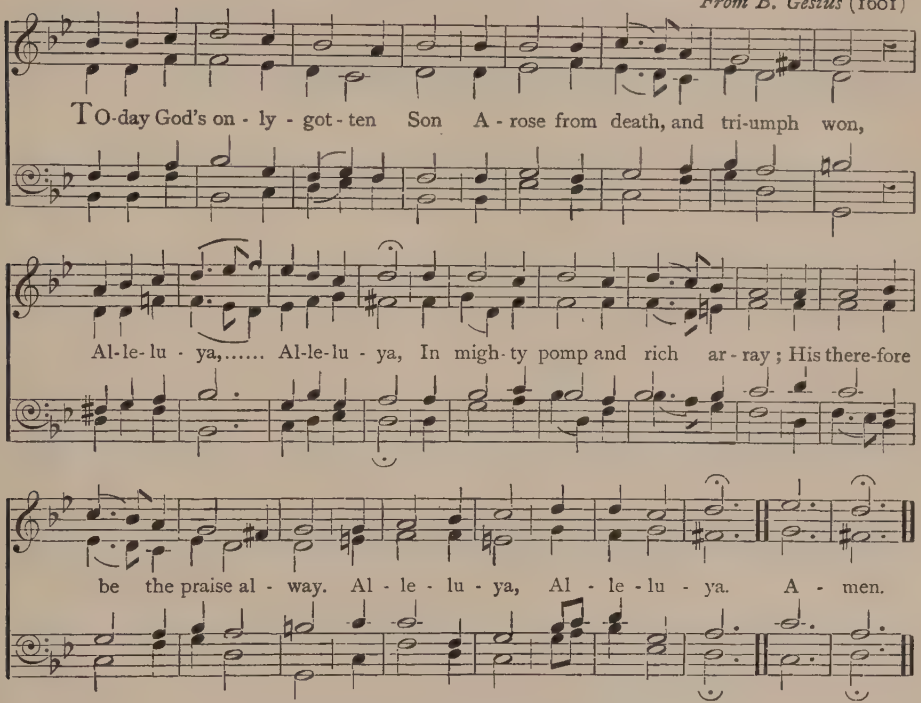
Alleluya, Alleluya.
Lord, by thy wounds we call on thee
So from ill death to set us free,
That our living
Be thanksgiving. Alleluya.

Anon (1695); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

99 Heut' triumphieret Gottes Sohn

PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.8.8.)

From B. Gesius (1601)


TO-day God's on - ly - got - ten Son A - rose from death, and tri-umph won,
Al-le-lu - ya,..... Al-le-lu - ya, In migh-ty pomp and rich ar - ray; His there-fore
be the praise al - way. Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya. A - men.

2 Lo! Death is crush'd—nay, Death must die,
By Jesus smitten hip and thigh;
Like armour'd knight, with skilful thrust
Christ made his foeman lick the dust. Alleluya.

3 Almighty Lord of great and small,
Redeemer of poor sinners all,
Grant us, for great thy mercy is,
To reign with thee in endless bliss. Alleluya.

4 We hymn thee, Christ, our living Head,
Hereafter Judge of quick and dead;
At doomsday spare us, mighty King,
That we may alway say and sing Alleluya.

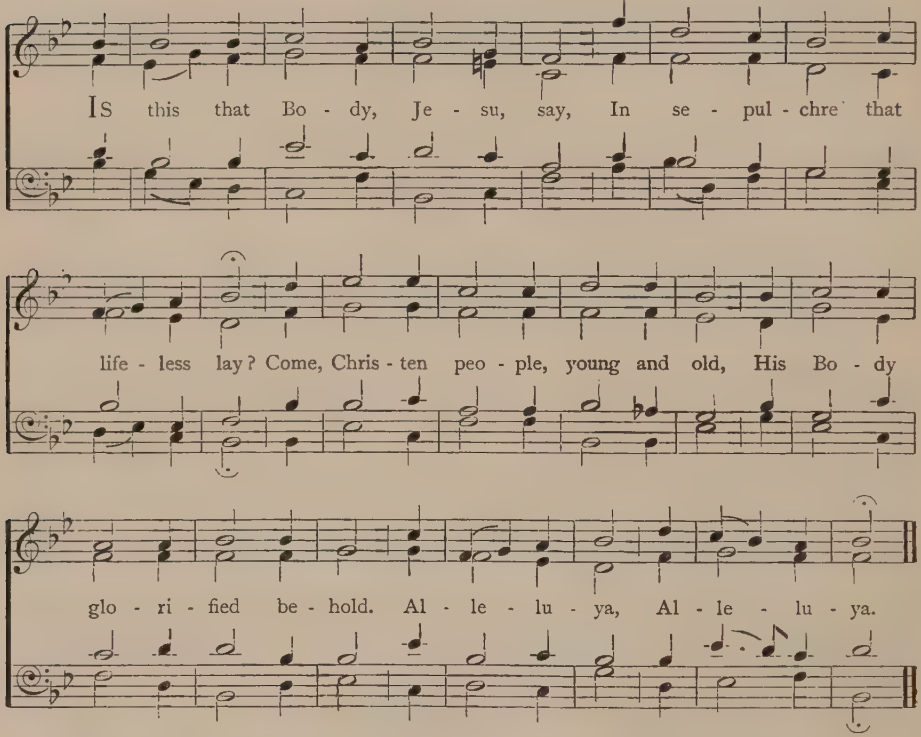
5 To God the Father on his throne,
To Jesus Christ, his Son alone,
To God the Holy Paraclete,
Be laud and glory infinite. Alleluya. Amen.

(?) *Caspar Stolshagius* (*c.* 1591); or *J. Ebert* (1549–1615); Tr. *G. R. W.*

100 Iſt das der Leib, Herr Jeſu Chriſt

PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Köln (1623); *Harmonized by G. R. W.*


Is this that Bo - dy, Je - su, say, In se - pul - chre that
life - less lay? Come, Chris - ten peo - ple, young and old, His Bo - dy
glo - ri - fied be - hold. Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya.

2 It glitt'reth now as crystal clear,
Each wound a ruby rich and dear:
The soul within reflects her light;
No myriad sunbeams half so bright.

3 His Body now can feel no pain,
No hurt, for evermore again:
Like Sun, that many a thousand year
Hath shone, and yet is shining clear.

4 'Tis subtle, and can penetrate
Through spar and bar and bolted gate:
E'en as through unresisting glass
Unhinder'd doth the sunbeam pass.

5 'Tis agile too, and swift indeed
As dart, or western wind, for speed:
So many a thousand mile the Sun
Around the world doth daily run.

6 And yet thy face, fond mortal, hide;
Weak eyes such lustre cannot bide:
None, born of woman, here may see
The fulness of yon Majesty.

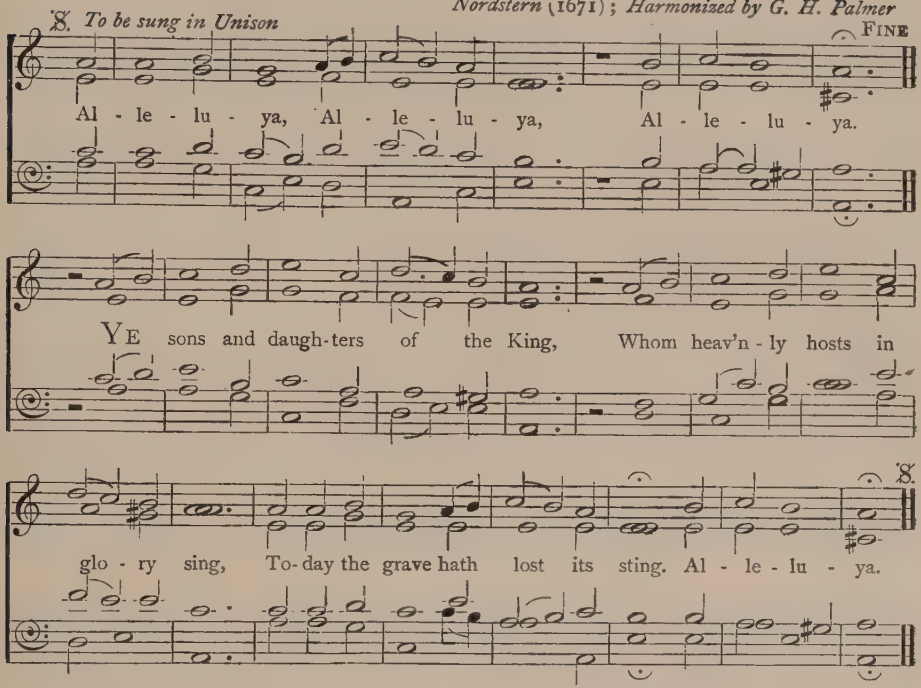
7 O noble Form, I kneel and pray,
And worship thee, as best I may:
But would to God that aye I might
Behold thy face in glory dight!

Kölner Gesangbuch (1623); Tr. *G. R. W*

101 A O FILII ET FILIÆ

PROPER TUNE (Iambic, 8.8.8.4.)

Nordstern (1671); *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*


℣. To be sung in Unison
FINE
Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya.
YE sons and daugh-ters of the King, Whom heav'n - ly hosts in
℣.
glo - ry sing, To-day the grave hath lost its sting. Al - le - lu - ya.

2 On that first morning of the week,
Before the day began to break,
They went their buried Lord to seek. Alleluya.

3 Both Mary, as it came to pass,
And Mary Magdalene it was,
And Mary, wife of Cleopas. Alleluya.

4 An Angel clad in white was he
That sate and spake unto the three,
'Your Lord is gone to Galilee.' Alleluya.

5 When John the Apostle heard the fame,
He to the tomb with Peter came,
But in the way out-ran the same. Alleluya.

6 That night the Apostles met in fear:
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, 'Peace be unto all here.' Alleluya.

7 When Didymus had after heard
That Jesus had fulfill'd his word,
He doubted if it were the Lord. Alleluya.

8 'Thomas, behold my side,' saith he,
'My hands, my feet, my body see,
And doubt not but believe in me.' Alleluya.

9 No longer Didymus denied;
He saw the hands, the feet, the side;
'Thou art my Lord and God,' he cried. Alleluya.

10 Blessèd are they that have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been:
In life eternal they shall reign. Alleluya.

11 This holiest day, sing high, sing low,
And let the merry anthem flow,
Benedicamus Domino. Alleluya.

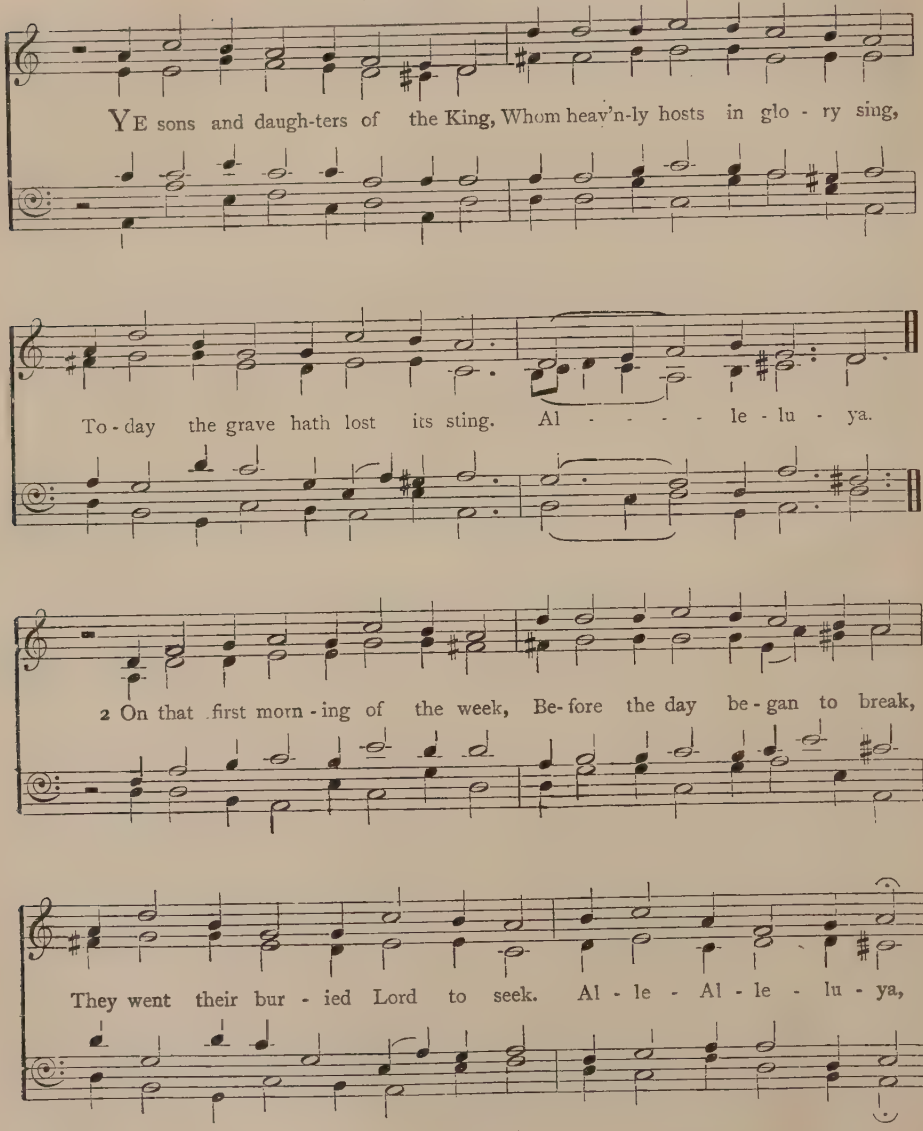
12 And we, with voice devout and sweet,
Most humbly, as 'tis right and meet,
Will *Deo gracias* repeat. Alleluya.

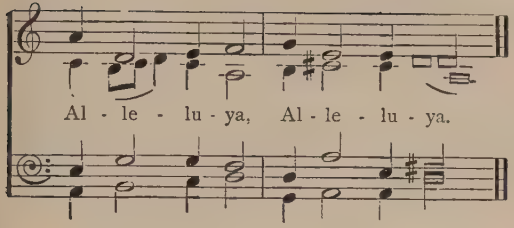
Jean Tisserand († 1494); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

101 B

Tune—WOLAUFF, IHR CHRISTEN, FREUET EUCH

Böhm. Br. (1566); *Harmonized by M. Prætorius, Mus. Sion.* VI (1609)


YE sons and daugh-ters of the King, Whom heav'n-ly hosts in glo - ry sing,
To - day the grave hath lost its sting. Al - - - - - le - lu - ya.
2 On that first morn - ing of the week, Be - fore the day be - gan to break,
They went their bur - ied Lord to seek. Al - le - Al - le - lu - ya,



3 Both Mary, as it came to pass,
And Mary Magdalene it was,
And Mary, wife of Cleopas.
Alleluya

4 An Angel clad in white was he
That sate and spake unto the three,
'Your Lord is gone to Galilee.'
Alleluya.

5 When John the Apostle heard the fame,
He to the tomb with Peter came,
But in the way out-ran the same.
Alleluya.

6 That night the Apostles met in fear:
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, 'Peace be unto all here.'
Alleluya.

7 When Didymus had after heard
That Jesus had fulfill'd his word,
He doubted if it were the Lord.
Alleluya.

8 'Thomas, behold my side,' saith he,
'My hands, my feet, my body see,
And doubt not but believe in me.'
Alleluya.

9 No longer Didymus denied;
He saw the hands, the feet, the side;
'Thou art my Lord and God,' he cried.
Alleluya.

10 Blessèd are they that have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been:
In life eternal they shall reign.
Alleluya.

11 This holiest day, sing high, sing low,
And let the merry anthem flow,
Benedicamus Domino.
Alleluya.

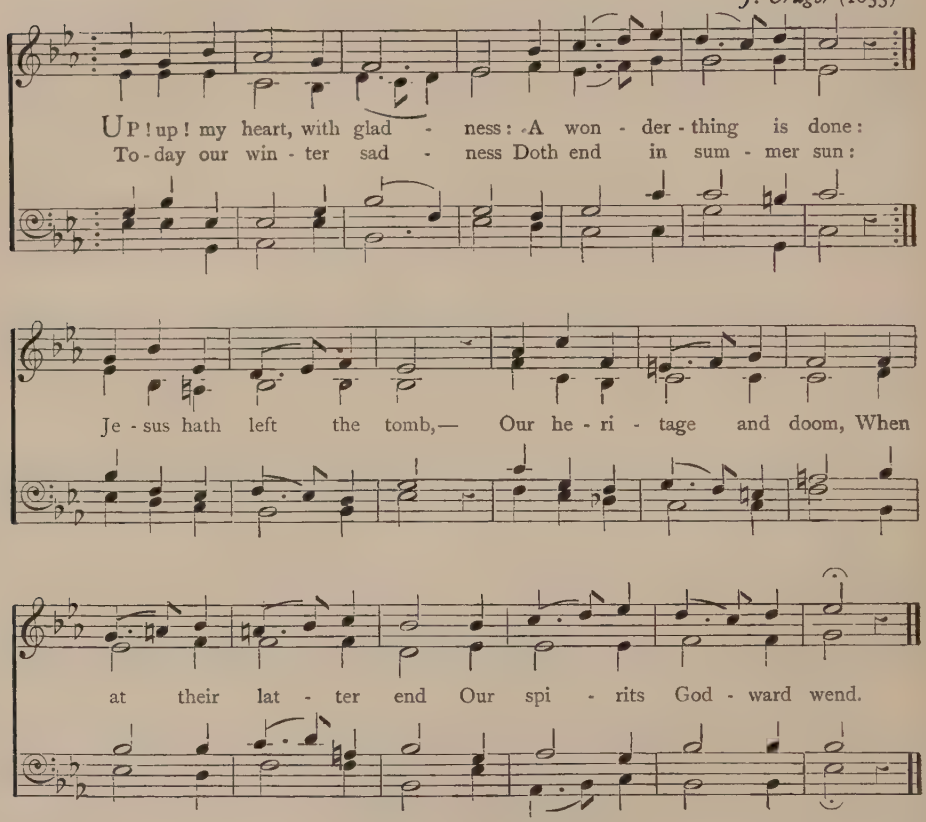
12 And we, with voice devout and sweet,
Most humbly, as 'tis right and meet,
Will *Deo gracias* repeat.
Alleluya.

Jean Tisserand († 1494); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

102 Auf, auf, mein Herz mit Freuden

PROPER TUNE (Iambic, 7.6.7.6.6.6.6.6.)

J. Crüger (1653)


UP! up! my heart, with glad - ness: A won - der - thing is done:
To - day our win - ter sad - ness Doth end in sum - mer sun:
Je - sus hath left the tomb,— Our he - ri - tage and doom, When
at their lat - ter end Our spi - rits God - ward wend.

2

When to the grave men brought him,
The foeman sang for glee;
But captive while they thought him,
Christ 'mong the dead was free:
'Twas 'Victory far and wide'
That blissful Jesus cried,
And waved his banner bright,
True Conqueror in the fight.

3

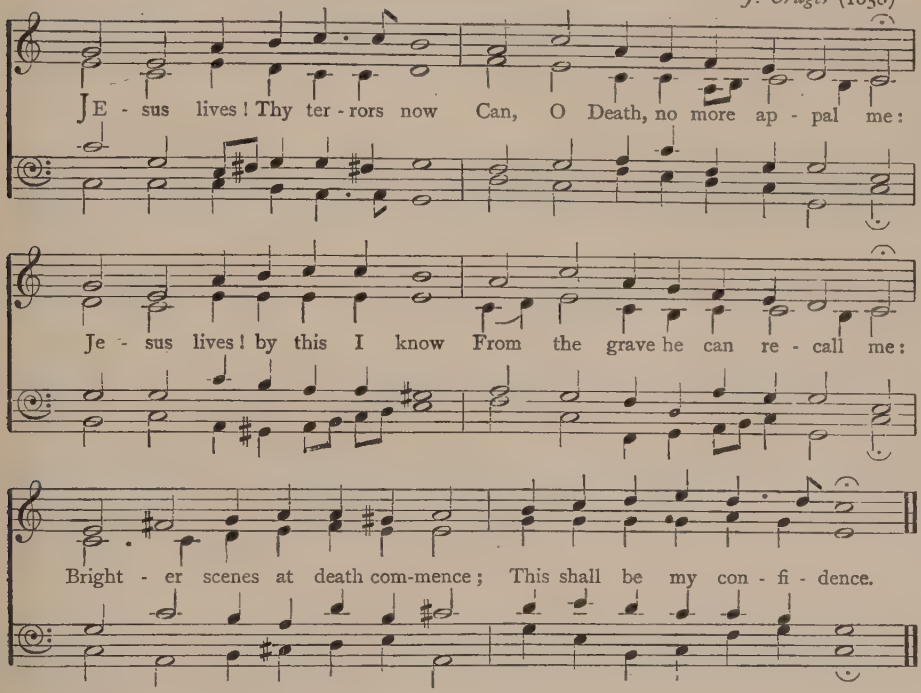
The Victor-King, arisen,
With gladness views his own.
But, seeing void his prison,
Th' usurper-fiend doth groan.
He, nothing lief, lays down
At Jesu's feet his crown:
For with a Stronger yet
The strong man, arm'd, hath met.

Paul Gerhardt (1607–1676); Tr. *G. R. W.*

103 Jesus lebt! mit ihm auch ich

Tune—JESUS MEINE ZUVERSICHT (Trochaic, 7.8.7.8.7.7.)

J. Crüger (1658)


JE - sus lives! Thy ter - rors now Can, O Death, no more ap - pal me:
Je - sus lives! by this I know From the grave he can re - call me:
Bright - er scenes at death com-mence; This shall be my con - fi - dence.

2 Jesus lives! To him the throne
High o'er heav'n and earth is given:
I may go where he is gone,
Live and reign with him in heaven:
God, through Christ, forgives offence;
This shall be my confidence.

3 Jesus lives! Who now despairs,
Spurns the word which God hath spoken:
Grace to all that word declares,
Grace, whereby sin's yoke is broken:
Christ rejects not penitence;
This shall be my confidence.

4 Jesus lives! For me he died;
Hence will I, to Jesus living,
Pure in heart and act abide,
Praise to him and glory giving:
Freely God doth aid dispense;
This shall be my confidence.

5 Jesus lives! My heart knows well
Nought from me his love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Part me now from Christ for ever:
God will be a sure defence;
This shall be my confidence.

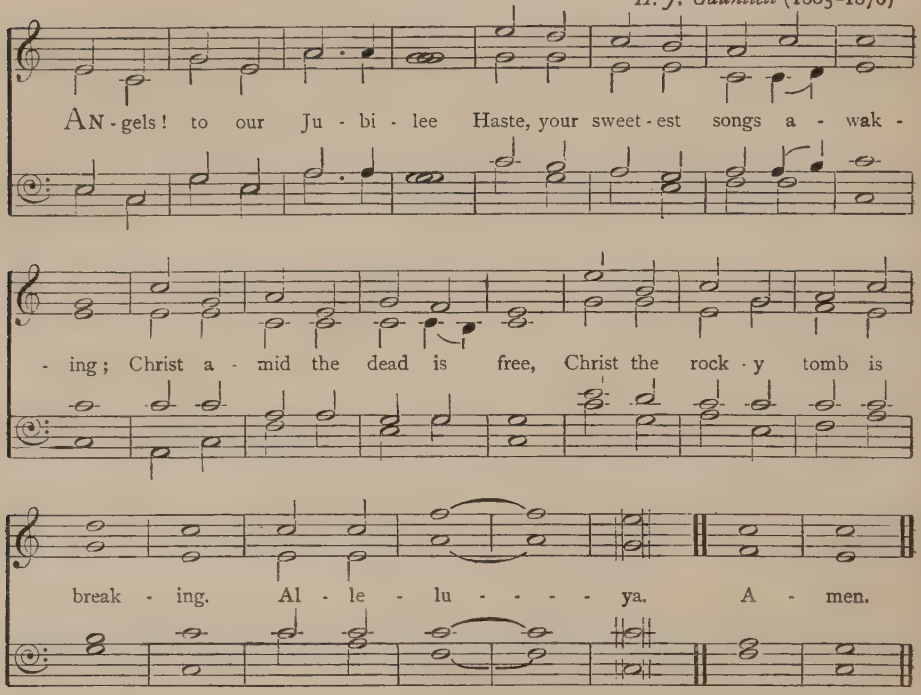
6 Jesus lives! Henceforth is death
Entrance-gate of life immortal:
This shall calm my trembling breath
When I pass its gloomy portal:
Faith shall cry, as fails each sense,
'Lord, thou art my confidence.'

C. F. Gellert (1715–1769); Tr. *Frances Elizabeth Cox* (1812–1897)

104 ADESTE CELITVM CHORI

ST. ALBINUS' TUNE (Trochaic, 7.8.7.8.4.)

H. J. Gauntlett (1805–1876)


AN - gels! to our Ju - bi - lee Haste, your sweet - est songs a - wak -
- ing; Christ a - mid the dead is free, Christ the rock - y tomb is
break - ing. Al - le - lu - - - - ya. A - men.

2 Vain the guard around the grave,
Vain the rulers' wild endeavour;
Vain the seal upon the cave,
Of the nation faithless ever. Alleluya.

3 Fear, away! no subtle spy
Steals that Form so sorely stricken;
He, who will'd the death to die,
Will with life himself requicken. Alleluya.

4 Offspring of a Virgin's womb,
Virgin-born he came, in token
That, through Jewry's guarded tomb,
He should rise with seals unbroken. Alleluya.

5 Hanging on the inglorious tree,
Mad with mocking lips they grieve him;
'Let him quit the Cross, and we
Will the Son of God believe him.' Alleluya.

6 From the Cross he came not down,
Yet he worked a mightier wonder;
Son of God the Saviour own—
Dead- he smites grim death asunder. Alleluya.

7 Grant us, Lord, with thee to die,
And to rise at thine uprising;
And to set our heart on high,
Earth and all its joys despising. Alleluya.

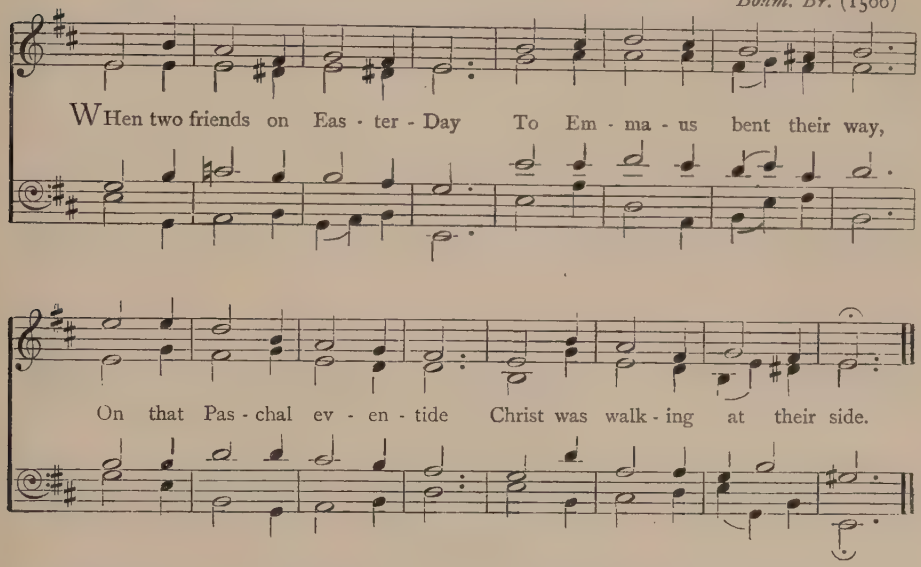
8 To the Father, to the Son,
Through whose conquest we inherit
Life and light, be honour done,
And to thee, eternal Spirit. Alleluya. Amen.

N. le Tourneux (1640–1686); Tr. *W. J. Blew* (1808–1894)

105 WHEN TWO FRIENDS ON EASTER-DAY

Tune— ALS CHRISTUS MIT SEINER LEHR (Trochaic, 7.7.7.7.)

Böhm. Br. (1566)



2 Then their hearts within them glow'd
When himself to them he show'd
In the Scriptures, as a King
Glorified by suffering.

3 Thou art ever with us, Lord,
Walking in thy holy Word;
And thy voice, O Saviour dear,
In that Word we ever hear;

4 What the holy Prophets meant
In the Ancient Testament,
Thou art opening to our view,
Lord, for ever in the New.

5 And thy Presence, Lord, we feel
When we at thy Table kneel;
When we feed upon thee there
We too at Emmaus are;

6 Then our eyes are openèd
In the breaking of the bread;
Faith thee ever present sees
In thy holy Mysteries.

7 Though not kenn'd by carnal eye,
Yet we know thee ever nigh;
Though thou art much further gone,
Even to thy heavenly throne,

8 Yet we, Lord, behold thy face
Ever in thy means of grace:
There thou walkest by our side,
There thou with us dost abide.

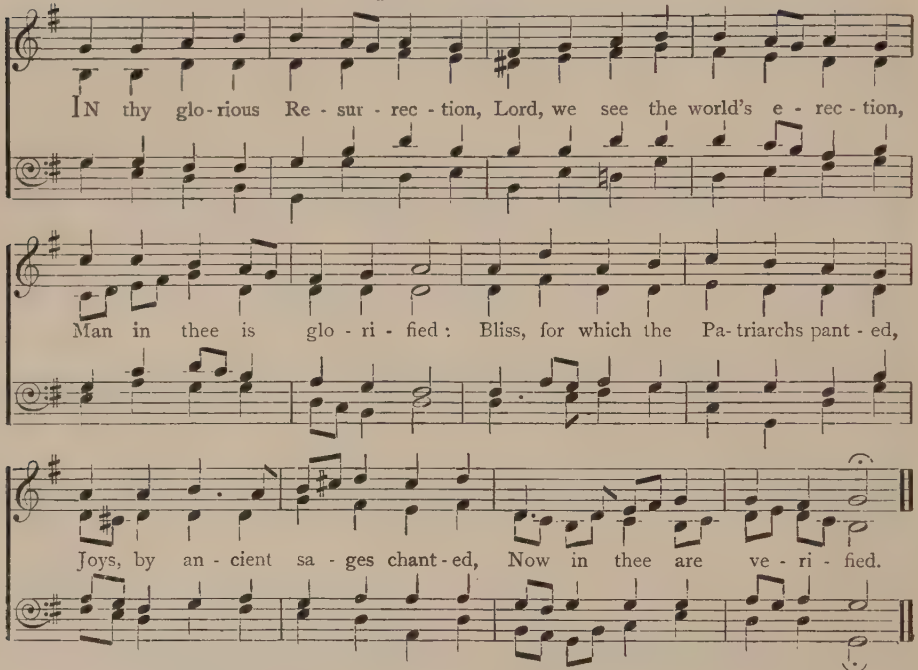
Christopher Wordsworth (1807–1885)

¶ *For another harmony, see No. 15* B

106 IN THY GLORIOUS RESURRECTION

Tune—FILLIS SASZ IN EINEM BÖTTGEN (Trochaic, 8.8.7.8.8.7.)

Mel. v. G. Voigtländer, Lübeck, Oden (1647); *Harmonized by G. R. W.*


IN thy glo-rious Re - sur - rec - tion, Lord, we see the world's e - rec - tion,
Man in thee is glo - ri - fied: Bliss, for which the Pa-triarchs pant - ed,
Joys, by an - cient sa - ges chant - ed, Now in thee are ve - ri - fied.

2 Oracles of former ages,
Veil'd in dim prophetick pages,
Now lie open to the sight;
Now the types, which glimmer'd darkling
In the twilight-gloom, are sparkling
In the blaze of noonday-light.

3 Isaac from the wood is risen;
Joseph issues from the prison;
See the Paschal Lamb which saves:
Israel through the sea is landed,
Pharao and his hosts are stranded,
And are whelmèd in the waves.

4 See the cloudy Pillar leading,
Rock refreshing, Manna feeding;
Joshua fights and Moses prays:
See the lifted Wave-sheaf, cheering
Pledge of Harvest-fruits appearing,
Joyful dawn of happy days.

5 Samson here at night is tearing
Gaza's brazen gates, and bearing
To the top of Hebron's hill;
Jonah comes from stormy surges,
From his three-day grave emerges,
Bids beware of coming ill.

6 Thus thy Resurrection's glory
Sheds a light on ancient story;
And it casts a forward ray,
Beacon-light of solemn warning,
To the dawn of that great morning,
Ushering in the Judgment-day.

7 Ever since thy Death and Rising
Thou the nations art baptizing
In thy death s similitude;
Dead to sin, and ever dying,
And our members mortifying,
May we walk with life renew'd.

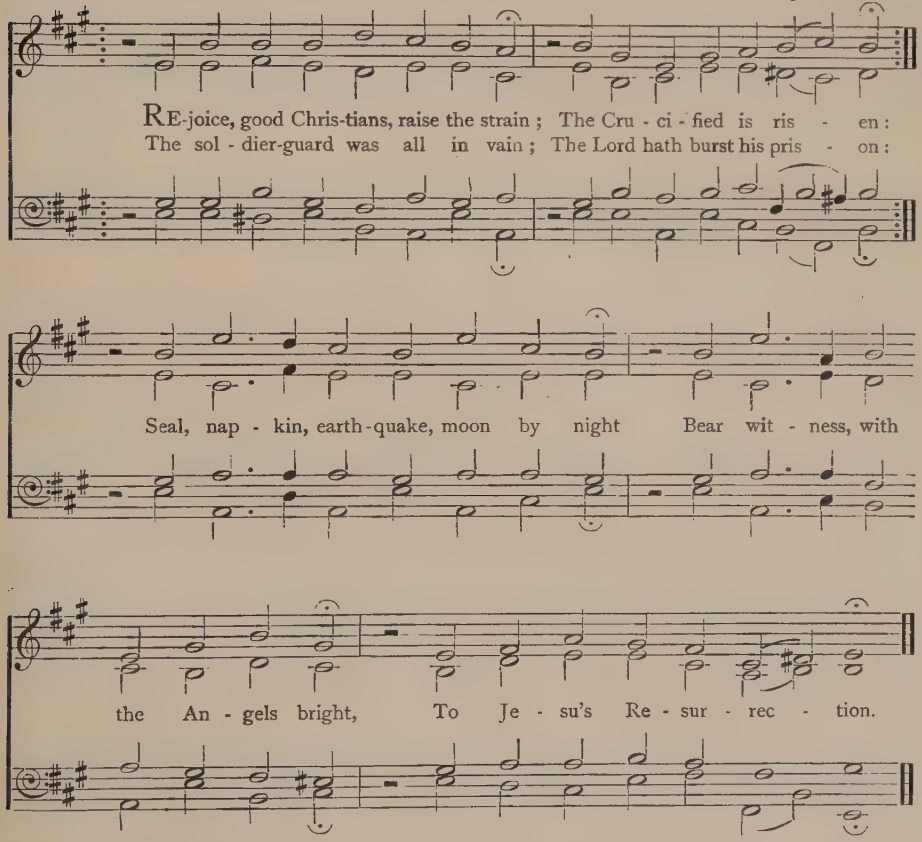
8 Forth from thy first Easter going,
Sundays are for ever flowing
Onward to a boundless sea:
Lord, may they for thee prepare us,
On a holy river bear us
To a calm Eternity.

Christopher Wordsworth (1807–1885)

107 REJOICE, GOOD CHRISTIANS, RAISE THE STRAIN

Tune—Es ist das Heil uns kommen her (Iambic, 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.)

Gesangbuch, Wittenberg (1524) Mixo-lydian Mode


RE-joice, good Chris-tians, raise the strain ; The Cru - ci - fied is ris - en :
The sol - dier-guard was all in vain ; The Lord hath burst his pris - on :
Seal, nap - kin, earth-quake, moon by night Bear wit - ness, with
the An - gels bright, To Je - su's Re - sur - rec - tion.

2

O mighty Conqueror in the strife,
Thine enemies be scatter'd :
Thy springing forth from death to life
The gates of hell hath shatter'd :
From Pharao's yoke this victory
Hath set thy captive people free :
Osanna in the highest !

3

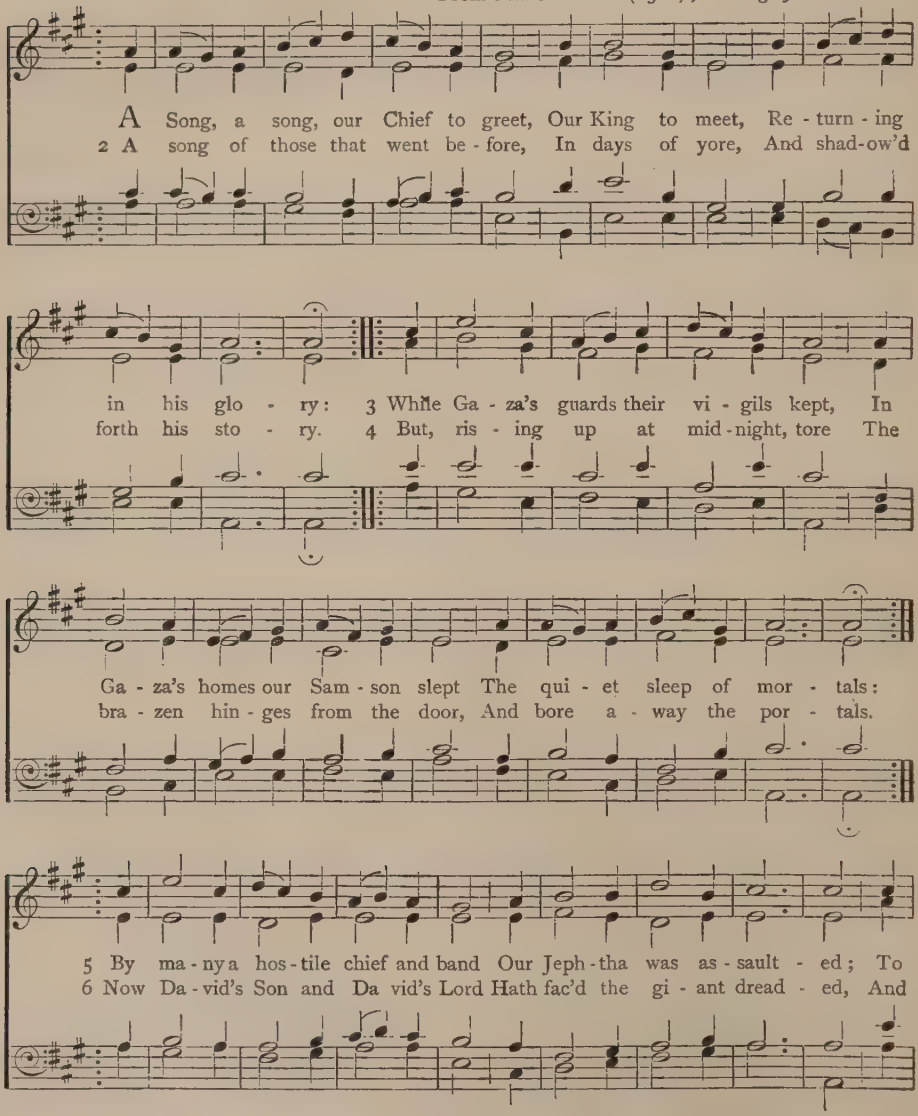
O risen Lord, for sinners slain
Upon the tree of scorning,
Shall man alone from praise refrain
Upon this happy morning ?
When all thy works,—the blowing mead,
The soaring lark, the growing seed—
Proclaim thy Resurrection.

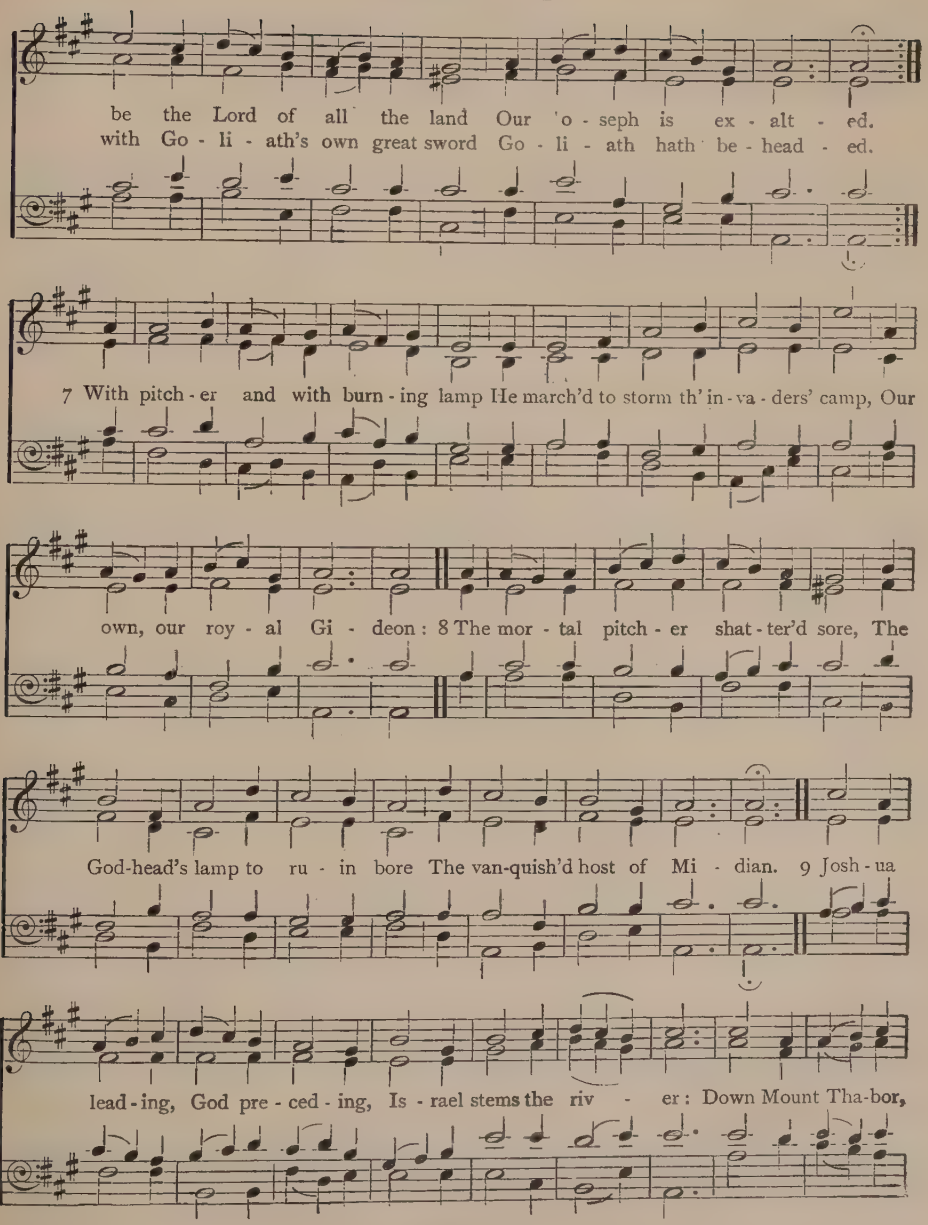
G. R. W.

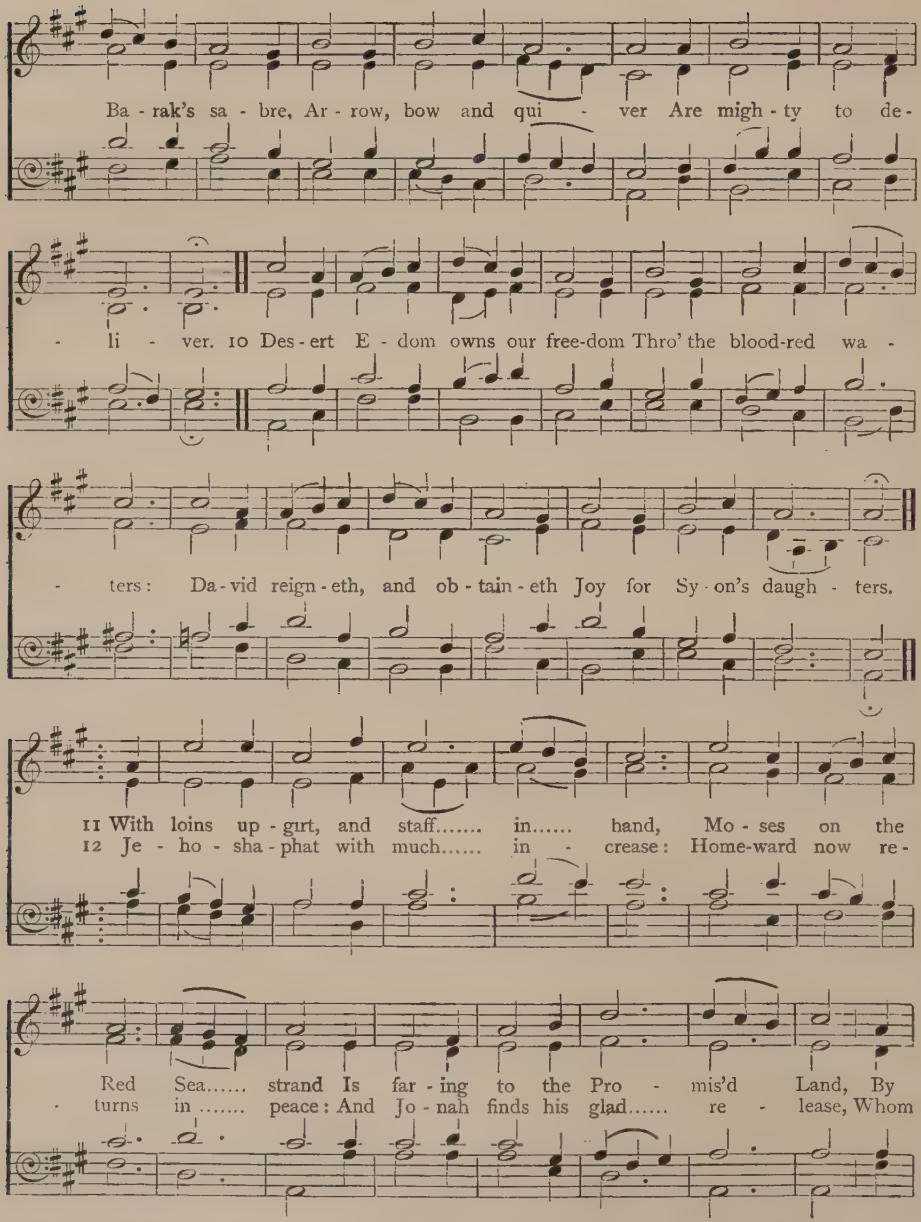
108 A SONG, A SONG, OUR CHIEF TO GREET

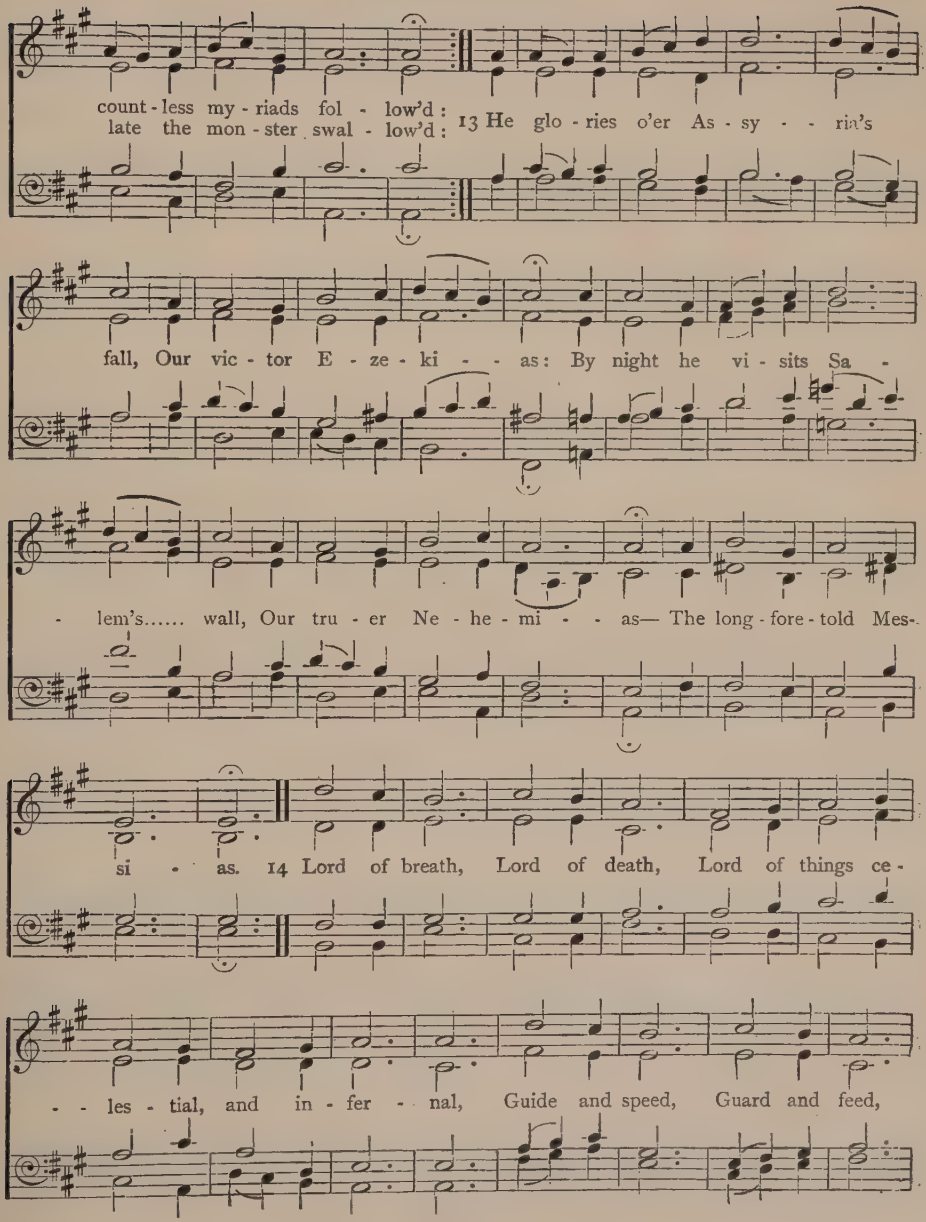
Tune—PSALLAT FIDELIS CONCIO (Irregular Metre)

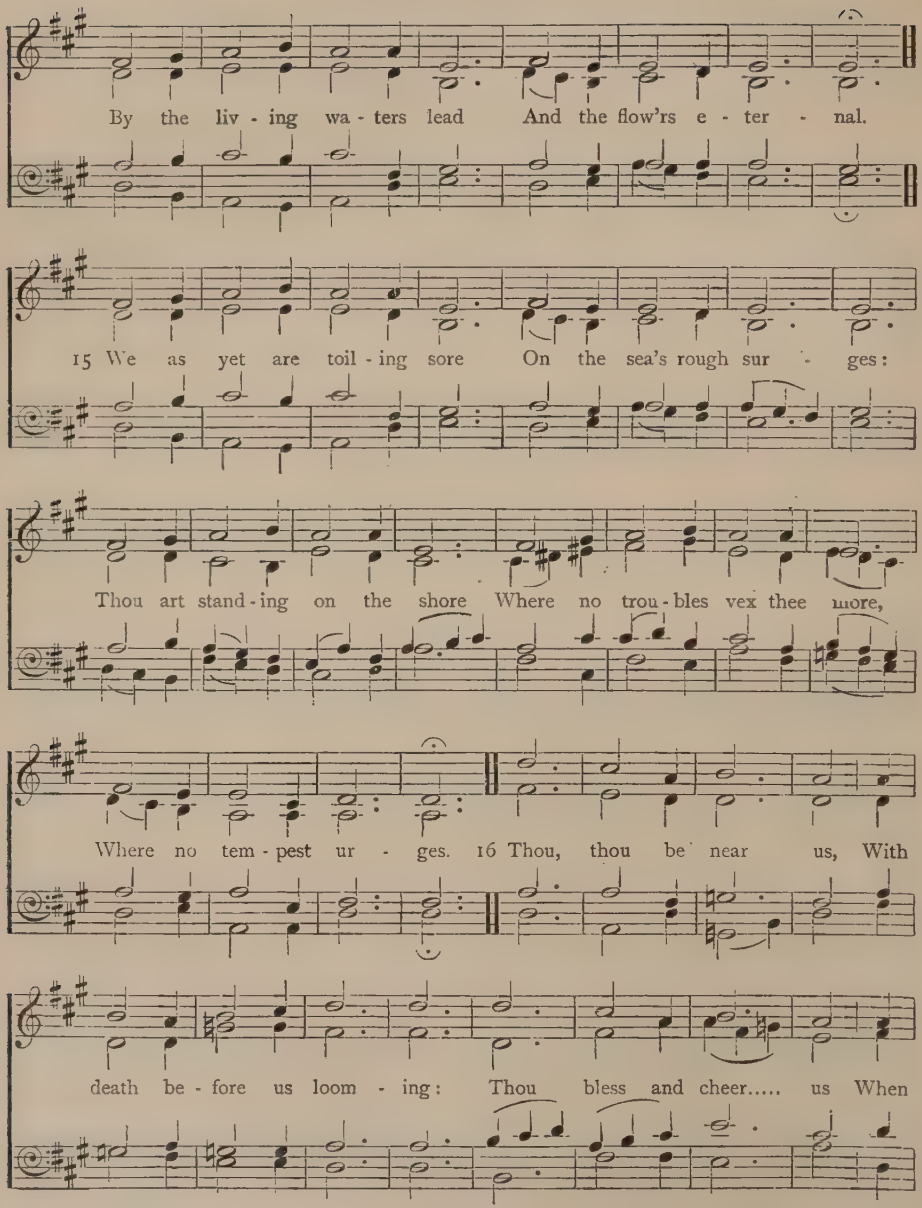
From *Piæ Cantiones* (1582); *Setting by G. R. W.*

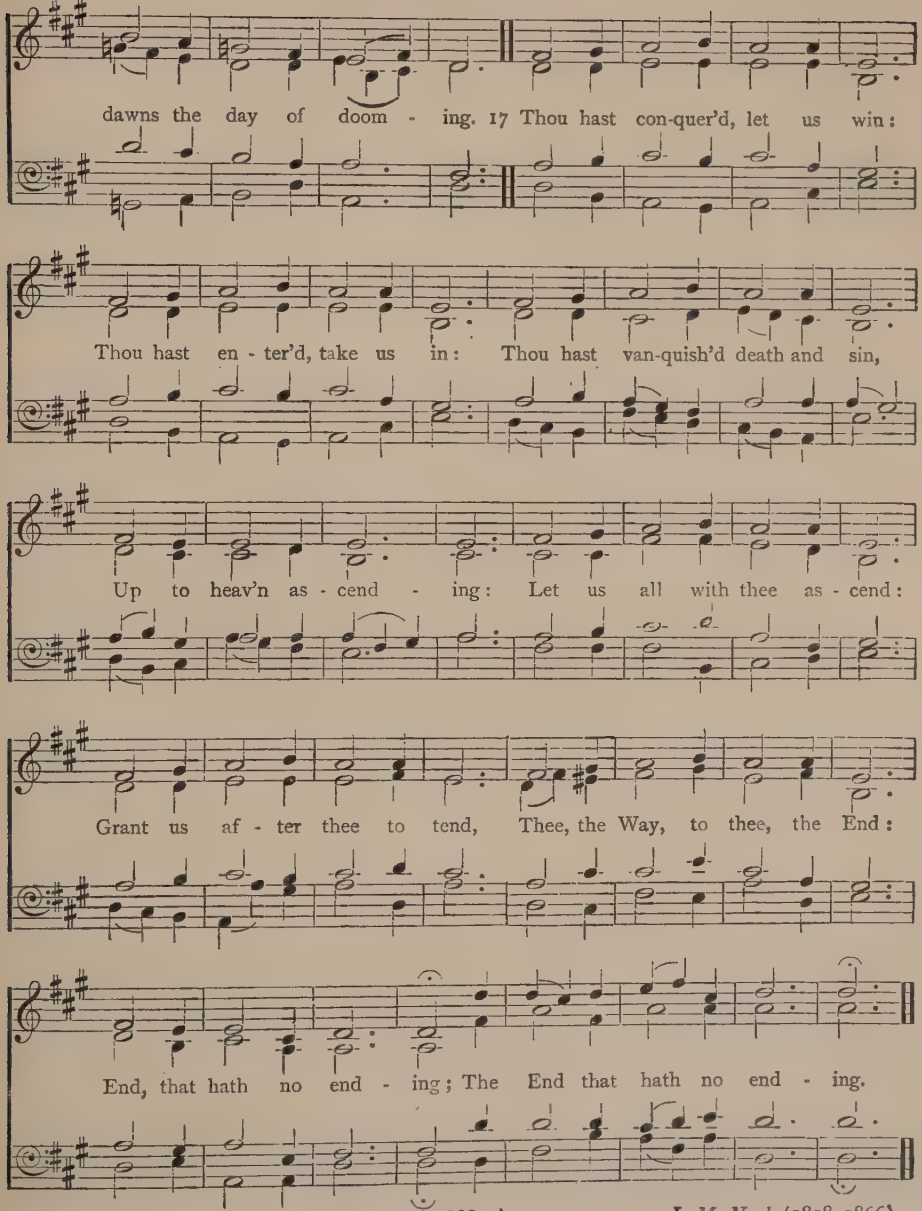

A Song, a song, our Chief to greet, Our King to meet, Re - turn - ing
2 A song of those that went be - fore, In days of yore, And shad-ow'd
in his glo - ry: 3 While Ga - za's guards their vi - gils kept, In
forth his sto - ry. 4 But, ris - ing up at mid - night, tore The
Ga - za's homes our Sam - son slept The qui - et sleep of mor - tals:
bra - zen hin - ges from the door, And bore a - way the por - tals.
5 By ma - ny a hos - tile chief and band Our Jeph - tha was as - sault - ed; To
6 Now Da - vid's Son and Da vid's Lord Hath fac'd the gi - ant dread - ed, And


be the Lord of all the land Our 'o - seph is ex - alt - ed.
with Go - li - ath's own great sword Go - li - ath hath be - head - ed.
7 With pitch - er and with burn - ing lamp He march'd to storm th' in - va - ders' camp, Our
own, our roy - al Gi - deon: 8 The mor - tal pitch - er shat - ter'd sore, The
God-head's lamp to ru - in bore The van-quish'd host of Mi - dian. 9 Josh - ua
lead - ing, God pre - ced - ing, Is - rael stems the riv - er: Down Mount Tha-bor,


Ba - rak's sa - bre, Ar - row, bow and qui - ver Are migh - ty to de -
- li - ver. 10 Des - ert E - dom owns our free-dom Thro' the blood-red wa -
- ters: Da - vid reign - eth, and ob - tain - eth Joy for Sy - on's daugh - ters.
11 With loins up - girt, and staff..... in..... hand, Mo - ses on the
12 Je - ho - sha - phat with much..... in - crease: Home-ward now re -
Red Sea..... strand Is far - ing to the Pro - mis'd Land, By
- turns in ..... peace: And Jo - nah finds his glad..... re - lease, Whom


count - less my - riads fol - low'd:
late the mon - ster swal - low'd:
13 He glo - ries o'er As - sy - - - ria's
fall, Our vic - tor E - ze - ki - - - as: By night he vi - sits Sa -
- lem's..... wall, Our tru - er Ne - he - mi - - - as— The long - fore - told Mes -
si - as. 14 Lord of breath, Lord of death, Lord of things ce -
- - les - tial, and in - fer - - nal, Guide and speed, Guard and feed,


By the liv - ing wa - ters lead And the flow'rs e - ter - nal.
15 We as yet are toil - ing sore On the sea's rough sur - ges:
Thou art stand - ing on the shore Where no trou - bles vex thee more,
Where no tem - pest ur - ges. 16 Thou, thou be near us, With
death be - fore us loom - ing: Thou bless and cheer..... us When


dawns the day of doom - ing. 17 Thou hast con-quer'd, let us win:
Thou hast en - ter'd, take us in: Thou hast van-quish'd death and sin,
Up to heav'n as - cend - ing: Let us all with thee as - cend:
Grant us af - ter thee to tend, Thee, the Way, to thee, the End:
End, that hath no end - ing; The End that hath no end - ing.

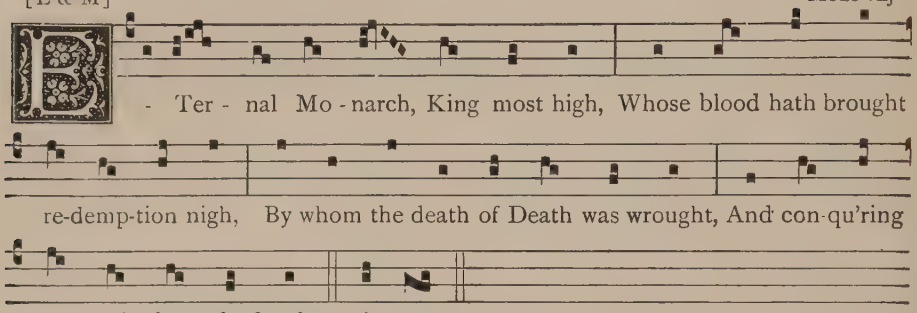
(133) *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

ASCENSION-TIDE

109 ETERNE REX ALTISSIME

SARVM PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[E & M] Mode viij


E - Ter - nal Mo - narch, King most high, Whose blood hath brought
re-demp-tion nigh, By whom the death of Death was wrought, And con-qu'ring
gra - ce's bat - tle fought. A - men.

2 Ascending to the throne of might,
And seated at the Father's right,
All power in heav'n is Jesu's own,
That here his Manhood had not known.

3 That so, in nature's triple frame,
Each heav'nly and each earthly name,
And things in hell's abyss abhorr'd,
May bend the knee and own him Lord.

4 Yea, angels tremble when they see
How changed is our humanity ;
That flesh hath purged what flesh hath stain'd,
And God, the flesh of God, hath reign'd.

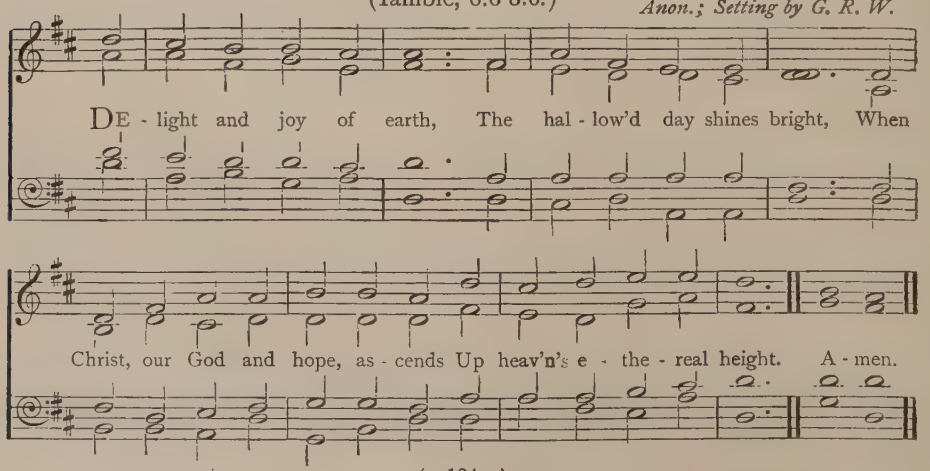
5 Be thou our joy, and thou our guard,
Who art to be our great reward ;
Our glory and our boast in thee
For ever and for ever be.

6 All glory, Lord, to thee we pay,
Ascending o'er the stars to-day ;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

(?) *S. Ambrose* (iv cent.) Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

110 OPTATVS VOTIS OMNIVM

(Iambic, 6.6 8.6.) *Anon.; Setting by G. R. W.*


DE - light and joy of earth, The hal - low'd day shines bright, When
Christ, our God and hope, as - cends Up heav'n's e - the - real height. A - men.

2 Christ, through the deep blue heav'n,
Mounts upward to his throne ;
And realms exultant greet their Prince,
Returning to his own.

3 Triumph of mighty fray !
The prince of this world dies :
Christ to his Sire yields up his flesh
In glorious sacrifice.

4 Thence to the King's right hand,
Saviour of all, he goes ;
Re-op'ning the celestial gates
Which Adam first did close.

5 O mighty joy to all,
When the sweet Virgin's Son,
After the spitting, scourge, and Cross,
His Father's seat hath won.

6 Then give we thanks to God
For his avenging power ;
That he our very flesh hath borne
Up heav'n's star-spangled tower.

7 And, with the joy of heav'n,
To us be common mirth ;
That Christ, with his bright countenance,
Cheers them, yet leaves not earth.

8 Up ! then, and at their call
Let us on Christ attend,
And live we such a life henceforth
As may the skies ascend.

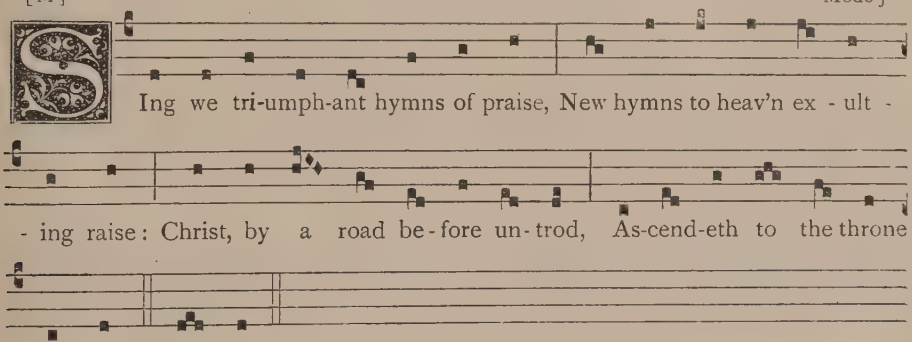
9 Jesu, to thee be praise,
Who ridest on the sky :
Conqueror, with Sire and Spirit blest,
To all eternity. Amen.

Ambrosian (vj or vij cent.) ; Tr. *W. J. Blew* (1808–1894)

113 HYMNVM CANAMVS GLORIÆ

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[M] Mode j


Ing we tri-umph-ant hymns of praise, New hymns to heav'n ex - ult -
- ing raise : Christ, by a road be-fore un-trod, As-cend-eth to the throne
of God. A - men.

2 The holy Apostolick band
Upon the Mount of Olives stand,
And with the Virgin-Mother see
Jesu's resplendent majesty.

3 To whom the Angels, drawing nigh,
'Why stand and gaze upon the sky?
This is the Saviour,' thus they say,
'This is his noble triumph-day.'

4 'Again shall ye behold him,—so
As ye to-day have seen him go,
In glorious pomp ascending high,
Up to the portals of the sky.'

5 O grant us thitherward to tend,
And with unwearied hearts ascend
Toward thy kingdom's throne, where thou
(As is our faith) art seated now.

6 Be thou our joy, and thou our guard,
Who art to be our great reward :
Our glory and our boast in thee
For ever and for ever be !

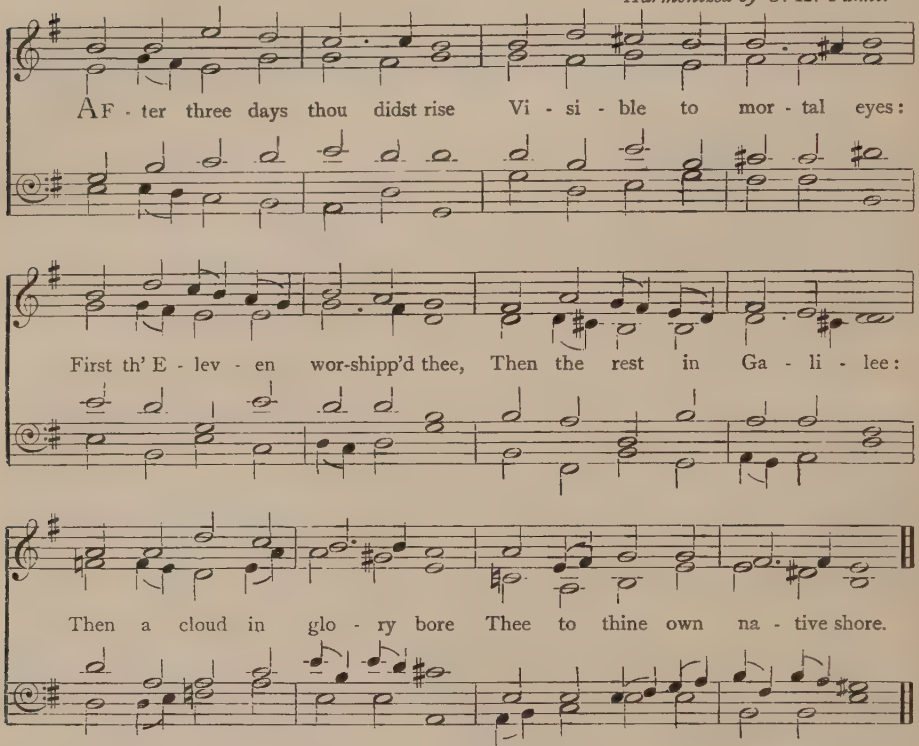
7 All glory, Lord, to thee we pay,
Ascending o'er the stars to-day ;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

Venerable Bede (673–735) ; Tr. *B. Webb* (1820–1885)

112 Ἀνέστης τριήμερος

Tune—JESU, JESU, DU MEIN HIRT (Trochaic, 7 7.7.7.7.7.)

Harmonized by G. H. Palmer


AF - ter three days thou didst rise Vi - si - ble to mor - tal eyes:
First th' E - lev - en wor-shipp'd thee, Then the rest in Ga - li - lee:
Then a cloud in glo - ry bore Thee to thine own na - tive shore.

2 Boldly David pour'd the strain:
God ascends to heav'n again:
With the trumpet's pealing note
Alleluyas round him float;
As he now, by hard-won right,
Seeks the Fount of purest light.

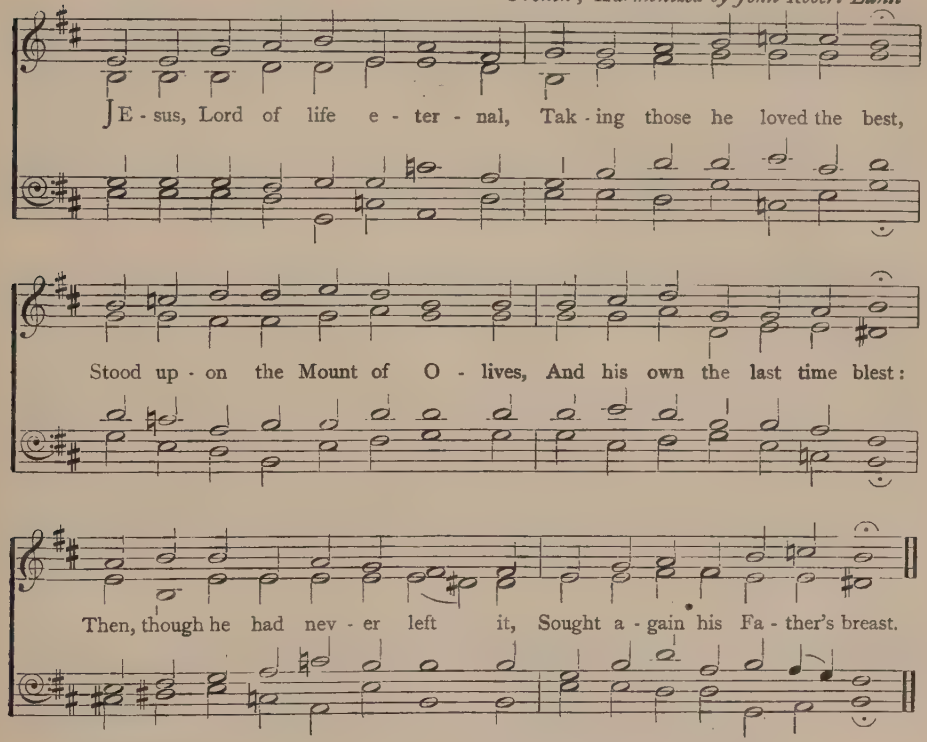
3 Crime on crime, and grief on grief,
Left the world without relief:
Now that aged, languid race,
God hath quicken'd by his grace:
As thy going up we see,
Glory to thy glory be.

S. Joseph of the Studium (ix cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

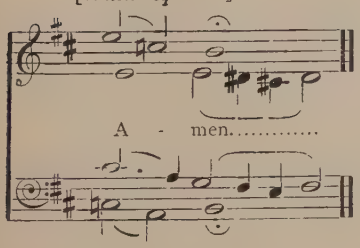
113 Ἰησοῦς ὁ ζωοδότης

Tune—AD PERENNIS VITÆ FONTEM (Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.8.7.)

French; Harmonized by John Robert Lunn


JE - sus, Lord of life e - ter - nal, Tak - ing those he loved the best,
Stood up - on the Mount of O - lives, And his own the last time blest:
Then, though he had nev - er left it, Sought a - gain his Fa - ther's breast.

[*When required.*]



2 Knit is now our flesh to Godhead,
Knit in everlasting bands:
Call the world to highest festal;
Floods and oceans, clap your hands:
Angels, raise the song of triumph,
Make response, ye distant lands.

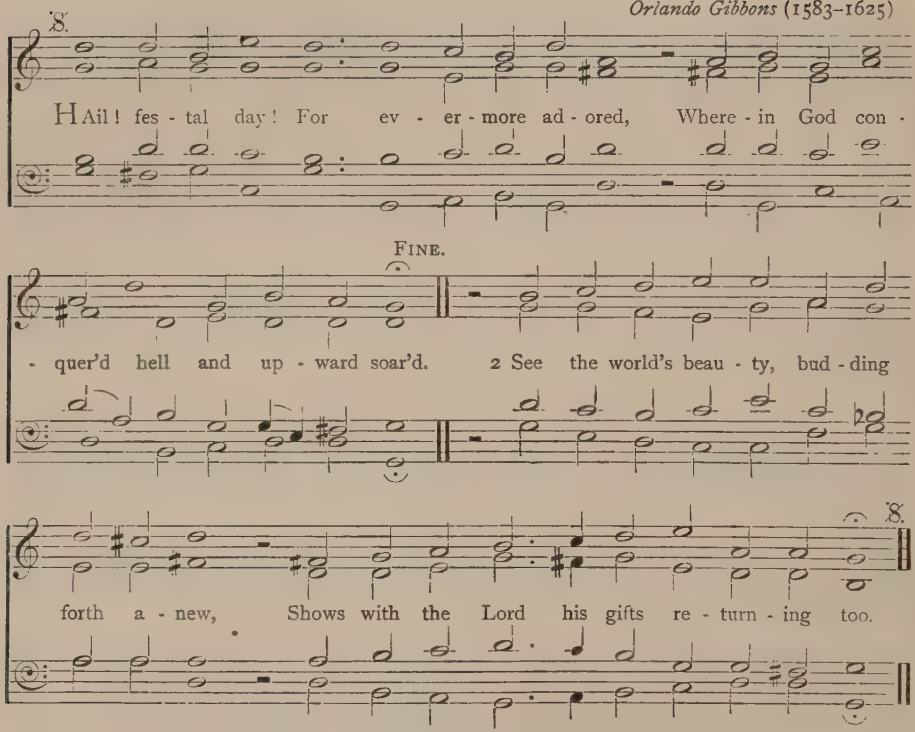
3 Loosing death with all its terrors,
Thou ascended'st up on high;
And to mortals, now immortal,
Gavest immortality:
As thine own disciples saw thee,
Mounting Victor to the sky.

S. Joseph of the Studium (ix cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

114 SALVE, FESTA DIES

Tune—SONG XXII (Iambic, 10.10.10.10.)

Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625)


8.
HAil! fes - tal day! For ev - er - more ad - ored, Where - in God con -
FINE.
- quer'd hell and up - ward soar'd. 2 See the world's beau - ty, bud - ding
8.
forth a - new, Shows with the Lord his gifts re - turn - ing too.

℣. 3 The earth with flowers is deck'd, the sky serene;
The heavenly portals glow with brighter sheen. ℟. Hail! festal day!

℣. 4 The greenwood leaves, the flowering meadows tell
Of Christ triumphant over gloomy hell. ℟. Hail! festal day!

℣. 5 The power of Satan crush'd, he seeks the skies;
From earth, light, stars and ocean anthems rise. ℟. Hail! festal day!

℣. 6 The Crucified reigns God for evermore;
Their Maker all created things adore. ℟. Hail! festal day!

℣. 7 Christ, who didst fashion man and hast re-won;
The Eternal Father's sole-begotten Son. ℟. Hail! festal day!

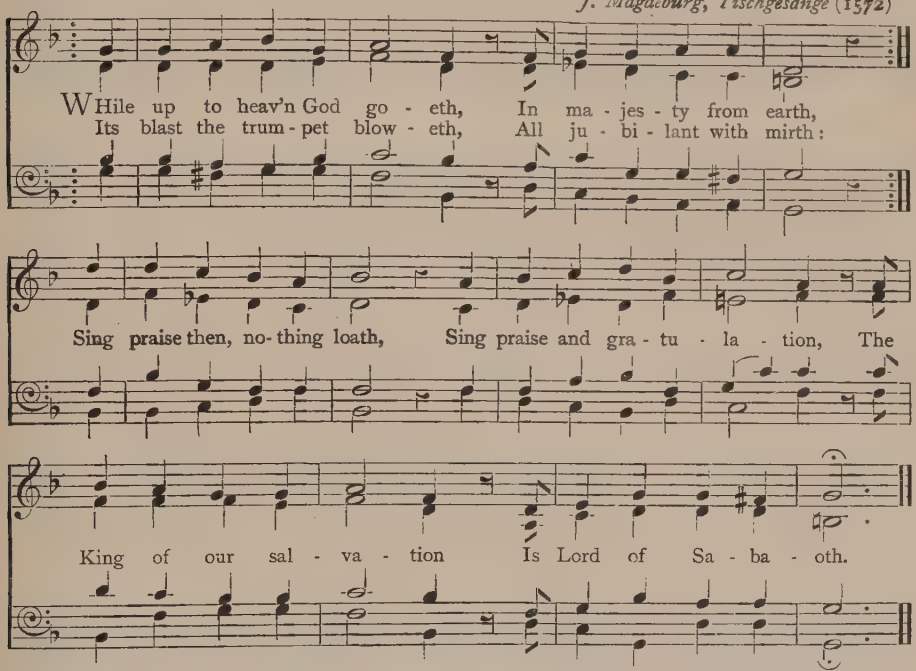
℣. 8 When death and hell the human race o'er-ran,
Thou, man to save, thyself becamest Man. ℟. Hail! festal day!

Venan ius Fortunatus (vj cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

115 A Gott fahret auf gen Himmel

Tune—VON GOTT WILL ICH NICHT LASSEN (Iambic, 7.6.7.6.6.7.7.6.)

J. Magdeburg, Tischgesänge (1572)


While up to heav'n God go - eth, In ma - jes - ty from earth,
Its blast the trum - pet blow - eth, All ju - bi - lant with mirth:
Sing praise then, no-thing loath, Sing praise and gra - tu - la - tion, The
King of our sal - va - tion Is Lord of Sa - ba - oth.

2 To greet the Lord ascending,
The wide heav'n laughs with glee;
And, on their King attending,
The Saints, whom Christ set free,
Around their Saviour throng,
With seraphs sweetly singing,
And cherub voices ringing
The welcome of their song.

3 We know the way that leadeth
To our exalted Head;
We know the path that speedeth
To heav'n, where Christ hath sped:
Our Lord is gone before,
He will not here forsake us,
But to his home will take us,
And open wide the door.

4 We too the house will enter,
The mansion of the Lord;
We too our hopes will centre
Where lies our treasure stored:
Lift up your hearts each one,
Where Christ hath onward hasten'd;
On him your hopes be fasten'd;
To him your race be run.

5 Let us to heav'n go pressing,
With mighty hearts yet meek;
Let us sing sweet our blessing—
'Thee, Jesu Christ, we seek;
Thee, O thou Son of God,
Who dost all might inherit;
Thee, Crown of heart and spirit,
Thee, true and living Road.'

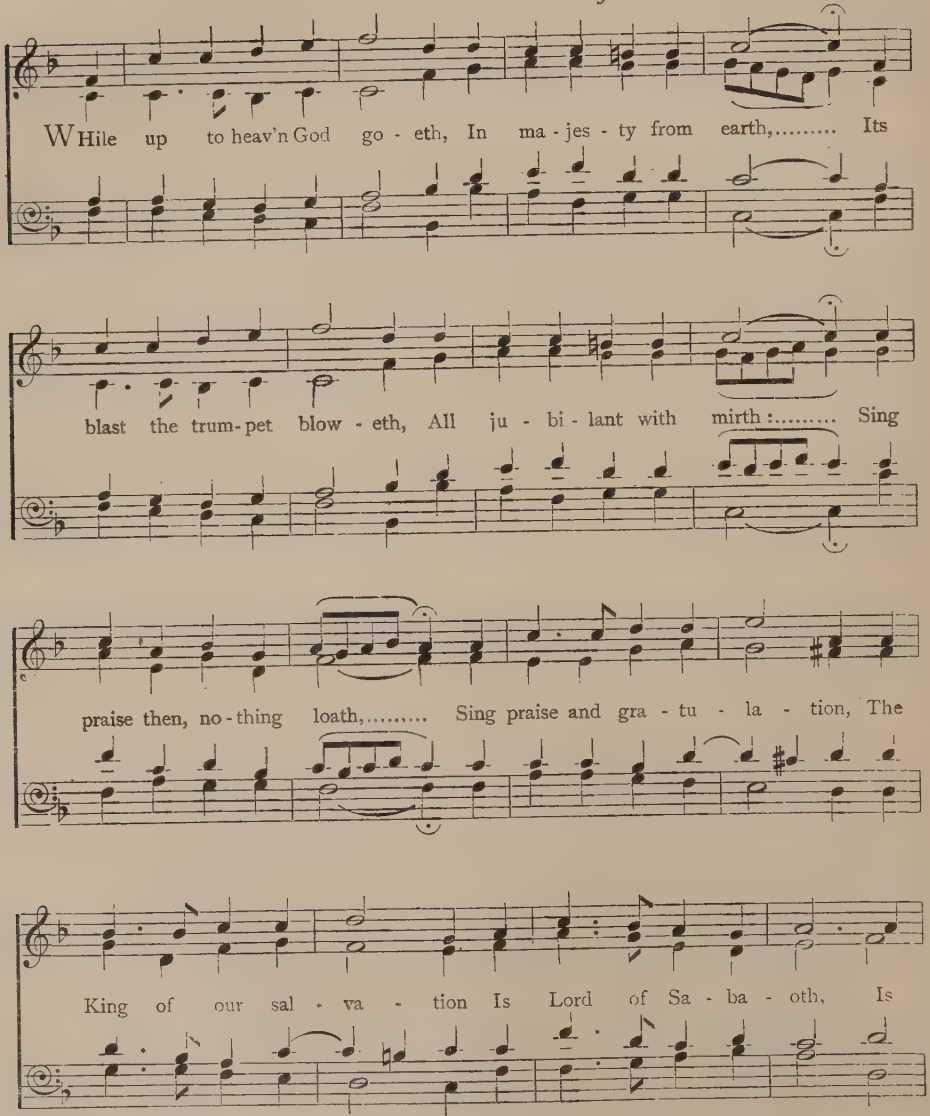
6 When will that morn break o'er us?
When come the blessed time
That Christ will stand before us
In lordliness sublime?
Thou day, O haste and cheer
Our souls, the Saviour meeting,
Our hearts, the Saviour greeting;
Sweet day of days, appear!

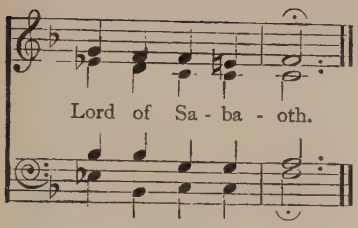
G. W. Sacer (1635-1699); Tr. *W. J. Blew* (1808-1894)

115 B

Tune—ZUR FREUD SIND WIR GELADEN

Joachim von Burck (1541–1610)


While up to heav'n God go - eth, In ma - jes - ty from earth,..... Its
blast the trum-pet blow - eth, All ju - bi - lant with mirth:..... Sing
praise then, no-thing loath,..... Sing praise and gra - tu - la - tion, The
King of our sal - va - tion Is Lord of Sa - ba - oth, Is



2 To greet the Lord ascending,
The wide heav'n laughs with glee;
And, on their King attending,
The Saints, whom Christ set free,
Around their Saviour throng,
With seraphs sweetly singing,
And cherub voices ringing
The welcome of their song.

3 We know the way that leadeth
To our exalted Head;
We know the path that speedeth
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Our Lord is gone before,
He will not here forsake us,
But to his home will take us,
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4 We too the house will enter,
The mansion of the Lord;
We too our hopes will centre
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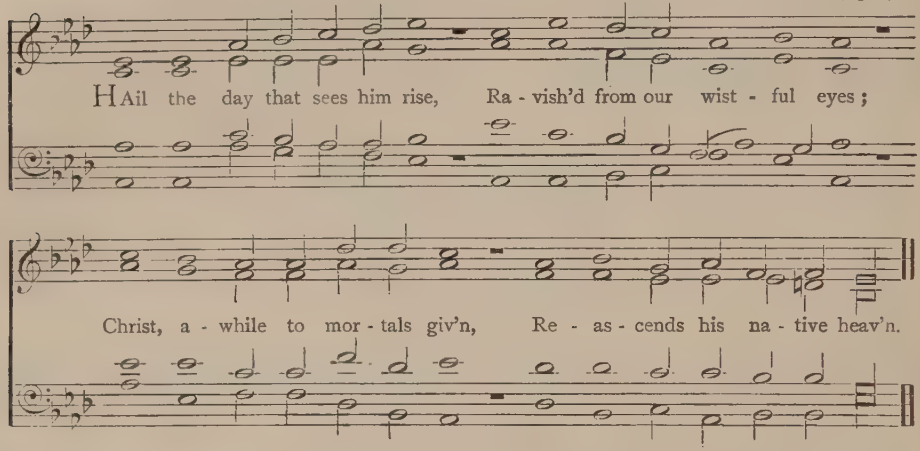
When come the blessed time
That Christ will stand before us
In lordliness sublime?
Thou day, O haste and cheer
Our souls, the Saviour meeting,
Our hearts, the Saviour greeting;
Sweet day of days, appear!

G. W. Sacer (1635-1699); Tr. *W. J. Blew* (1808–1894)

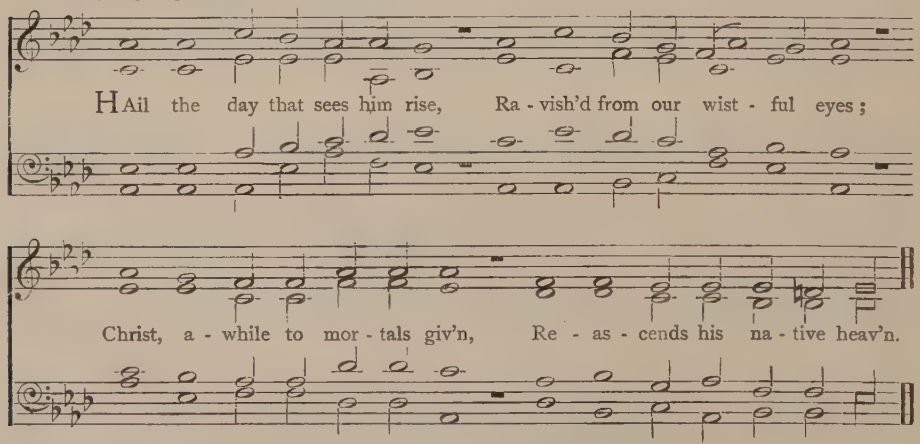
116 HAIL THE DAY THAT SEES HIM RISE

Tune—LOUEZ DIEU TOUT HAUTEMENT (Trochaic, 7.7.7.7.)

French Psalm cxxxvi (1562)



The foregoing—Melody in the Tenor *Harmonized by Claude Goudimel* († 1572)



2 There the pompous triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in.

3 Circled round with angel pow'rs,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqueror o'er death and sin,
Take the King of glory in.

4 Him though highest heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

5 See! he lifts his hands above,
See! he shows the prints of love;
Hark! his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his Church below.

6 Still for us his death he pleads,
Prevalent he intercedes ;
Near himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

7 Master (will we ever say),
Taken from our head to-day,
See, thy faithful servants see,
Ever gazing up to thee.

8 Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking thee beyond the skies.

9 Ever upward may we rove,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home.

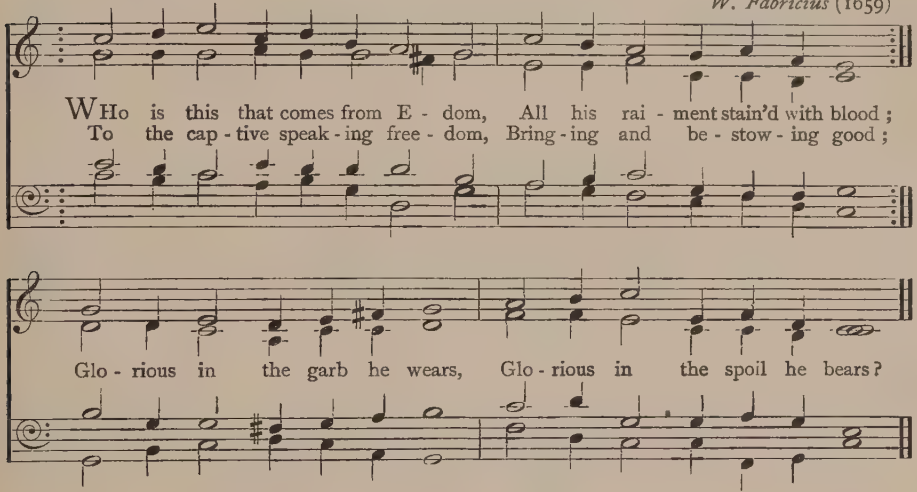
10 There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thine endless reign :
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

117 WHO IS THIS THAT COMES FROM EDOM

Tune—JESU, DU, DU BIST MEIN LEBEN (Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.7.7.)

W. Fabricius (1659)


WHo is this that comes from E - dom, All his rai - ment stain'd with blood ;
To the cap - tive speak - ing free - dom, Bring - ing and be - stow - ing good ;
Glo - rious in the garb he wears, Glo - rious in the spoil he bears?

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in his might ;
'Tis the Saviour ; O how glorious
To his people is the sight !
Satan conquer'd and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

3 This the Saviour hath effected
By his mighty arm alone :
See the throne, for him erected,
'Tis an everlasting throne ;
'Tis the great reward he gains,
Glorious fruit of all his pains.

4 Mighty Victor, reign for ever !
Wear the crown so dearly won !
Never shall thy people, never
Cease to sing what thou hast done ;
Thou hast quell'd thy people's foes ;
Thou hast heal'd thy people's woes.

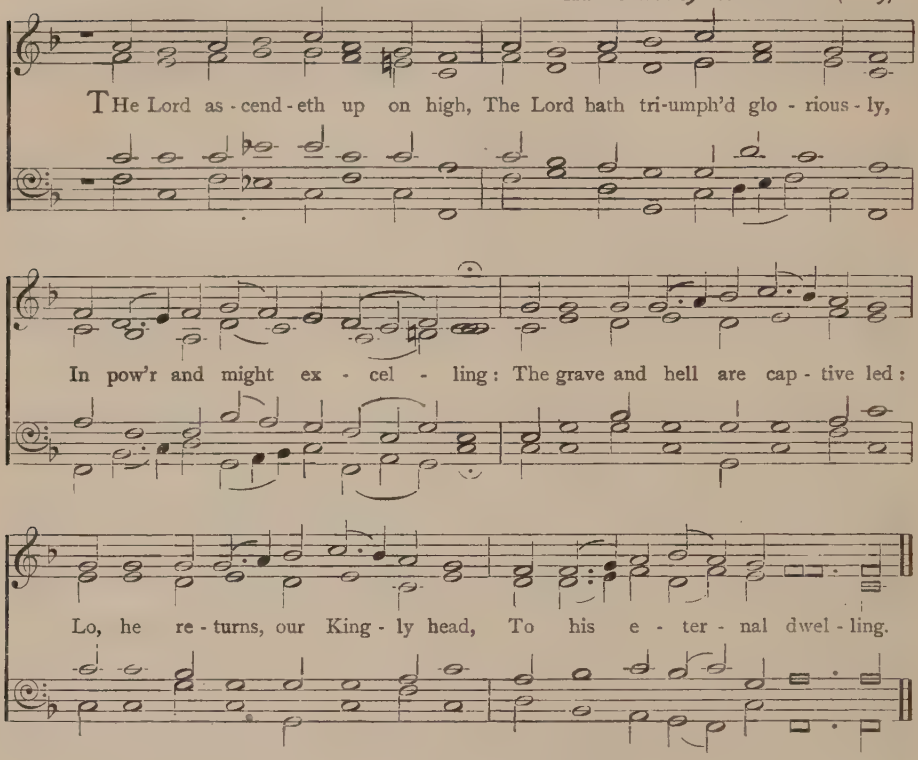
Thomas Kelly (1769–1854)

¶ *For an alternative Tune, see No. 352*

118 THE LORD ASCENDETH UP ON HIGH

Tune—ACH HERR, DU ALLERHÖCHSTER GOTT (Iambic, 8.8.7.8.8.7.)

Harmonized by M. Prætorius (1609)


THe Lord as - cend - eth up on high, The Lord hath tri-umph'd glo - rious - ly,
In pow'r and might ex - cel - ling: The grave and hell are cap - tive led:
Lo, he re - turns, our King - ly head, To his e - ter - nal dwel - ling.

2 The heav'ns with joy receive their Lord,
By Saints, by Angel-hosts adored;
O day of exultation!
Glad earth, adore thy mighty King;
His Rising, his Ascension sing
With thankful adoration.

3 Our great High Priest hath gone before,
Now on his Church his grace to pour,
And still his love he giveth:
O may our hearts to him ascend,
And all within us upward tend
To him who ever liveth.

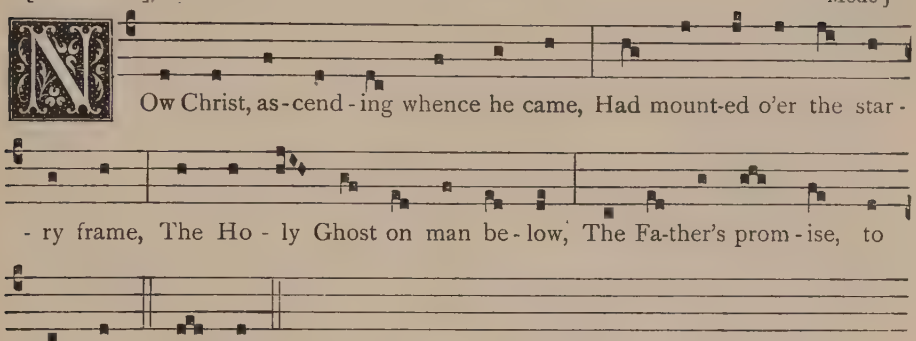
A. T. Russell (1806–1874)

WHITSUN-TIDE

119 IAM CHRISTVS ASTRA ASCENDERAT

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[1ST E & M]. Mode j


Now Christ, as-cend-ing whence he came, Had mount-ed o'er the star-
-ry frame, The Ho-ly Ghost on man be-low, The Fa-ther's prom-ise, to
be-stow. A-men.

2 The solemn time was drawing nigh,
Replete with heav'nly mystery,
On seven days' sevenfold circles borne,
That first and blessed Whitsun-morn.

3 When the third hour shone all around,
There came a rushing mighty sound,
And told the Apostles, while in prayer,
That, as was promised, God was there.

4 Forth from the Father's light it came,
That beautiful and kindly flame:
To fill with fervour of his word
The spirits faithful to their Lord.

5 Thou once in every holy breast
Didst bid indwelling grace to rest:
This day our sins, we pray, release,
And in our time, O Lord, give peace.

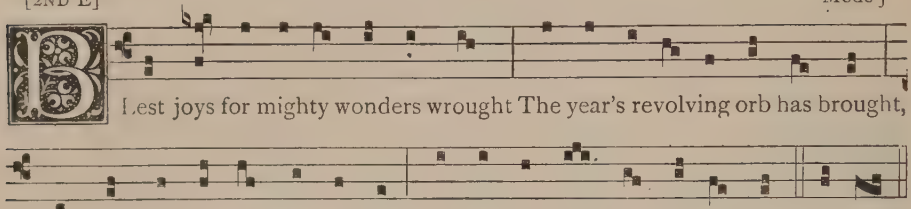
6 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, praise be done;
And Christ the Lord upon us pour
The Spirit's gift for evermore. Amen.

(?) *S. Ambrose* (iv cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

120 BEATA NOBIS GAVDIA

SARVM PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[2ND E] Mode j


Blest joys for mighty wonders wrought The year's revolving orb has brought,
What time the Ho-ly Ghost in flame Up-on the Lord's dis-ci-ples came. A-men.

2 The quivering fire their heads bedew'd,
In cloven tongues' similitude,
That eloquent their words might be,
And fervid all their charity.

3 In varying tongues the Lord they praised;
The gathering peoples stood amazed:
And whom the Comforter Divine
Inspired, they mock'd, as full of wine.

4 These things were done in type to-day,
When Easter-tide had worn away;
The number told which once set free
The captive at the Jubilee.

5 Thy servants, falling on their face,
Beseech thy mercy, God of grace,
To send us, from thy heav'nly seat,
The blessings of the Paraclete.

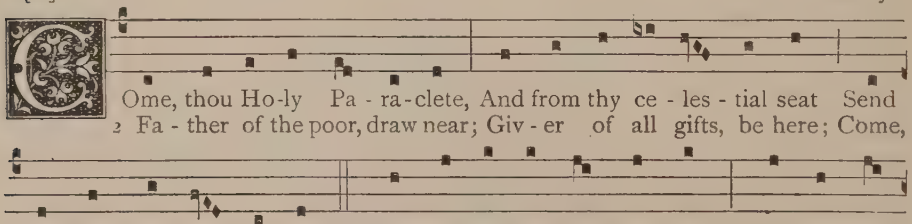
6 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, praise be done;
And Christ the Lord upon us pour
The Spirit's gift for evermore. Amen.

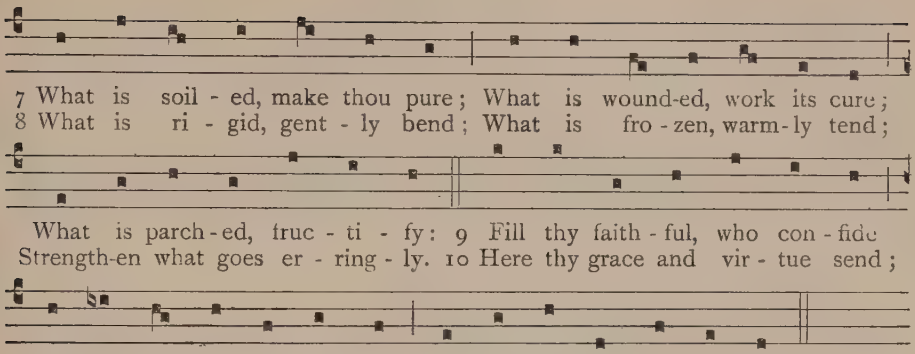
(?) *S. Hilary of Poictiers* (iv cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

121 VENI, SANCTE SPIRITVS

PROPER MELODY—xiij cent. (Trochaic, 7.7.7. D)

[S] Mode j

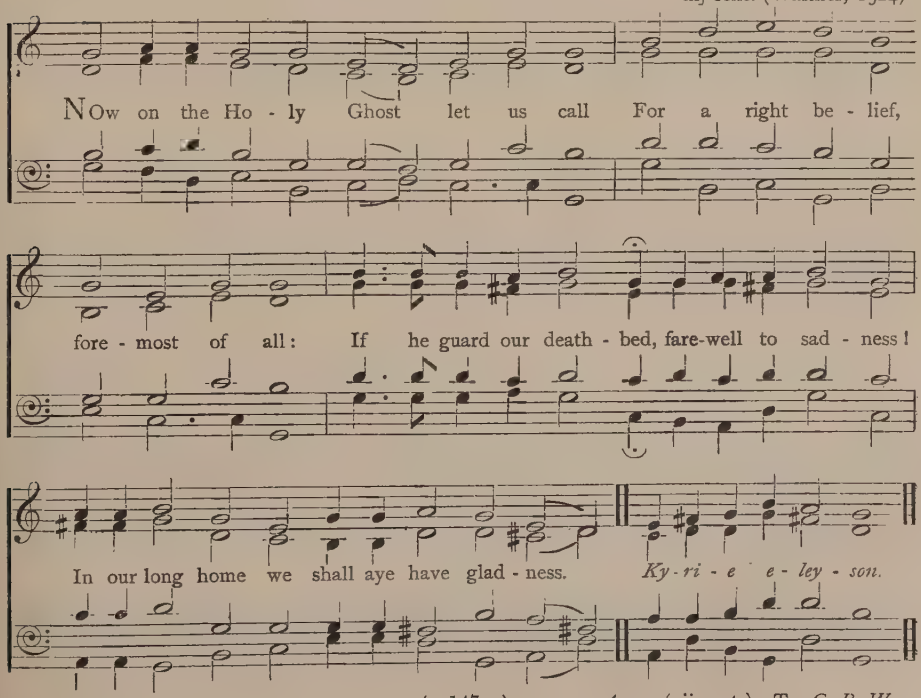

Come, thou Ho-ly Pa-ra-clete, And from thy ce-les-tial seat Send
2 Fa-ther of the poor, draw near; Giv-er of all gifts, be here; Come,
thy light and bril-lian-cy: 3 Come, of com-fort-ers the best, Of the soul
the soul's true ra-dian-cy. 4 Thou in la-bour rest most sweet, Thou art sha-
the sweet-est guest, Come in toil re-fresh-ing-ly: 5 O thou light, most pure
-dow from the heat, Com-fort in ad-ver-si-ty. 6 Where thou art not, man
and blest, Shine with-in the in-most breast Of thy faith-ful com-pa-ny:
nath nought; Ev-'ry ho-ly deed and thought Comes from thy di-vi-ni-ty


7 What is soil - ed, make thou pure; What is wound-ed, work its cure;
8 What is ri - gid, gent - ly bend; What is fro - zen, warm - ly tend;
What is parch - ed, fruc - ti - fy: 9 Fill thy faith - ful, who con - fide
Strength-en what goes er - ring - ly. 10 Here thy grace and vir - tue send;
In thy power to guard and guide, With thy sev'n-fold mys - te - ry.
Grant sal - va - tion in the end, And in heav'n fe - li - ci - ty.

Innocent III (*c.* 1160–1216); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

122 Nun bitten wir den heiligen Geist

PROPER MELODY (Irregular Metre) xij cent. (Walther, 1524)

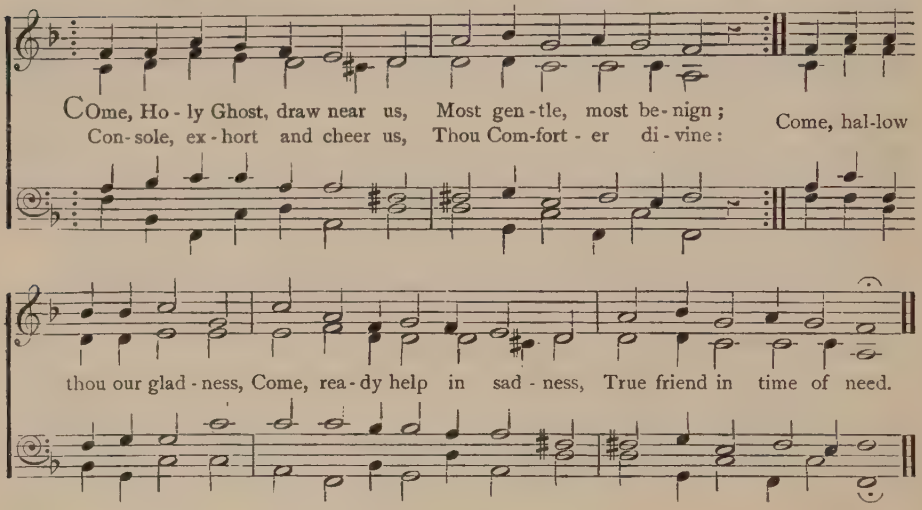

NOw on the Ho - ly Ghost let us call For a right be - lief,
fore - most of all: If he guard our death - bed, fare-well to sad - ness!
In our long home we shall aye have glad - ness. *Ky - ri - e e - ley - son.*

Anon. (xij cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

123A VENI, IAM VENI, BENIGNISSIME

Tune—ICH HÖRT EIN FREWLEIN KLAGEN (Iambic, 7.6.7.6.7.7.6.)

Hypo-Ionian mode Melody (xvj cent.); *Setting by Friedrich Layriz* (1818–1859)


COme, Ho - ly Ghost, draw near us, Most gen - tle, most be - nign;
Con - sole, ex - hort and cheer us, Thou Com-fort - er di - vine:
Come, hal-low
thou our glad - ness, Come, rea - dy help in sad - ness, True friend in time of need.

2

Uphold the feet that stumble,
Confirm the steps that slide;
Come, teacher of the humble,
Thou vanquisher of pride:
Thou dost befriend—nay rather
The orphan thou dost father,
And right the widow's wrong.

3

Come, Paraclete most holy,
Turn sinner into saint;
Hope of the poor and lowly,
Revive the dead, the faint:
Come, Star, true course declaring
To mariners sea-faring;
Safe port to shipmen wreck'd.

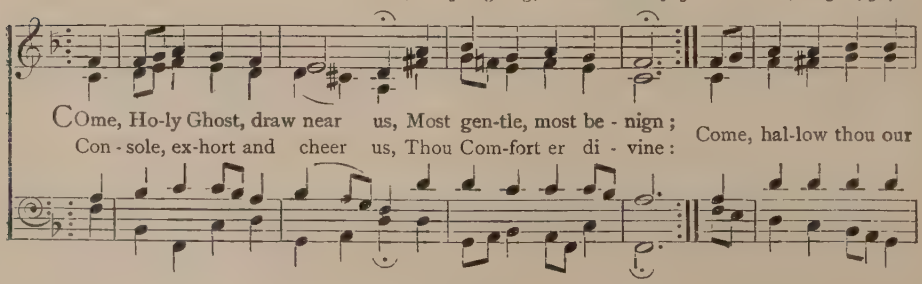
4

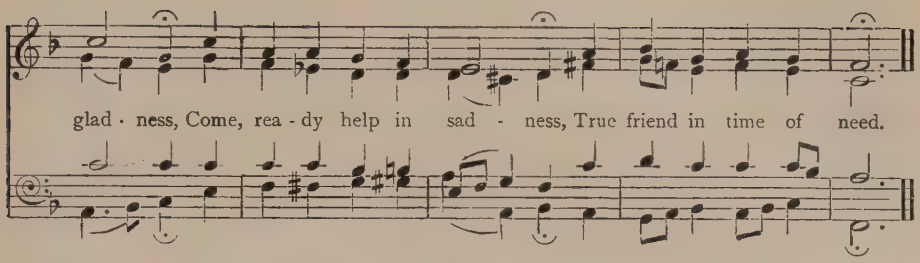
Sole boast of all poor mortals
That draw of life the breath,
Come, when we near the portals—
The darksome gates of death;
Come, Lord, alone supplying
Salvation to the dying;
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

Anon. (xj cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

123B

A variation of the foregoing, harmonized by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)


COme, Ho-ly Ghost, draw near us, Most gen-tle, most be - nign;
Con - sole, ex-hort and cheer us, Thou Com-fort er di - vine:
Come, hal-low thou our

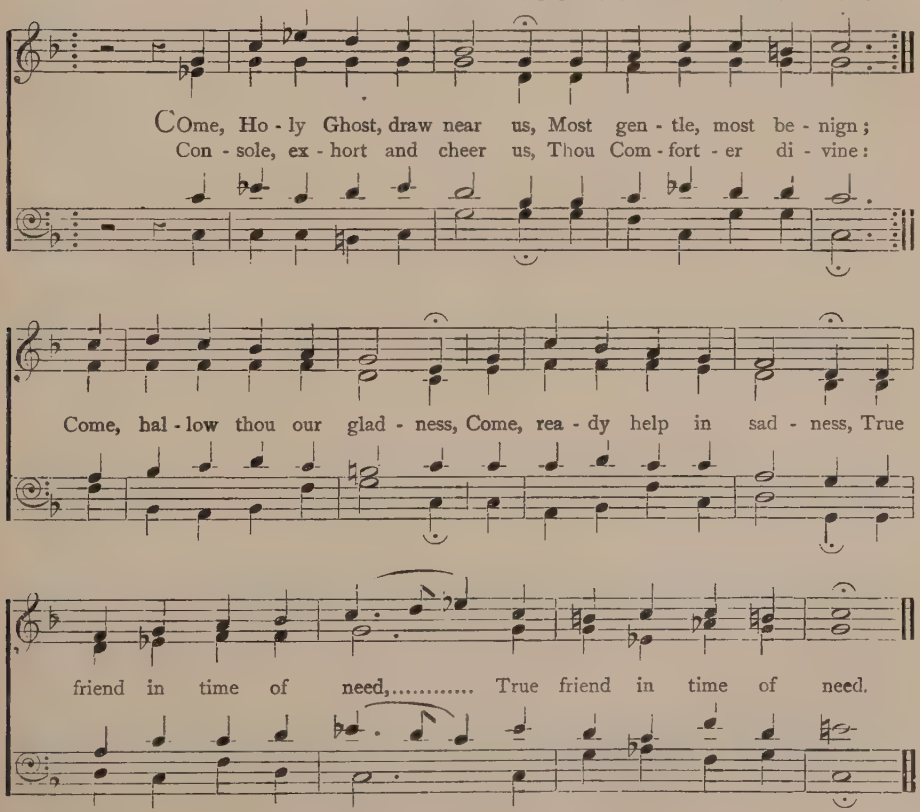


¶ *For another Setting by J. S. Bach, see No. 419* B

123 C

Tune—DIE NUR VERTRAULICH STELLEN

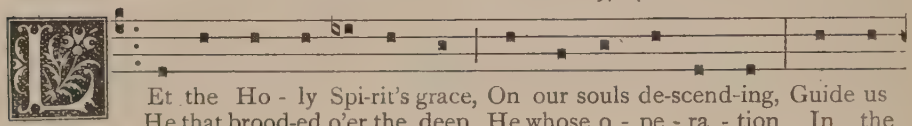
Heinrich Schütz (1585–1672); *Dresden Gesangbuch* (1676)


COme, Ho - ly Ghost, draw near us, Most gen - tle, most be - nign;
Con - sole, ex - hort and cheer us, Thou Com - fort - er di - vine:
Come, hal - low thou our glad - ness, Come, rea - dy help in sad - ness, True
friend in time of need,..... True friend in time of need.

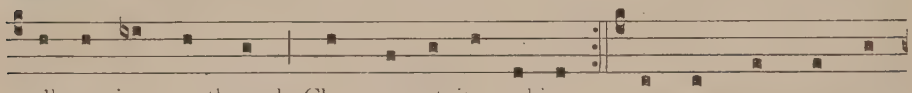
124 NOBIS SANCTI SPIRITVS

Tune—REGINA CLEMENTIÆ (Trochaic, 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.)

Harleian MS. 978 (After A.D. 1226) Mode j

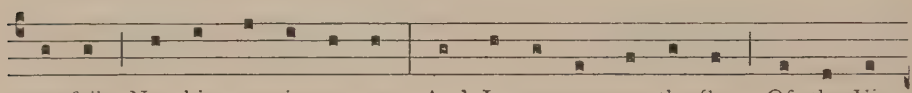


Et the Ho - ly Spi-rit's grace, On our souls de-scend-ing, Guide us
He that brood-ed o'er the deep, He whose o - pe - ra - tion In the

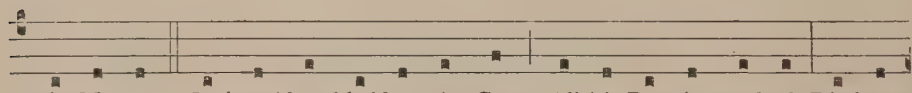


all our jour-ney through, Cheer us at its end-ing :
Vir-gin's ho - ly womb Wrought the In-car - na-tion.

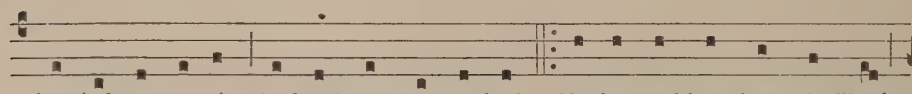
2 Thus God's truth can ne -



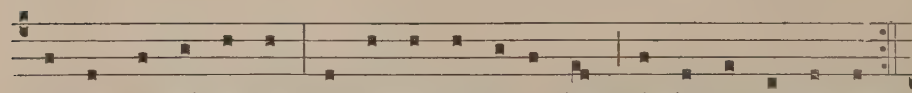
-ver fail, Nor his prom-ise va - ry ; And In-car-nate was the Son, Of the Vir -



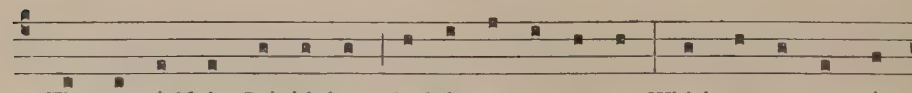
- gin Ma - ry, La-bour'd, suf-fer'd on the Cross, All his Pas-sion end-ed, Died, was



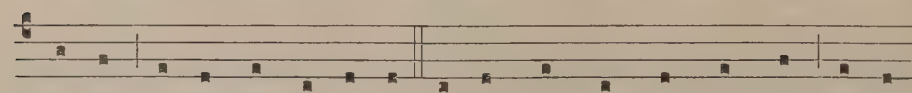
bur-ied, rose a-gain, And to heav'n as-cend-ed. 3 Yet he would not leave the Twelve
At the hour of Tierce, the Lord



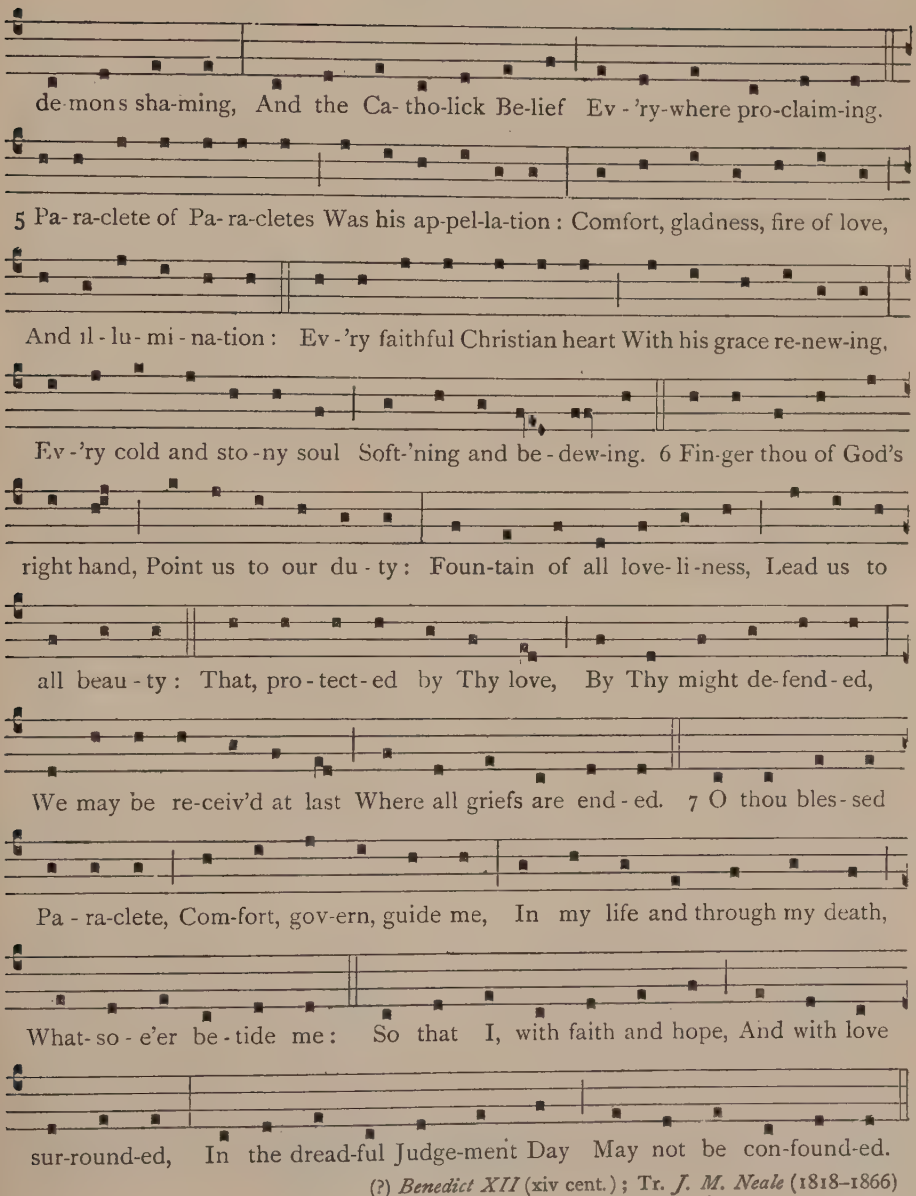
Or-phans in their sad-ness ; But he sent the Ho-ly Ghost Bringing joy and gladness ;
End-ed their af - flic-tion, On the day of Pen-te-cost, With his be-ne- dic-tion.



4 They re-ceiv'd the Spi-rit's love, And the gra-ces se-ven, Which are wont to guide



the soul Up from earth to hea-ven. In his strength they thus stood forth, Sin and

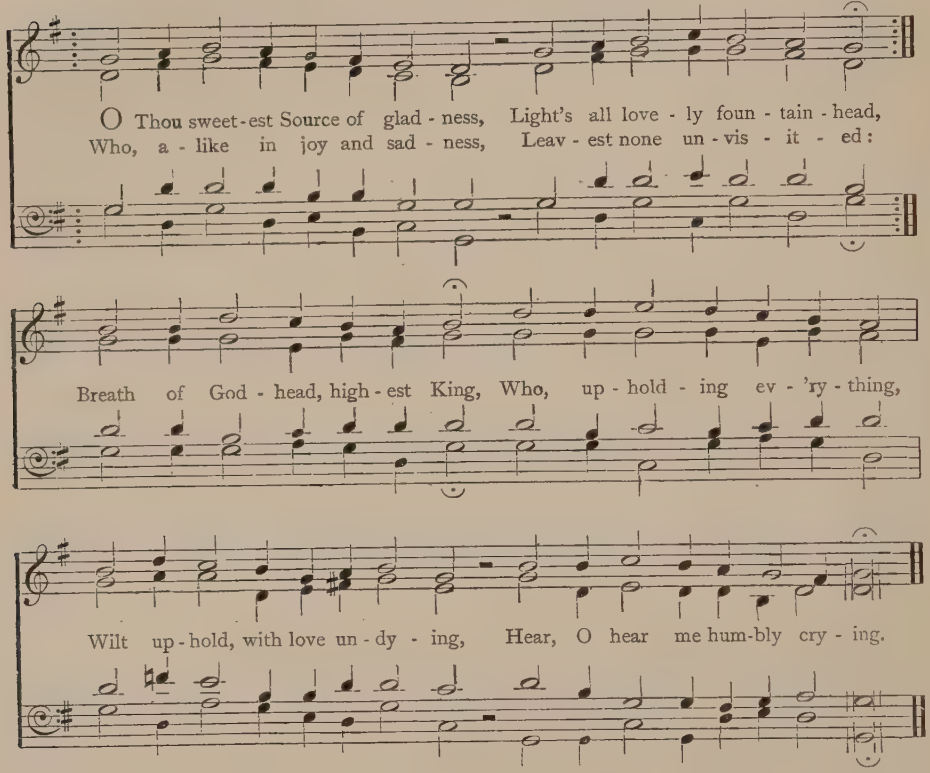

de-mons sha-ming, And the Ca-tho-lick Be-lief Ev-'ry-where pro-claim-ing.
5 Pa-ra-clete of Pa-ra-cletes Was his ap-pel-la-tion: Comfort, gladness, fire of love,
And il-lu-mi-na-tion: Ev-'ry faithful Christian heart With his grace re-new-ing,
Ev-'ry cold and sto-ny soul Soft-'ning and be-dew-ing. 6 Fin-ger thou of God's
right hand, Point us to our du-ty: Foun-tain of all love-li-ness, Lead us to
all beau-ty: That, pro-tect-ed by Thy love, By Thy might de-fend-ed,
We may be re-ceiv'd at last Where all griefs are end-ed. 7 O thou bles-sed
Pa-ra-clete, Com-fort, gov-ern, guide me, In my life and through my death,
What-so-e'er be-tide me: So that I, with faith and hope, And with love
sur-round-ed, In the dread-ful Judge-ment Day May not be con-found-ed.

(?) *Benedict XII* (xiv cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

125A O du allerlüfste Freude

Tune--AINSI QUE LA BICHE RÉE (Ps. xlij) (Trochaic, 8.7 8.7.7.7.8.8.)

Melody by Louis Bourgeois (1551)


O Thou sweet-est Source of glad-ness, Light's all love-ly foun-tain-head,
Who, a-like in joy and sad-ness, Leav-est none un-vis-it-ed:
Breath of God-head, high-est King, Who, up-hold-ing ev-'ry-thing,
Wilt up-hold, with love un-dy-ing, Hear, O hear me hum-bly cry-ing.

2

From thy throne, as April shower,
Thou descendest, heav'nly One,
Freighted with thy sevenfold dower,
From the Father and the Son:
Bring me, noble Guest divine,
God's own blessings—they are thine,
Freely dealt at thy good pleasure:
Fill me in abundant measure.

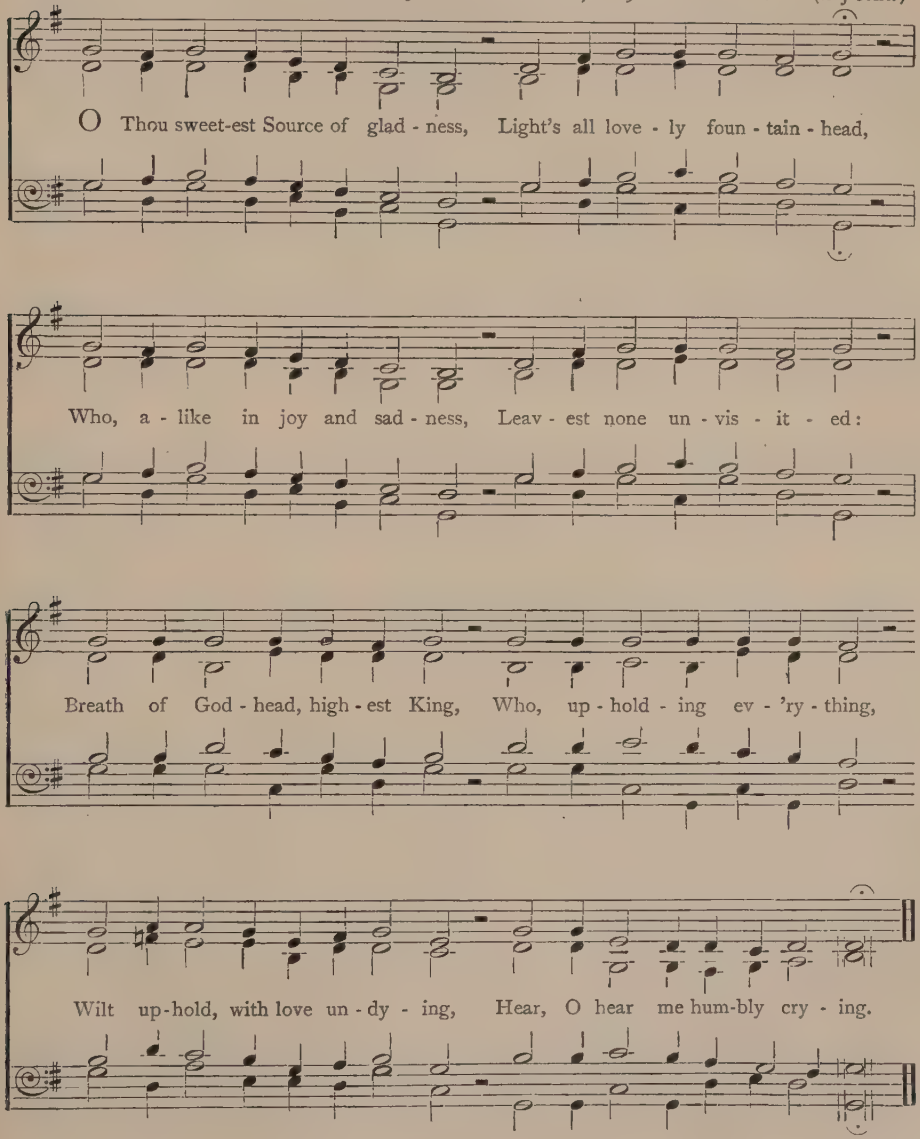
3

Save, uphold, and go before me:
Fainting, be my staff and rod:
Dying, to new life restore me,
Buried, be my grave, O God:
From the dust when I arise,
Come, exalt me to the skies,
Where thou wilt in realms supernal
Feed thy saints with joys eternal.

Paul Gerhardt (1607–1676); Tr. *G. R. W.*

¶ *For an alternative Tune, see Nos. 200 and 391*

125 B *The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor*
Harmonized by Claude Goudimel, or by Samuel Marschall (xvj cent.)

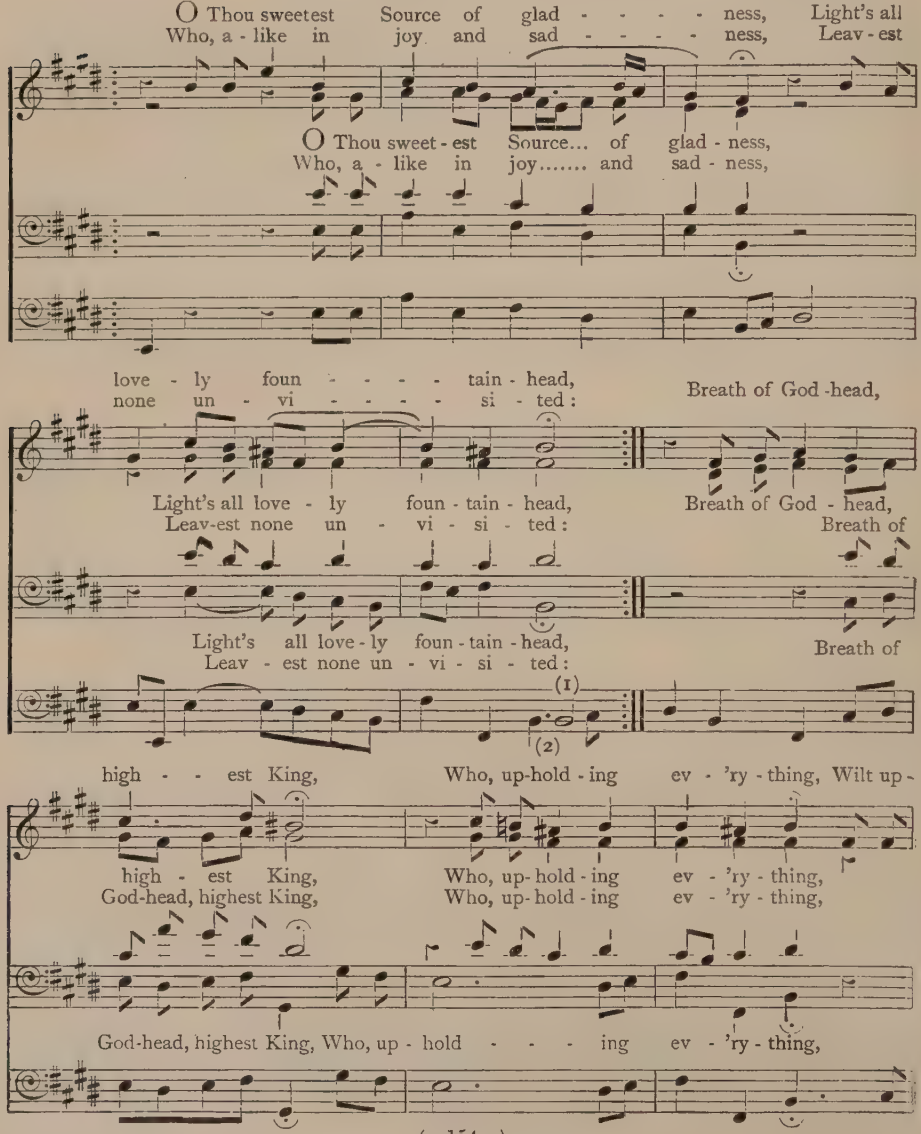

O Thou sweet-est Source of glad - ness, Light's all love - ly foun - tain - head,
Who, a - like in joy and sad - ness, Leav - est none un - vis - it - ed:
Breath of God - head, high - est King, Who, up - hold - ing ev - 'ry - thing,
Wilt up-hold, with love un - dy - ing, Hear, O hear me hum-bly cry - ing.

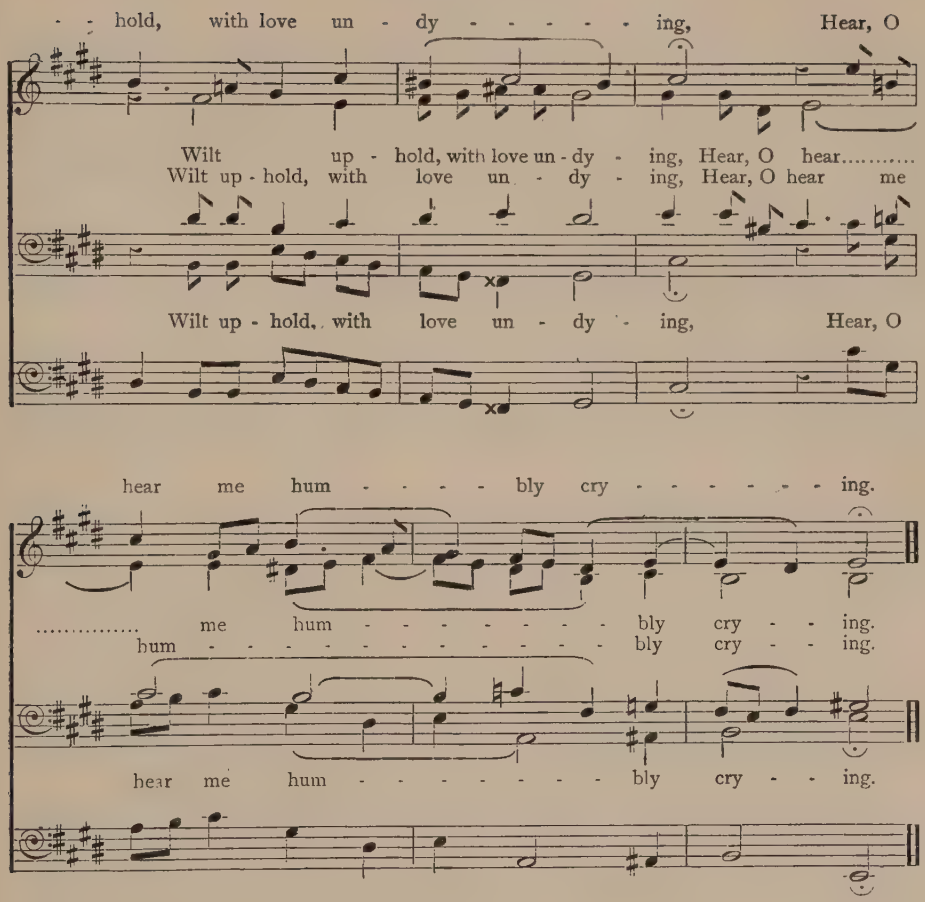
125 C

Tune—LIEBSTER GOTT, WANN WERD' ICH STERBEN

(Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.7.7.8.8.)

Daniel Vetter (before 1695); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


O Thou sweetest Source of glad - - - - - ness, Light's all
Who, a - like in joy and sad - - - - - ness, Leav - est
O Thou sweet - est Source... of glad - ness,
Who, a - like in joy..... and sad - ness,
love - ly foun - - - - tain - head,
none un - vi - - - - si - ted:
Breath of God - head,
Light's all love - ly foun - tain - head,
Leav - est none un - vi - si - ted:
Breath of God - head,
Breath of
Light's all love - ly foun - tain - head,
Leav - est none un - vi - si - ted:
Breath of
(1)
(2)
high - - est King, Who, up-hold - ing ev - 'ry - thing, Wilt up -
high - est King, Who, up-hold - ing ev - 'ry - thing,
God-head, highest King, Who, up-hold - ing ev - 'ry - thing,
God-head, highest King, Who, up - hold - - - ing ev - 'ry - thing,


- - hold, with love un - dy - - - - - ing, Hear, O
Wilt up - hold, with love un - dy - ing, Hear, O hear.....
Wilt up - hold, with love un - dy - ing, Hear, O hear me
Wilt up - hold, with love un - dy - ing, Hear, O
hear me hum - - - - bly cry - - - - - - ing.
..... me hum - - - - - - - - bly cry - - ing.
hum - - - - - - - - - - bly cry - - ing.
hear me hum - - - - - - - bly cry - - ing.

2

From thy throne, as April shower,
Thou descendest, heav'nly One,
Freighted with thy sevenfold dower,
From the Father and the Son :
Bring me, noble Guest divine,
God's own blessings—they are thine,
Freely dealt at thy good pleasure :
Fill me in abundant measure.

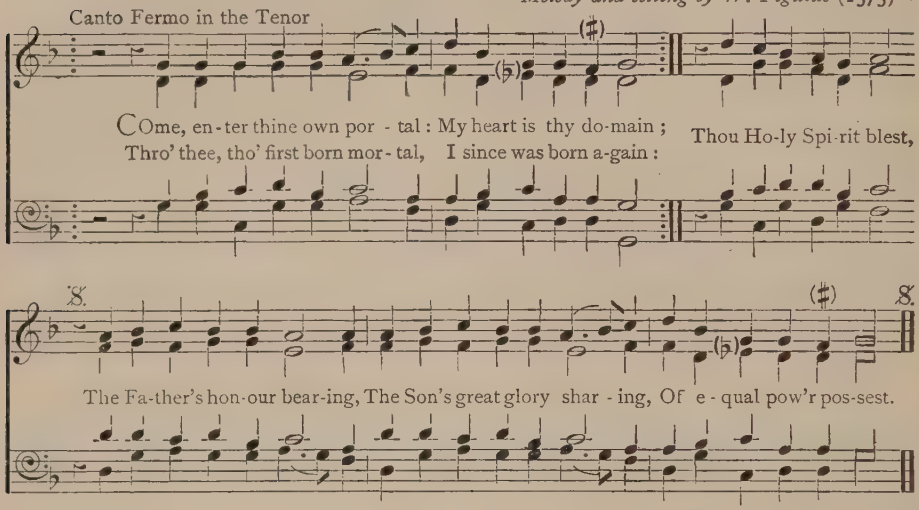
3

Save, uphold, and go before me ;
Fainting, be my staff and rod :
Dying, to new life restore me,
Buried, be my grave, O God :
From the dust when I arise,
Come, exalt me to the skies,
Where thou wilt in realms supernal
Feed thy saints with joys eternal.

126 Zeuch ein zu deinen Thoren

Tune—HELFT MIR GOTTS GÜTE PREISEN (Trochaic, 7.6.7.6.7.7.6.)

Melody and setting by W. Figulus (1575)


Canto Fermo in the Tenor
COme, en-ter thine own por - tal : My heart is thy do-main ;
Thro' thee, tho' first born mor - tal, I since was born a-gain :
Thou Ho-ly Spi-rit blest,
The Fa-ther's hon-our bear-ing, The Son's great glory shar - ing, Of e - qual pow'r pos-sest.

2 Come, my new life to cherish,
My constant guest abide ;
Lest after all I perish,
Daily new strength provide :
My heart make clean and sound,
That I due praise may render,
And worthy service tender
To thine allegiance bound.

3 According to thy pleasure
My term of days dispose ;
And when they reach their measure,
And earthly scenes must close,
Spirit of holy faith,
In that dread hour be near me,
With gladsome thoughts to cheer me,
Of life that knows no death.

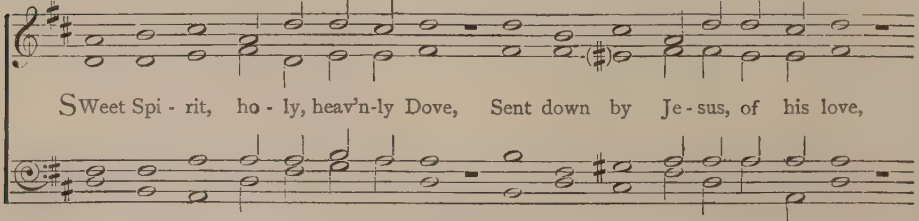
Paul Gerhardt (1607–1676) ; Tr. *Frances Elisabeth Cox* (1812–1897)

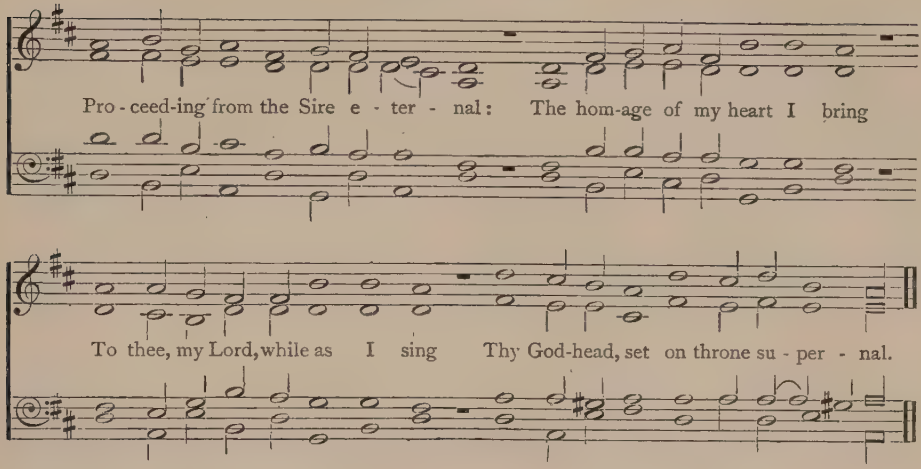
127 A Du süsse Taube, heil'ger Geist

Tune—ENFANS, QUI LE SEIGNEUR SERVEZ (Iambic, 8.8.9.8.8.9.)

PART I

French Psalm cxiij (*Crespin*, 1551)




Pro - ceed-ing from the Sire e - ter - nal: The hom-age of my heart I bring
To thee, my Lord, while as I sing Thy God-head, set on throne su - per - nal.

2 Thou broodedst o'er the waters' face ;
Things animate in time or space
Owe breath of life to thy compassion :
Through thee the glorious heav'ns were made,
And all therein with strength array'd ;—
These all thy finger, Lord, did fashion.

3 Thou spakest by the seers of old,
And they of things to come foretold,
Of Jesu's birth, the Lord's Anointed :
And still, when men in thee confide,
Thou art a wondrous trusty Guide
Along the road by God appointed.

PART II

THOU art the tree whose grateful shade
Fell o'er the blissful Mother-maid,
Whose branch with sweetest fruit was laden :
By thee the eternal Son divine
Found lodging in that Virgin-shrine,
When God was born of Mary-maiden.

2 Of thy good grace when Jesus Christ,
The Word-made-flesh, would be baptiz'd,
Thou, Lord, in dove-like form appearedst :
Nay till the end, at every tide,
In Christ thou sweetly didst abide ;
The Man of Sorrows oft thou cheeredst.

3 Thine Advent, as a mighty wind,
On those whom Christ had left behind,
Gladden'd the hearts of the Eleven :
Thy cloven tongues inspired their speech
In every dialect to preach
Beneath the canopy of heaven.

PART III

LORD ! Charity thou art by name :
Thou mournest o'er us when to blame ;
Thy nature ay is to have pity :
Thou mak'st us children of the Lord,
And fit partakers of his Board,
Nay, freemen of thy royal City.

2 Thy balm is sorrow's antidote ;
Sweeter than honey to the throat,
By thee are words of comfort spoken :
Thou art the heav'nly Sun, whose ray
Doth chase the earth-born cloud away
From contrite heart and spirit broken.

3 Thou art the Star, as crystal clear,
In whose fair splendour far and near
Hierusalem above rejoices :
From God and from the Lamb's high throne
Thine harpsichord with silver tone
Inspires anew those Angel-voices.

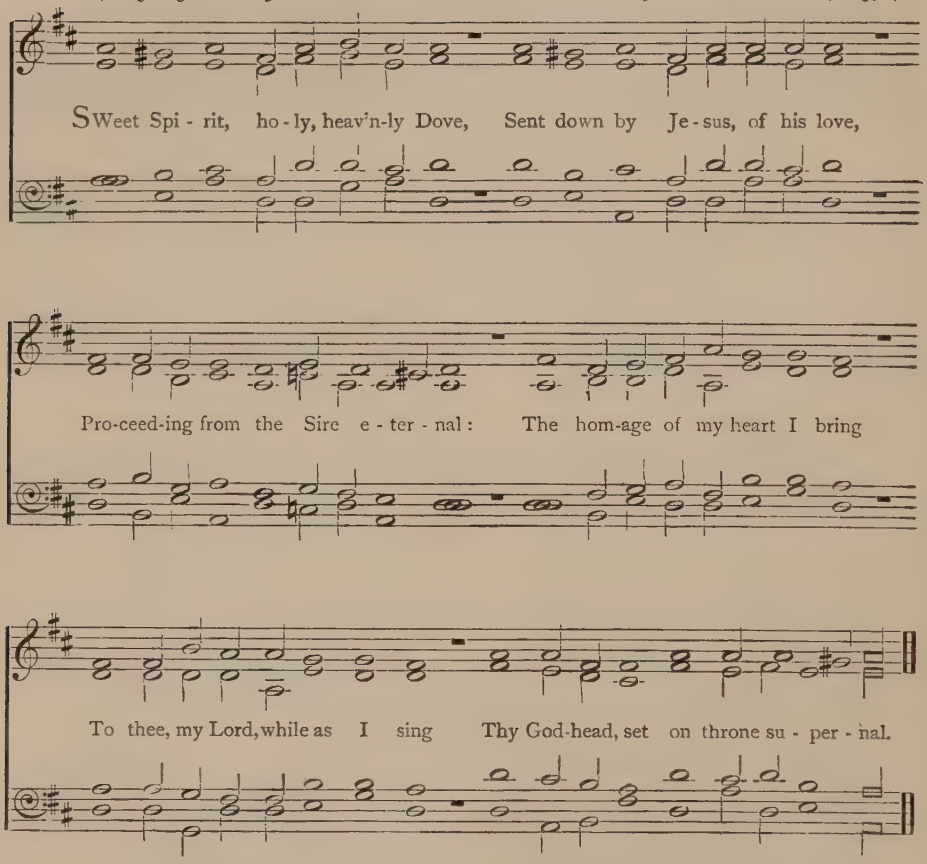
4 Thou wilt abide with us for ay,
And quicken at the latter day
Our bodies into life eternal :
Thou wilt that thy true liegemen here
Stand yonder in thy sunshine clear,
In beatific joy supernal.

5 Then, mercy ! Lord, while I have breath :
And mercy ! at mine hour of death :
Let mercy ever go before me :
Bid me continue in thy love,
And let thy wings, O heavenly Dove,
Ay hover, to thine honour, o'er me.

Joh. Scheffler (1624–1677) ; Tr. *G. R. W.*

127 B PART I

The foregoing—Melody in the Tenor *Harmonized by Claude Goudimel* († 1572)


SWeet Spi - rit, ho - ly, heav'n-ly Dove, Sent down by Je - sus, of his love,
Pro-ceed-ing from the Sire e - ter - nal: The hom-age of my heart I bring
To thee, my Lord, while as I sing Thy God-head, set on throne su - per - nal.

2

Thou broodedst o'er the waters' face;
Things animate in time or space
Owe breath of life to thy compassion:
Through thee the glorious heav'ns were made,
And all therein with strength array'd;—
These all thy finger, Lord, did fashion.

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And still, when men in thee confide,
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And quicken at the latter day
Our bodies into life eternal:
Thou wilt that thy true liegemen here
Stand yonder in thy sunshine clear,
In beatific joy supernal.

5

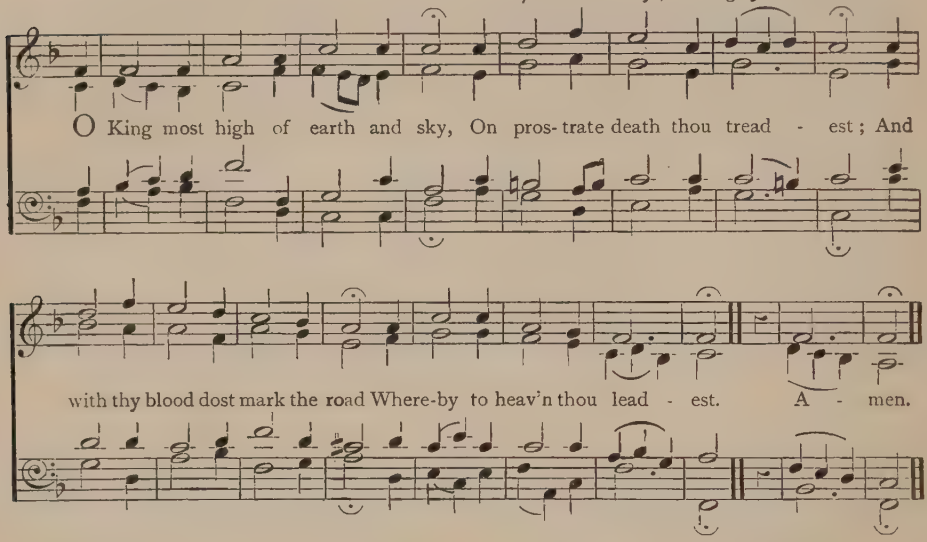
Then, mercy! Lord, while I have breath:
And mercy! at mine hour of death:
Let mercy ever go before me:
Bid me continue in thy love,
And let thy wings, O heavenly Dove,
Ay hover, to thine honour, o'er me.

Joh. Scheffler (1624-1677); Tr. *G. R. W.*

128A SVPREME RECTOR CŒLITVM

Tune—Es stot ein Lind im Himelreich (Iambic, 4.4.7.4.4.7.)

xvj cent. Melody; *Setting by G. H. Palmer*


O King most high of earth and sky, On pros-trate death thou tread - est; And
with thy blood dost mark the road Where-by to heav'n thou lead - est. A - men.

2 Lord of our love, enthroned above,
Beside the Almighty Father,
Thou wilt not leave thy flock to grieve,
But to thyself wilt gather.

3 O Christ, behold thine orphan'd fold,
Which thou hast borne with anguish,
Steep'd in the tide from thy rent side—
O leave us not to languish.

4 The glorious gain of all thy pain
Henceforth thou dost inherit;
Now comes the hour—then gently shower
On us thy promised Spirit.

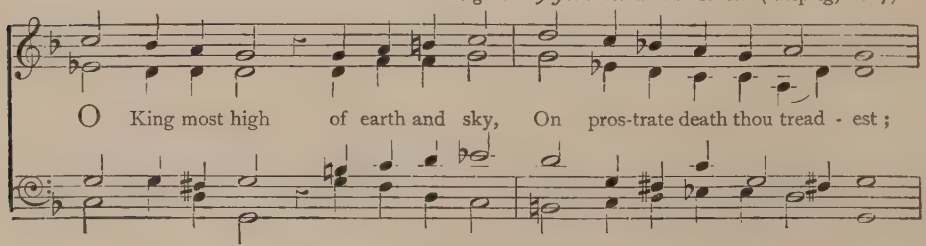
5 Jesu, to thee all glory be,
With Sire, and Spirit ascending;
Thy throne doth stand at God's right hand
Through ages without ending. Amen.

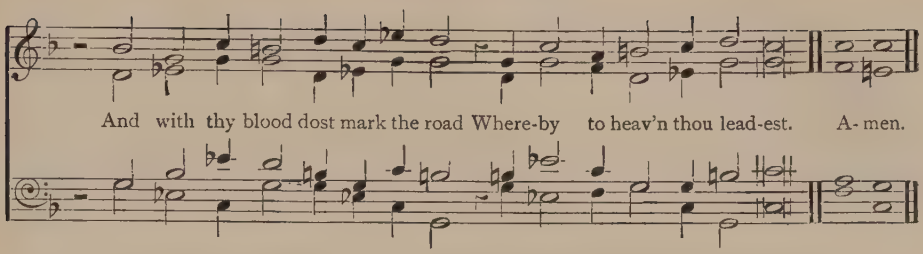
Cluniac Breviary (1686); Tr. *W. J. Blew* (1808–1894)

128B

Tune—Ach Gott und Herr

As given by Joh. Hermann Schein (Leipzig, 1627)





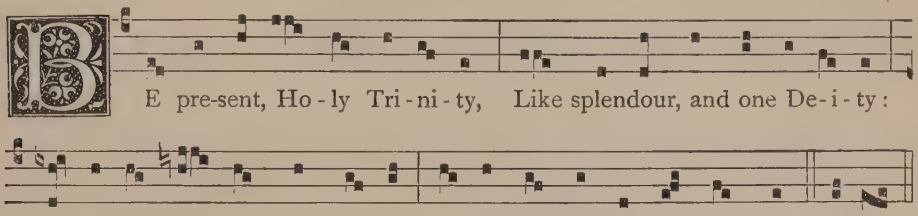
¶ *For two other Settings, by J. S. Bach, see* '*The Cowley Carol Book*,' *No. 14*

TRINITY SUNDAY

129 ADESTO, SANCTA TRINITAS

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[E] Mode iij


BE pre-sent, Ho-ly Tri-ni-ty, Like splendour, and one De-i-ty:
Of things a-bove, and things be-low, Be-gin-ning, that no end shall know. A-men.

2 Thee all the armies of the sky
Adore, and laud, and magnify:
While Nature, in her triple frame,
For ever sanctifies thy Name.

3 And we, too, thanks and homage pay,
Thine own adoring flock to-day;
O join to that celestial song
The praises of our suppliant throng!

4 Light, sole and one, we thee confess,
With triple praise we rightly bless;
And Alpha and Omega own,
With every spirit round thy throne.

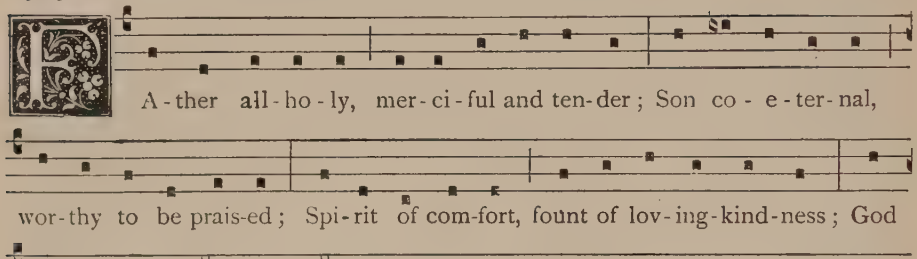
5 To thee, O Unbegotten One,
And thee, O Sole-begotten Son,
And thee, O Holy Ghost, we raise
Our equal and eternal praise. Amen.

Anon. (x or xj cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

130 O PATER SANCTE

SARVM TUNE (Sapphic measure.)

[M] Mode iv


A-ther all-ho-ly, mer-ci-ful and ten-der; Son co-e-ter-nal,
wor-thy to be prais-ed; Spi-rit of com-fort, fount of lov-ing-kind-ness; God
ev-er-last-ing. A-men.

2 Trinity holy; Unity unchanging;
Goodness unbounded; Very God of heaven;
Light of the Angels; Refuge of the friendless;
Hope universal.

3 All thy works hymn thee; all thy Saints adore thee;
They for thy pleasure are, and were created:
Now, while we also worship thee devoutly,
Hear thou our voices.

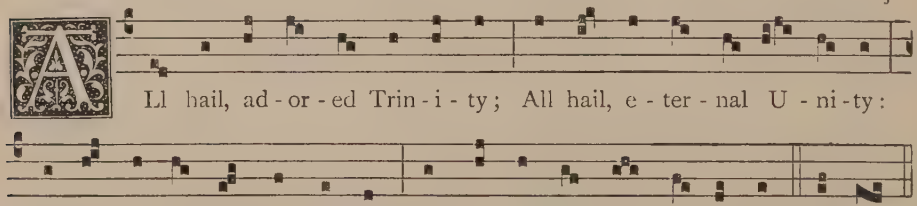
4 Thine be the glory, Deity Almighty,
One in Three Persons, Monarch in the highest:
Glory and honour, song and praise beseem thee
Now and for ever. Amen.

Anon. (ix or x cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

131 AVE COLENDA TRINITAS

YORK MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Mode iij



2 Behold, O Lord, this festal day
We pour to thee our thankful lay:
For all thy gifts of priceless worth,
The saving health of all the earth.

3 Three Persons praise we evermore,
And thee the Eternal One adore:
In thy sure mercy ever kind,
May we our true protection find.

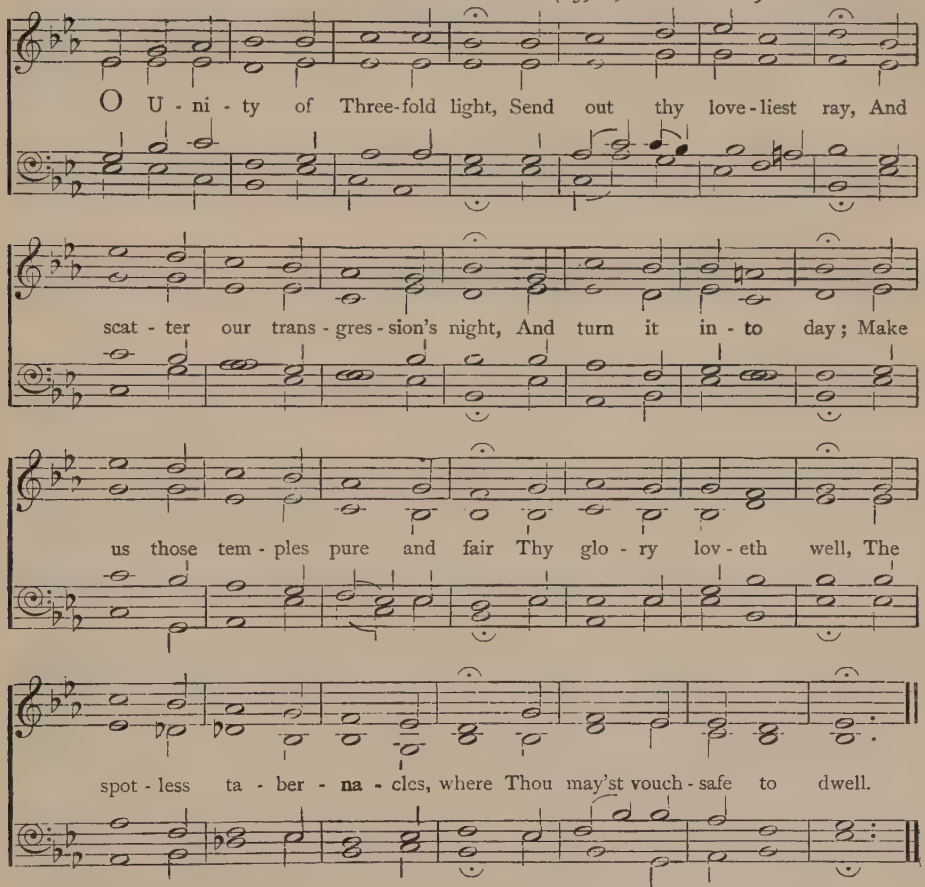
4 O Trinity, O Unity,
Be present as we worship thee:
And to the Angels' songs in light
Our prayers and praises now unite. Amen.

Anglo-Saxon (xj cent.); Tr. *J. D. Chambers* (1805–1893) *and others.*

132 Τριφεγγὴς μονὰς θεαρχικὴ

Old LXXVIIth Psalm (Iambic 8.6.8 6. D)

Thomas Este's Psalter (1592); *Harmonized by Charles Wood*


O U - ni - ty of Three-fold light, Send out thy love-liest ray, And
scat - ter our trans - gres - sion's night, And turn it in - to day; Make
us those tem - ples pure and fair Thy glo - ry lov - eth well, The
spot - less ta - ber - na - cles, where Thou may'st vouch - safe to dwell.

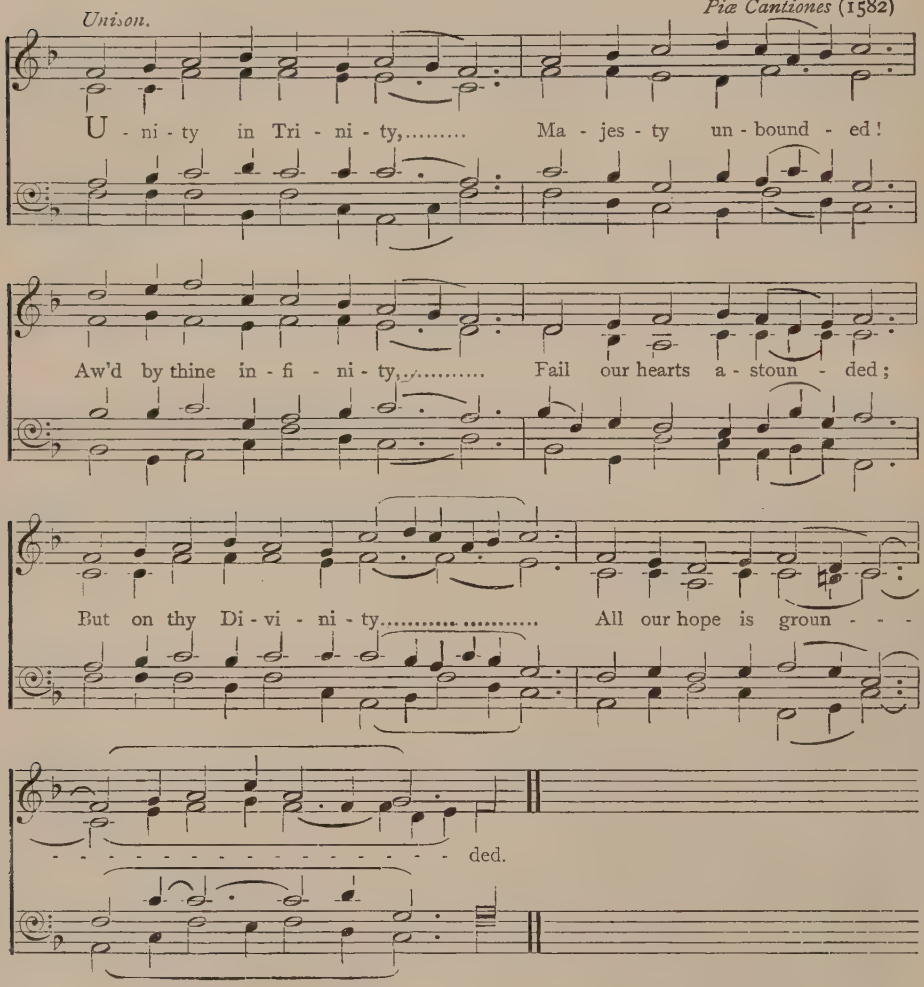
2 The glorious hosts of peerless might,
That ever see thy face,
Thou mak'st the mirrours of thy light,
The vessels of thy grace:
Thou, when their wondrous strain they weave,
Hast pleasure in the lay:
Deign thus our praises to receive,
Albeit from lips of clay.

3 And yet thyself they cannot know,
Nor pierce the veil of light
That hides thee from the Thrones below.
As in profoundest night:
How then can mortal accents frame
Due tribute to their King?
Thou, only, while we praise thy Name,
Forgive us as we sing.

Metrophanes of Smyrna (x cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866).

133 UNITY IN TRINITY

Tune—DIVINVM MYSTERIVM (Trochaic, 7.6.7.6.7.6.)

Piæ Cantiones (1582)

Unison.
U - ni - ty in Tri - ni - ty,..... Ma - jes - ty un - bound - ed!
Aw'd by thine in - fi - ni - ty,..... Fail our hearts a - stoun - ded;
But on thy Di - vi - ni - ty..... All our hope is groun - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ded.

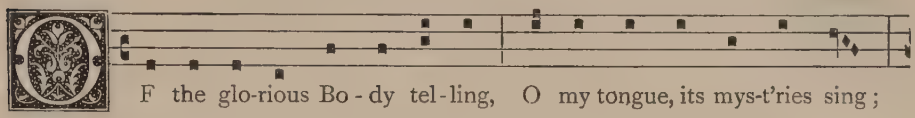
2 Godhead ever glorious,
Wisdom, love, and power;
Over sin victorious,
Bulwark, hold and tower,
Crown our life laborious
With thy heavenly dower.

Richard Prosser Ellis

HOLY EUCHARIST

134A PANGE, LINGVA, GLORIOSI (Part I)

[E & M] SARVM MELODY (Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.8.7) Mode iij (transposed)


O F the glo-rious Bo - dy tel - ling, O my tongue, its mys-t'ries sing ;
And the Blood, all price ex - cel - ling, Which for this world's ran - som - ing
In a gen-'rous womb once dwel-ling, He shed forth, the Gen-tiles' King. A-men.

2 Given for us, for us descending
Of a Virgin to proceed,
Man with man in converse blending,
Scatter'd he the Gospel seed :
Till his sojourn drew to ending,
Which he closed in wondrous deed.

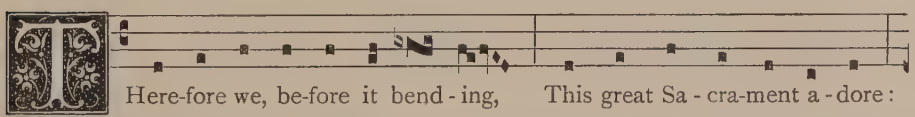
3 At the last great supper seated
Circled by his brethren's band,
All the Law required completed,
In the feast its statutes plann'd,
To the Twelve himself he meted
For their food with his own hand.

4 Word made Flesh, by word he maketh
Very bread his Flesh to be ;
Man in wine Christ's Blood partaketh,
And, if senses fail to see,
Faith alone the true heart waketh
To behold the mystery.

134B TANTVM ERGO SACRAMENTVM (Part II)

SPANISH MELODY

Mode v


T Here-fore we, be-fore it bend - ing, This great Sa - cra-ment a - dore :
Types and sha - dows have their end - ing In the new rite e - ver - more :
Faith, our out-ward sense a- mend-ing, Ma-keth good de-fects be-fore. A - men.

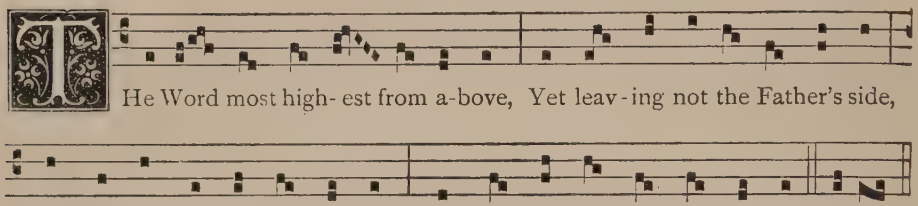
2 Praise and glory in the highest
Thine, O Father, ever be ;
Thine, who unto us suppliest
Food of immortality ;
Thine, O thou who sanctifiest ;
Ever blessed One and Three. Amen.

S. Thomas Aquinas (1227–1274) ; Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866), *Doxology from* Annus Sanctus (1884)

135A VERBVM SVPERNVM PRODIENS (Part I)

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Mode viij


THe Word most high- est from a-bove, Yet leav - ing not the Father's side,
Comes forth to work his work of love,—Comes to his life's last e - ven-tide. A-men.

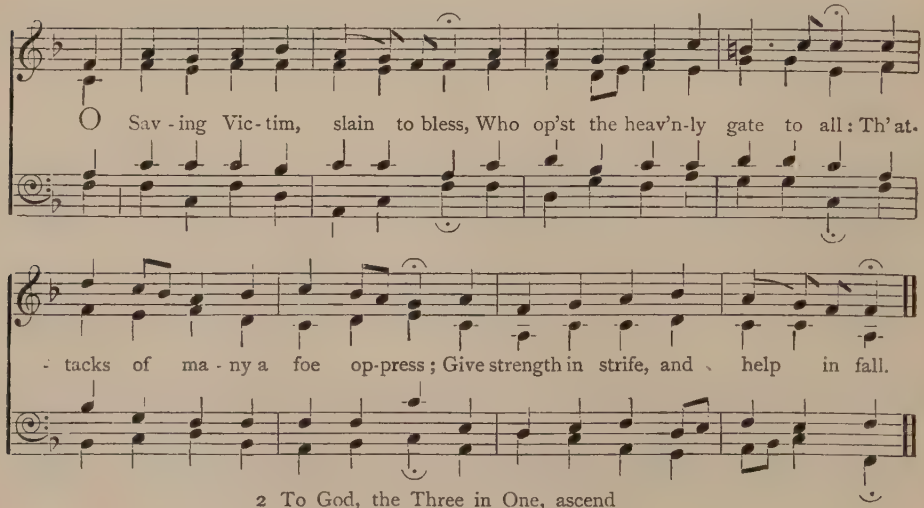
2 By a disciple to be given
To rivals, for his Blood athirst,
Himself, the very Bread of heaven,
He gave to his disciples first.

3 He gave himself in either kind,
His precious Flesh, his precious Blood;
Of flesh and blood is man combined,
And he of man would be the food.

4 In birth, man's fellow-man was he;
His meat, while sitting at the board:
He died, his Ransomer to be;
He reigns, to be his great reward.

135B O SALVTARIS HOSTIA (Part II)

Abbé Dugué (c. 1767)


O Sav - ing Vic - tim, slain to bless, Who op'st the heav'n-ly gate to all: Th'at-
- tacks of ma - ny a foe op-press; Give strength in strife, and help in fall.

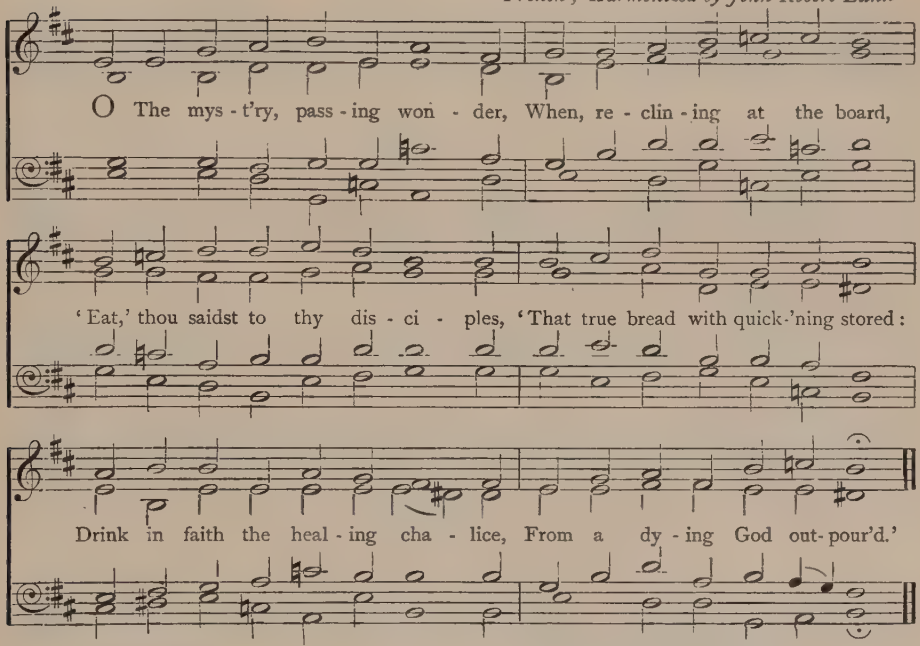
2 To God, the Three in One, ascend
All thanks and praise for evermore;
He grant the life that shall not end
Upon the heav'nly country's shore. Amen.

S. Thomas Aquinas (1227–1274); Tr. *W. J. Blew & J. M. Neale*

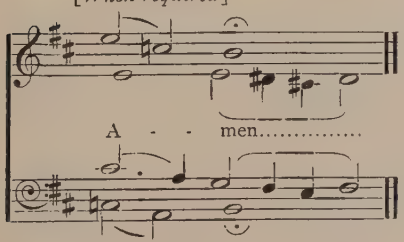
136 Τὸ μέγα μυστήριον

Tune—AD PERENNIS VITÆ FONTEM (Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.8.7.)

French; Harmonized by John Robert Lunn


O The mys - t'ry, pass - ing won - der, When, re - clin - ing at the board,
'Eat,' thou saidst to thy dis - ci - ples, 'That true bread with quick-'ning stored:
Drink in faith the heal - ing cha - lice, From a dy - ing God out-pour'd.'

[*When required*]



2 Then the glorious upper chamber
A celestial tent was made,
When the bloodless rite was offer'd,
And the soul's true service paid,
And the table of the feasters
As an altar stood display'd.

3 Christ is now our mighty Pascha,
Eaten for our mystick bread;
As a lamb led out to slaughter,
And for this world offerèd:
Take we of his broken Body,
Drink we of the Blood he shed.

4 To the Twelve spake Truth eternal,
To the branches spake the Vine:
'Never more from this day forward
Shall I taste again this wine,
Till I drink it in the Kingdom
Of my Father, and with mine.

5 Thou hast stretched those hands for silver
That had held the immortal food;
With those lips, that late had tasted
Of the Body and the Blood,
Thou hast given the kiss, O Judas;
Thou hast heard the woe bestow'd.

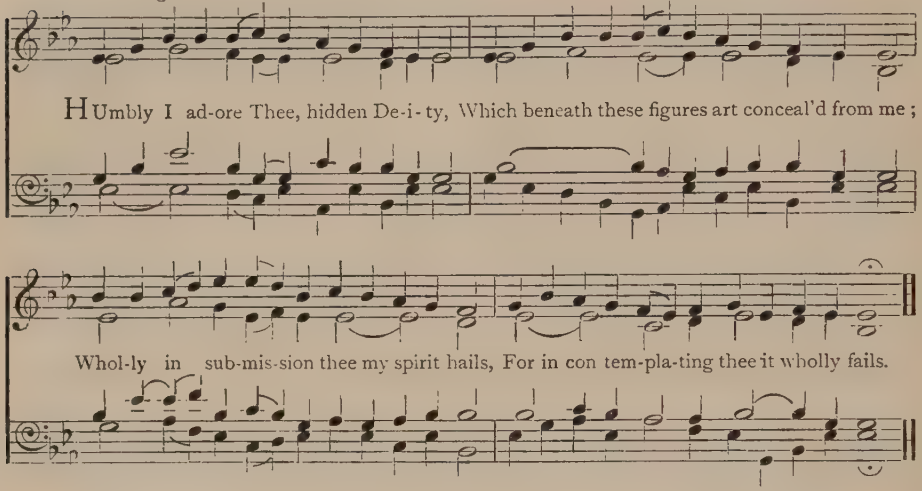
6 Christ to all the world gives banquet
On that most celestial meat:
Him, albeit with lips all earthly,
Yet with holy hearts we greet;
Him, the sacrificial Pascha,
Priest and Victim all complete.

S. Andrew of Crete (*c.* 660–732); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

137 ADORO TE DEVOTE

Melody, probably xvij cent. (Trochaic, 11.11.11.11.)

To be sung in Unison. *Harmonized by G. R. W.*


HUmbly I ad-ore Thee, hidden De-i-ty, Which beneath these figures art conceal'd from me;
Whol-ly in sub-mis-sion thee my spirit hails, For in con tem-pla-ting thee it wholly fails.

2 Taste, and touch, and vision in thee are deceived;
But the hearing only may be well believed;
I believe whatever God's own Son averr'd,
Nothing can be truer than Truth's very word.

3 On the Cross lay hidden but thy Deity;
Here is also hidden thy Humanity:
But in both believing, and confessing, Lord,
Ask I what the dying thief of thee implored.

4 Though thy Wounds, like Thomas, I behold not now,
Thee my Lord confessing, and my God, I bow:
Give me ever stronger faith in thee above,
Give me ever stronger hope and stronger love.

5 O most sweet Memorial of his death and woe,
Living Bread, which givest life to man below,
Let my spirit ever eat of thee and live,
And the blest fruition of thy sweetness give!

6 Pelican of mercy, Jesu, Lord and God,
Cleanse me, wretched sinner, in thy precious Blood;
Blood, whereof one drop, for humankind outpour'd,
Might from all transgression have the world restored.

7 Jesu, whom thus veilèd I must see below,
When shall that be given, which I long for so,
That, at last beholding thy uncover'd Face,
Thou wouldst satisfy me with thy fullest grace?

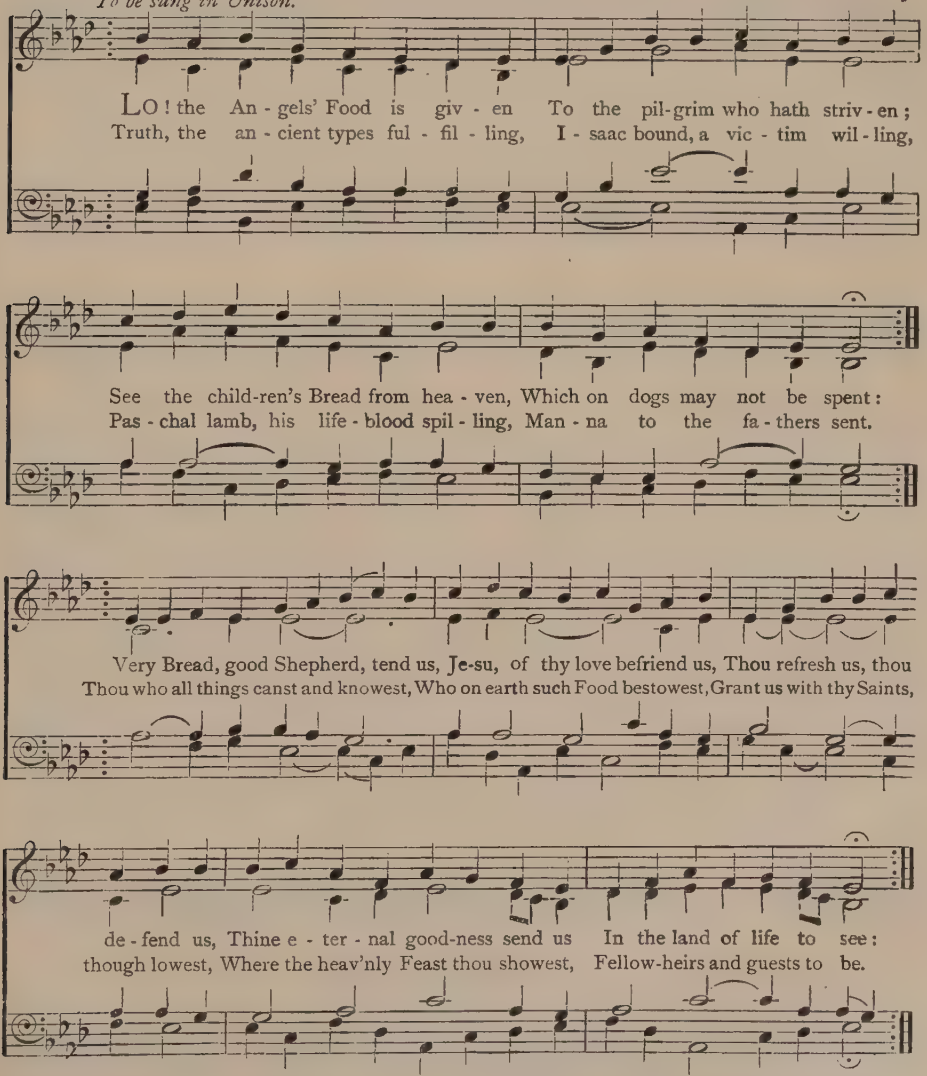
S. Thomas Aquinas (1227–1274); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

138 ECCE! PANIS ANGELORVM

(VICTORINE Metre)

Melody (xij cent); *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer* Mode vij

To be sung in Unison.

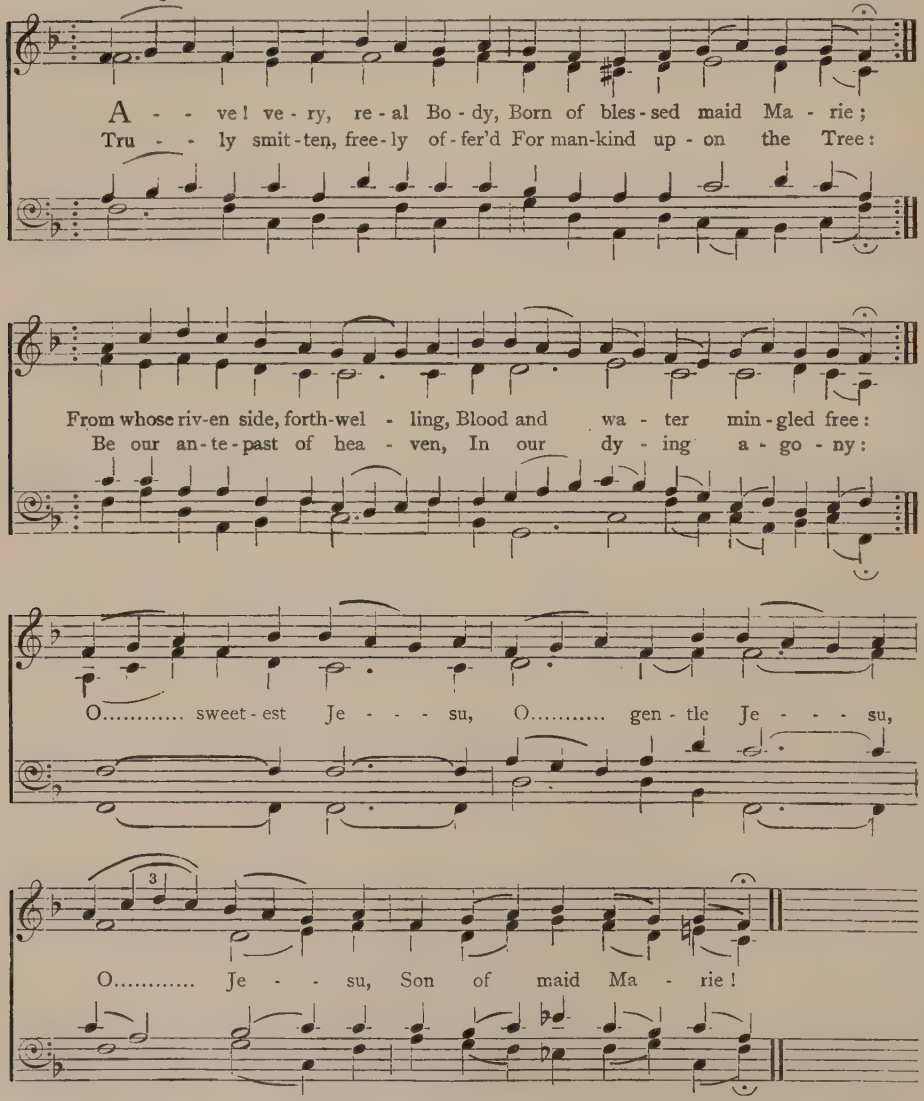

LO! the An - gels' Food is giv - en To the pil-grim who hath striv - en;
Truth, the an - cient types ful - fil - ling, I - saac bound, a vic - tim wil - ling,
See the child-ren's Bread from hea - ven, Which on dogs may not be spent:
Pas - chal lamb, his life - blood spil - ling, Man - na to the fa - thers sent.
Very Bread, good Shepherd, tend us, Je-su, of thy love befriend us, Thou refresh us, thou
Thou who all things canst and knowest, Who on earth such Food bestowest, Grant us with thy Saints,
de - fend us, Thine e - ter - nal good-ness send us In the land of life to see:
though lowest, Where the heav'nly Feast thou showest, Fellow-heirs and guests to be.

S. Thomas Aquinas (1227–1274); Tr. *Cento*

139 AVE, VERVM CORPVS

PROPER MELODY (Irregular)

To be sung in Unison. xiv cent; *Harmonized by G. R. W.*

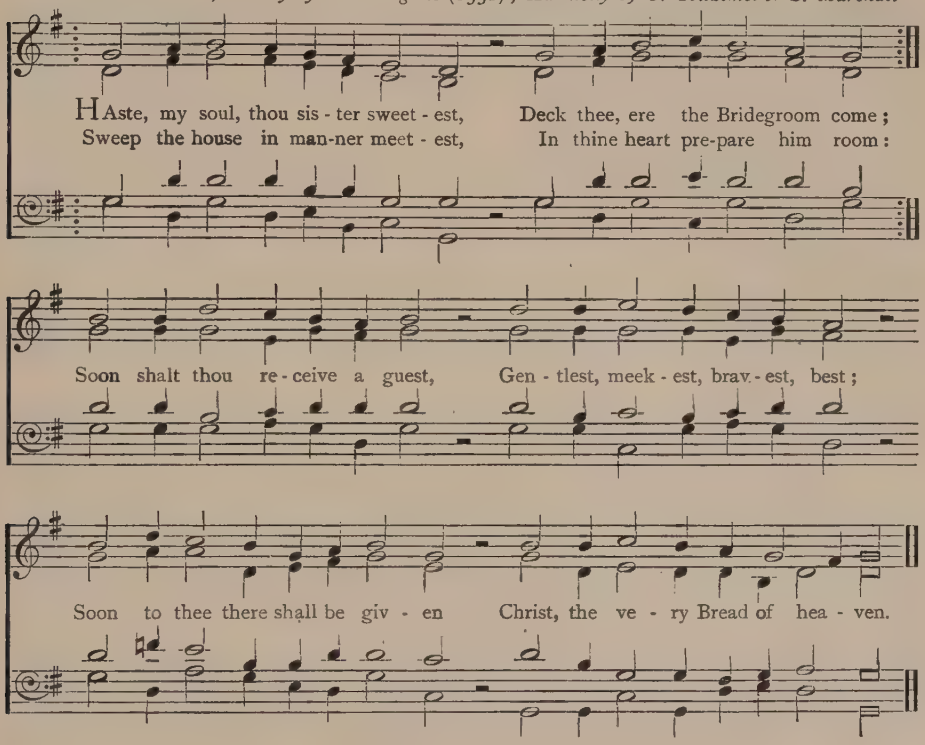

A - - ve! ve - ry, re - al Bo - dy, Born of bles - sed maid Ma - rie;
Tru - - ly smit - ten, free - ly of - fer'd For man-kind up - on the Tree:
From whose riv-en side, forth-wel - ling, Blood and wa - ter min - gled free:
Be our an - te - past of hea - ven, In our dy - ing a - go - ny:
O..... sweet - est Je - - - su, O..... gen - tle Je - - - su,
3
O..... Je - - su, Son of maid Ma - rie!

Innocent VI (xiv cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

140 EYA! O DVLCIS ANIMA

Tune—AINSI QUE LA BICHE RÉE (Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.7.7.8.8.)

French Psalm xlii; *Melody by L. Bourgeois* (1551); *Harmony by C. Goudimel or S. Marshall*


HAste, my soul, thou sis - ter sweet - est, Deck thee, ere the Bridegroom come;
Sweep the house in man-ner meet - est, In thine heart pre-pare him room:
Soon shalt thou re - ceive a guest, Gen - tlest, meek - est, brav - est, best;
Soon to thee there shall be giv - en Christ, the ve - ry Bread of hea - ven.

2 In his presence, passing measure,
There is joy and charity;
And his friendship bringeth pleasure;
Altogether lovely he:
At thine house he fain would stay,
Break his journey there to-day,
Sit and rest beneath thy gable,
Eat and drink with thee at table.

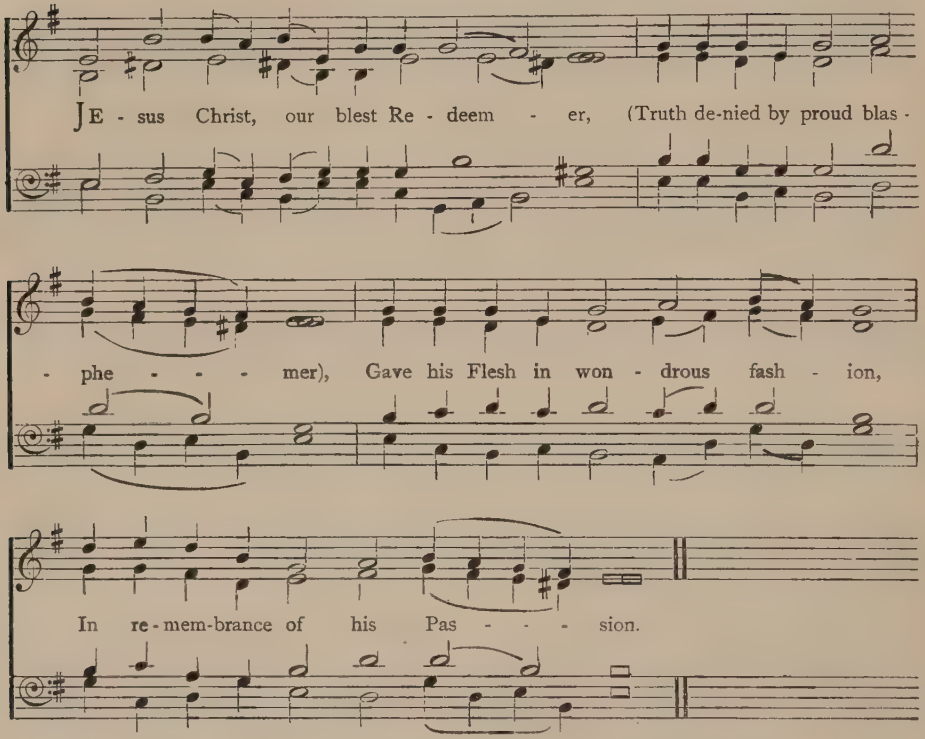
3 Wherefore rise, and run to meet him,
Ere before the door he stand;
Soul, make ready for to greet him,
Purify thee, heart and hand:
Holding, see thou hold him fast;
Let him not depart in haste;
Wrestle, lose the day, yet bind him,
Blessing till he leave behind him.

Anon. (xv cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

141 IESVS CHRISTVS NOSTRA SALVS

PROPER MELODY (Trochaic, 8.8.8.8.)

Walter (1524)


JE - sus Christ, our blest Re - deem - er, (Truth de-nied by proud blas -
- phe - - - mer), Gave his Flesh in won - drous fash - ion,
In re-mem-brance of his Pas - - - sion.

2 O how pure this Bread, and holy!
It is thou, my Saviour, wholly,
For our food thyself hast given,—
Nought is greater under heaven.

3 'Tis a gift, the best, the sweetest,
Pledge of love divine, completest,
Eucharist of mighty power,
Grace's channel, heav'nly dower.

4 'Tis not bread, 'tis thy Creator,
Word Incarnate, Liberator,
On the Cross that was suspended,
Till his soul her travail ended.

5 Manna, Angels satisfying,
Lode-star, light to saints supplying!
That which olden type suggested
Gospel now hath manifested.

6 Medicine, heal and weal that winneth,
Solace of the soul that sinneth:
Ease our burthen, tend and feed us,
And to Light eternal lead us.

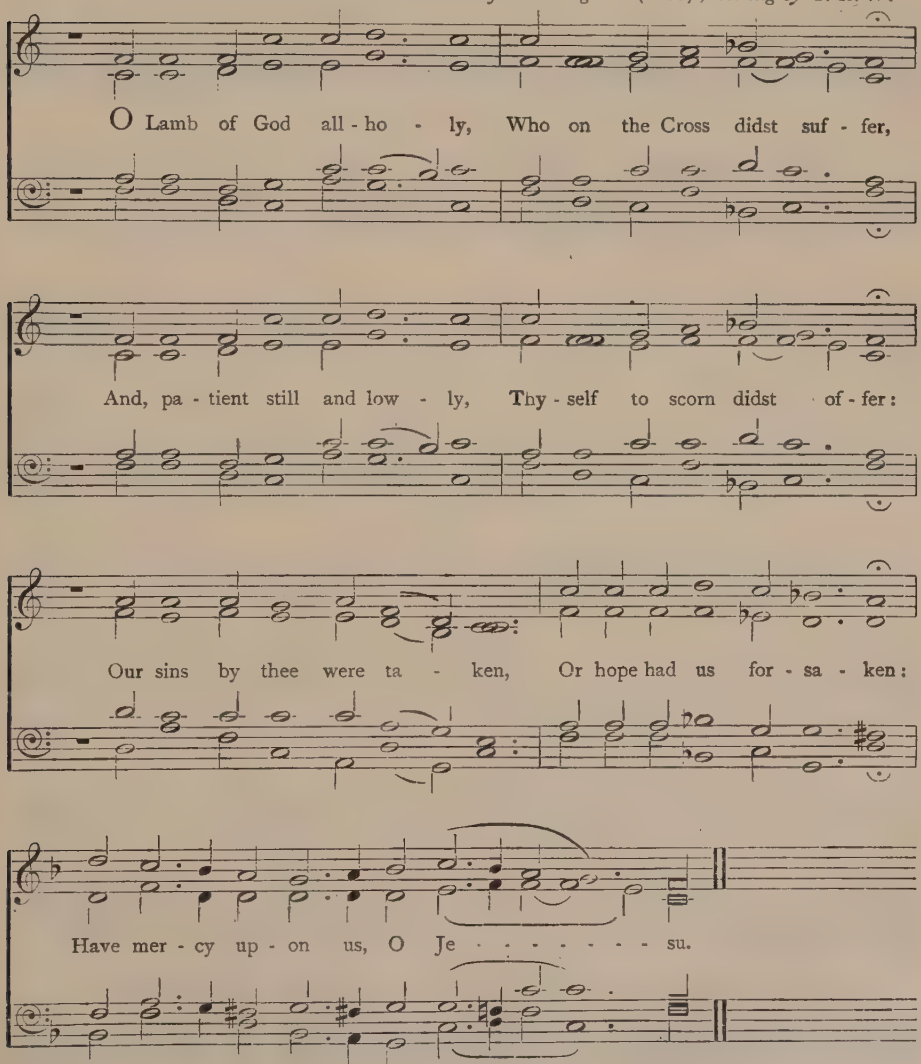
Johann Hus (1373–1415); Tr. *G. R. W.*

¶ *For an alternative Tune, see No. 145*

142 O Lamm Gottes unschuldig

PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 7·7·7·7·7·7·9.)

Rheinfels Gesangbuch (1666); *Setting by G. R. W.*

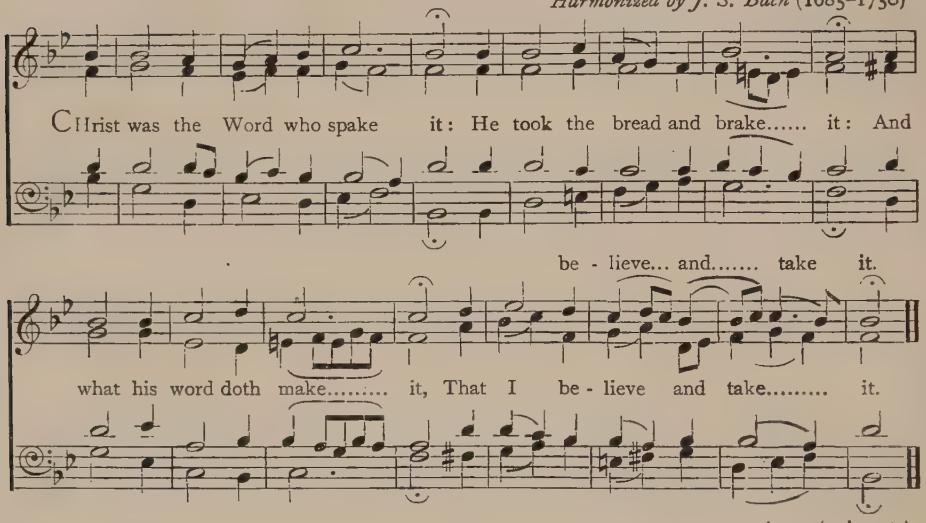

O Lamb of God all - ho - ly, Who on the Cross didst suf - fer,
And, pa - tient still and low - ly, Thy - self to scorn didst of - fer:
Our sins by thee were ta - ken, Or hope had us for - sa - ken:
Have mer - cy up - on us, O Je - - - - - - - su.

Nicolas Decius († 1541); Tr. *A. T. Russell* (1806–1874)

143 CHRIST WAS THE WORD WHO SPAKE IT

Tune—WACH AUF, MEIN HERZ, UND SINGE (NUN LASST UNS GOTT DEN HERREN)
(Iambic, 7.7.7.7.)

Harmonized by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)

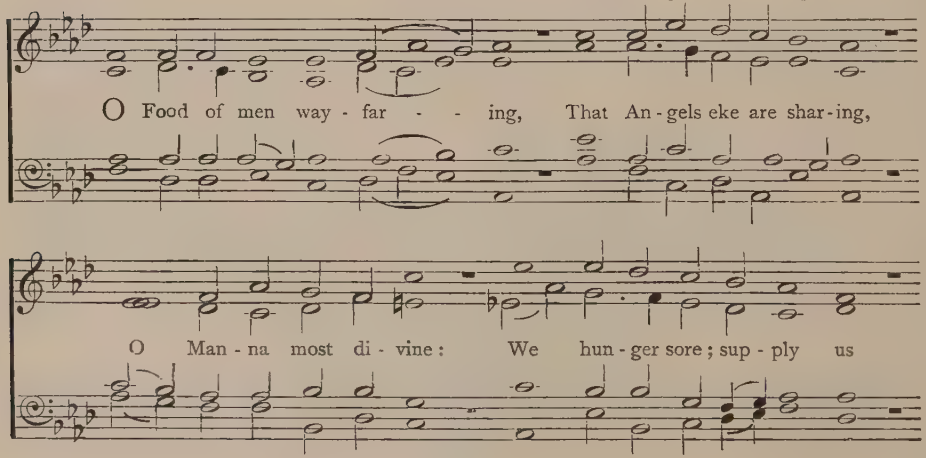

CHrist was the Word who spake it: He took the bread and brake..... it: And
be - lieve... and..... take it.
what his word doth make..... it, That I be - lieve and take..... it.

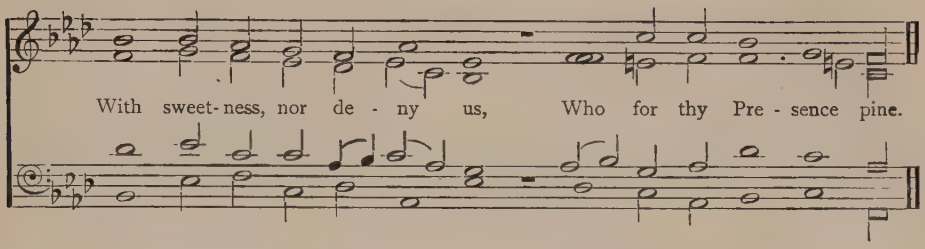
Anon. (xvj cent.)

144A O ESCA VIATORVM

Tune—NE VUEILLES PAS, O SIRE (Iambic, 7.7.6.7.7.6.)

French Psalm vj. *Louis Bourgeois* (1542)





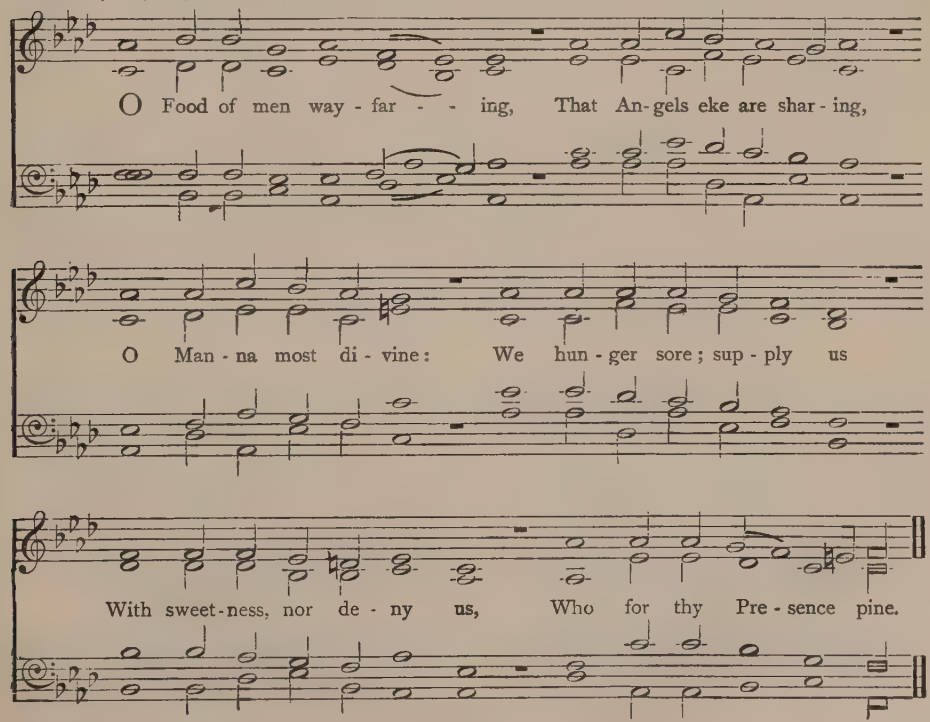
2 O Well of grace redeeming,
With charity o'er-streaming
From Jesu's spotless side,
Refresh thy sons and daughters
Athirst for living waters,
Till all be satisfied.

3 O Jesu Christ, whom hidden
'Neath form of bread, as bidden,
On earth we magnify;
Vouchsafe us, this life ended,
When earthly veils are rended,
To see thee eye to eye.

Anon. (xvij cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

144 B

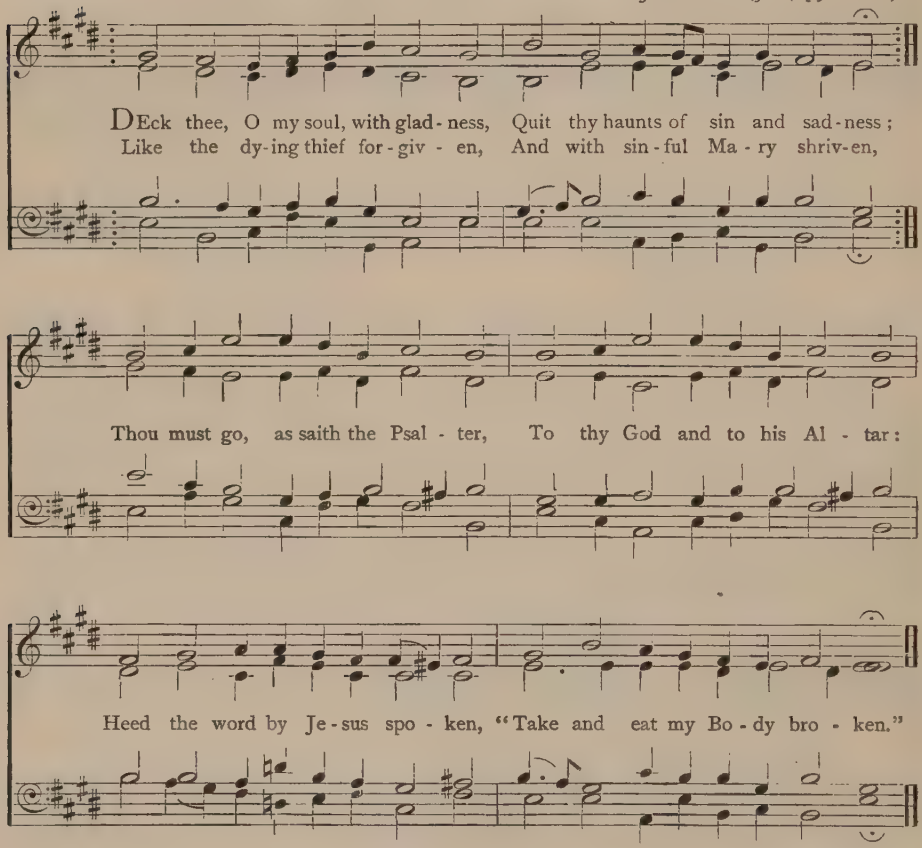
The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor: *Harmonized by Claude Goudimel* († 1572)


O Food of men way - far - - ing, That An-gels eke are shar - ing,
O Man - na most di - vine: We hun - ger sore; sup - ply us
With sweet-ness, nor de - ny us, Who for thy Pre - sence pine.

145 Schmücke dich, O liebe Seele

PROPER TUNE (Trochaic, 8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8.)

Johann Crüger (1598–1662)


DEck thee, O my soul, with glad - ness, Quit thy haunts of sin and sad - ness;
Like the dy - ing thief for - giv - en, And with sin - ful Ma - ry shriv - en,
Thou must go, as saith the Psal - ter, To thy God and to his Al - tar:
Heed the word by Je - sus spo - ken, "Take and eat my Bo - dy bro - ken."

2 Jesu's presence there confessing,
Hasten to receive his blessing;
He will ease thy heavy burden,
Give his Flesh, himself thy guerdon:
He, the Door to bliss immortal,
Standeth, knocking at thy portal;
He thy Life, thy Light eternal,
He the Way to joy supernal.

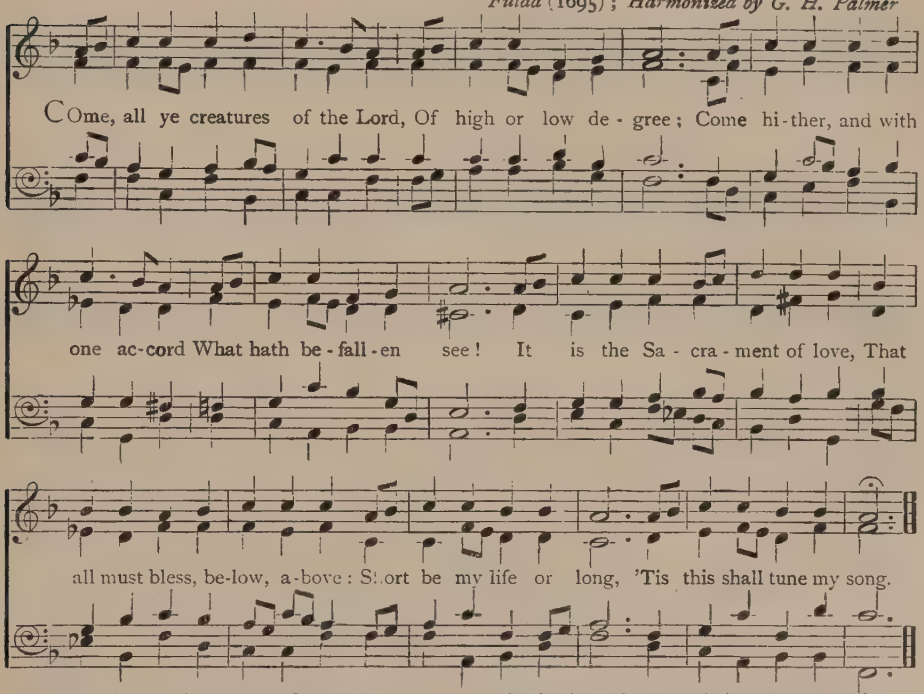
3 Jesu, sunshine of my being,
Jesu, wonderful, all-seeing,
Jesu, solace in my sorrow,
And my joy, by night and morrow;
At thy feet I fall, my Maker;
Make me, Lord, a meek partaker
Of the Wine and Bread of heaven,
For thy praise, to sinners given.

After *J. Franck* (1618–1677); *G. R. W.*

146 Kommt her ihr Creaturen all'

PROPER TUNE (Iambic, 8.6.8.6.8.8.6.6.)

Fulda (1695); *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*


COme, all ye creatures of the Lord, Of high or low de - gree; Come hi-ther, and with
one ac-cord What hath be-fall-en see! It is the Sa - cra - ment of love, That
all must bless, be-low, a-bove: Short be my life or long, 'Tis this shall tune my song.

2 Break forth in song, ye Seraphyn,
True hearts, with zeal a-fire;
Ye Princedoms, Thrones and Cherubyn,
Your sweetest anthem quire:
Dominions, Virtues, Powers, combine
With Angels all, in orders nine,
To bless, and evermore
This Sacrament adore.

3 Ye Patriarchs of ages old,
And Prophets, great and small,
Ye Virgins, pure as Ophir gold,
And twelve Apostles all:
Ye Confessors and Martyrs brave,
Ye heav'nly hosts, revered and grave,
Praise God, and evermore
This Sacrament adore.

4 Ye sun and moon and stars on high,
That light the firmament,
Our common Master magnify
Here in this Sacrament;
Both hill and valley, fruit and seed,
With greenwood tree and grassy mead,
Praise God, and evermore
Your Maker's love adore.

5 Ye fish in flood, ye beasts a-field,
And birds aloft on wing,
Praise him throughout the world, and yield
Due homage to your King:
'Tis God himself, the Son divine,
Disguis'd in forms of Bread and Wine;
Him therefore evermore
Come, worship and adore.

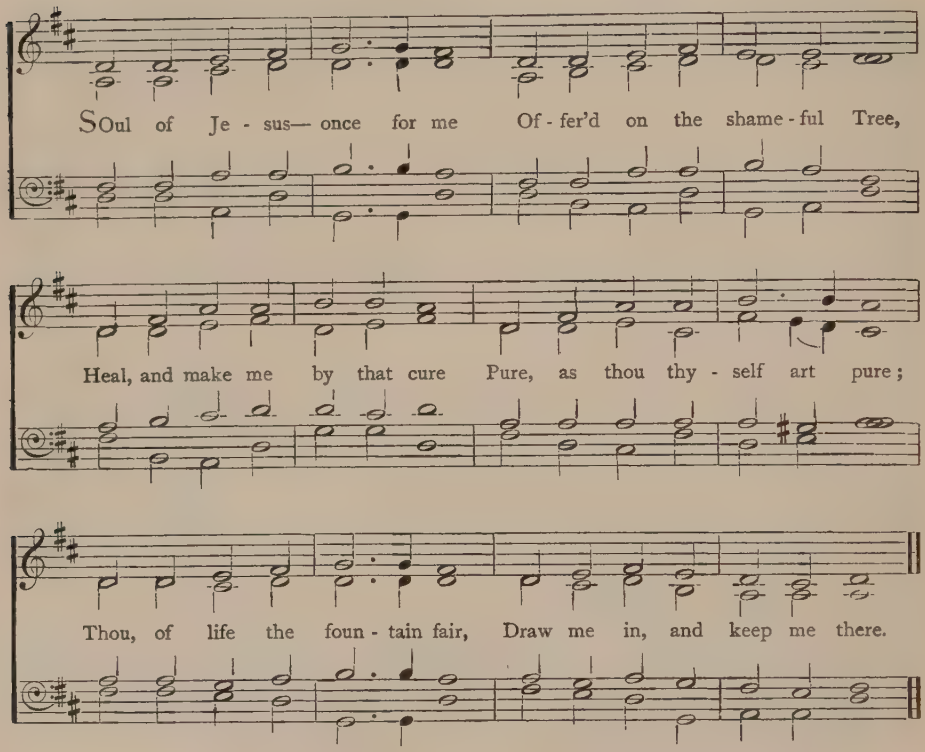
6 Now let the faithful, old and young,
Sing hymns with heart and voice;
By every tongue his praise be sung,
Till heav'n itself rejoice:
This is the Bread which, Jesus saith,
Shall save mankind from endless death;
We therefore more and more
This Sacrament adore.

J. G. Seidenbusch (1641–1729); Tr. *G. R. W.*

147 SOUL OF JESUS—ONCE FOR ME

(Trochaic, 7.7.7.7.7.7.)

Richard Redhead (1820-1901)


SOul of Je - sus— once for me Of - fer'd on the shame - ful Tree,
Heal, and make me by that cure Pure, as thou thy - self art pure;
Thou, of life the foun - tain fair, Draw me in, and keep me there.

2 Blood of Jesus—crimson sea,
Glorious as eternity,
Fathomless, alone, sublime,
Boundless bath of human crime;
Me, the leper, vile and mean,
Plunge me in, and make me clean.

3 Water—from the sacred side
Of my Saviour crucified,—
Blending with the purple gore,
When his agony was o'er;
Flow in mercy full and free,
Flow for sinners, flow for me.

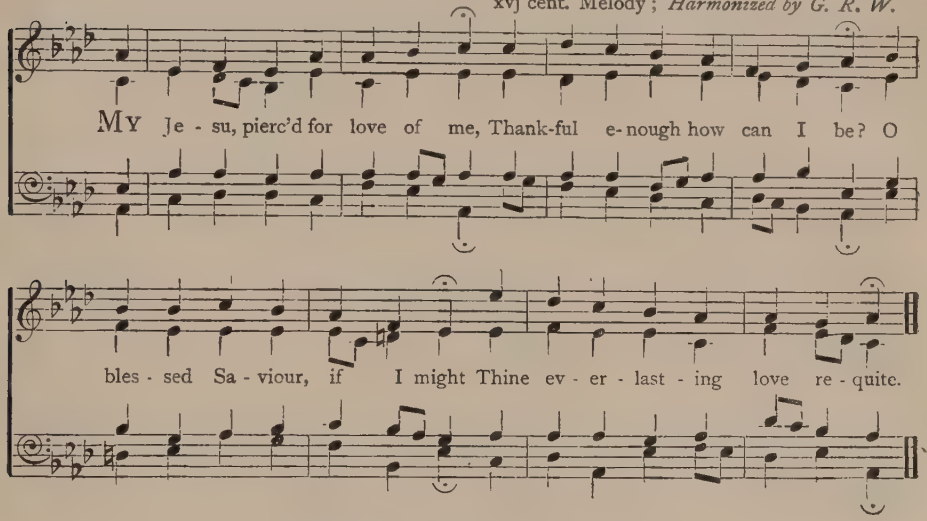
4 Holy Jesu, Lord of heaven,
Hide me where the wound was given,
Piercing through thy heart divine;
Hide me there and make me thine;
Thou my only rest shalt be:
Never let me fall from thee.

After Anima Christi, *by Matthew Bridges* (1800–1894)

148 Aus Lieb' verwund'ter, Jesu mein

Tune—NU WOL GOTT DAS UNSER GESANG (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

xvj cent. Melody; *Harmonized by G. R. W.*



2 In mystick wise thou dost me feed
With thy true Flesh and Blood indeed;
Most highest, yet thou stoopest low;
What greater boon might God bestow?

3 I pray thee, hither come to me;
Revive me of thy charity:
For thee my spirit yearneth sore;
Would I were worthy of thee more!

4 As harts, athirst upon the chace,
Speed to the water-brooks apace,
So longeth sore mine heart for thee:
O Jesu, Jesu, haste to me.

5 I cannot love thee as I should;
Yet pardon me, my chiefest Good:
Fain would I give thee hand and heart,
For thee with very life would part.

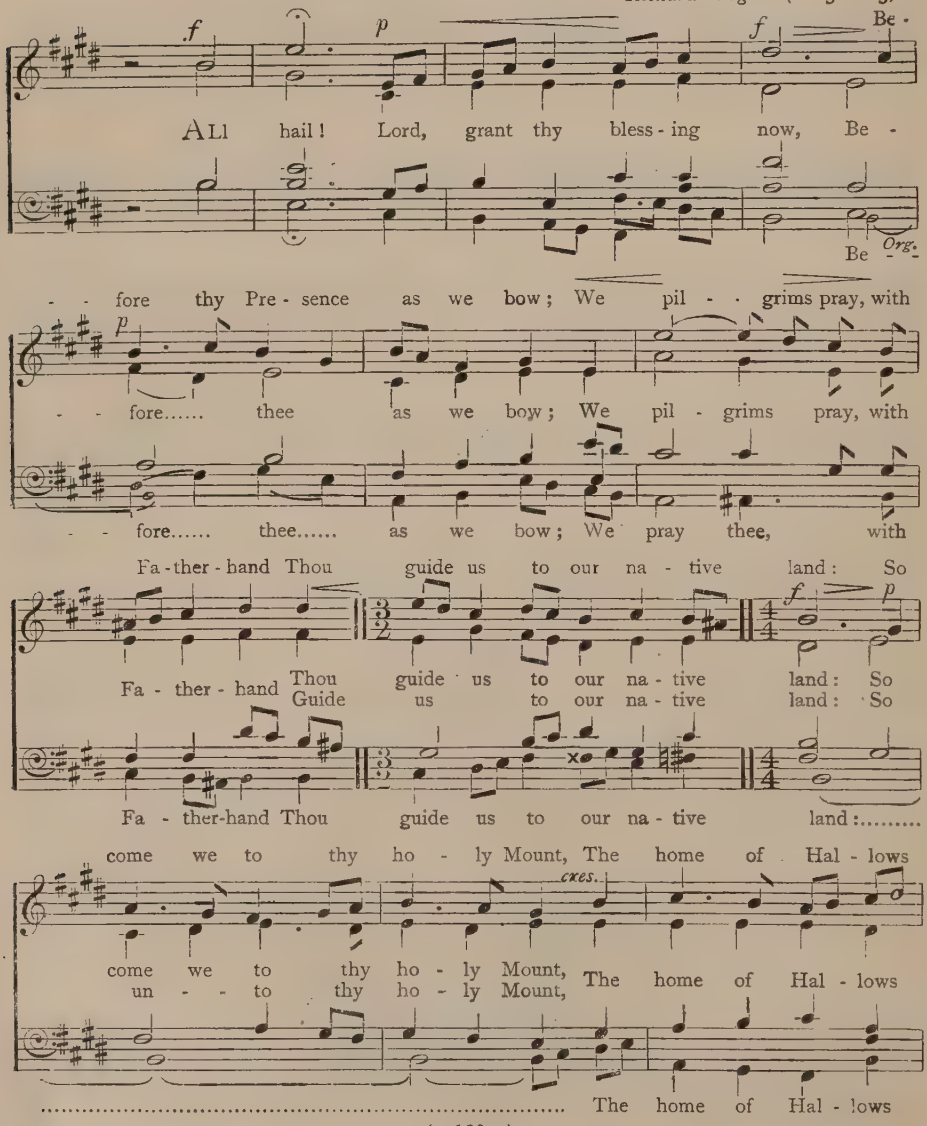
Nay, had I thousand lives, O Christ,
Each on thine Altar sacrificed,
Yet meagre should my largess be
Beside thine ampler love for me.

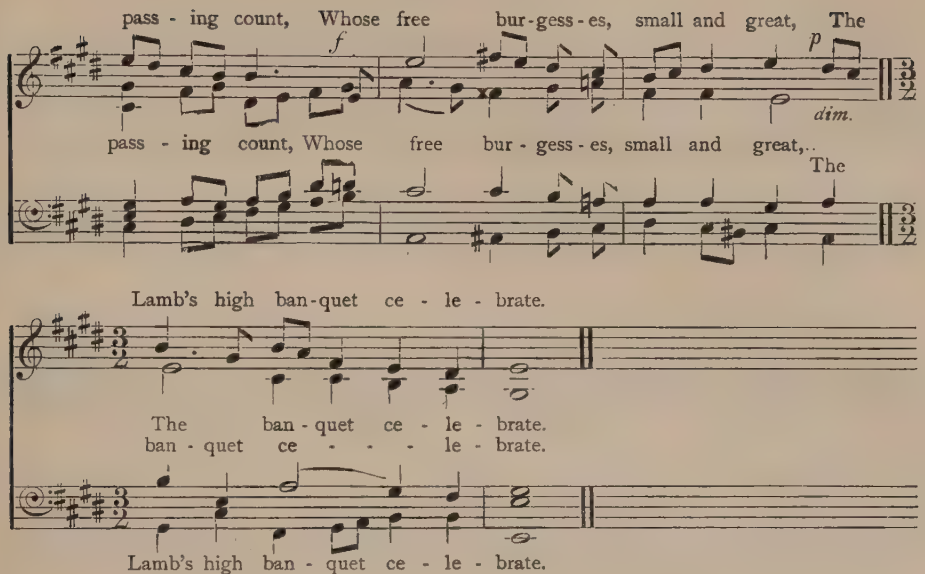
Paderborn Gesangbuch (1726); Tr. *G. R. W.*

149 Nun segne, Herr, uns allzumal

Tune—WACH AUF! (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8.)

Richard Wagner (1813–1883)


ALL hail! Lord, grant thy bless - ing now, Be -
- - fore thy Pre - sence as we bow; We pil - - grims pray, with
- - fore..... thee as we bow; We pil - grims pray, with
- - fore..... thee..... as we bow; We pray thee, with
Fa - ther - hand Thou guide us to our na - tive land: So
Fa - ther - hand Thou guide us to our na - tive land: So
Guide us to our na - tive land: So
Fa - ther-hand Thou guide us to our na - tive land:.....
come we to thy ho - ly Mount, The home of Hal - lows
come we to thy ho - ly Mount, The home of Hal - lows
un - - to thy ho - ly Mount,
..... The home of Hal - lows

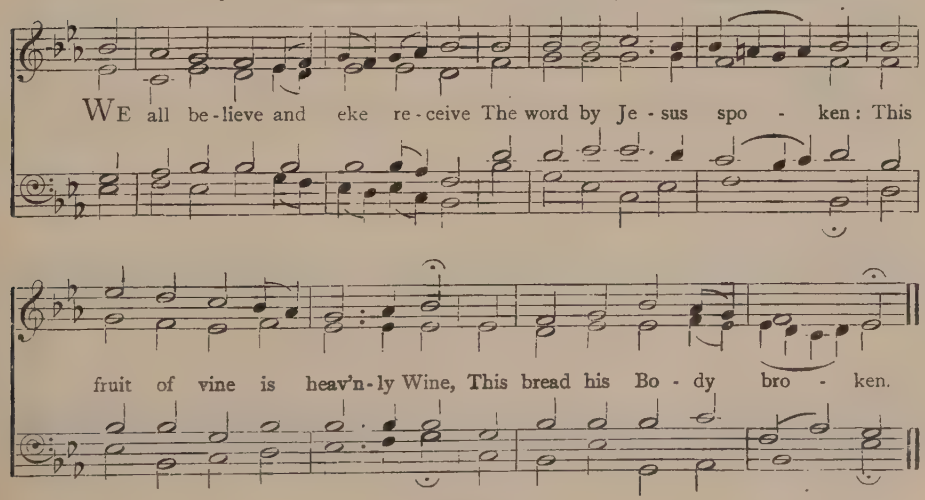

pass - ing count, Whose free bur-gess-es, small and great, The
f
p
dim.
pass - ing count, Whose free bur - gess - es, small and great,
The
Lamb's high ban-quet ce - le - brate.
The ban - quet ce - le - brate.
ban - quet ce - - - le - brate.
Lamb's high ban - quet ce - le - brate.

Köln Gesangbuch (1887); Tr. *G. R. W.*

150A WE ALL BELIEVE

Tune—EEN SULTAN LEEFDE HOOG VAN STAAT (Iambic, 4.4.7.4.4.7.)

Melody from *Liederbok van Groot Nederland IV, p. 70; Harmonized by G. R. W.*

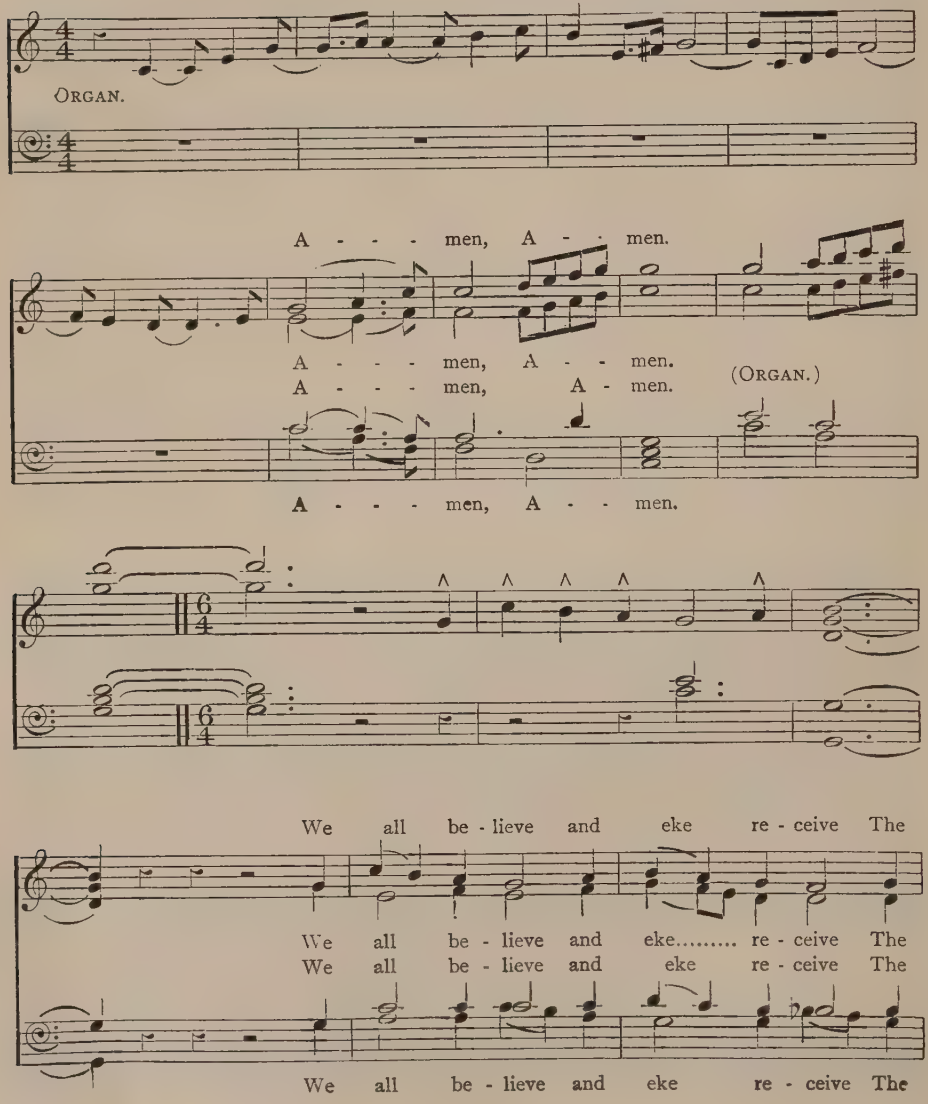


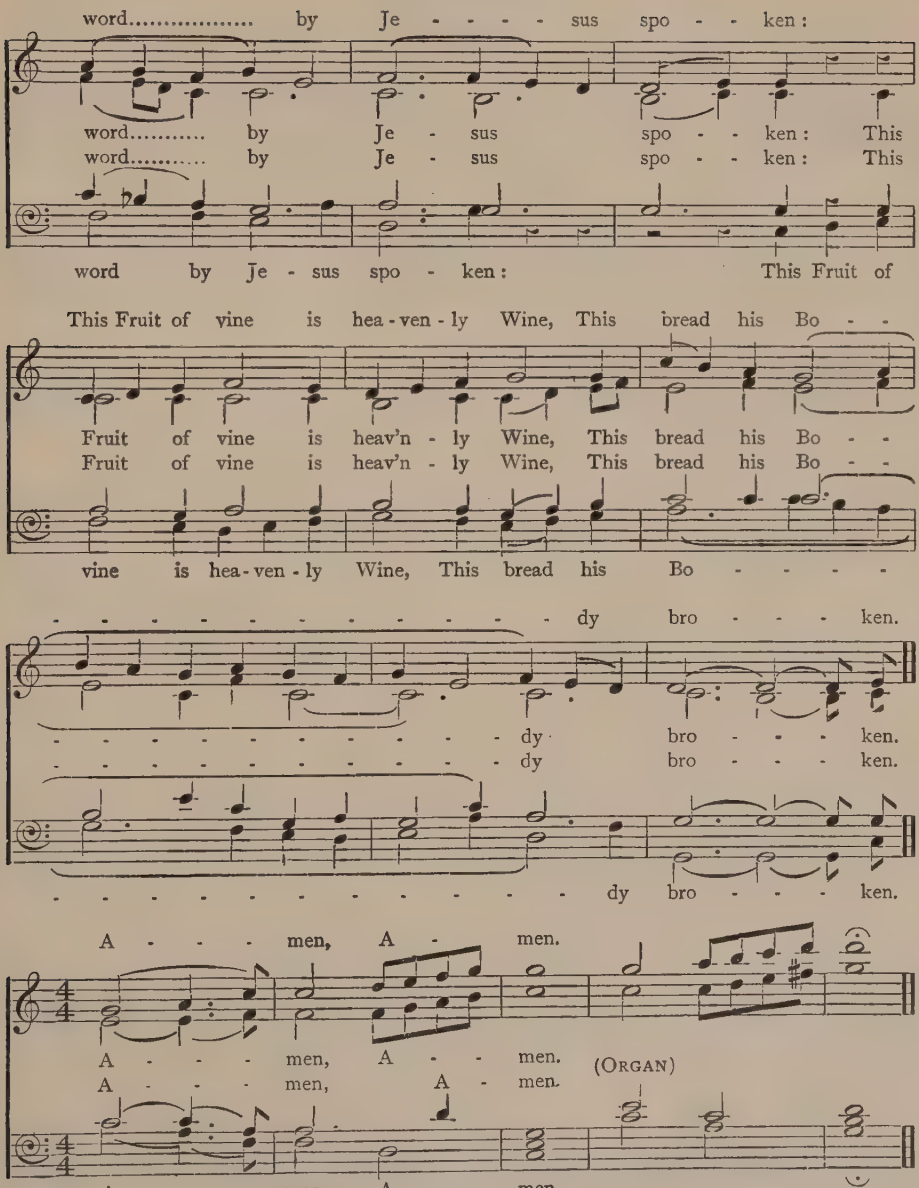
G. R. W.

150B

Tune—DER GLAUBE LEBT (PARSIFAL)

Richard Wagner (1813–1883)

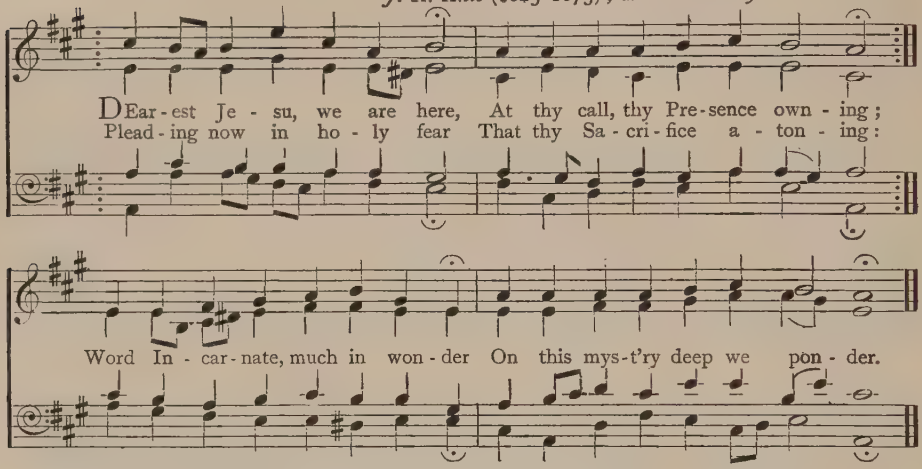

ORGAN.
A - - - men, A - - men.
A - - - men, A - - men.
A - - - men, A - men.
(ORGAN.)
A - - - men, A - - men.
We all be - lieve and eke re - ceive The
We all be - lieve and eke..... re - ceive The
We all be - lieve and eke re - ceive The
We all be - lieve and eke re - ceive The


word..... by Je - - - - sus spo - - ken:
word..... by Je - sus spo - - ken: This
word..... by Je - sus spo - - ken: This
word by Je - sus spo - ken: This Fruit of
This Fruit of vine is hea - ven - ly Wine, This bread his Bo - -
Fruit of vine is heav'n - ly Wine, This bread his Bo - -
Fruit of vine is heav'n - ly Wine, This bread his Bo - -
vine is hea - ven - ly Wine, This bread his Bo - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - dy bro - - - - ken.
- - - - - - - - - - - - dy bro - - - - ken.
- - - - - - - - - - - - dy bro - - - - ken.
- - - - - - - - - - - - dy bro - - - - ken.
A - - - men, A - men.
A - - - men, A - - men.
A - - - men, A - men.
A - - - men. A - - men.
(ORGAN)

151A DEAREST JESU, WE ARE HERE

Tune—LIEBSTER JESU, WIR SIND HIER (Trochaic, 7.8.7.8.8.8.)

J. R. Ahle (1625–1673); *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*


DEar-est Je-su, we are here, At thy call, thy Pre-sence own-ing;
Plead-ing now in ho-ly fear That thy Sa-cri-fice a-ton-ing:
Word In-car-nate, much in won-der On this mys-t'ry deep we pon-der.

2 Under forms of bread and wine
Simple hearts in faith adore thee:
Born of Mary, Son divine,
Low we bow the knee before thee:
Opening heart alike and coffer,
Body, soul, to thee we offer.

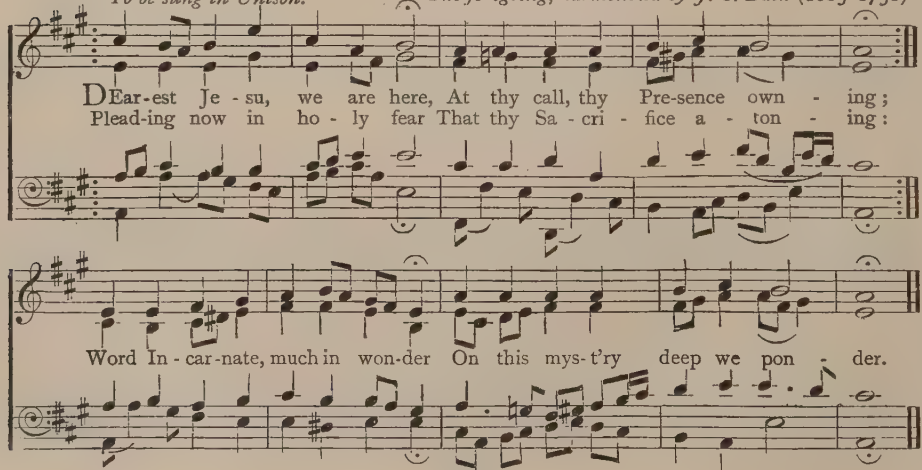
3 Jesu, strong to save,—the same
Yesterday, to-day, for ever,—
Make us fear and love thy Name,
Serving thee with best endeavour:
In this life O ne'er forsake us,
But to bliss hereafter take us.

After Liebster Jesu, *by G. R. W.*

151B

To be sung in Unison.

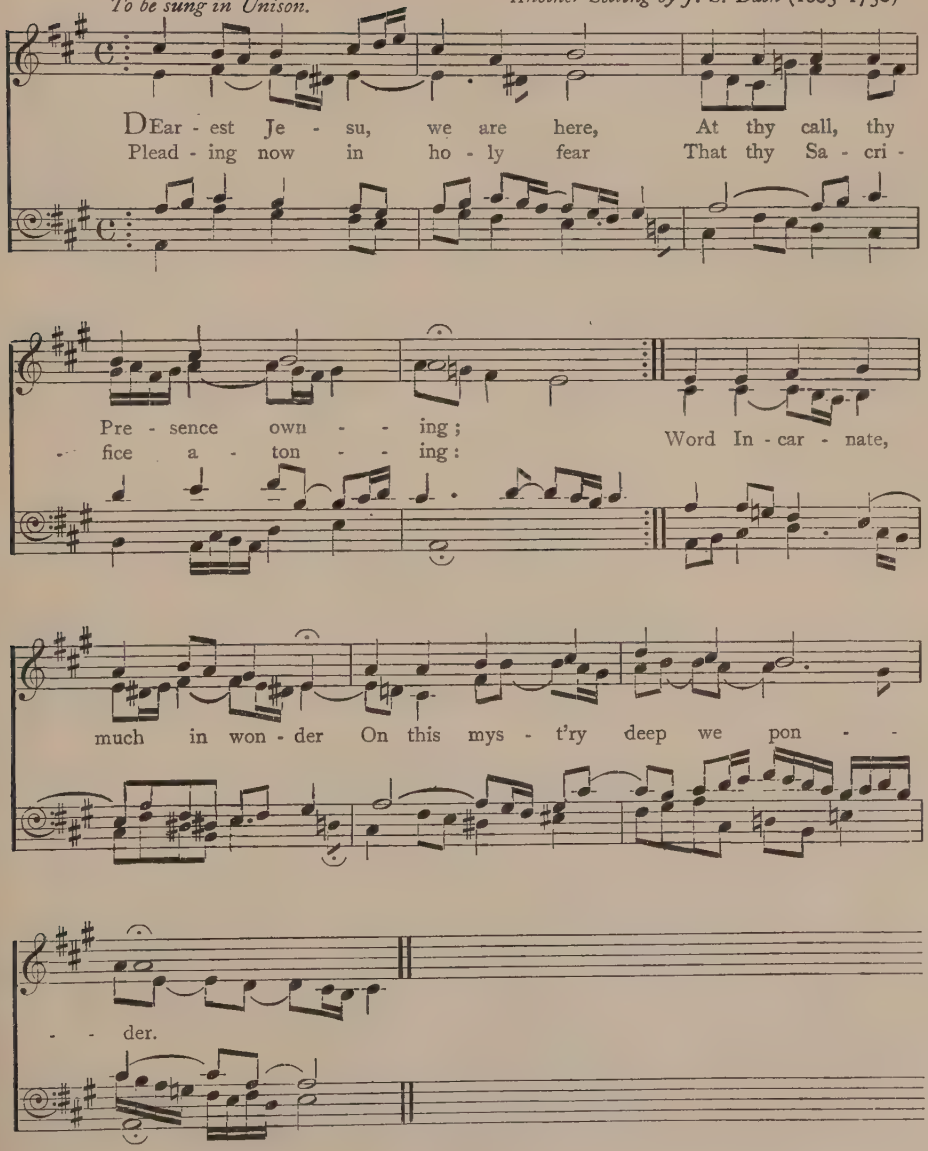
The foregoing, harmonized by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)


DEar-est Je-su, we are here, At thy call, thy Pre-sence own-ing;
Plead-ing now in ho-ly fear That thy Sa-cri-fice a-ton-ing:
Word In-car-nate, much in won-der On this mys-t'ry deep we pon-der.

151 C

To be sung in Unison.

Another Setting by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)


DEar - est Je - su, we are here, At thy call, thy
Plead - ing now in ho - ly fear That thy Sa - cri -
Pre - sence own - - ing;
- fice a - ton - - ing:
Word In - car - nate,
much in won - der On this mys - t'ry deep we pon - -
- - der.

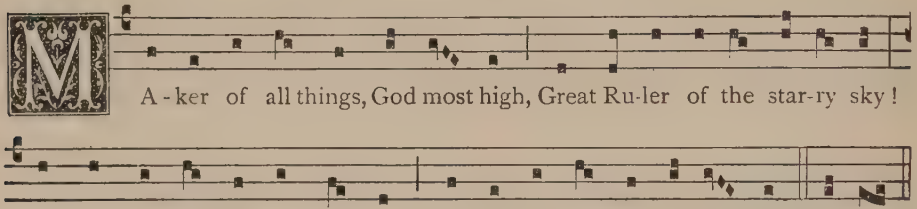
SUNDAYS AND WEEK-DAYS

SATURDAY

FROM EPIPHANY TO LENT

152 DEVS CREATOR OMNIVM

[E] SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.) Mode iv


A-ker of all things, God most high, Great Ru-ler of the star-ry sky!
Who rob'st the day in beau-teous light, In sweet re-pose the qui-et night. A-men.

2 That sleep may wearied limbs restore,
And fit for toil and use once more;
May gently soothe the care-worn breast,
And lull our anxious griefs to rest.

3 We thank thee for the day now gone;
We pray thee, as the night comes on,
Help us, poor sinners, as we raise
Our wonted offering of praise.

4 To thee our hearts their musick bring,
Thee our united voices sing,
To thee our pure affections soar,
Thee may our chasten'd souls adore.

5 So when the deep'ning shades prevail,
And night o'er day hath dropt her veil,
Faith may no 'wildering darkness know,
But night with faith effulgent glow.

6 O sleepless ever keep the mind!
But guilt in lasting slumber bind;
Let faith our chastity renew,
And temper sleep's lethargick dew.

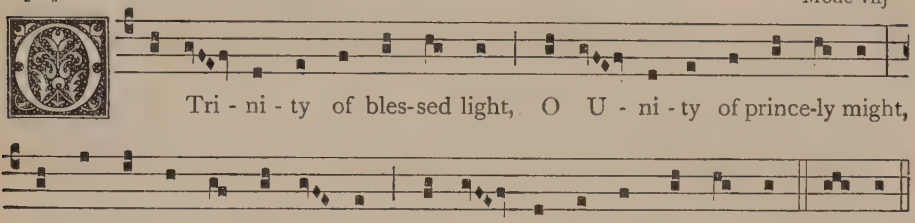
7 From every wrongful passion free,
O may our hearts repose in thee;
Nor let the fiend with envious snare
Our rest with sinful terrors scare.

8 Christ, with the Father ever one,
Spirit, of Father and of Son,
God over all, of mighty sway,
Shield us, great Trinity, we pray. Amen.

S. Ambrose (340–397); Tr. *J. D. Chambers*

153 O LVX BEATA TRINITAS

[E] SARVM PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.) Mode viij


O
Tri - ni - ty of bles-sed light, O U - ni - ty of prince-ly might,
The fier - y sun now goes his way; Shed thou with - in our hearts thy ray. A - men.

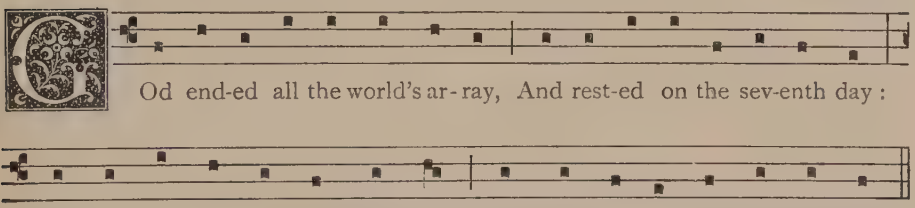
2 To thee our morning song of praise,
To thee our evening prayer we raise;
Thy glory suppliant we adore
For ever and for evermore.

3 All laud to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to thee,
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the Holy Paraclete. Amen.

S. Ambrose (340–397); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

154 POST FACTA CELSA CONDITOR

AMBROSIAN MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.) Mode ij


G
Od end-ed all the world's ar - ray, And rest-ed on the sev-enth day:
His ho - ly voice pro-claim'd it blest, And named it for the Sab-bath rest.

2 And he, who death by death subdued,
And yesterday our life renew'd,
On Saturday his Sabbath kept,
As in the heart of earth he slept.

3 His servants, while they dwell below,
Six days of this world's labour know:
Six days to bear the Cross have they,
And o'er hell's powers to force their way.

4 But when the conflict shall be o'er,
And conquer'd sin can harm no more,
The soul, released from fleshly chain,
Shall life's eternal Sabbath gain.

5 Then, then that Sunday shall ensue,
Whose end no eye shall ever view:
When this our flesh, from sin set free,
Shall put on immortality.

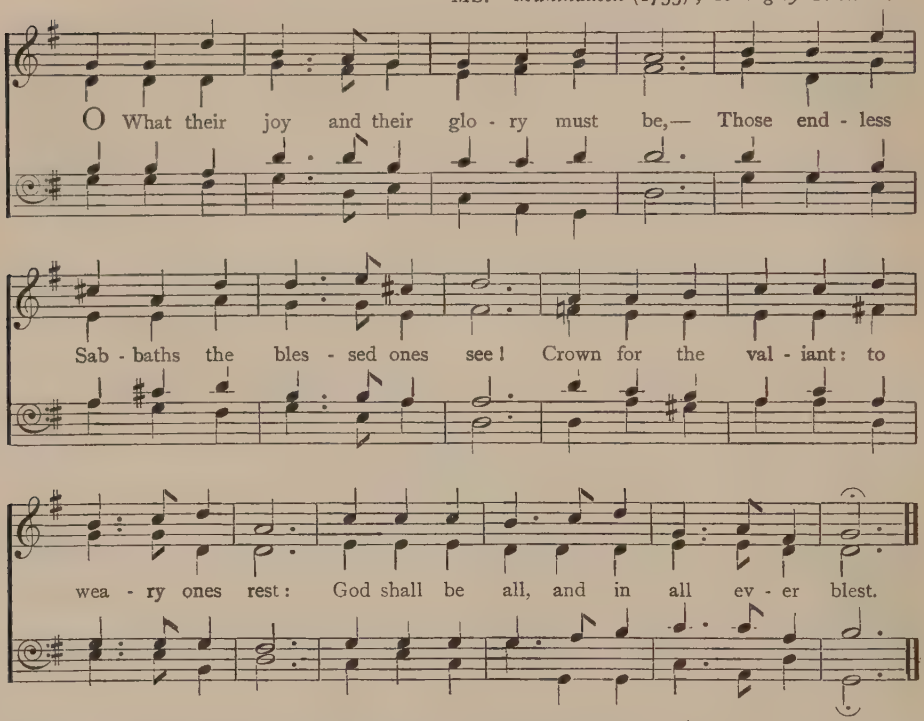
6 Then soul and body shall possess
United, double blessedness:
When we the ramparts shall ascend
Of that bright realm which cannot end.

Ven. Bede (673–735); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

155 O QVANTA QVALIA

Tune—PREISE, JERUSALEM. (Dactylic, 10.10.10.10.)

MS. *Mühlhausen* (1733); *Setting by G. R. W.*


O What their joy and their glo - ry must be,— Those end - less
Sab - baths the bles - sed ones see! Crown for the val - iant: to
wea - ry ones rest: God shall be all, and in all ev - er blest.

2

What are the Monarch, his court, and his throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Tell us, ye blest ones, that in it have share,
If what ye feel ye can fully declare.

3

Truly 'Hierusalem' name we that shore,
'Vision of Peace' that brings joy evermore:
Wish and fulfilment can sever'd be ne'er,
Nor the thing pray'd for come short of the prayer.

4

We, where no trouble distraction can bring,
Safely the anthems of Syon shall sing:
While for thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessed people shall evermore raise.

5

There dawns no Sabbath; no Sabbath is o'er;
Those Sabbath-keepers have one, and no more;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the Angels and us shall belong.

6

Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh:
Seeking Hierusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

7

Low before him with our praises we fall,
Of whom, and in whom, and through whom are all:
Of whom, the Father; and in whom, the Son;
Through whom, the Spirit, with these ever One.
Amen.

Peter Abelard (1079–1142); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

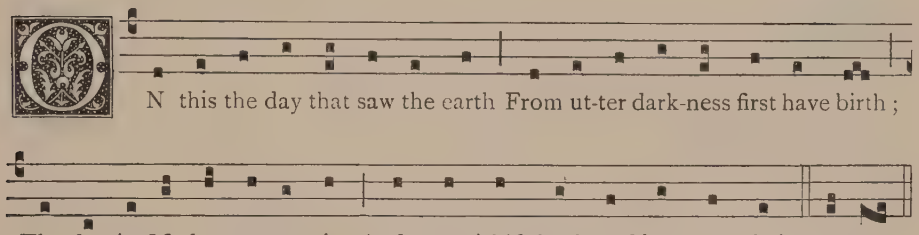
SUNDAY

FROM EPIPHANY TO LENT

156 PRIMO DIERVM OMNIVM

SARVM PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[M] Mode iv


ON this the day that saw the earth From ut-ter dark-ness first have birth ;
The day its Ma-ker rose a-gain, And vanquish'd death, and burst our chain. A-men.

2 Away with sleep and slothful ease !
We raise our hearts and bend our knees,
And early seek the Lord of all,
According to the Prophet's call ;

3 That he may grant us that we crave ;
May stretch his strong right arm to save ;
And, purging out each sinful stain,
Restore us to our home again.

4 Assembled here this holy day,
This holiest hour we raise the lay :
And O that he to whom we sing
May now reward our offering !

5 O Father of unclouded light !
We pray thee, kneeling in thy sight,
From all defilement to be freed,
And every sinful act and deed :

6 That this our body's mortal frame
May know no sin, and fear no shame,
Whereby the fires of hell may rise
To torture us in fiercer wise.

7 We therefore, Saviour, cry to thee
To wash out our iniquity :
And give us of thy boundless grace
The blessings of the heavenly place.

8 That we, thence exiled by our sin,
Hereafter may be welcomed in ;
That blessed time awaiting now,
With hymns of glory here we bow.

Doxology before Candlemas

All honour, laud, and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

Doxology after Candlemas

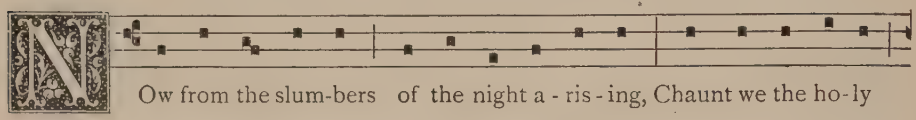
O Father, that we ask be done
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

S. Gregory the Great (*c.* 540–604) ; Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

157A NOCTE SVRGENTES

SARVM MELODY (FESTAL) [Sapphic Measure]

[M] Mode vj


Ow from the slum-bers of the night a - ris - ing, Chaunt we the ho - ly
psalm-o - dy of Da-vid, Hymns to our Mas-ter, with our best en-dea-vour, Sweet-ly
in - ton - ing. A - men.

2

So may our Monarch pitifully hear us,
That we may merit with his Saints to enter
Mansions eternal, therewithal possessing
Joy beatific.

3

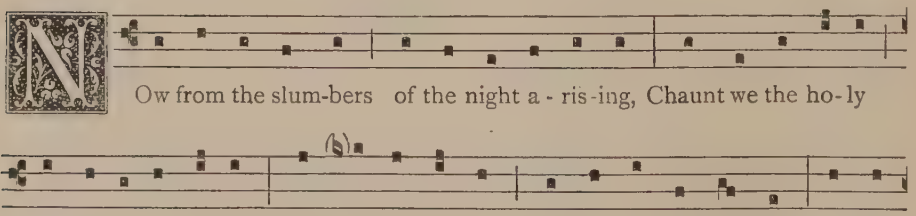
This he vouchsafe us, God for ever blessèd,
Father eternal, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Whose is the glory which through all creation
Ever resoundeth. Amen.

S. Gregory the Great (*c.* 540–604); Tr. *Hymner*

157B

SARVM MELODY (FERIAL)

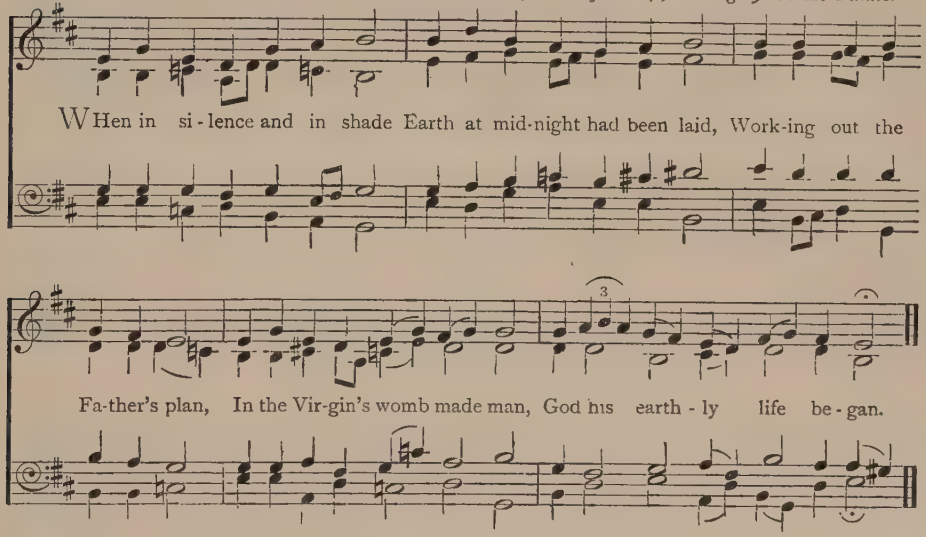
Mode iv


Ow from the slum-bers of the night a - ris - ing, Chaunt we the ho - ly
psalm-o - dy of Da-vid, Hymns to our Mas-ter, with our best en-dea-vour, Sweet-ly
in - ton - ing. A - men.

158 QVANDO NOCTIS MEDIVM

Tune—VERBVM PATRIS HODIE (Trochaic, 7.7.7.7.)

Palencia Missal (xi or xij cent.); *Setting by G. H. Palmer*


WHen in si-lence and in shade Earth at mid-night had been laid, Work-ing out the
3
Fa-ther's plan, In the Vir-gin's womb made man, God his earth-ly life be-gan.

2

By each mouth his praise be show'd,
For the new gift now bestow'd;
From on high came down the dew,
From the earth the floweret grew,
Health in mortals to renew.

3

Very God as man is born;
Swaddling clothes enwrap the Morn;
Praise by Angel-tongues is pour'd;
Earth is ransom'd by the Lord;
Peace to sinners is restored.

4

Ammon's King, in woe and grief,
Owns the dread of Syon's Chief;
Trembles haughty Babylon,
When they set the royal crown
On our truer Solomon.

5

There the Cross is rear'd on high,
And their God they crucify;
Conquering life in death hath lain,
Death's contriver falls again,
Death itself by death is slain.

6

After sunset in the grave
Comes our Sun again to save;
And he shows the glory, won
By the deeds his hand hath done,
To the blest around the throne.

7

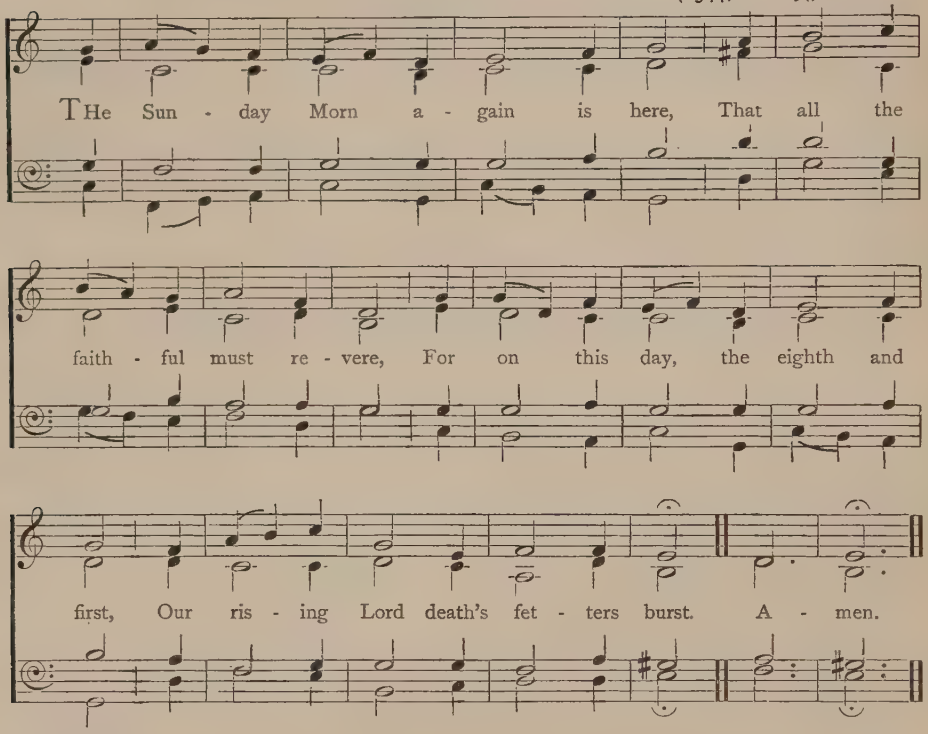
Holy Father, now we crave,
Hear us, and redeem and save;
Let the things we ask be done,
Through thy well-belovèd Son,
With thee and the Spirit one.

Stuttgart MS. (xiv cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866

159 EN DIES EST DOMINICA

Tune—GAVDE, REGINA GLORIÆ (NUN LASZT UNS ALL MIT INNIGKEIT)

(Iambic, 8.8.8.8.) *Böhm. Br.* (1544). *Phrygian Mode*


THe Sun - day Morn a - gain is here, That all the
faith - ful must re - vere, For on this day, the eighth and
first, Our ris - ing Lord death's fet - ters burst. A - men.

2 And by his flock, hath Christ declared,
His Resurrection must be shared:
For we, who trust in him to save,
Have risen with him, and left the grave.

3 We, one and all, of him possest,
Are made most rich, are made most blest:
For all he did, and all he bare,
He gives us as our own to share.

4 Eternal rest, a home on high,
A blessed immortality,
And peace and gladness, and a throne,
Are all his gifts, and all our own.

5 And therefore kept must Sunday be
In these things' pious memory,
That Christian men to heart may lay
Why this is call'd the Lord's own day.

6 Ruler of times, God ever blest,
The heart's true peace and very rest!
Thy love we praise, thy Name adore,
Both on this day and evermore. Amen.

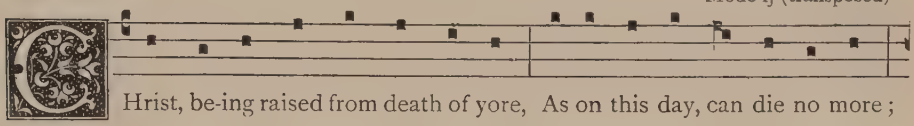
Thomas of Kempen (1379–1471); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

¶ *For alternative Tune, see No. 156*

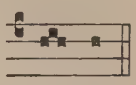
160 HAC DIE SVRGENS DOMINVS

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Mode ij (transposed)


Christ, be-ing raised from death of yore, As on this day, can die no more ;
And that which he in bo - dy wrought By us in spi - rit must be sought.

2 This is the day that we must win
A resurrection from all sin ;
Lest by consent the soul, though free,
The slave of Satan's wiles should be.



3 But whence we came, and what our state,
And where we are, and why create,
And whither we must soon depart,—
These thoughts to-day should fill the heart.

4 From God on high to this world's frame,
To darkness out of light we came,
The work of God himself, endued
With his own blest similitude.

5 Between this day and Sundays gone
The soul should draw comparison,
And find what progress it has made,
And where its powers have been decay'd :

6 Each evil way should hate and flee,
The path of right keep earnestly ;
And think that each new week will yield
New struggle in new battle-field :

7 And still rejoice, because we know
That we have time as yet below,
Wherein we may advance apace,
As well to glory as in grace.

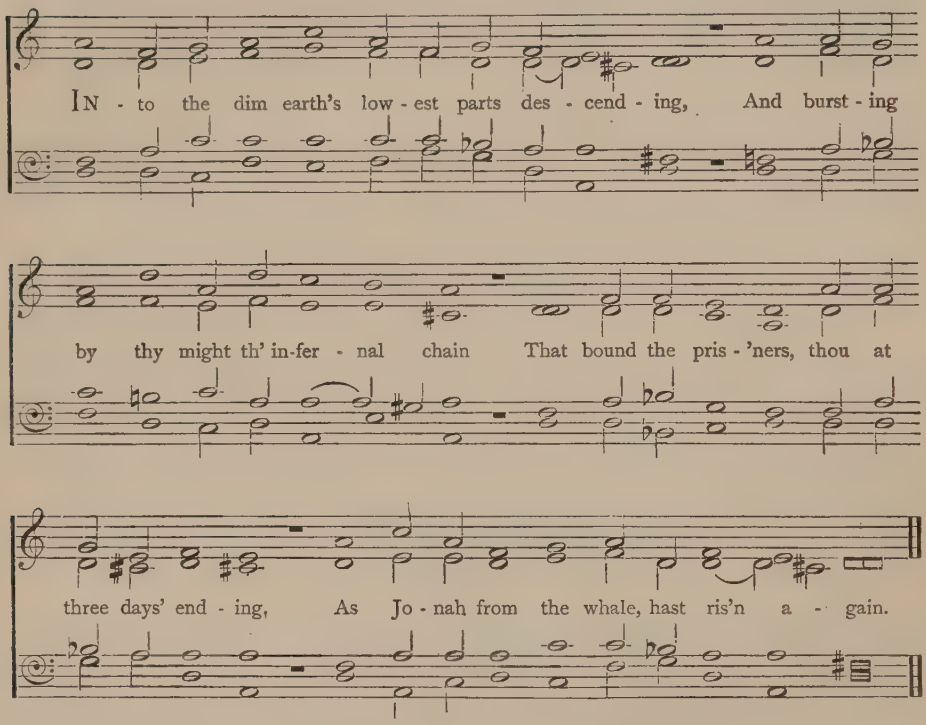
8 Ruler of times, God ever blest,
The heart's true peace and very rest !
Thy love we praise, thy Name adore,
Both on this day and evermore. Amen.

Thomas of Kempen (1379–1471) ; Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

161 A Κατήλθες ἐν τοῖς κατωτάτοις

Tune—DONNE SECOURS, SEIGNEUR, IL EN EST HEURE (Ps. xij)
(Iambic, 11.10.11.10.)

Melody by Louis Bourgeois (1551); *Harmonized by C. Wood*


IN - to the dim earth's low - est parts des - cend - ing, And burst - ing
by thy might th' in-fer - nal chain That bound the pris - 'ners, thou at
three days' end - ing, As Jo - nah from the whale, hast ris'n a - gain.

2

Thou brakest not the seal, thy surety's token,
Arising from the tomb, who left'st in birth
The portals of virginity unbroken,
And op'st the gate of heaven to sons of earth.

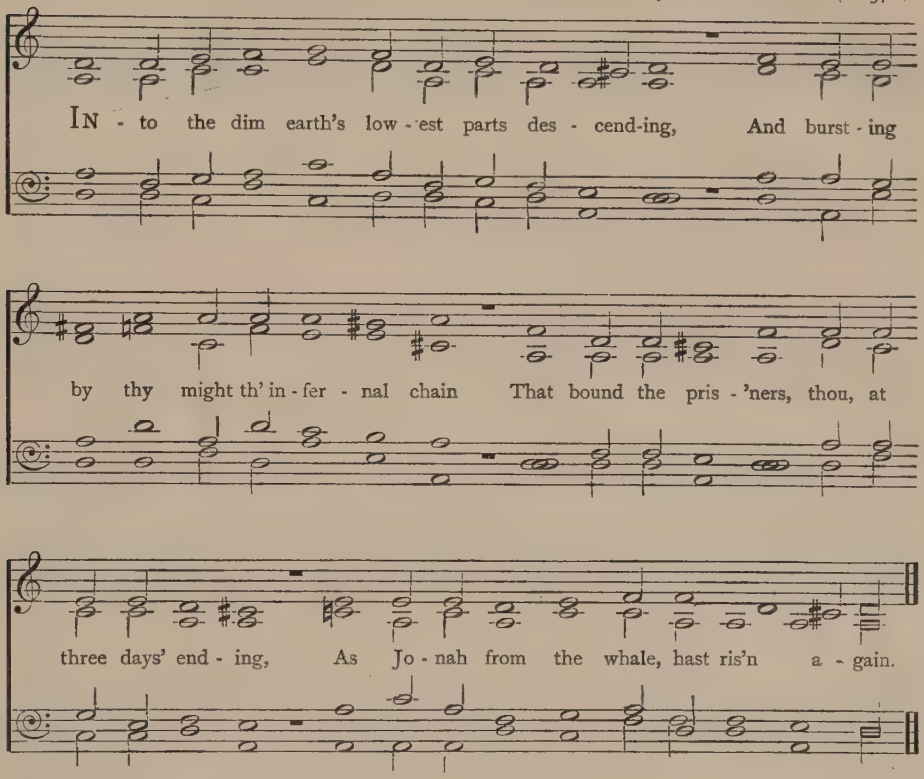
3

Thou, Sacrifice ineffable and living,
Did'st to the Father by thyself atone,
As God Eternal: resurrection giving
To Adam, general parent, by thine own.

S. John Damascene († *c.* 780); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

161 B

The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor; Harmonized by Claude Goudimel († 1572)


IN - to the dim earth's low - est parts des - cend-ing, And burst - ing
by thy might th' in - fer - nal chain That bound the pris - 'ners, thou, at
three days' end - ing, As Jo - nah from the whale, hast ris'n a - gain.

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Thou brakest not the seal, thy surety's token,
Arising from the tomb, who left'st in birth
The portals of virginity unbroken,
And op'st the gate of heaven to sons of earth.

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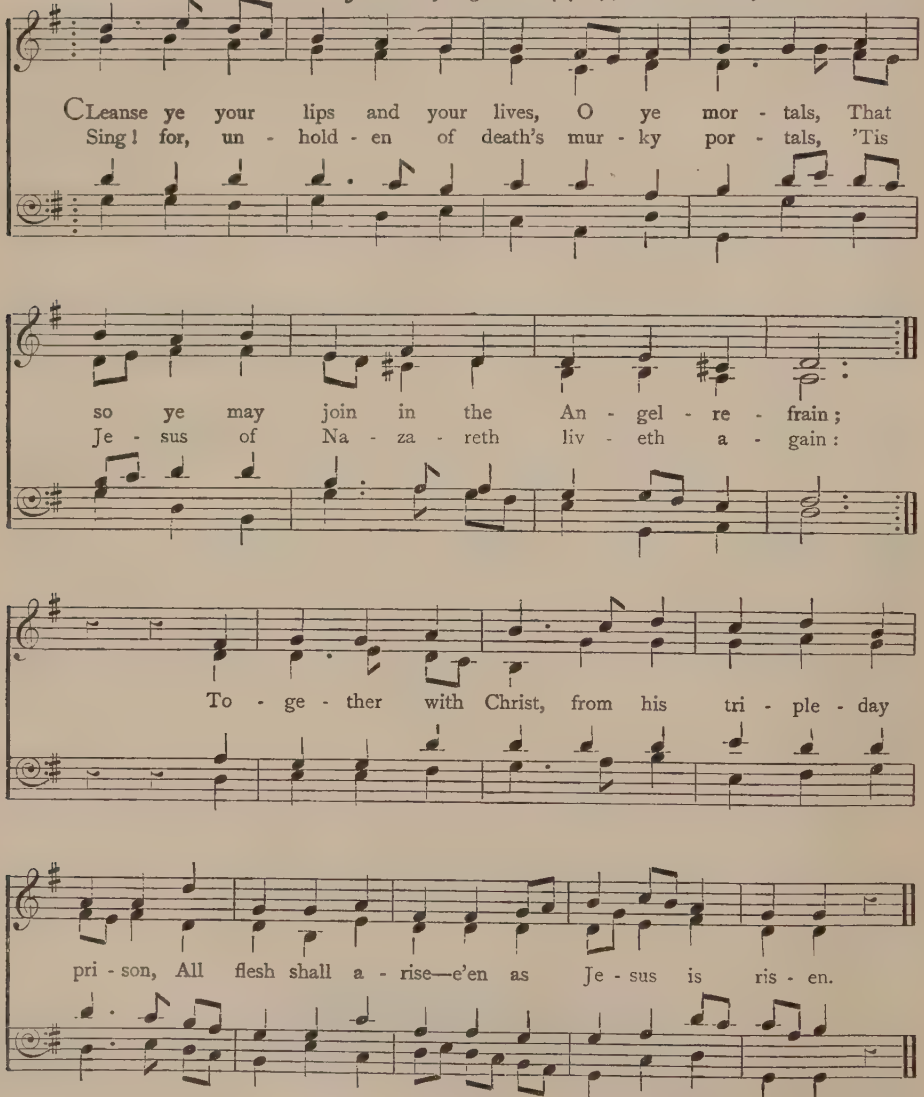
Thou, Sacrifice ineffable and living,
Did'st to the Father by thyself atone,
As God Eternal: resurrection giving
To Adam, general parent, by thine own.

S. John Damascene († *c.* 780); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

162 Χείλεσι καθαροῖς

Tune—FRIEDE! ACH FRIEDE (Dactylic-amphibrachic, 11.11.11.11.12.12.)

J. A. Freylinghausen (1706); *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*

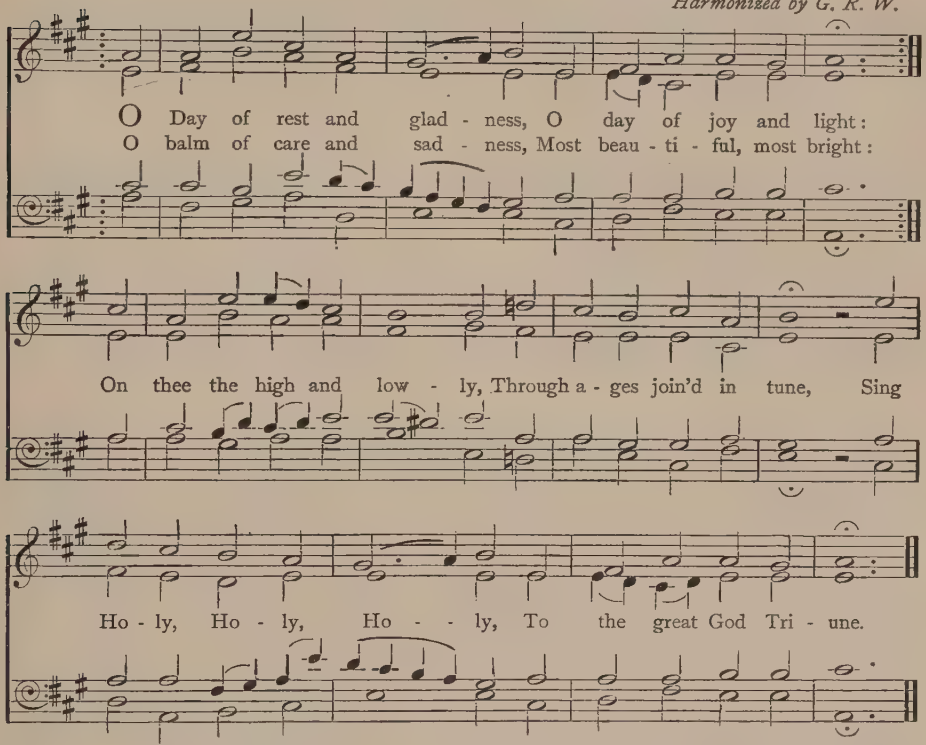

CLeanse ye your lips and your lives, O ye mor - tals, That
Sing! for, un - hold - en of death's mur - ky por - tals, 'Tis
so ye may join in the An - gel - re - frain;
Je - sus of Na - za - reth liv - eth a - gain:
To - ge - ther with Christ, from his tri - ple - day
pri - son, All flesh shall a - rise—e'en as Je - sus is ris - en.

Greek Pentecostarion; Tr. *G. R. W.*

163 A O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS

Tune—Es flog ein kleins Waldvögelein (Iambic, 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.)

Harmonized by G. R. W.


O Day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light:
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright:
On thee the high and low - ly, Through a - ges join'd in tune, Sing
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - - ly, To the great God Tri - une.

2 On thee at the Creation
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth:
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a holy ladder
Where Angels go and come;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to heaven, our home:
A day of sweet refection
Thou art, a day of love;
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls:
Where Gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living waters flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

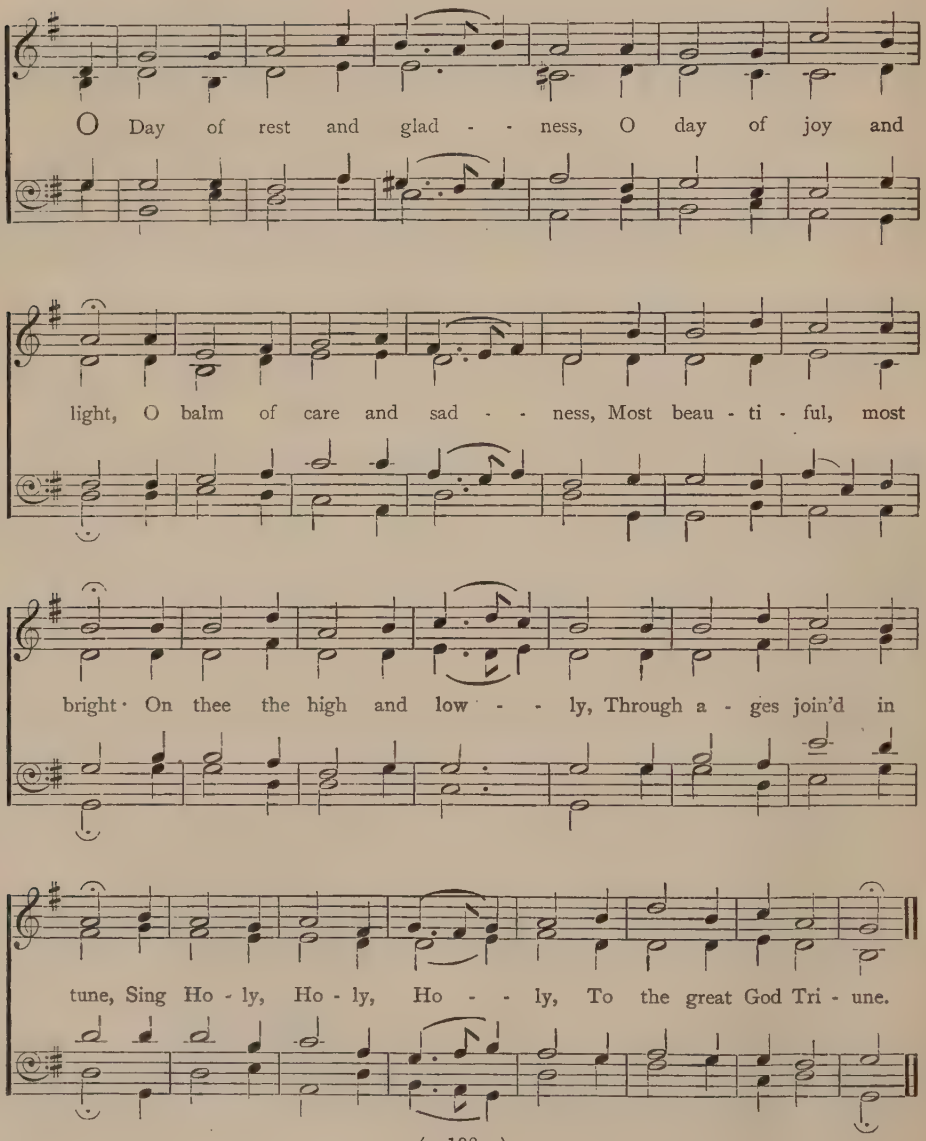
5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the Rest remaining
To spirits of the blest:
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

Christopher Wordsworth (1807–1885)

163 B

Tune—ICH WILL EIN NEUES SINGEN

Newsidler (1536); *Harmonized by M. Prætorius* (1609)


O Day of rest and glad - - ness, O day of joy and
light, O balm of care and sad - - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most
bright · On thee the high and low - - ly, Through a - ges join'd in
tune, Sing Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - - ly, To the great God Tri - une.

2 On thee, at the Creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth:
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a holy ladder
Where Angels go and come;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to heav'n, our home:
A day of sweet refection
Thou art, a day of love;
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

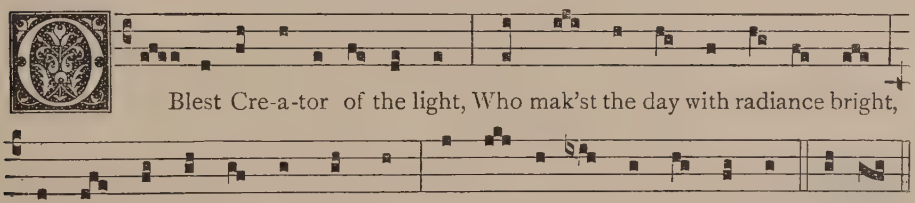
4 To-day on weary nations
The heav'nly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams.
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the Rest remaining
To spirits of the blest:
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

Christopher Wordsworth (1807–1885).

164 LVCIS CREATOR OPTIME

[E] SARVM PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.8 8.8.) Mode viij


Blest Cre-a-tor of the light, Who mak'st the day with radiance bright,
And o'er the forming world didst call The light from cha-os first of all. A-men.

2 Whose wisdom join'd in meet array
The morn and eve, and named them Day:
Night comes with all its darkling fears;
Regard thy people's prayers and tears.

3 Lest, sunk in sin, and 'whelm'd with strife,
They lose the gift of endless life;
While thinking but the thoughts of time,
They weave new chains of woe and crime.

4 But grant them grace that they may strain
The heav'nly gate and prize to gain:
Each harmful lure aside to cast,
And purge away each error past.

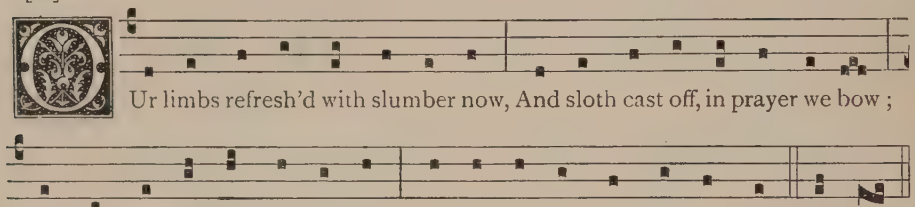
For Doxology, see Hymn 156

Ambrosian (vj cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

165 SOMNO REFECTIS ARTVBVS

SARVM PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[M] Mode iv


O Ur limbs refresh'd with slumber now, And sloth cast off, in prayer we bow ;
And while we sing thy prais-es dear, O Fa-ther, be thou pre-sent here. A - men.

2 To thee our earliest morning song,
To thee our heart's full pow'rs belong ;
And thou, O Holy One, prevent
Each following action and intent.

3 As shades at morning flee away,
And night before the star of day ;
So each transgression of the night
Be purged by thee, celestial Light !

4 Cut off, we pray thee, each offence,
And every lust of thought and sense ;
That by their lips who thee adore
Thou may'st be praised for evermore.

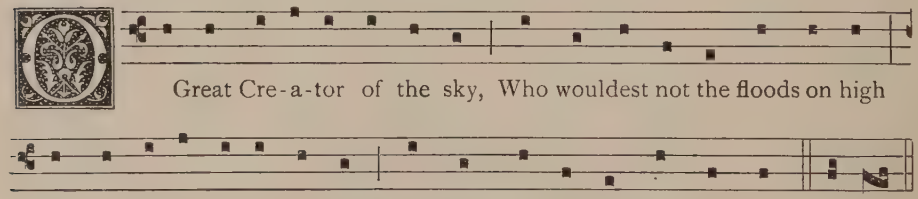
For Doxology see Hymn 156

S. Ambrose (340–397) ; Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

166 IMMENSE CŒLI CONDITOR

SARVM PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[E] Mode ij


O Great Cre-a-tor of the sky, Who wouldest not the floods on high
With earthly wa-ters to con-found, But mad'st the fir-ma-ment their bound. A-men.

2 The floods above thou didst ordain :
The floods below thou didst restrain :
That moisture might attemper heat,
Lest the parch'd earth should ruin meet.

3 Upon our souls, good Lord, bestow
The gift of grace in endless flow :
Lest some renew'd deceit or wile
Of former sin should us beguile.

4 Let faith discover heav'nly light ;
So shall its ray direct us right :
And let this faith each error chase,
And never give to falsehood place.

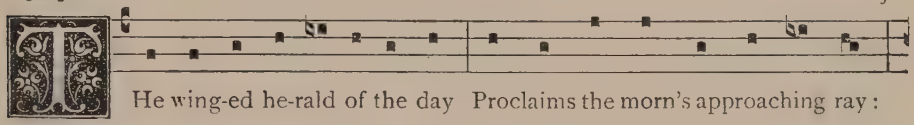
For Doxology see Hymn 156

(?) *S. Gregory the Great* (vj cent.) ; Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

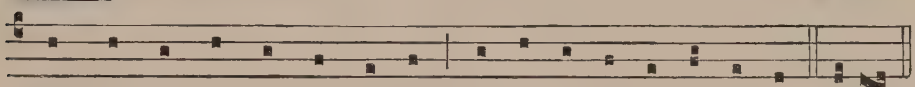
TUESDAY

167 ALES DIEI NVNCIVS

[M] SARVM PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.) Mode j



He wing-ed he-rald of the day Proclaims the morn's approaching ray:



And Christ the Lord our souls ex-cites, And so to end-less life in-vites. A-men.

2 Take up thy bed, to each he cries,
Who sick, or wrapt in slumber lies;
And chaste and just and sober stand,
And watch: my coming is at hand.

3 With earnest cry, with tearful care,
Call we the Lord to hear our prayer;
While supplication, pure and deep,
Forbids each chasten'd heart to sleep.

4 Do thou, O Christ, our slumbers wake:
Do thou the chains of darkness break:
Purge thou our former sins away,
And in our souls new light display.

For Doxology before Candlemas see Hymn 156

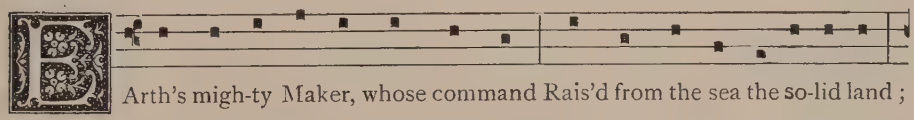
Doxology after Candlemas

All laud to God the Father be;
All praise, Eternal Son, to thee:
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the Holy Paraclete. Amen.

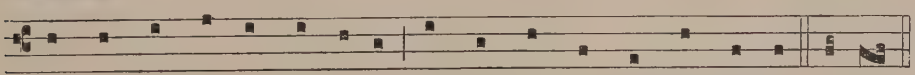
Prudentius (iv cent); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

168 TELLVRIS INGENS CONDITOR

[E] SARVM PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8) Mode ij



Arth's migh-ty Maker, whose command Rais'd from the sea the so-lid land;



And drove each bil-lowy heap away, And bade the earth stand firm for aye. A-men.

2 That so, with flow'rs of golden hue,
The seeds of each it might renew;
And fruit-trees bearing fruit might yield—
And pleasant pasture of the field:

3 Our spirit's rankling wounds efface
With dewy freshness of thy grace:
That grief may cleanse each deed of ill,
And o'er each lust may triumph still.

4 Let every soul thy law obey,
And keep from every evil way;
Rejoice each promised good to win,
And flee from every mortal sin.

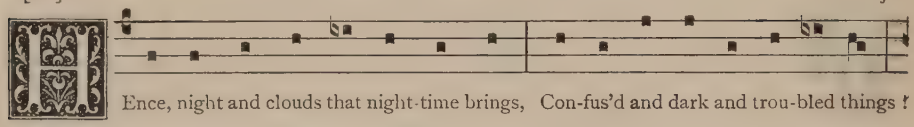
For Doxology see Hymn 156

(?) *S. Gregory the Great* (vj cent); Tr. *Hymnal Noted*

WEDNESDAY

169 NOX ET TENEBRÆ ET NVBILA

[M] SARVM PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.) Mode j


HENCE, night and clouds that night-time brings, Con-fus'd and dark and trou-bled things!
The dawn is here; the sky grows white; Christ is at hand; de-part from sight! A-men.

2 Earth's dusky veil is torn away,
Pierced by the sparkling beams of day:
The world resumes its hues apace
Soon as the Day-star shows his face.

3 But thee, O Christ, alone we seek,
With conscience pure and temper meek:
With tears and chaunts we humbly pray
That thou wouldst guide us through the day.

4 For many a shade obscures each sense,
Which needs thy beams to purge it thence:
Light of the Morning Star, illume,
Serenely shining, all our gloom.

For Doxology before Candlemas, see Hymn 156

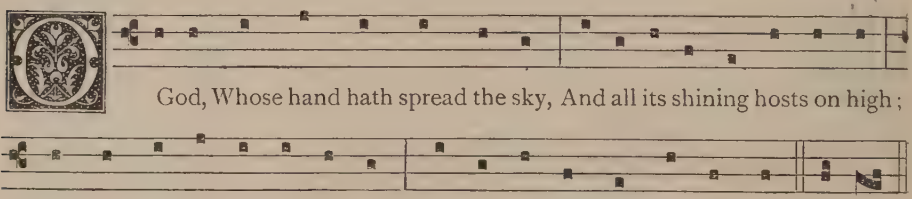
Doxology after Candlemas

All laud to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to thee:
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the Holy Paraclete. Amen.

Prudentius (iv cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

170 CŒLI DEVS SANCTISSIME

[E] SARVM PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.) Mode ij


O God, Whose hand hath spread the sky, And all its shining hosts on high;
And paint-ing it with fier-y light, Made it so beau-teous and so bright. A-men.

2 Thou, when the fourth day was begun,
Didst frame the circle of the sun,
And set the moon for order'd change,
And planets for their wider range:

3 To night and day, by certain line,
Their varying bounds thou didst assign;
And gav'st a signal, known and meet,
For months begun and months complete.

4 Enlighten thou the hearts of men:
Polluted souls make pure agen:
Unloose the bands of guilt within:
Remove the burthen of our sin.

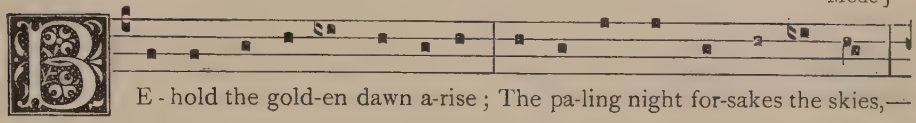
For Doxology, see Hymn 156

Ambrosian (vj cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

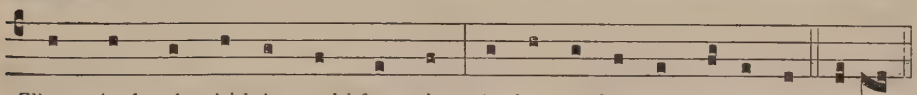
THURSDAY

171 LVX ECCE SVRGIT AVREA

[M] SARVM PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.) Mode j



Be-hold the gold-en dawn a-rise; The pa-ling night for-sakes the skies,—



Those shades that hid the world from view, And us to dangerous er-ror drew. A-men.

2 May this new day be calmly past,
May we keep pure while it shall last;
Nor let our lips from truth depart,
Nor dark designs engage the heart.

3 So may the day speed on; the tongue
No falsehood know, the hands no wrong,
The eyes from wanton gaze refrain,
No guilt the guarded body stain.

4 For God All-seeing from on high
Surveys us with a watchful eye:
Each day our every act he knows,
From early dawn to evening's close.

For Doxology before Candlemas, see Hymn 156

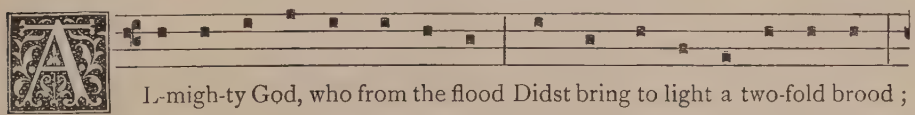
Doxology after Candlemas

All laud to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to thee:
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the Holy Paraclete. Amen.

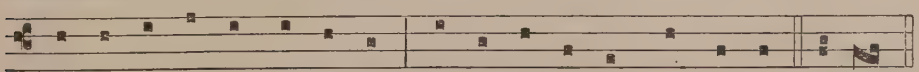
Prudentius (iv cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

172 MAGNÆ DEVS POTENTIÆ

[E] SARVM PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.) Mode ij



Al-migh-ty God, who from the flood Didst bring to light a two-fold brood;



Part in the fir-ma-ment to fly, And part in o-cean depths to lie. A-men.

2 Appointing fishes in the sea,
And fowls in open air to be:
That each, by origin the same,
Its separate dwelling-place might claim:

3 Grant that thy servants, by the tide
Of Blood and Water purified,
No guilty fall from thee may know,
Nor death eternal undergo.

4 Let none despair through sin's distress,
Be none puff'd up with boastfulness:
That contrite hearts be not dismay'd,
Nor haughty souls in ruin laid.

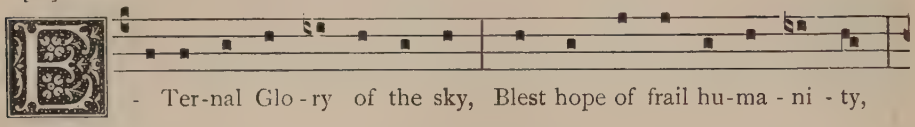
For Doxology, see Hymn 156

Ambrosian (vj or vij cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

FRIDAY

173 ÆTERNA CŒLI GLORIA

[M] SARVM PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.) Mode j



2 Uplift us with thine arm of might,
And let our hearts rise pure and bright,
And, ardent in God's praises, pay
The thanks we owe him every day.

3 The Day-star's rays are glittering clear,
And tell that Day itself is near:
The shadows of the night depart;
Thou, Holy Light, illume the heart!

4 Within our senses ever dwell,
And worldly darkness thence expel:
Long as the days of life endure,
Preserve our souls devout and pure.

5 The Faith that first must be possess'd,
Root deep within our inmost breast;
And joyous Hope in second place,
Then Charity, thy greatest grace.

For Doxology before Candlemas, see Hymn 156

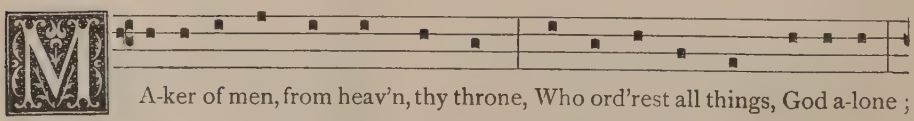
Doxology after Candlemas

All laud to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to thee:
All glory, as is for ever meet,
To God the Holy Paraclete. Amen.

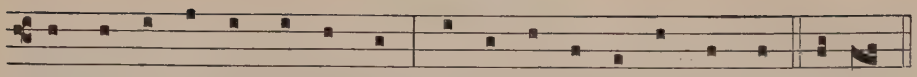
Ambrosian (v cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

173* PLASMATOR HOMINIS DEVS

[E] SARVM PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.) Mode ij



* This Hymn was inadvertently omitted from the book of words.



By whose de-cree the teem-ing earth To rep-tile and to beast gave birth. A-men.

2 The mighty forms that fill the land,
Instinct with life at thy command,
Thou gav'st, subdued to human-kind,
For service in their rank assign'd.

3 From all thy servants chase away
Whate'er of thought impure to-day
Hath mingled with the heart's intent,
Or with the actions hath been blent.

4 In heav'n thine endless joys bestow,
But grant thy gifts of grace below:
From chains of strife our souls release;
Bind fast the gentle bands of peace.

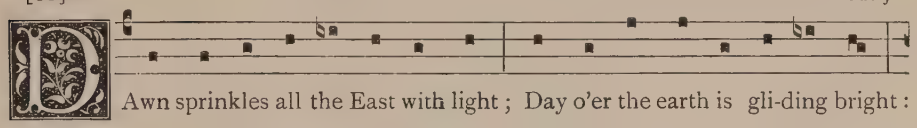
For Doxology, see Hymn 156

Ambrosian (vij cent.); *Hymnal Noted* (1854)

174 AVRORA IAM SPARGIT POLVM

SARVM PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[M] Mode j



Dawn sprinkles all the East with light; Day o'er the earth is gli-ding bright:

Morn's glitt'ring rays their course be-gin; Fare-well to darkness and to sin. A-men.

2 Each phantom of the night depart,
Each thought of guilt forsake the heart:
Let every ill, that darkness brought
Beneath its shade, now come to nought.

3 So that last morning, dread and great,
Which we with trembling hope await,
With blessed light for us shall glow,
Who chaunt the song we sang below.

For Doxology before Candlemas, see Hymn 156

Doxology after Candlemas

All laud to God the Father be;
All praise, Eternal Son, to thee:
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the Holy Paraclete. Amen.

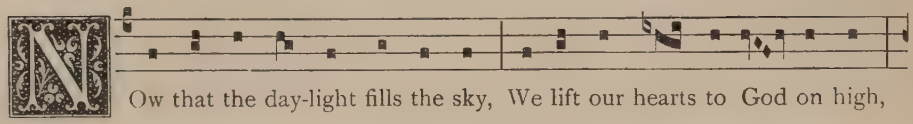
Ambrosian (iv or v cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

AT PRIME

175A IAM LVCIS ORTO SYDERE

SARVM FESTAL MELODY

Mode vj


Now that the day-light fills the sky, We lift our hearts to God on high,
That he, in all we do or say, Would keep us free from harm to-day. A-men.

2 Would guard our hearts and tongues from strife;
From anger's din would hide our life;
From all ill sights would turn our eyes;
Would close our ears from vanities:

3 Would keep our inmost conscience pure;
Our souls from folly would secure;
Would bid us check the pride of sense
With due and holy abstinence.

4 So we, when this new day is gone,
And night in turn is drawing on,
With conscience by the world unstain'd,
Shall praise his Name for victory gain'd.

Ordinary Doxology

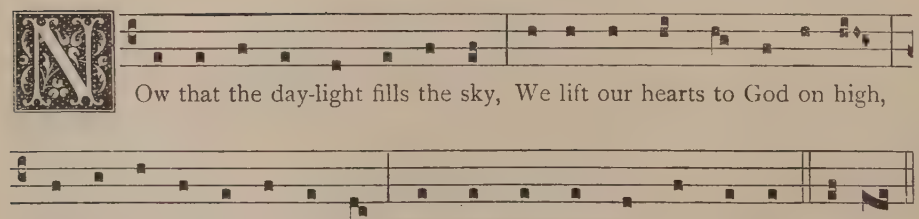
(j) All laud to God the Father be;
All praise, Eternal Son, to thee;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the Holy Paraclete. Amen.

Ambrosian (v or vj cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

175B

SARVM FERIAL MELODY

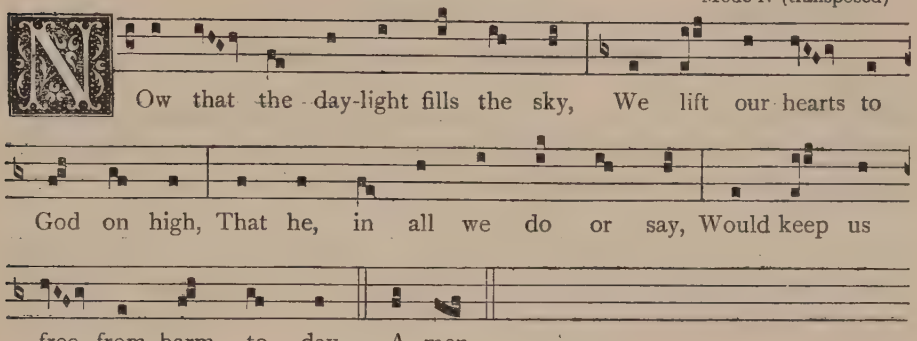
Mode viij


Now that the day-light fills the sky, We lift our hearts to God on high,
That he, in all we do or say, Would keep us free from harm to-day. A-men.

175c

SARVM MELODY

Mode iv (transposed)


Now that the day-light fills the sky, We lift our hearts to
God on high, That he, in all we do or say, Would keep us
free from harm to - day. A - men.

SPECIAL DOXOLOGIES

From Christmas Day to Candlemas (except on the Feast of Epiphany and during the Octave), and on all Feasts of Blessed Mary and during their Octaves, and on the Feast of Corpus Christi and during its Octave, when the Service is of the Octaves:

(Tune 175*c*)

(ij) All honour, laud, and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee:
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete.

Epiphany, and during the Octave (Tune 36)

(iij) All glory, Lord, to thee we pay
For thine Epiphany to-day;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete.

Low Sunday, and daily until Ascension Day (Tune 77)

(iv) We pray thee, King with glory deck'd,
In this our Paschal joy, protect
From all that death would fain effect,
Thy ransom'd flock, thine own elect.

To thee who, dead, again dost live,
All glory, Lord, thy people give;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete.

Ascension Day, and daily until Whitsun Day (Tune 109)

(v) Be thou our Joy, and thou our Guard,
Who art to be our great Reward;
Our glory and our boast in thee
For ever and for ever be!

All glory, Lord, to thee we pay,
Ascending o'er the stars to-day;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete.

Whitsun Day, and daily until Trinity Sunday (Tune 119)

(vj) Thou once in every holy breast
Didst bid indwelling grace to rest;
This day our sins, we pray, release,
And in our time, O Lord, give peace.

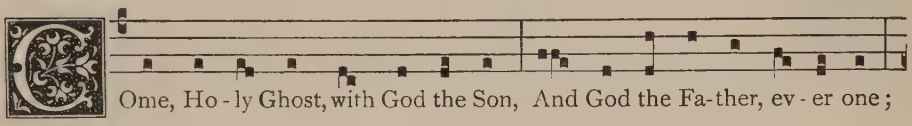
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, praise be done;
And Christ the Lord upon us pour
The Spirit's gift for evermore.

AT TIERCE

176 NVNC SANCTE NOBIS SPIRITVS

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Mode iv


Ome, Ho - ly Ghost, with God the Son, And God the Fa-ther, ev - er one;
Shed forth thy grace with - in our breast, And dwell with us, a rea-dy guest. A-men.

2 By every power, by heart and tongue,
By act and deed, thy praise be sung;
Inflame with perfect love each sense,
That others' souls may kindle thence.

Ordinary Doxology

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

For special Doxologies, see Hymn 175

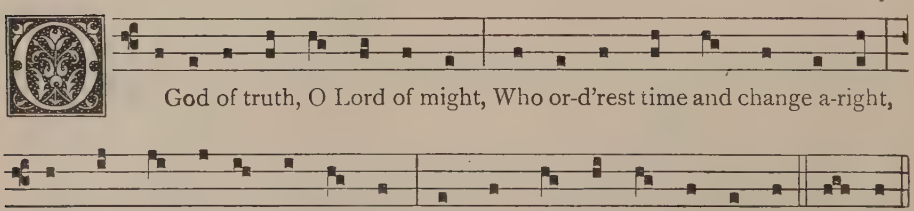
(?) *S. Ambrose* (iv cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

AT SEXT

177 RECTOR POTENS, VERAX DEVS

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Mode ij


God of truth, O Lord of might, Who or-d'rest time and change a-right,
And send'st the ear-ly morn-ing ray, And light'st the glow of per-fect day. A-men.

¶ *For an alternative Tune, see No. 160*

2 Extinguish thou each sinful fire,
And banish every ill desire;
And while thou keep'st the body whole,
Shed forth thy peace upon the soul.

Ordinary Doxology

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

For special Doxologies, see Hymn 175

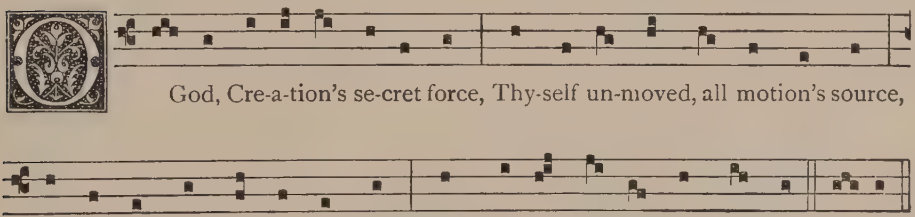
(?) *S. Ambrose* (iv cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

AT NONE

178 RERVM DEVS TENAX VIGOR

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Mode iv


O God, Cre-a-tion's se-cret force, Thy-self un-moved, all motion's source,
Who, from the morn till ev'ning's ray, Through all its changes guid'st the day. A-men.

2 Grant us, when this short life is past,
The glorious evening that shall last;
That, by a holy death attain'd,
Eternal glory may be gain'd.

Ordinary Doxology

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

For special Doxologies, see Hymn 175

(?) *S. Ambrose* (iv cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

¶ *For an alternative Tune, see No. 160*

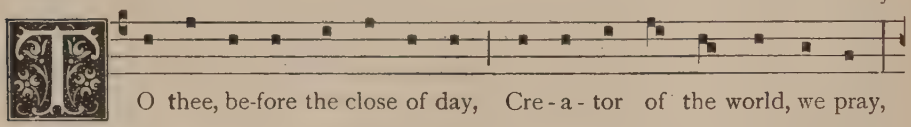
AT COMPLINE

ON SUNDAYS AND WEEK-DAYS FROM EPIPHANY TO LENT AND FROM TRINITY UNTIL CHRISTMAS

179 TE LVCIS ANTE TERMINVM

SARVM FESTAL MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Mode viij


O thee, be-fore the close of day, Cre-a-tor of the world, we pray,
That, with thy won-ted fa-vour, thou Wouldst be our guard and keeper now. A-men.

2 From all ill dreams defend our eyes,
From nightly fears and fantasies:
Tread under foot our ghostly foe,
That no pollution we may know.

3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son:
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

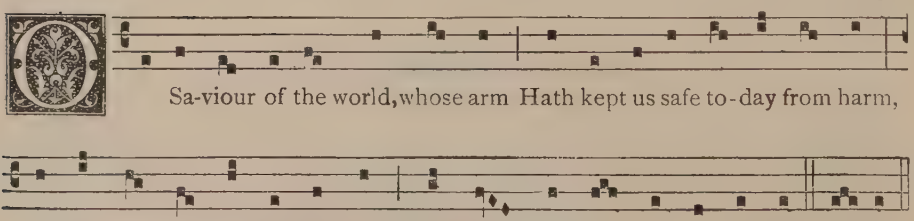
Ambrosian (vij cent.); Tr. *Hymner*

CHRISTMAS TO EPIPHANY AND ON FESTIVALS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

180 SALVATOR MVNDI DOMINE

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Mode viij


Sa-viour of the world, whose arm Hath kept us safe to-day from harm,
De-fend and bring us, God of might, Safe through the coming hours of night. A-men.

2 Stand, while we sleep, in mercy nigh;
Lord, hearken to thy people's cry:
Thou do our countless sins away,
Thou turn our darkness into day.

3 In sleep of death seal not our eyes,
And let no foe the soul surprise;
No evil dream disturb our rest,
No powers of malice us molest.

4 New strength to weary limbs impart;
We pray thee, Lord, in hand and heart,
That free from sin we may arise
To pay our morning sacrifice.

Ordinary Doxology

All laud to God the Father be;
All praise, Eternal Son, to thee;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the Holy Paraclete. Amen.

For Special Doxologies, see Hymn 175

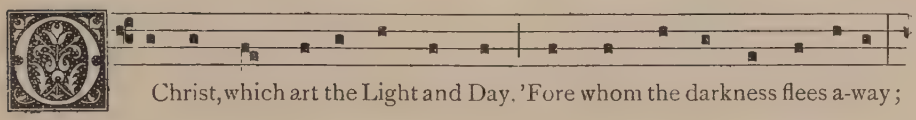
Ambrosian (vj or vij cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

ON THE FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT, AND DAILY UNTIL PASSION SUNDAY

181 CHRISTE, QVI LVX ES, ET DIES

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8)

Mode ij


O Christ, which art the Light and Day. 'Fore whom the darkness flees a-way;
Thee, 'ver-y Light of Light,' we own, Who hast thy glorious light made known. A-men.

2 All holy Lord, to thee we bend;
Thy servants through this night defend;
O grant us calm repose in thee,
A quiet night from perils free.

3 Let not dull sleep the soul oppress,
Nor crafty foe the heart possess,
Nor Satan's wiles the flesh allure,
To make us in thy sight impure.

4 Let but the eyes due slumber take,
The heart to thee be ay awake;
And thy right hand protection be
To them who love and trust in thee.

5 Look down, O Lord, our strong defence;
Repress our foes' proud insolence;
Preserve and govern us for good—
The purchase of thy precious Blood.

6 Remember us, dear Lord, we pray,
Pent in this cumbering frame of clay;
Thou only canst the soul defend;
Be with us, Saviour, to the end.

7 All laud to God the Father be;
All praise, Eternal Son, to thee;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the Holy Paraclete. Amen.

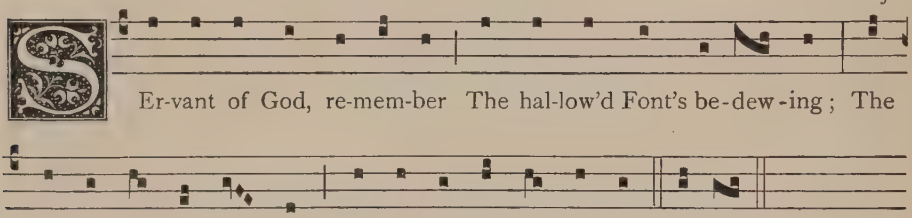
Ambrosian (vj or vij cent.); Tr. *Hymner*

ON PASSION SUNDAY, AND DAILY UNTIL WEDNESDAY IN HOLY WEEK INCLUSIVE

182 CVLTOR DEI, MEMENTO

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 7.7.7.7.)

Mode viij



2 Take heed when, call'd by slumber,
All chastely thou reclinest,
That with the holy symbol
Thy brow and breast thou signest.

3 The Cross doth chase all evil,
Before it darkness flieth;
That soul abideth steadfast
Which on this Sign relieth.

4 Far hence! ye wand'ring phantoms
Of wild, unquiet dreaming;
Begone! thou arch-deceiver,
With thine unwearied scheming.

5 O ever subtil Serpent,
Who toils unnumber'd weavest,
And with thy guileful windings
Our hearts of peace bereavest,

6 Avaunt! for Christ is with us,
Yea, Christ is here; then vanish!
This Sign—full well thou know'st it—
Can all thy legions banish.

7 What though the weary body
Awhile its rest be taking,
The soul shall, e'en in slumber,
To thoughts of Christ be waking.

8 Laud to the Sire eternal,
To Christ, true King of heaven,
And Paraclete most holy,
Be now and ever given. Amen.

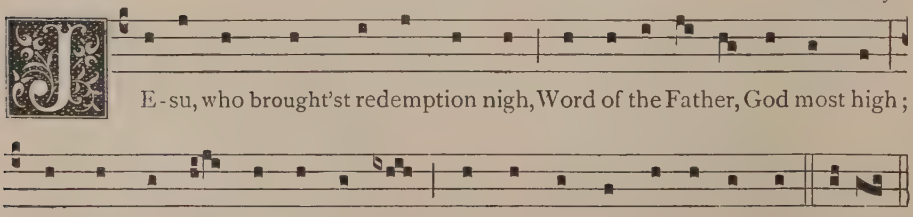
Prudentius (iv cent.); Tr. *Hymner.*

ON LOW SUNDAY, AND DAILY UNTIL ASCENSION DAY

183 IESV, SALVATOR SÆCVLI

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Mode viij


E-su, who brought'st redemption nigh, Word of the Father, God most high;
O Light of Light, to man unknown, And watchful guardian of thine own. A-men.

2 Thy hand Creation made and guides ;
Thy wisdom time from time divides :
By this world's cares and toils opprest,
O give our weary bodies rest.

3 That, while in frames of sin and pain
A little longer we remain,
Our flesh may here in such wise sleep,
That watch with Christ our souls may keep.

4 O free us, while we dwell below,
From insults of our ghostly foe,
That he may ne'er victorious be
O'er them that are redeem'd by thee.

5 We pray thee, King with glory deck'd,
In this our Paschal joy, protect
From all that death would fain effect,
Thy ransom'd flock, thine own elect.

6 To thee who, dead, again dost live,
All glory, Lord, thy people give ;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

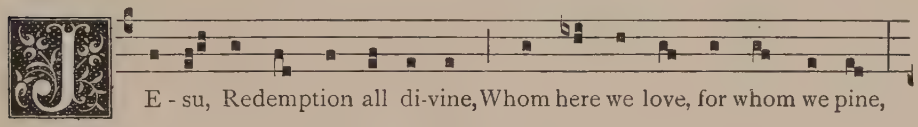
Ambrosian (vij or viij cent.) ; Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

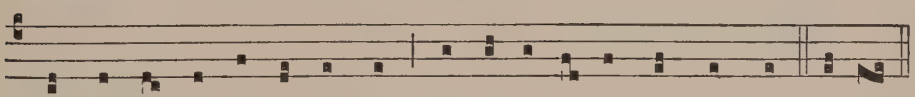
ON ASCENSION DAY, AND DAILY UNTIL WHITSUN DAY

184 IESV NOSTRA REDEMPTIO

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Mode iv





2 What love of thine was that, which led
To take our woes upon thy head,
And pangs and cruel death to bear,
To ransom us from death's despair !

3 To thee hell's gate gave ready way,
Demanding there his captive prey :
And now, in pomp and victor's pride,
Thou sittest at the Father's side.

4 Let very mercy force thee still
To spare us, conquering all our ill ;
And granting that we ask, on high
With thine own face to satisfy.

5 Be thou our joy and thou our guard,
Who art to be our great reward :
Our glory and our boast in thee
For ever and for ever be !

6 All glory, Lord, to thee we pay,
Ascending o'er the stars to-day ;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

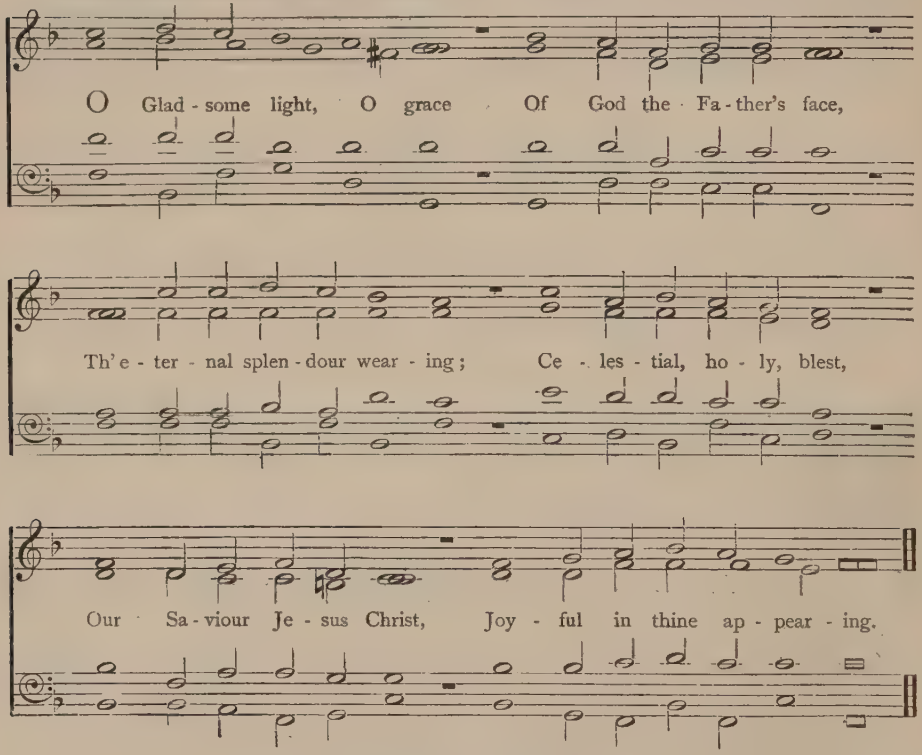
Ambrosian (vij or viij cent.) ; Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

EVENSONG

185 A Φῶς ἱλαρὸν

Tune—SONG OF SYMEON (OR LAISSES, CREATEUR) (Iambic, 6.6.7.6.6.7.)

Tune by Louis Bourgeois (1549); *Harmonies by C. Goudimel* († 1572), *the upper parts inverted*


O Glad - some light, O grace Of God the Fa - ther's face,
Th'e - ter - nal splen - dour wear - ing; Ce - les - tial, ho - ly, blest,
Our Sa - viour Je - sus Christ, Joy - ful in thine ap - pear - ing.

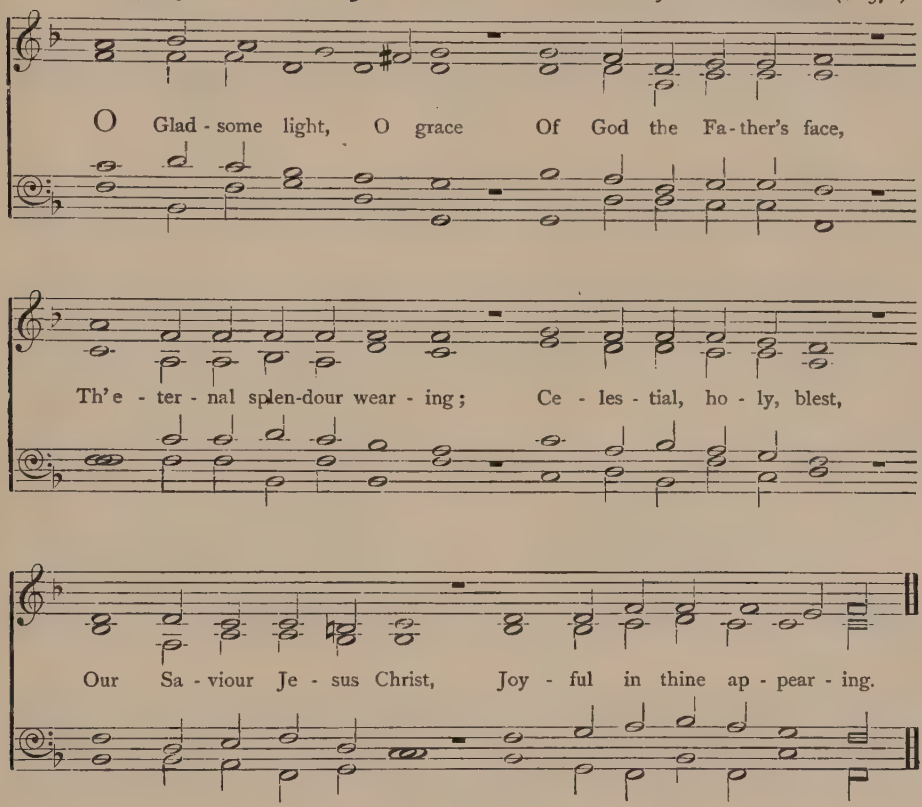
2 Now, ere day fadeth quite,
We see the evening light,
Our wonted hymn outpouring;
Father of might unknown,
Thee, his incarnate Son,
And holy Spirit adoring.

3 To thee of right belongs
All praise of holy songs,
O Son of God, Life-giver:
Thee therefore, O most High,
The world doth glorify,
And shall exalt for ever.

S. Athenogenes (iij cent.); Tr. *Yattendon Hymns*

185 B

The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor; as harmonized by Claude Goudimel († 1572)


O Glad - some light, O grace Of God the Fa - ther's face,
Th'e - ter - nal splen-dour wear - ing; Ce - les - tial, ho - ly, blest,
Our Sa - viour Je - sus Christ, Joy - ful in thine ap - pear - ing.

2 Now, ere day fadeth quite,
We see the evening light,
Our wonted hymn outpouring;
Father of might unknown,
Thee, his incarnate Son,
And holy Spirit adoring.

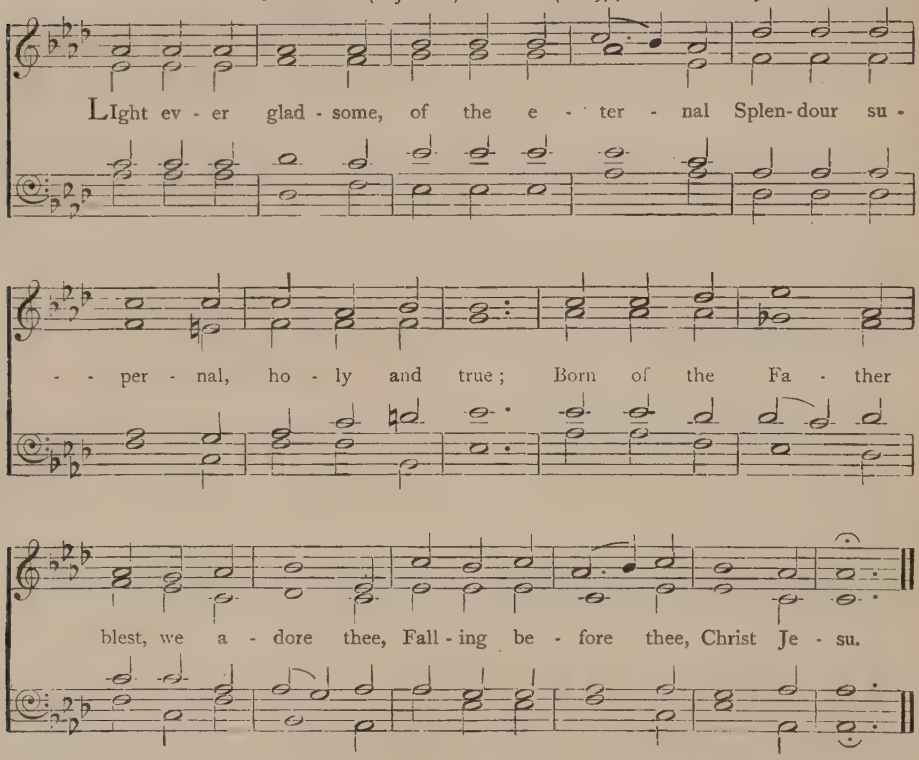
3 To thee of right belongs
All praise of holy songs,
O Son of God, Life-giver:
Thee therefore, O most High,
The world doth glorify,
And shall exalt for ever.

S. Athenogenes (iij cent.); Tr. *Yattendon Hymns*

186 *Another version of the foregoing hymn*

Tune—ANDIAM, COMPAGNI, ALLA RIVIERA (Dactylic, 10.5.4.10.5.3.)

Old French (xvj cent.) *Firenze* (1689); *Harmonized by Charles Wood*


LIght ev - er glad - some, of the e - ter - nal Splen-dour su -
- - per - nal, ho - ly and true; Born of the Fa - ther
blest, we a - dore thee, Fall - ing be - fore thee, Christ Je - su.

2

Day-time is over; sunless is heaven;
Lamps of the even glimmer and shine:
Father, and Son, and Spirit, we bless thee,
Worship, confess thee, Lord divine.

3

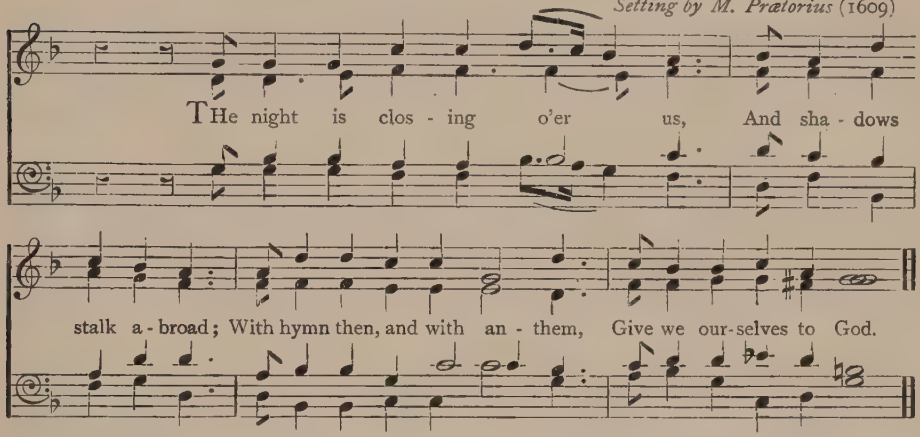
Son of the Highest, thou, the Life-giver,
Art, now and ever, worthy of praise:
Whence all thy creatures, lordly or lowly,
Antiphons holy to thee raise.

S. Athenogenes (iij cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

187 A ADSVNT TENEBRÆ PRIMÆ

Tune—WIR WOLLEN ALLE SINGEN (Iambic, 7.6.7.6.)

Setting by M. Prætorius (1609)



2 And thou, O Sun of Angels,
Watch o'er us from above;
Fain would our eyes behold thee,
Fain would our hearts still love.

3 True Light, shine forth! let darkness
Far from our soul be thrust;
That peace to all flow richly,
Who thee their Saviour trust.

4 And when as Judge thou sittest,
In robes of light array'd,
We all may joy before thee,
Untroubled, undismay'd.

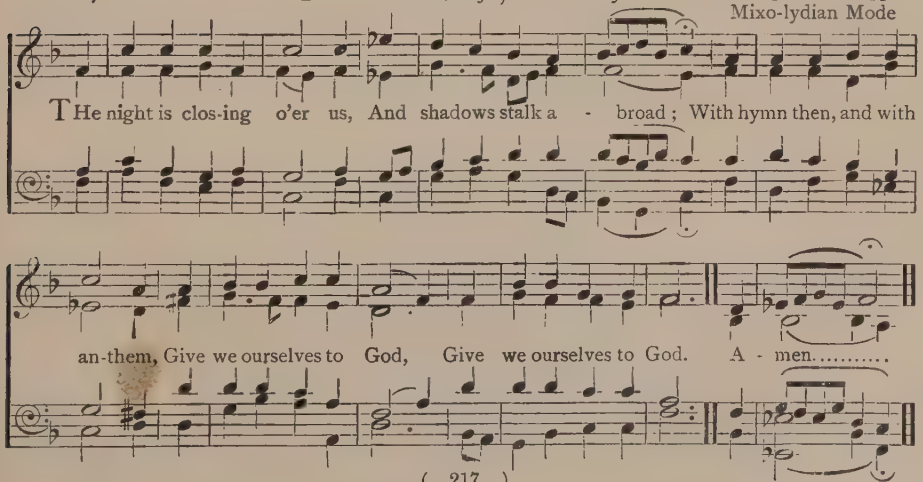
5 To thee be praise, Lord Jesu,
Sun of the Angel-host;
With God th' eternal Father,
And God the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Mozarabic Breviary (vij cent.); Tr. *W. J. Blew* (1808–1894)

187 B

Tune—DER MAJE, DER MAJE *Geistl. Ringeltentze* (1550)

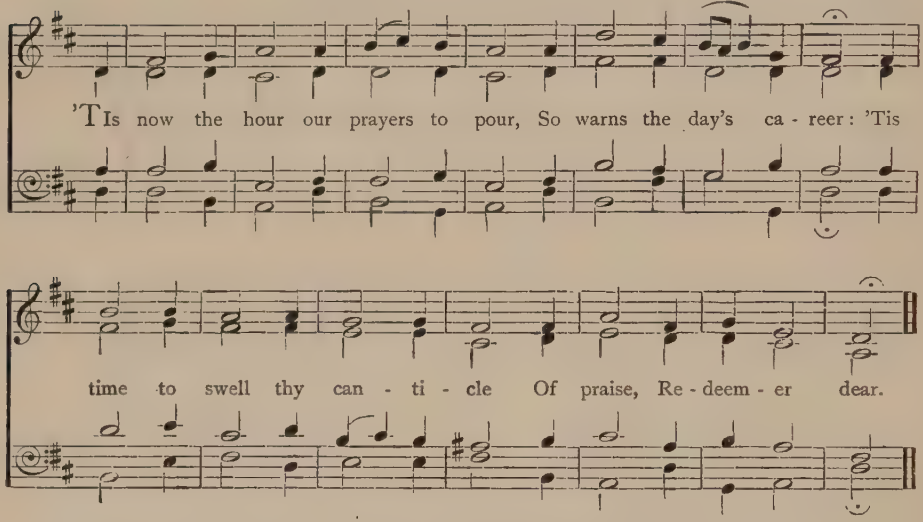
Mixo-lydian Mode


THe night is clos-ing o'er us, And shadows stalk a - broad; With hymn then, and with
an-them, Give we ourselves to God, Give we ourselves to God. A - men.....

188 FVNDERE PRECES TEMPVS EST

Tune—THYS ENDERE NYGTH I SAW A SYGTH (Iambic, 4.4.6.4.4.6.)

Melody from Brit. Mus., MS. Royal Appendix 58 (early xvj cent.*);*
Harmonized by Charles Wood



2 The soul make clean, the mind serene,
And work the work divine:
In mercy weigh their prayers who pray,
And endless life assign.

3 As one by one, when day is done,
The summer-lights still glow;
And, o'er the face of eve, their trace
Of ruddy radiance throw;

4 So when the pall of night shall fall
Around us and above,
With brightness cheer its mantle drear,
And warm us with thy love.

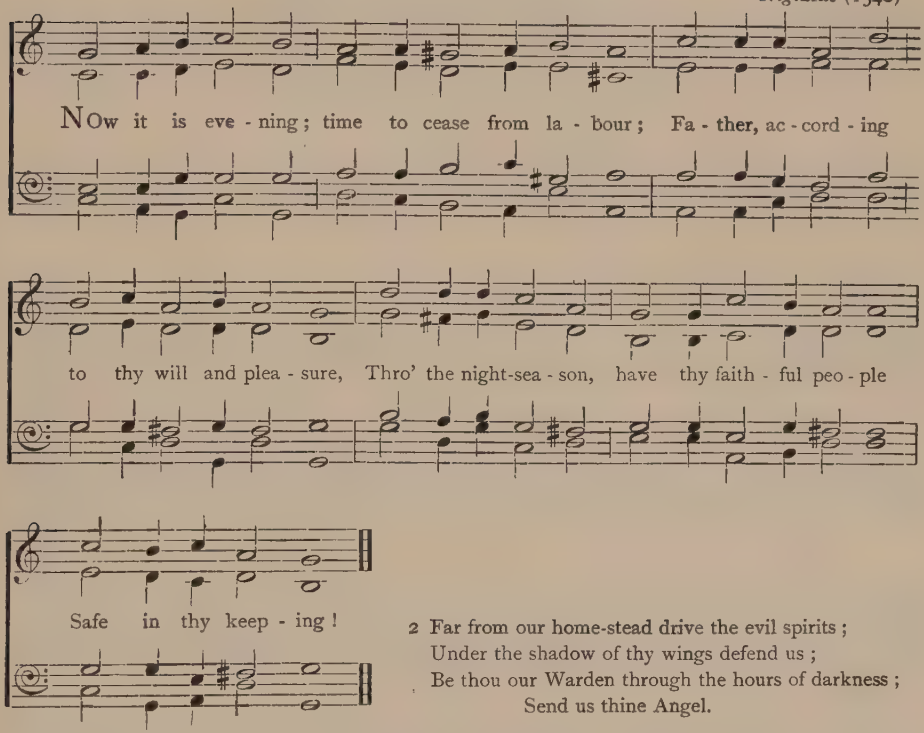
5 All praise to thee, O Father, be,
In this our day's decline;
Eternal Son, all-holy One,
Spirit, high praise be thine. Amen.

Mozarabic Hymner (vij cent.); Tr. *W. J. Blew* (1808–1894)

189A Die Nacht ist kommen

PROPER MELODY (Sapphic metre)

Nigidius (1540)


NOw it is eve - ning; time to cease from la - bour; Fa - ther, ac - cord - ing
to thy will and plea - sure, Thro' the night-sea - son, have thy faith - ful peo - ple
Safe in thy keep - ing!

2 Far from our home-stead drive the evil spirits;
Under the shadow of thy wings defend us;
Be thou our Warden through the hours of darkness;
Send us thine Angel.

3 Call we, ere sleeping, on the Name of Jesus;
Rise we at day-break, strong to serve thee better;
Order our goings, well begun and ended,
All to thy glory.

4 Fountain of goodness, bless the sick and needy;
Visit the captive, solace the afflicted;
Shelter the stranger, lull the babe to slumber,
Foster the orphan.

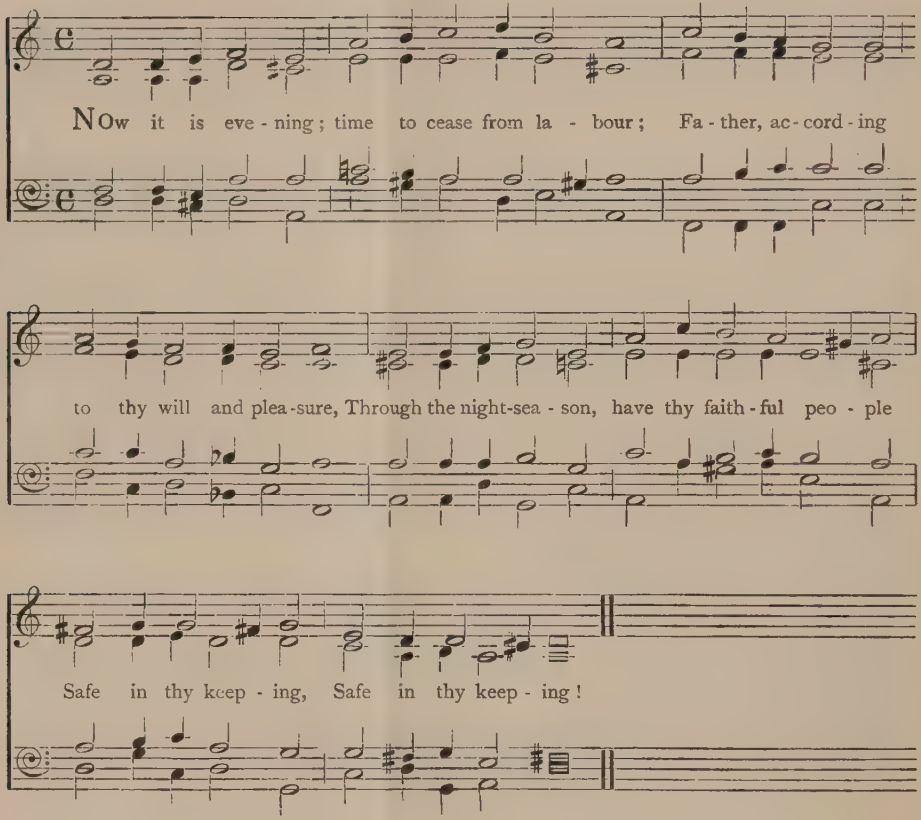
5 Father, who neither slumberest nor sleepest,
Thou, to whom darkness is as clear as noon-day,
Have us this night-time, for the sake of Jesus,
Safe in thy keeping.

P. Herbert († 1571); Tr. *G. R. W.*

189 B

Tune—CHRISTE, DU BEISTAND

Melody and harmony by Apelles v. Löwenstern (1644)


NOw it is eve - ning; time to cease from la - bour; Fa - ther, ac - cord - ing
to thy will and plea - sure, Through the night-sea - son, have thy faith - ful peo - ple
Safe in thy keep - ing, Safe in thy keep - ing!

2 Far from our home-stead drive the evil spirits;
Under the shadow of thy wings defend us;
Be thou our Warden through the hours of darkness;
Send us thine Angel.

3 Call we, ere sleeping, on the Name of Jesus;
Rise we at day-break, strong to serve thee better;
Order our goings, well begun and ended,
All to thy glory.

4 Fountain of goodness, bless the sick and needy;
Visit the captive, solace the afflicted;
Shelter the stranger, lull the babe to slumber,
Foster the orphan.

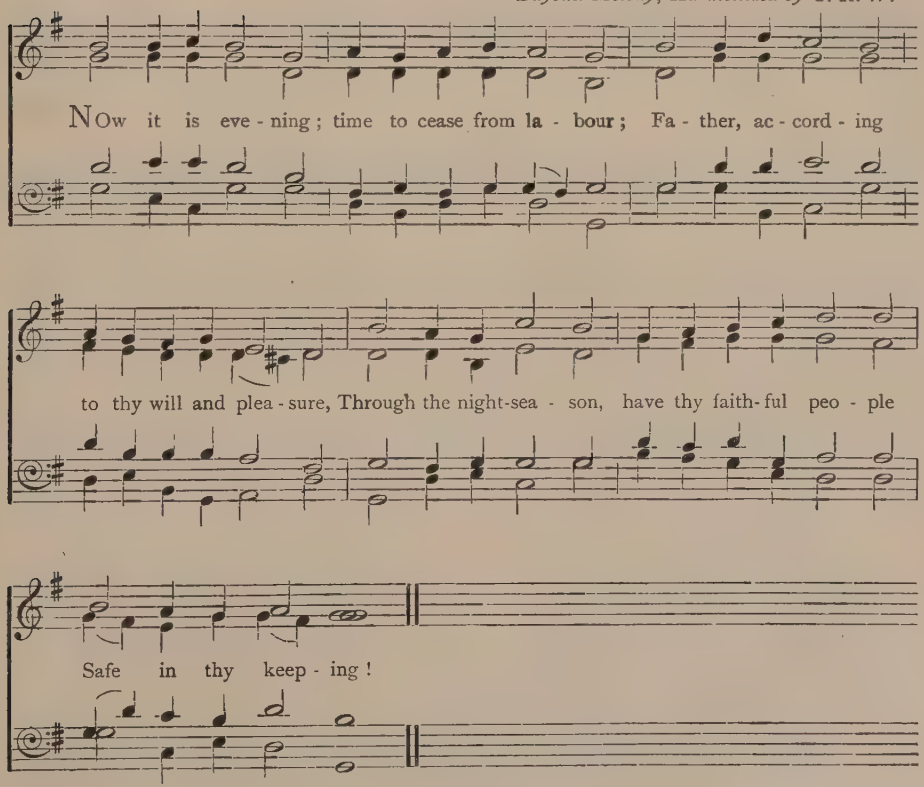
5 Father, who neither slumberest nor sleepest,
Thou, to whom darkness is as clear as noon-day,
Have us this night-time, for the sake of Jesus,
Safe in thy keeping.

P. Herbert († 1571); Tr. *G. R. W.*

189c

Tune—DIVA SERVATRIX

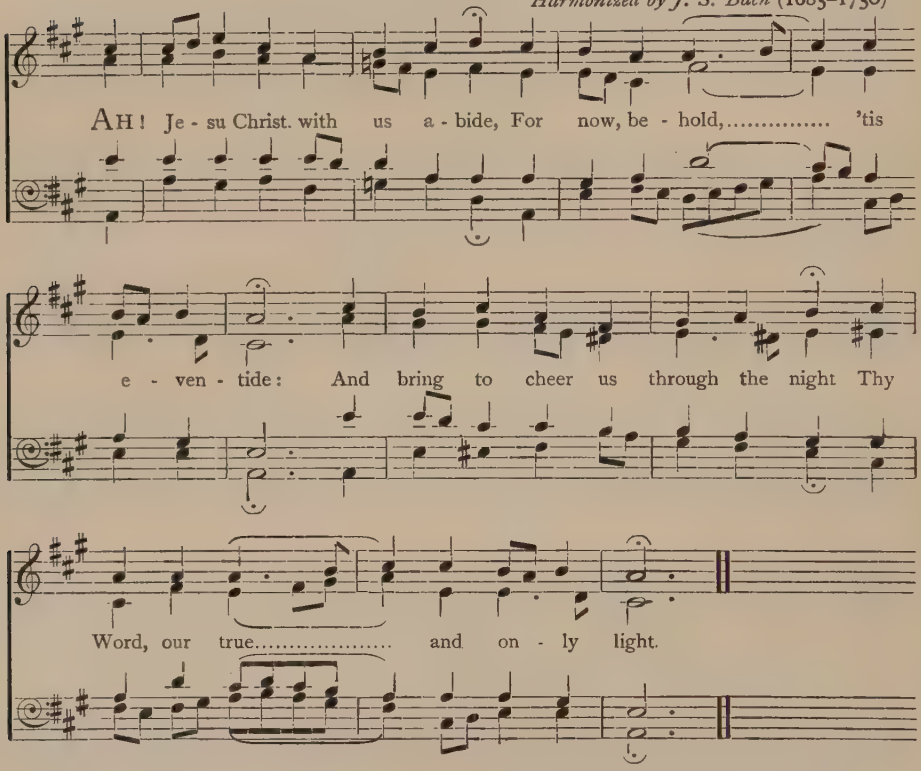
Bayeux Melody, Harmonized by G. R. W.


NOw it is eve - ning; time to cease from la - bour; Fa - ther, ac - cord - ing
to thy will and plea - sure, Through the night-sea - son, have thy faith-ful peo - ple
Safe in thy keep - ing!

190 Ach! bleib bei uns, Herr Jesu Christ

PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Alto of Danket dem Herrn heut und allzeit (*Seth Calvisius*, 1594);
Harmonized by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)


AH! Je - su Christ, with us a - bide, For now, be - hold,..... 'tis
e - ven - tide: And bring to cheer us through the night Thy
Word, our true..... and on - ly light.

2 In time of trial and distress
Preserve our truth and stedfastness:
And pure unto the end, O Lord,
Vouchsafe thy Sacraments and Word.

3 O Jesu Christ, thy Church sustain;
Our hearts are wavering, cold, and vain:
Then let thy Word be strong and clear
To silence doubt and banish fear.

4 O guard us all from Satan's wiles,
From worldly threats and worldly smiles:
And let thy Saints in unity
Know thee in God, and God in thee.

5 The days are evil; all around
Strife, errors, blasphemies abound,
And secret slander's withering eye,
And soft tongued, sleek hypocrisy.

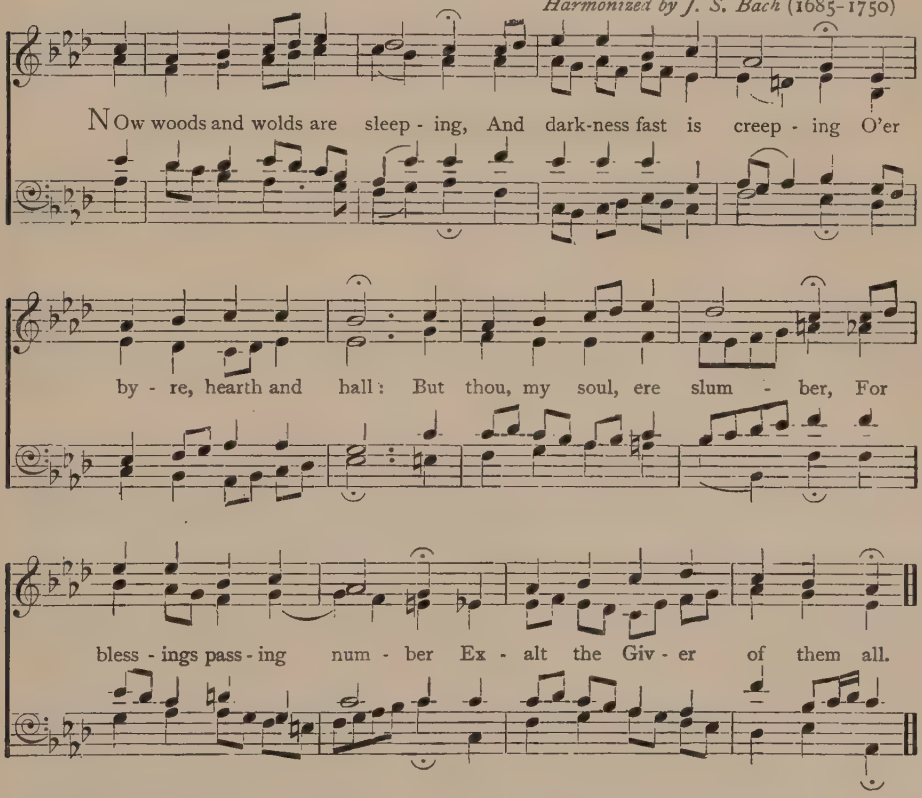
6 From these and all of God abhorr'd,
O Christ, protect us by thy Word;
Increase our faith and hope and love,
And bring us to thy fold above.

Nikolaus Selneccer (1528–1592); Tr. *B. H. Kennedy* (1804–1889)

191 Nun ruhen alle Wälder

(Iambic, 7.7.6.7.7.8.)

Later form of the Melody Isbruck, ich muss dich lassen, *by Heinrich Isaac* (*c.* 1455–1520);
Harmonized by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)


NOw woods and wolds are sleep - ing, And dark-ness fast is creep - ing O'er
by - re, hearth and hall: But thou, my soul, ere slum - ber, For
bless - ings pass - ing num - ber Ex - alt the Giv - er of them all.

2 Though all around be darkling,
Yet golden stars are sparkling
From out yon azure spheres:
So may I shine in lustre,
As one of that fair cluster,
When call'd to quit this vale of tears.

3 O tarry thou beside me;
Jesu, my joyaunce, hide me
Beneath thy sheltering wing:
And would the fiend infest me,
Forbid him to molest me,
But bid thine Angels round me sing.

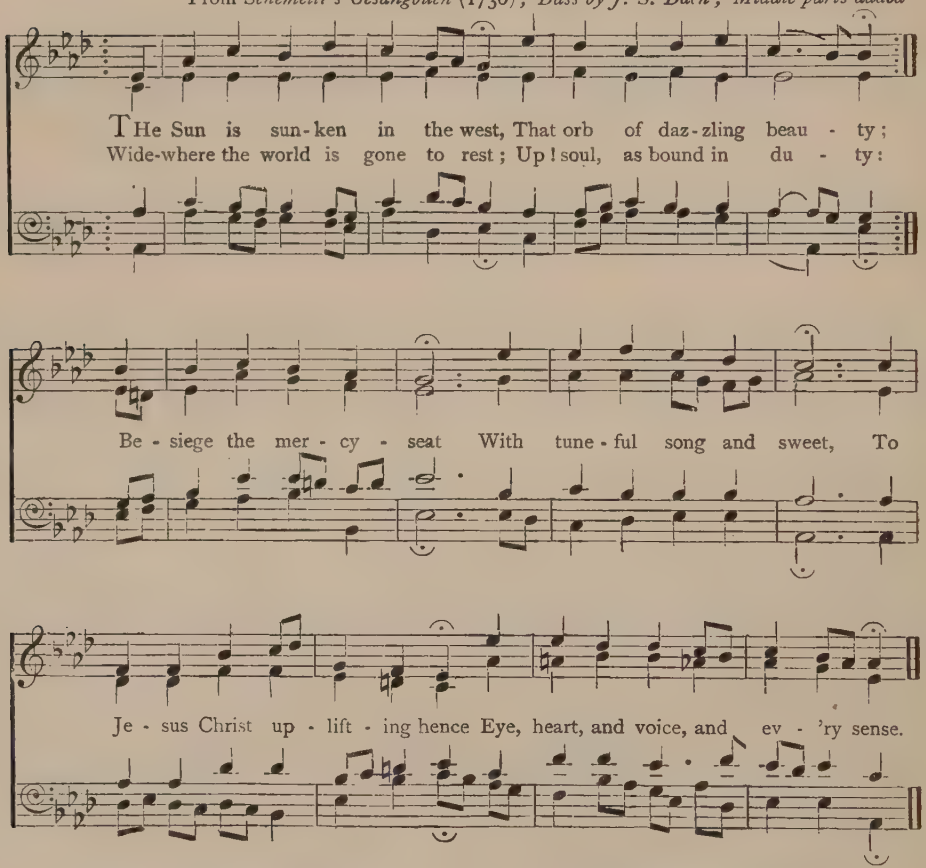
4 Ye also, O my dearest,
My friends and kindred nearest,
God rest you safe from harm!
His Angel-hosts attend ye,
Their golden shields defend ye
From nightly danger and alarm.

Paul Gerhardt (1607–1676); Tr. *G. R. W.*

192 Der lieben Sonne Licht und Pracht

PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.7.8.7.6.6.8.8.)

From *Schemelli's Gesangbuch* (1736); *Bass by J. S. Bach; Middle parts added*


THe Sun is sun-ken in the west, That orb of daz-zling beau - ty;
Wide-where the world is gone to rest; Up! soul, as bound in du - ty:
Be - siege the mer - cy - seat With tune-ful song and sweet, To
Je - sus Christ up - lift - ing hence Eye, heart, and voice, and ev - 'ry sense.

2 Ye stars and planets, eyes of night,
Resplendent, thick in cluster,
That stud the firmament on height,
Dim is your brightest lustre:
For in my heart doth shine
A light eterne, divine:
Ten thousand times out-shone ye are
By Jesus Christ, my polar-star.

3 To-night, asleep while mortals lie,
And beast in mead or manger,
One keepeth watch and ward on high,
To sleep and slumber stranger;
Jesu, by day and night
Thou holdest me in sight:
So must my heart, for Jesu's sake,
Keep vigil, and be still awake.

4 Before I slumber, I commit
My spirit to thy keeping:
Shield thou my body, shelter it:
Avise my soul while sleeping:
With Jesus I dare brave
Distress, the world, the grave:
For let but Jesus seal mine eyes,
And unto joy I shall arise.

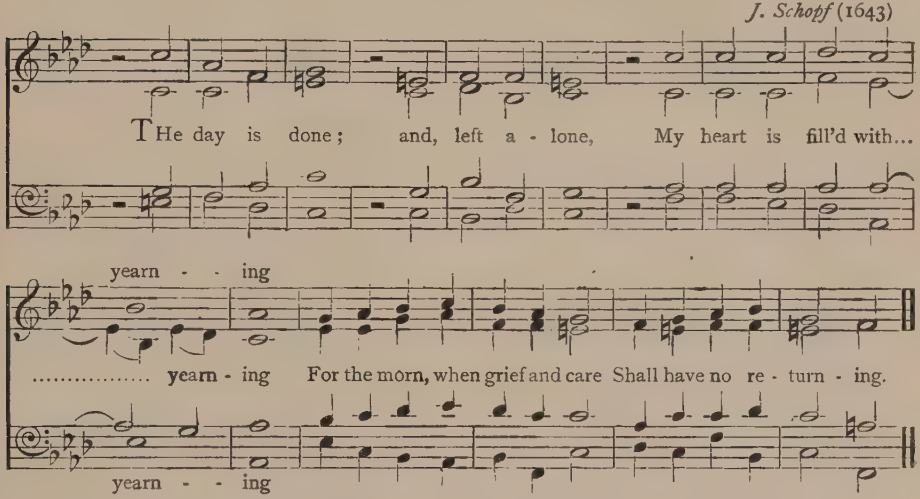
5 Now bid me fall asleep amain,
Thine arm around me spreading,
Thy vigilance my counterpane,
Thy charity my bedding:
Thy breast my pillow be;
My dream, sweet thoughts of thee:
What joy the Word of life imparts,
Shed by thy Spirit on our hearts!

C. Scriver (1629–1693); Tr. *G. R. W.*

193A Der Tag ist hin, mein Geist und Sinn

Tune—O TRAURIGKEIT, O HERZELEID (Iambo-Trochaic, 4.4.7.7.6.)

J. Schopf (1643)


THe day is done; and, left a - lone, My heart is fill'd with...
yearn - - ing
..... yearn - ing For the morn, when grief and care Shall have no re - turn - ing.
yearn - - ing

2 The night is here: O be thou near;
Christ, make it light within me;
Chase the darkness from my heart,
That to ill might win me.

3 The sun's sweet light is sunk in night;
O Brightness uncreated,
Shine with joy on us who here
Long for thee have waited.

4 Each living thing is slumbering,
While darkness round is closing:
Work thou silently in me,
Whiles I lie reposing.

5 Ah! when shall day have perfect sway,
By night no more attended?
When that fairest morn shall break
That shall ne'er be ended?

6 For Syon then shall ne'er agen
Behold her brightness vanish,
Since the Lamb shall be her light,
And all night shall banish.

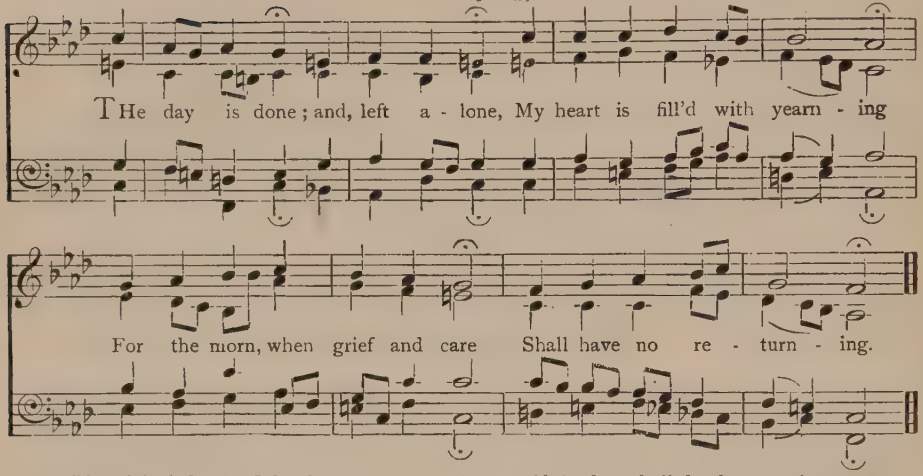
7 O were I there! where all the air
With lovely sounds is ringing,
Where the Saints, thee, holy Lord,
Evermore are singing.

8 Lord Jesu, thou my rest art now;
Grant me to stand before thee,
Radiant with thy light to shine,
And for aye adore thee.

J. A. Freylinghausen (1670–1739); Tr. *C. Winkworth* (1829-1878)

193 B

The foregoing, as given by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)



2 The night is here: O be thou near;
Christ, make it light within me:
Chase the darkness from my heart,
That to ill might win me.

3 The sun's sweet light is sunk in night;
O Brightness uncreated,
Shine with joy on us who here
Long for thee have waited.

4 Each living thing is slumbering,
While darkness round is closing:
Work thou silently in me,
Whiles I lie reposing.

5 Ah! when shall day have perfect sway,
By night no more attended?
When that fairest morn shall break
That shall ne'er be ended?

6 For Syon then shall ne'er agen
Behold her brightness vanish,
Since the Lamb shall be her light,
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7 O were I there! where all the air
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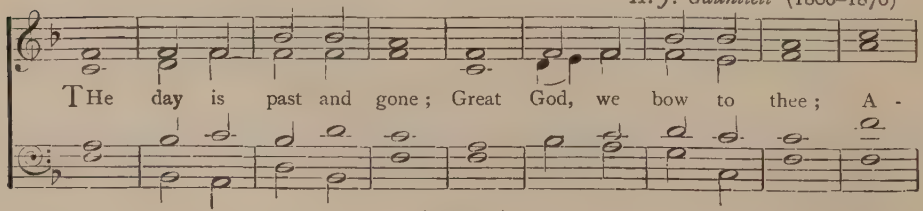
Grant me to stand before thee,
Radiant with thy light to shine,
And for aye adore thee.

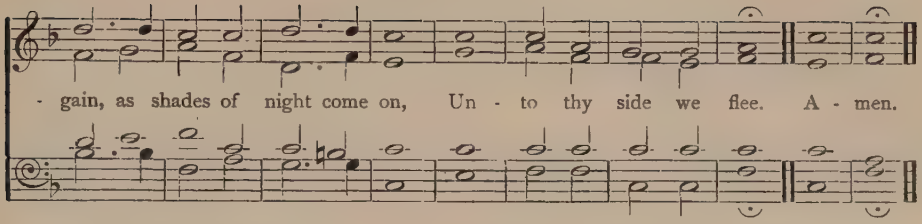
J. A. Freylinghausen (1670–1739); Tr. *C. Winkworth* (1829–1878)

194 GRATES PERACTO IAM DIE

S. Hierome's Tune (Iambic, 6.6.8.6.)

H. J. Gauntlett (1806–1876)





2 Oh! when shall that day come,
Ne'er sinking in the west,
That country, and that holy home,
Where none shall break our rest?

3 Where all things shall be peace,
And joyaunce without end,
And golden harps, that never cease,
With echoing lips shall blend:

4 Blend in their sweet accord,
Of deep, and full, and bright,
Like sounds of many waters pour'd
On the tranced ear of night.

5 So we, preserved beneath
The shelt'ring of thy wing,
For evermore thy praise shall breathe,
And love thee, Lord, and sing.

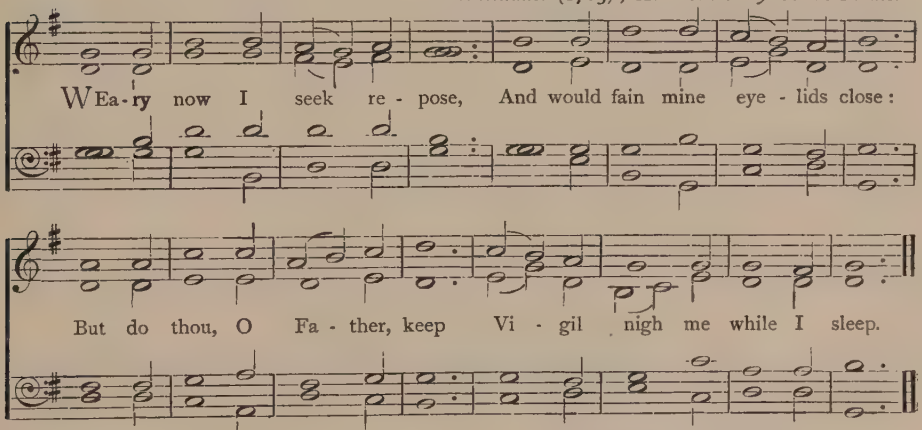
6 To God the Sire be praise,
And to th' eternal Son;
And to the Holy Ghost always,
Co-equal Three in One. Amen.

C. Coffin (1676–1749); Tr. *W. J. Blew* (1808–1894)

195 Müde bin ich, geh' zur Ruh'

Tune—NACHT UND STILL ISTS (Trochaic, 7.7.7.7.)

Witthauer (1785); *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*



2 Have I done amiss to-day?
Look not, Lord, thereon, I pray:
May thy grace and Jesu's blood
Make my every trespass good.

3 Let my dearest, kith and kin,
Rest, good Lord, thine hand within:
Yea, mankind, or great or small,
Take them in thy keeping all.

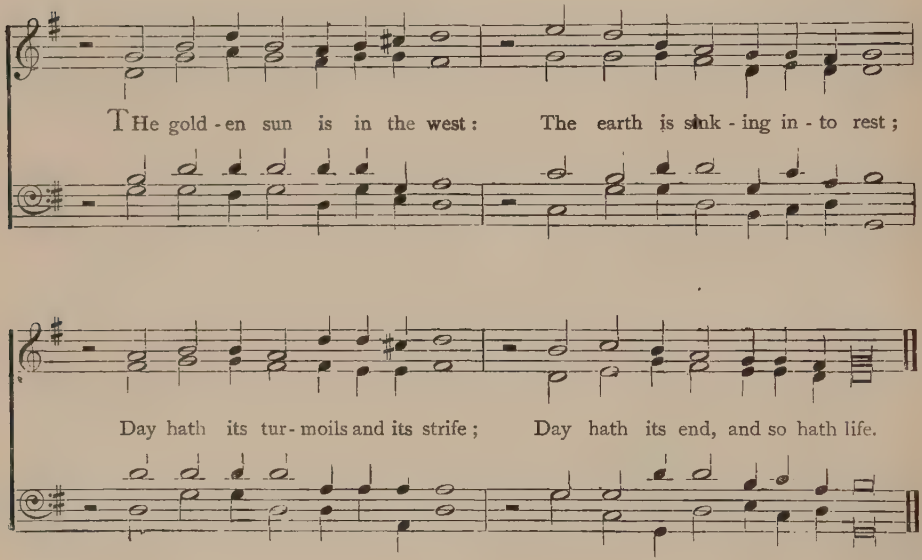
4 Comfort on the sick bestow:
Slumber sweet let mourners know:
Watch around us, Lord of light;
Bid us, one and all, 'Good night.'

Luise Hensel (1798–1876); Tr. *G. R. W.*

196 THE GOLDEN SUN IS IN THE WEST

Tune—HERR JESU CHRIST, DICH ZU UNS WEND (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Melody and Setting from the Gotha Cantional (1651)


THe gold - en sun is in the west: The earth is sink - ing in - to rest;
Day hath its tur - moils and its strife; Day hath its end, and so hath life.

2

The moon is rising from the sea
Till its dark waves shine gloriously;
If we have peril, fear or thrall,
We have a Church to gild them all.

3

When earthly light is almost dark,
And earthly hopes have miss'd their mark,
And sorrow's cup is to the brim,
God is with us, and we with him.

4

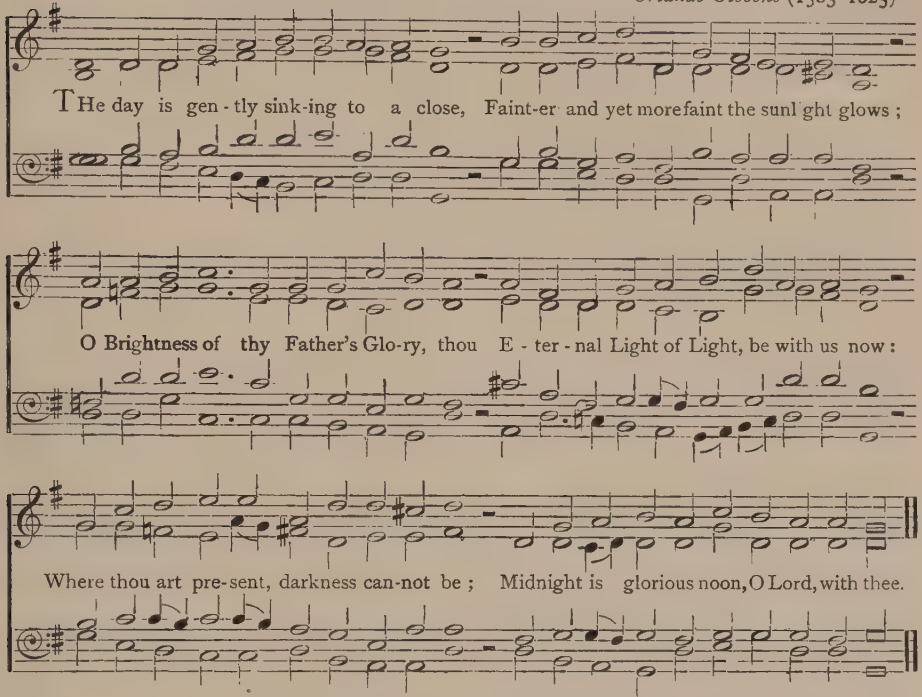
O God, till darkness goeth hence,
Be thou our stay, and our defence;
A wall, when foes oppress us sore,
To save and guard us evermore.

J. M. Neale (1818–1866)

197 A THE DAY IS GENTLY SINKING TO A CLOSE

SONG I (Iambic, 10.10.10.10.10.10.)

Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625)


THe day is gen - tly sink-ing to a close, Faint-er and yet more faint the sunl ght glows ;
O Brightness of thy Father's Glo-ry, thou E - ter - nal Light of Light, be with us now :
Where thou art pre-sent, darkness can-not be ; Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with thee.

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend ;
O Conqueror of the grave, be thou our guide,
Be thou our light in death's dark even-tide ;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

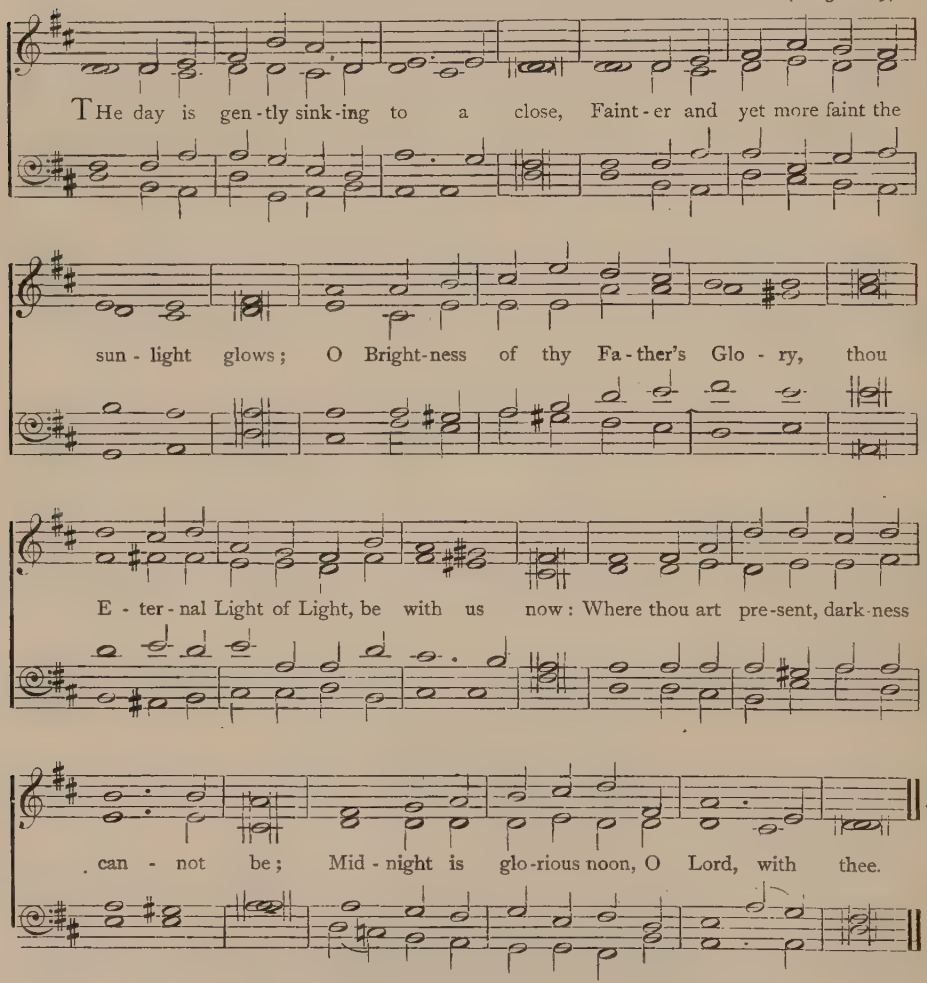
3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours fail ;
When all is dark, may we behold thee nigh,
And hear thy voice, 'Fear not, for it is I.'

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away ;
In that last sun-set, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awaken'd by thy call,
With thee, O Lord, for ever to abide,
In that blest day which hath no even-tide.

Christopher Wordsworth (1807–1885)

197 B

(Iambic, 10.10 10.10.10.10.)

W. H. Monk (1823–1889)

THe day is gen-tly sink-ing to a close, Faint-er and yet more faint the
sun-light glows; O Bright-ness of thy Fa-ther's Glo-ry, thou
E-ter-nal Light of Light, be with us now: Where thou art pre-sent, dark-ness
can-not be; Mid-night is glo-rious noon, O Lord, with thee.

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
O Conqueror of the grave, be thou our guide,
Be thou our light in death's dark even-tide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours fail;
When all is dark, may we behold thee nigh,
And hear thy voice, 'Fear not, for it is I.'

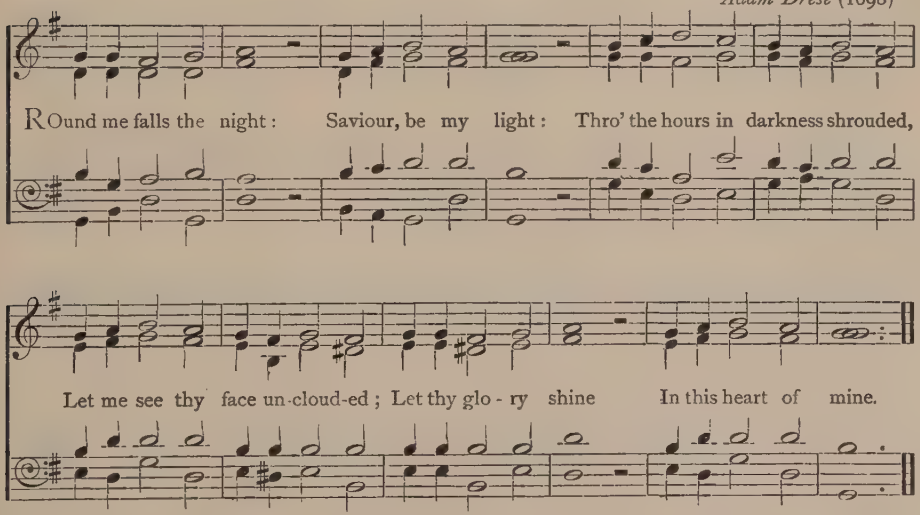
4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sun-set, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awaken'd by thy call,
With thee, O Lord, for ever to abide,
In that blest day which hath no even-tide.

Christopher Wordsworth (1807–1885)

198 ROUND ME FALLS THE NIGHT

Tune—SEELEN BRÄUTIGAM (Trochaic, 5.5.8.8.5.5.)

Adam Drese (1698)


ROund me falls the night: Saviour, be my light: Thro' the hours in darkness shrouded,
Let me see thy face un-cloud-ed; Let thy glo - ry shine In this heart of mine.

2 Earthly work is done,
Earthly sounds are none;
Rest in sleep and silence seeking,
Let me hear thee softly speaking;
In my spirit's ear
Whisper 'I am near.'

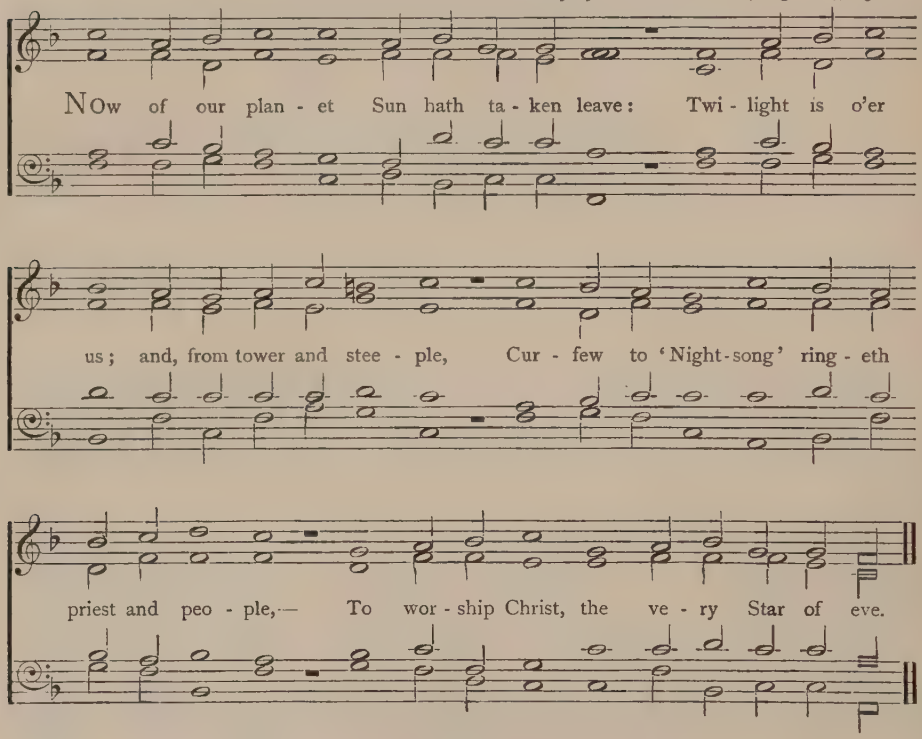
3 Blessèd, heavenly light,
Shining through earth's night;
Voice, that oft of love hast told me;
Arms, so strong to clasp and hold me;
Thou thy watch wilt keep,
Saviour, o'er my sleep.

W. Romanis (1824–1899)

199A Der Tag iſt nunmehr hin

Tune—FRENCH Pss. lxxiv & cxvj (Iambic, 10.11.11.10.)

Melody by Maistre Pierre (Dagues?), 1562


NOw of our plan - et Sun hath ta - ken leave: Twi - light is o'er
us; and, from tower and stee - ple, Cur - few to 'Night-song' ring - eth
priest and peo - ple,— To wor - ship Christ, the ve - ry Star of eve.

2 To him be praise, from every heart and tongue,
For all the blessings of the work-day finish'd,—
Maintenance, safe-guard, mercy, grace unminish'd—
For these let thanks a thousand-fold be sung.

3 Up! silver Moon, thy night-long vigil keep:
Drop down from heav'n, ye dews and fruitful showers:
Ye trees and evening breezes, chaunt your 'Hours,'
While weary mortals cease a time, for sleep.

4 Awake, ye Seraph-quires! our hymns prolong,
Encamping round the righteous in his slumbers:
Proffer to God above, in tuneful numbers,
The fragrant incense of our even-song.

5 Amend our psalms, (as God's good Angels can):—
'Men thank thee, Lord, for daily bread and raiment,
But chief because 'twas thou that madest payment
For man's misdeeds, and diedst to rescue man.'

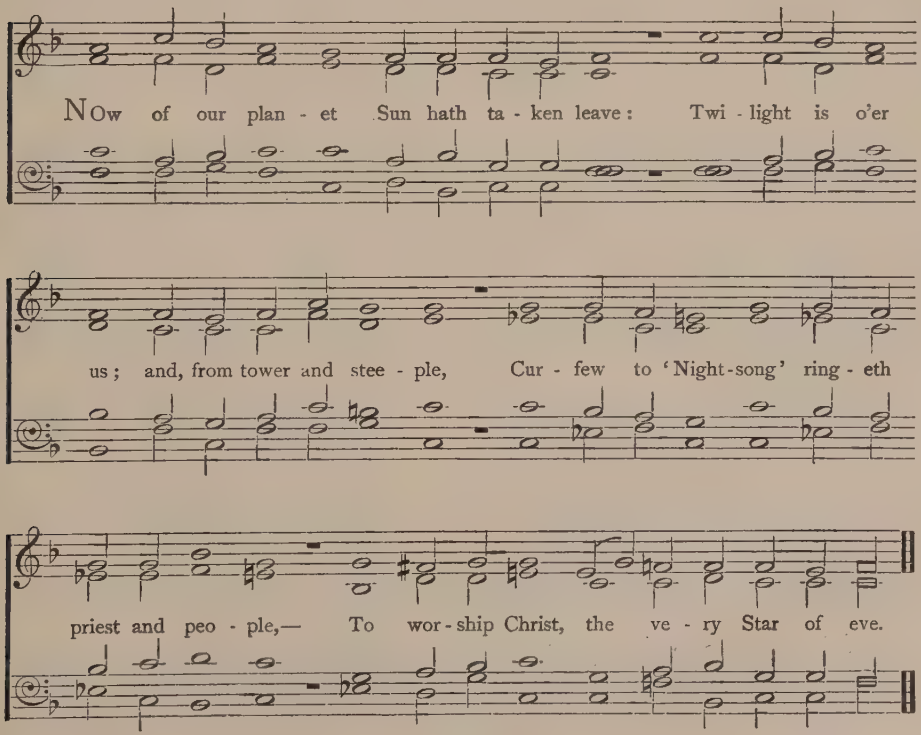
6 Most holy Godhead, One, in Persons Three,
Throughout the parlous hours of needful sleeping,
Have us, we pray thee, safe beneath thy keeping,
And bid the pow'rs of sin and darkness flee.

7 When next thy sun-beams gild yon eastern coast,
Wake and refresh us, so that we the rather,
From morn till eve, may serve thee, God the Father,
With God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

After Der Tag ist nunmehr hin, *by Johann Scheffler* (1624–1677); *G. R. W.*

199 B

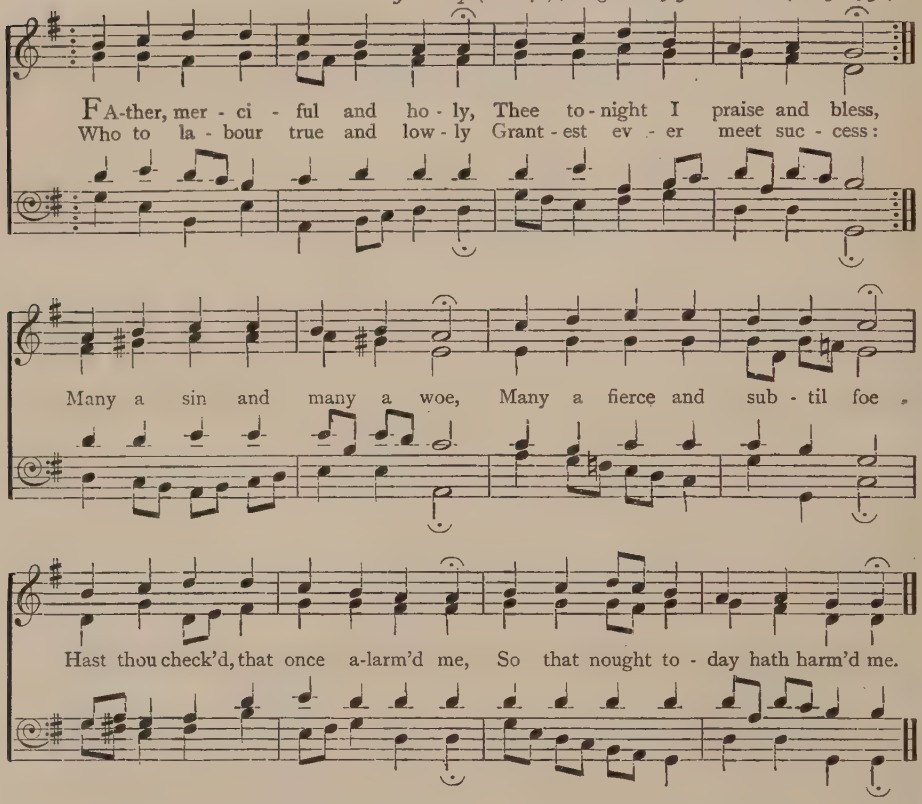
The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor; Harmonized by C. Goudimel († 1572)


NOw of our plan - et Sun hath ta - ken leave: Twi - light is o'er
us; and, from tower and stee - ple, Cur - few to 'Night-song' ring - eth
priest and peo - ple,— To wor - ship Christ, the ve - ry Star of eve.

200 Lob und Dank sei dir gesungen

Tune—WERDE MUNTER, MEIN GEMÜTHE (Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.7.7.8.8.)

J. Schop (*c.* 1640); *as given by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


FA-ther, mer - ci - ful and ho - ly, Thee to-night I praise and bless,
Who to la - bour true and low - ly Grant - est ev - er meet suc - cess:
Many a sin and many a woe, Many a fierce and sub - til foe
Hast thou check'd, that once a-larm'd me, So that nought to - day hath harm'd me.

2 Now the light, that all things gladdens,
And the pomp of day is gone,
And my heart is tired, and saddens
As the gloomy night comes on;
Ah! then, with thy changeless light
Warm and cheer my heart to-night,
As the shadows round me gather,
Keep me close to thee, my Father.

3 Have I, Lord, from thee departed?
Now I seek thy face again,
And thy Son, the loving-hearted,
Made our peace through bitter pain.
Yea, far greater than our sin,
Though it still be strong within,
Is the love that fails us never,
Mercy that endures for ever.

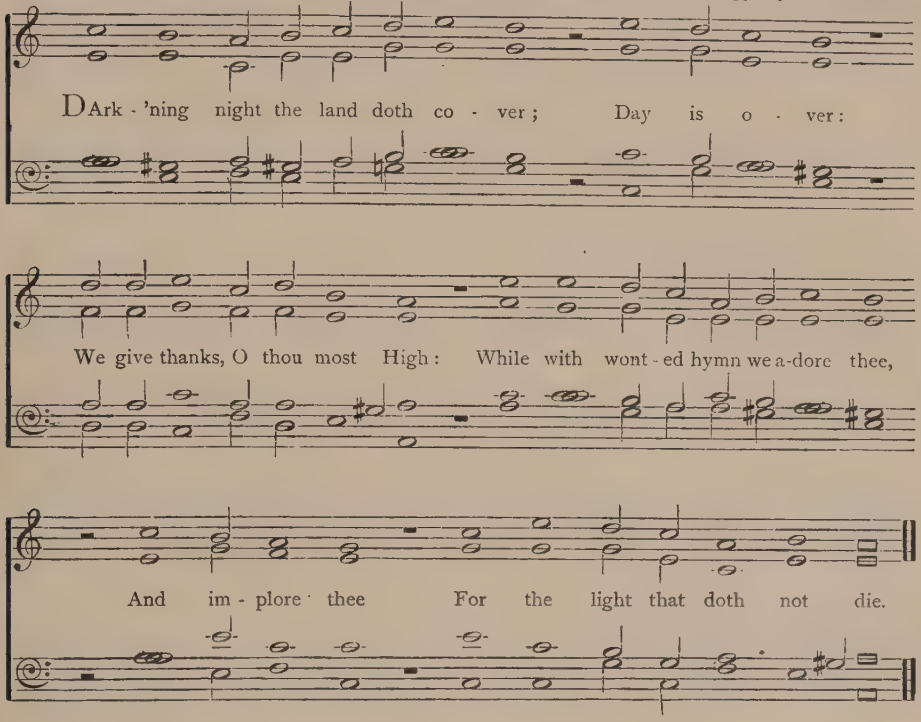
4 O thou mighty Father, hearken
To the prayer thy child hath made;
Jesu, while the night-hours darken,
Be thou still my hope, my aid;
Holy Ghost, on thee I call,
Friend and Comforter of all;
Hear my earnest prayer, O hear me;
Blessèd Trinity, be near me.

J. Rist (1607–1667); Tr. *C. Winkworth and B. H. Kennedy*

201 A DARK'NING NIGHT THE LAND DOTH COVER

Tune—LAS! EN TA FUREUR AIGUE French Ps. xxxviij (Trochaic, 8.4.7.8.4.7.)

Melody by Louis Bourgeois (1542); *Harmonized by C. Goudimel* († 1572); *Upper parts inverted*


DArk - 'ning night the land doth co - ver; Day is o - ver:
We give thanks, O thou most High: While with wont - ed hymn we a-dore thee,
And im - plore thee For the light that doth not die.

2 Like a day our short life hasteth;
Soon it wasteth;
Cometh surely its sad eve:
O do thou that eve enlighten,
Save and brighten;
Nor old age of joy bereave.

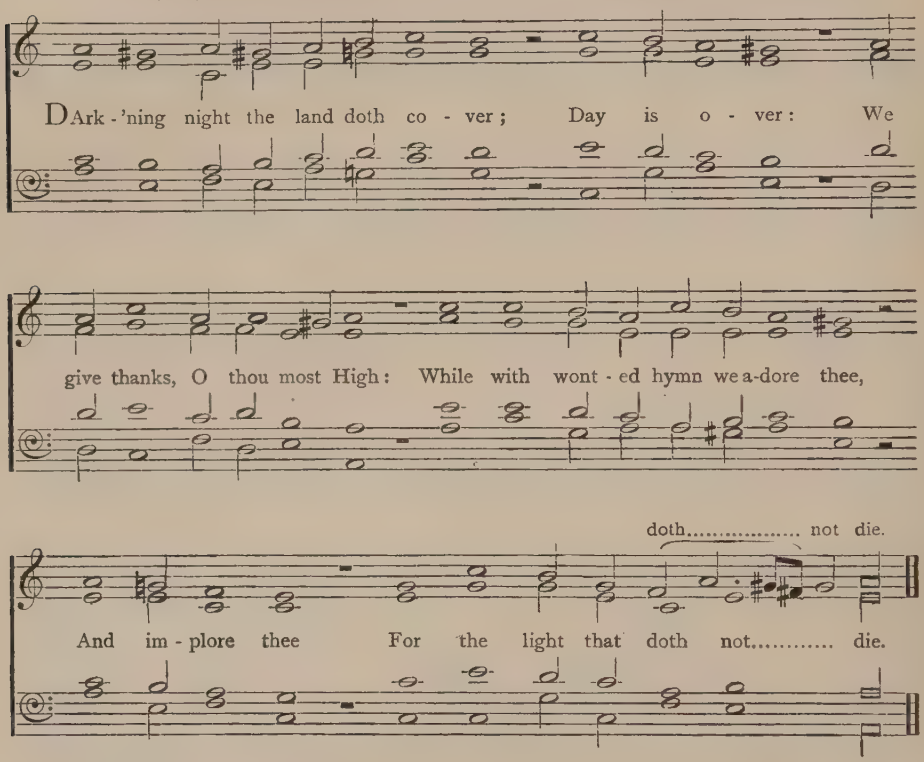
3 Come no pain nor pity near it;
Bless and cheer it,
That in peace we our peace win:
As thou wilt, do thou us gather,
Gracious Father,
Only without shame and sin.

4 Now we pray for rest, that sleeping
In thy keeping,
We may joy in the sun's ray:
So through death's last darkness take us,
So awake us
To heav'n's everlasting day.

From the Greek, and Bp. Andrewes' Preces Privatæ; *Yattendon Hymns* (1899)

201 B

The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor; Harmonized by C. Goudimel († 1572)


DArk-'ning night the land doth co - ver; Day is o - ver: We
give thanks, O thou most High: While with wont - ed hymn we a-dore thee,
doth..... not die.
And im - plore thee For the light that doth not..... die.

2 Like a day our short life hasteth;
Soon it wasteth;
Cometh surely its sad eve:
O do thou that eve enlighten,
Save and brighten;
Nor old age of joy bereave.

3 Come no pain nor pity near it;
Bless and cheer it,
That in peace we our peace win:
As thou wilt, do thou us gather,
Gracious Father,
Only without shame and sin.

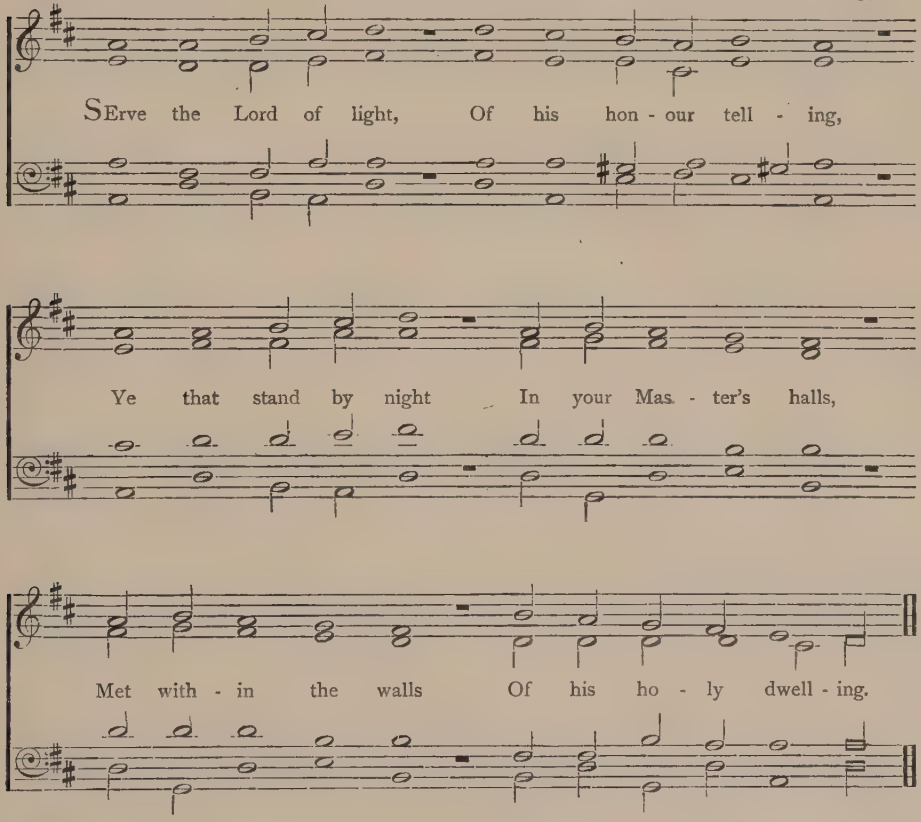
4 Now we pray for rest, that sleeping
In thy keeping,
We may joy in the sun's ray:
So through death's last darkness take us,
So awake us
To heav'n's everlasting day.

From the Greek, and Bp. Andrewes' Preces Privatæ; *Yattendon Hymns* (1899)

202 ECCE NVNC BENEDICITE (Ps. cxxxiv)

Tune—CHANTEZ GAYEMENT French Ps. lxxxi (Trochaic, 5 6.5.5.5.6.)

Melody by Pierre Dagues; Setting by Claude Goudimel († 1572)


SErve the Lord of light, Of his hon - our tell - ing,
Ye that stand by night In your Mas - ter's halls,
Met with - in the walls Of his ho - ly dwell - ing.

2

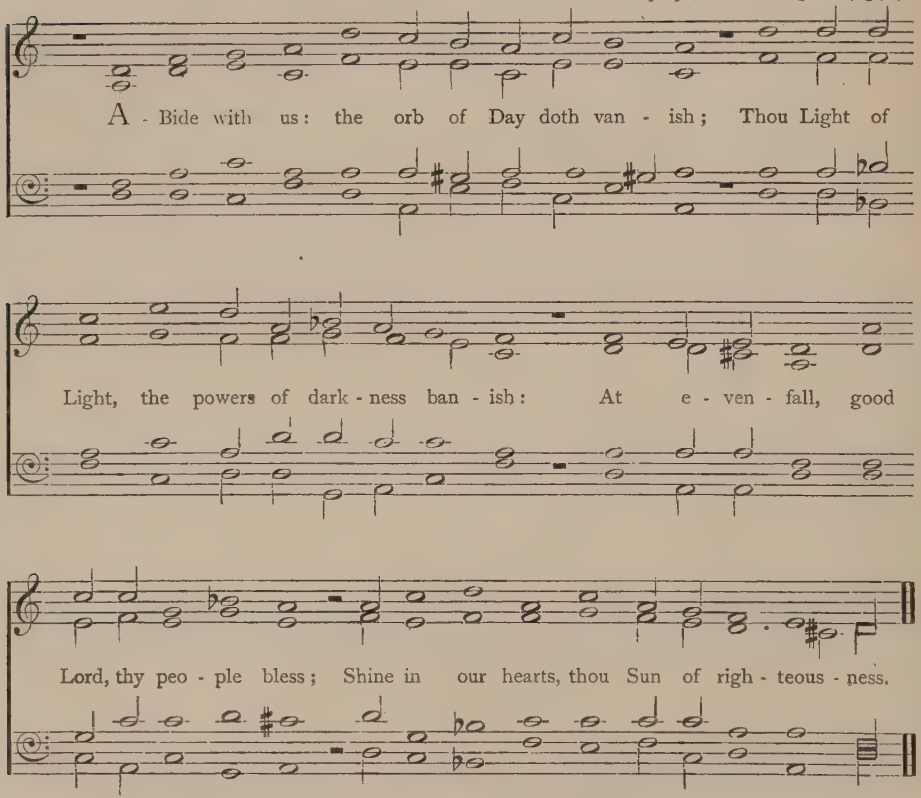
Lift ye heart and hand
In his dome confessing
Him whose wisdom plann'd
Heav'n and earth, until
Out of Syon's hill
God shall give thee blessing.

Tr. *G. R. W.*

203 A DER TAG IST HIN

Tune—O NOSTRE DIEU, ET SEIGNEUR ADORABLE French Ps. viij

(Iambic, 11.11.10.10.) *Melody by Louis Bourgeois* (1542)


A - Bide with us: the orb of Day doth van - ish; Thou Light of
Light, the powers of dark - ness ban - ish: At e - ven - fall, good
Lord, thy peo - ple bless; Shine in our hearts, thou Sun of righ - teous - ness.

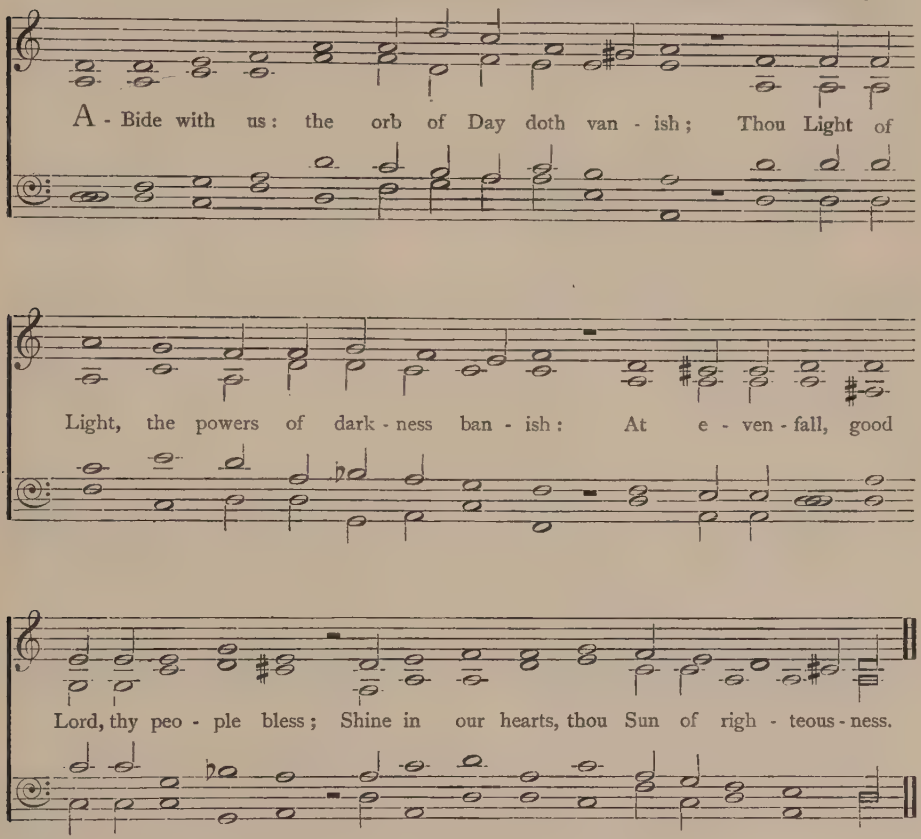
2 For the past day let every creature living
Ascribe thee glory, honour, and thanksgiving:
Let man, together with the Angel-host,
Bless God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

3 Jesu, Good Shepherd, thou who never sleepest,
But o'er thy sheepfold watch and ward who keepest:
The day is spent; it draws to eventide:
With thy disciples, Lord, this night abide.

After *J. Neander* (1650–1680); *G. R. W.*

203 B

The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor; Harmonized by Claude Goudimel († 1572)


A - Bide with us: the orb of Day doth van - ish; Thou Light of
Light, the powers of dark - ness ban - ish: At e - ven - fall, good
Lord, thy peo - ple bless; Shine in our hearts, thou Sun of righ - teous - ness.

2 For the past day let every creature living
Ascribe thee glory, honour, and thanksgiving:
Let man, together with the Angel-host,
Bless God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

3 Jesu, Good Shepherd, thou who never sleepest,
But o'er thy sheepfold watch and ward who keepest:
The day is spent; it draws to eventide:
With thy disciples, Lord, this night abide.

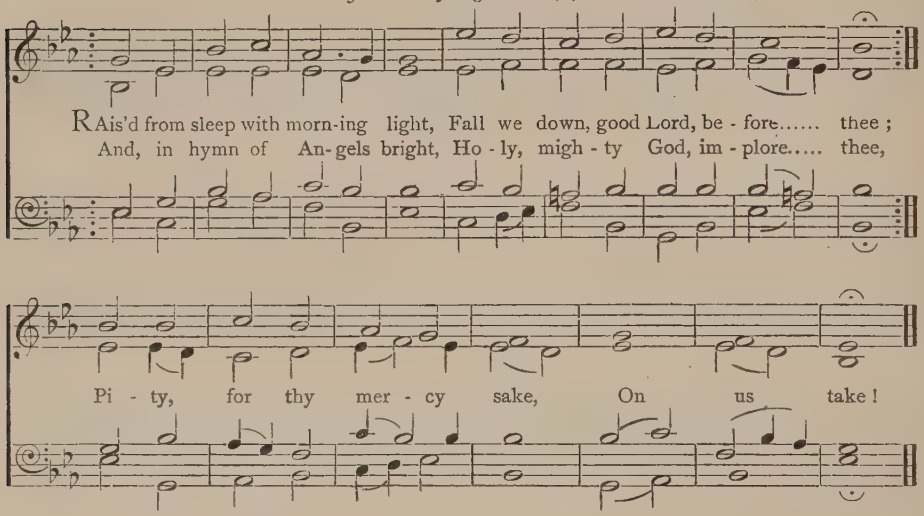
After *J. Neander* (1650–1680); *G. R. W.*

MATTINS

204 Ἐξεγερθέντες τοῦ ὕπνου

Tune—MORGENGLANZ DER EWIGKEIT (Trochaic, 7.8.7.8.7.3.)

J. A. Freylinghausen (1704); *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*


RAis'd from sleep with morn-ing light, Fall we down, good Lord, be - fore..... thee ;
And, in hymn of An-gels bright, Ho - ly, migh - ty God, im - plore..... thee,
Pi - ty, for thy mer - cy sake, On us take !

2 From my bed and slumber kind,
Daily me thy hand upraises ;
Light my heart, illume my mind,
Ope my lips to sing thy praises :
'Holy Lord, immortal, strong,'
Be my song !

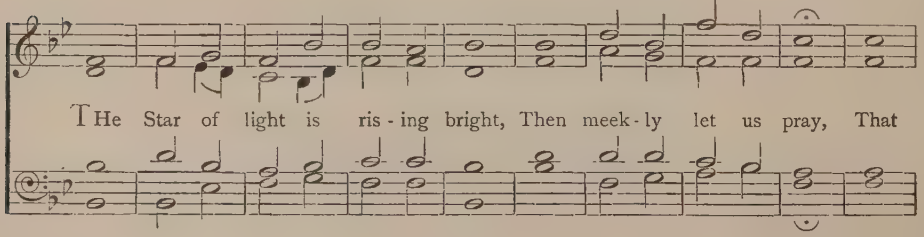
3 When the Judge, as thunder-light,
Every secret deed unveiling,
Cometh at the dead of night,—
Hearts of men for terror failing,—
Then 'Thrice Holy, Lord most high,'
Be our cry !

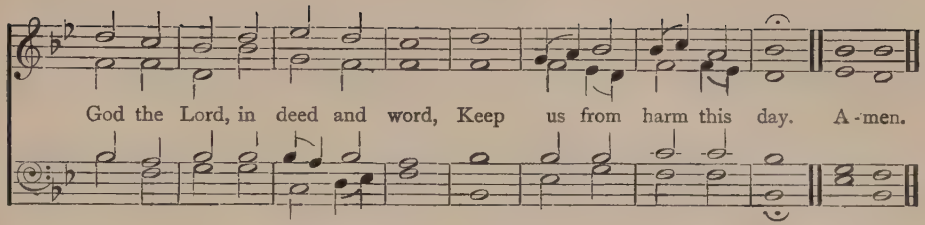
Greek Horologion ; Tr. *G. R. W.*

205 IAM LVCIS ORTO SYDERE

ST. MAGNUS' TUNE (Iambic, 4.4.6.4.4.6.)

Henry John Gauntlett (1805–1876)





2 May he refrain our tongue, and chain
Our lips from strife's wild din;
And fence the eye from vanity,
Lest mischief enter in.

3 Pure be our heart, its inmost part
Kept free from witless thought;
Let diet spare our flesh out-wear,
And bring its pride to nought.

4 That when the day hath waned away,
And change shall night-fall bring;
All clean in sense, through abstinence,
God's glorious power we sing.

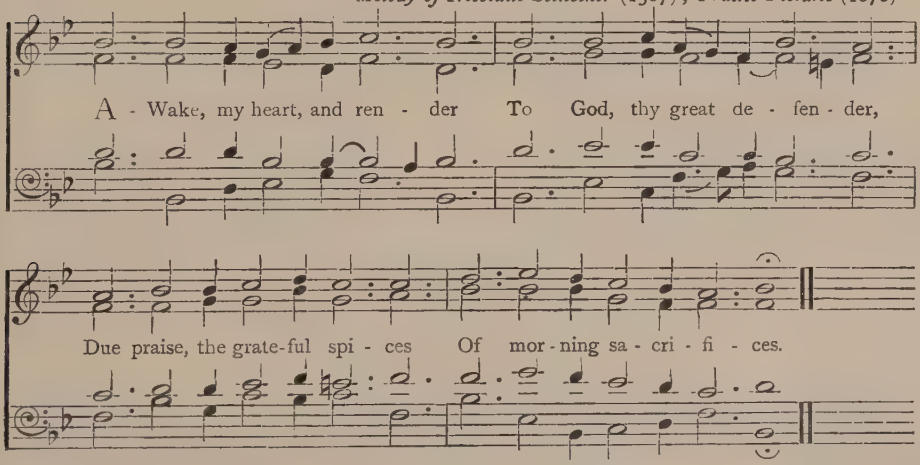
5 Father, to thee all glory be,
To thee, O blessed Son!
Thee glory greet, bright Paraclete,
While endless ages run. Amen.

Ambrosian (v or vj cent.); Tr. *W. J. Blew* (1808–1894)

206 Wach' auf, mein Herz, und singe

PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 7.7.7.7.)

Melody of Nicolaus Selnecker (1587); *Praxis Pietatis* (1676)



2 Though feeble be thy verses,
Him bless for all his mercies,
Who kept thee safe in slumber
From perils passing number.

3 To-day, in toil and leisure,
His will must be thy pleasure;
Thy work to God-ward tending,—
Beginning, middle, ending.

4 His Angel guard thy goings
From Satan's guileful doings;
And make and keep thee holy,
Like Jesus, meek and lowly!

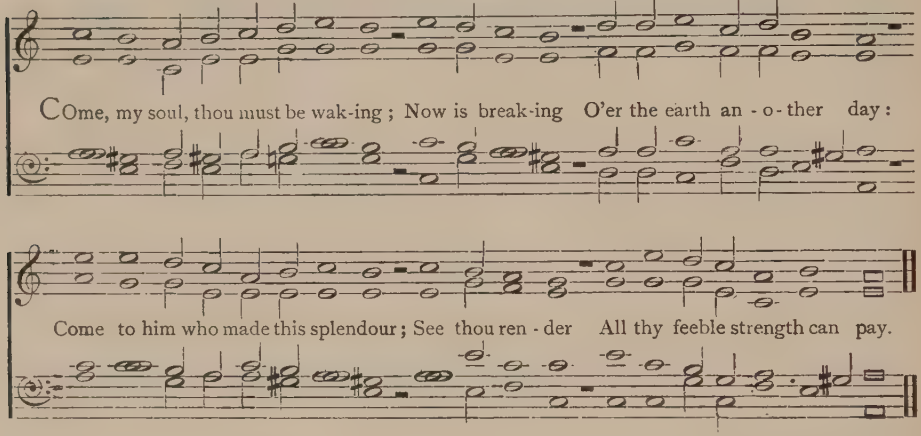
Paul Gerhardt (1607–1676); Tr. *Cento*

207 A Seele, du mußt munter werden

Tune—LAS! EN TA FUREUR AIGUE (Psalm xxxviij, *Genf*, 1542).

(Trochaic, 8.4.7.8.4.7.)

Melody by Louis Bourgeois ; Setting by Claude Goudimel († 1572) ; *Upper parts inverted*


COme, my soul, thou must be wak-ing ; Now is break-ing O'er the earth an - o - ther day :
Come to him who made this splendour ; See thou ren - der All thy feeble strength can pay.

2 Gladly hail the sun returning ;
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers :
For the night is safely ended ;
God hath tended
With his care thy helpless hours.

3 Pray that he may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
When the aim is good and true ;
But with inward voice upbraid thee,
And dissuade thee
From the ill thou would'st pursue.

4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet :
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

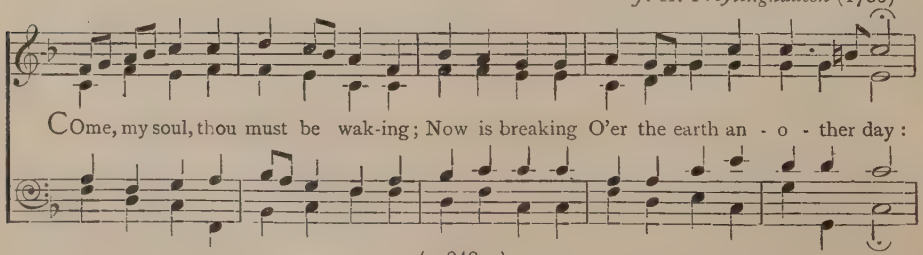
F. R. L. von Canitz (1654–1699) ; Tr. *H. J. Buckoll* (1803–1871)

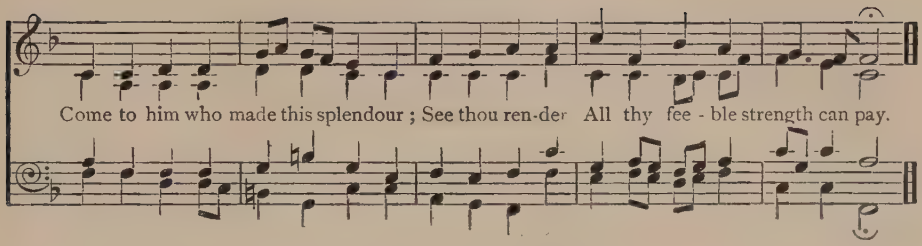
¶ *For the above, with Melody in the Tenor, see No. 201* B

207 B

Tune—MEINE ARMUTH MACHT MICH SCHREYEN

J. A. Freylinghausen (1706)

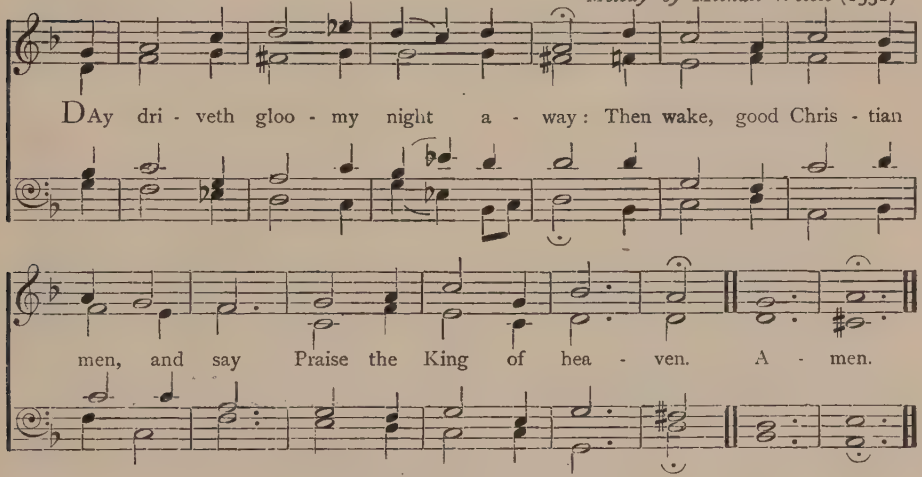




208 Der Tag vertreibt die finstre Nacht

PROPER TUNE (Iambo-trochaic, 8.8.6.)

Melody by Michael Weisse (1531)



2 If Angel hosts in tuneful quire
Exalt thy Name, and never tire,
Who directest all things :—

3 If feather'd fowl, that cleave the air,
With Chanticleer thy praise declare,
Who dost feed the hungry :—

4 If ocean-deep, with earth and sky,
Adore thee, Lord, and magnify,
And fulfil thy pleasure :—

5 If lower creatures, far and near,
Each in his kind, thy laws revere,
Lauding thee, their Maker :—

6 Then help mankind, e'en so, to raise
To thy great glory, hymns of praise
Now and ever. Amen.

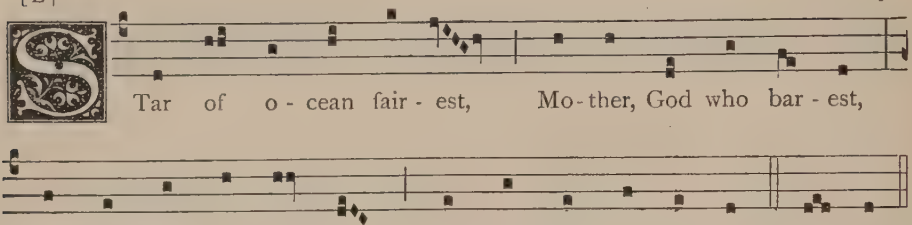
Michael Weisse (1480–1534) ; Tr. *G. R. W*

COMMON OF OUR LADY

209 AVE MARIS STELLA

SARVM MELODY (Trochaic, 6.6.6.6.)

[E] Mode j



2 'Ave' thou receivest,
Gabriel's word believest;
Change to peace and gladness
Eva's name of sadness.

3 Loose the bonds of terror,
Lighten blinded error;
All our ills repressing,
Pray for every blessing.

4 Mother's care displaying,
Offer him thy praying,
Who, when born our Brother,
Chose thee for his Mother.

5 Virgin, all excelling,
Gentle past our telling;
Pardon'd sinners render
Gentle, chaste and tender.

6 In pure paths direct us;
On our way protect us;
Till, on Jesus gazing,
We shall join thy praising.

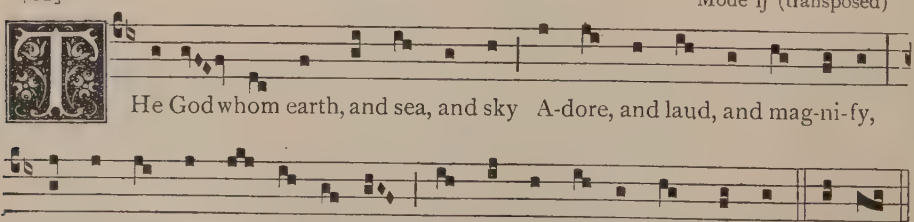
7 Father, Son eternal,
Holy Ghost supernal,
With one praise we bless thee,
Three in One confess thee. Amen.

(?) *Venantius Fortunatus* (vj cent.); Tr. *T. I. Ball*

210 QVEM TERRA, PONTVS, ÆTHERA

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[M] Mode ij (transposed)


The God whom earth, and sea, and sky Adore, and laud, and magnify,
Who o'er their threefold fabrick reigns, The Virgin's spotless womb contains. Amen.

2 The God, whose will by moon and sun
And all things in due course is done,
Is borne upon a Maiden's breast,
By fullest heav'nly grace possest.

3 How blest that Mother, in whose shrine
The great Artificer divine,
Whose hand contains the earth and sky,
Vouchsafed, as in his ark, to lie.

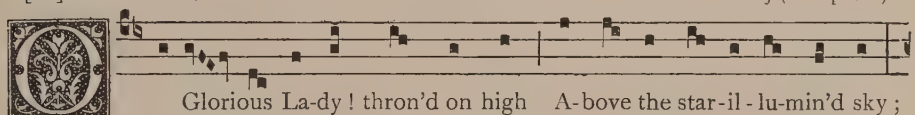
4 Blest, in the message Gabriel brought;
Blest, by the work the Spirit wrought;
From whom the great Desire of earth
Took human flesh and human birth.

5 All honour, laud and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

Venantius Fortunatus (*c.* 530–609); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

211 O GLORIOSA FEMINA

[M] Mode ij (transposed)


Glorious La-dy! thron'd on high A-bove the star-il-lu-min'd sky;
There-to or-dain'd, thy bos-om lent To thy Cre-a-tor nour-ish-ment. A-men.

2 Through thy sweet Offspring we receive
The bliss once lost through hapless Eve;
And heav'n to mortals open lies
Now thou art Portal of the skies.

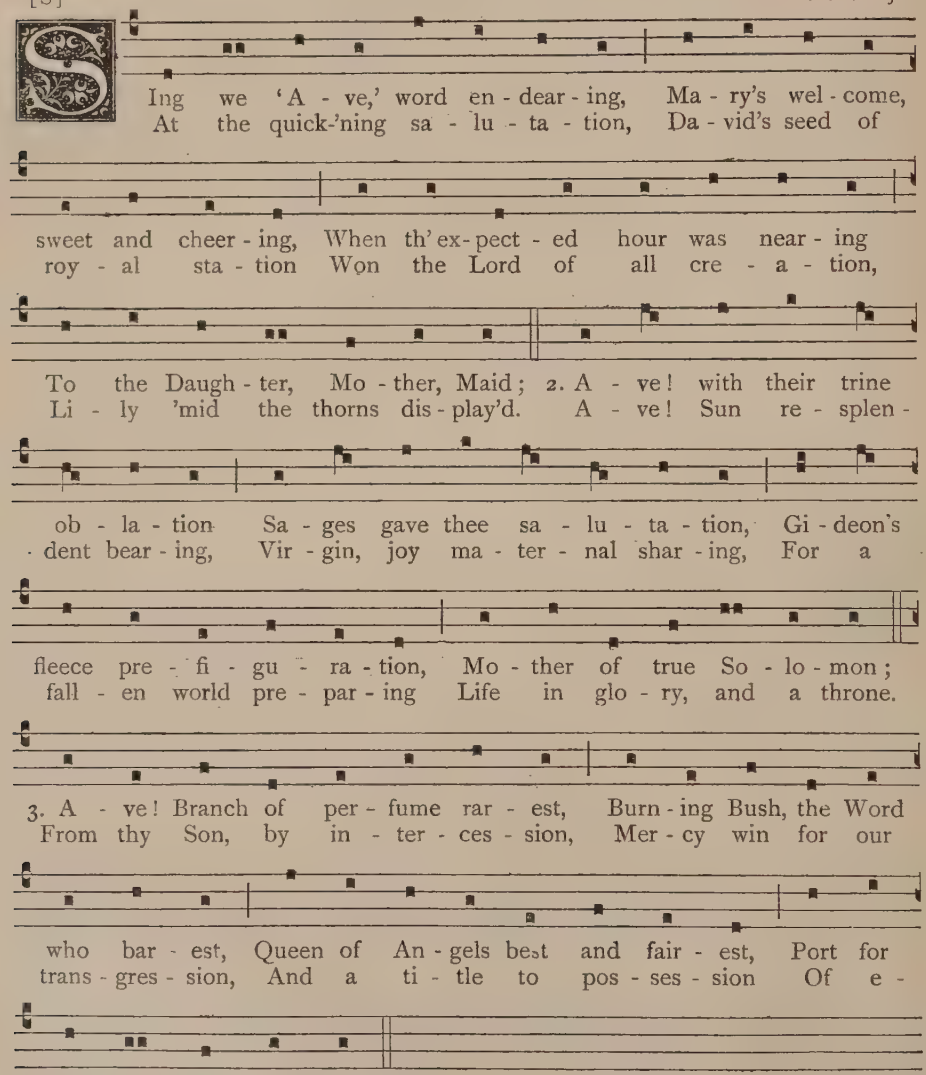
3 Thou art the Door of heav'n's high King,
Light's Gateway fair and glistering:
Life through a Virgin is restored;
Ye ransom'd nations, praise the Lord!

4 All honour, laud and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee:
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

Venantius Fortunatus (*c.* 530–609); Tr. *Hymner*

212 VERBVM BONVM ET SVAVE

PROPER MELODY (Trochaic, 8.8.8.7.8.8.8.7.)

[S] Mode viij

Ing we 'A - ve,' word en - dear - ing, Ma - ry's wel - come,
At the quick-'ning sa - lu - ta - tion, Da - vid's seed of
sweet and cheer - ing, When th' ex - pect - ed hour was near - ing
roy - al sta - tion Won the Lord of all cre - a - tion,
To the Daugh - ter, Mo - ther, Maid; 2. A - ve! with their trine
Li - ly 'mid the thorns dis - play'd. A - ve! Sun re - splen -
ob - la - tion Sa - ges gave thee sa - lu - ta - tion, Gi - deon's
dent bear - ing, Vir - gin, joy ma - ter - nal shar - ing, For a
fleece pre - fi - gu - ra - tion, Mo - ther of true So - lo - mon;
fall - en world pre - par - ing Life in glo - ry, and a throne.
3. A - ve! Branch of per - fume rar - est, Burn - ing Bush, the Word
From thy Son, by in - ter - ces - sion, Mer - cy win for our
who bar - est, Queen of An - gels best and fair - est, Port for
trans - gres - sion, And a ti - tle to pos - ses - sion Of e -
wan - d'rers o'er the sea;
- ter - nal bliss with thee.

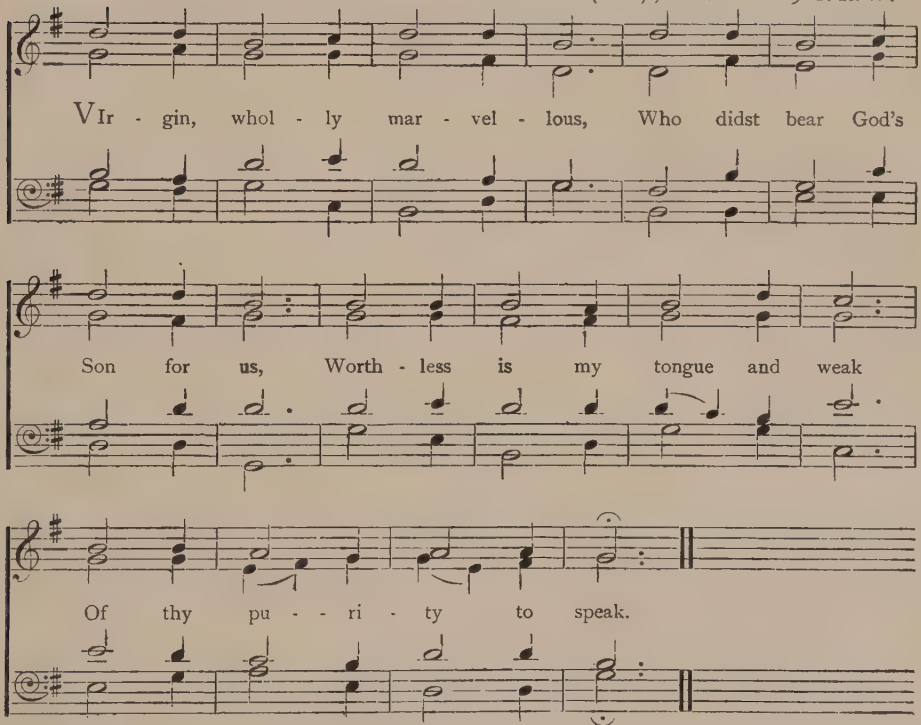
Anon. (xij cent.); Tr. *M. J. Blacker* (1822–1888)

213 VIRGIN, WHOLLY MARVELLOUS

Tune—TRES MAGI DE GENTIBUS (DREI KÖNIG AUS FREMBDEN LANDT)

(Trochaic, 7.7.7.7.)

Andernach (1608); *Harmonized by G. R. W.*



2 Who can praise thee as he ought?
Gifts, with every blessing fraught,
Gifts that bring the gifted life,
Thou didst grant us, maiden-wife.

3 God became thy lowly Son,
Made himself thy little One,
Raising men to tell thy worth
High in heav'n as here on earth.

4 Heav'n and earth, and all that is,
Thrill to-day with ecstasies,
Chanting glory unto thee,
Singing praise with festal glee.

5 Cherubim with fourfold face
Are no peers of thine in grace;
And the six-wing'd Seraphim
Shine, amid thy splendour, dim.

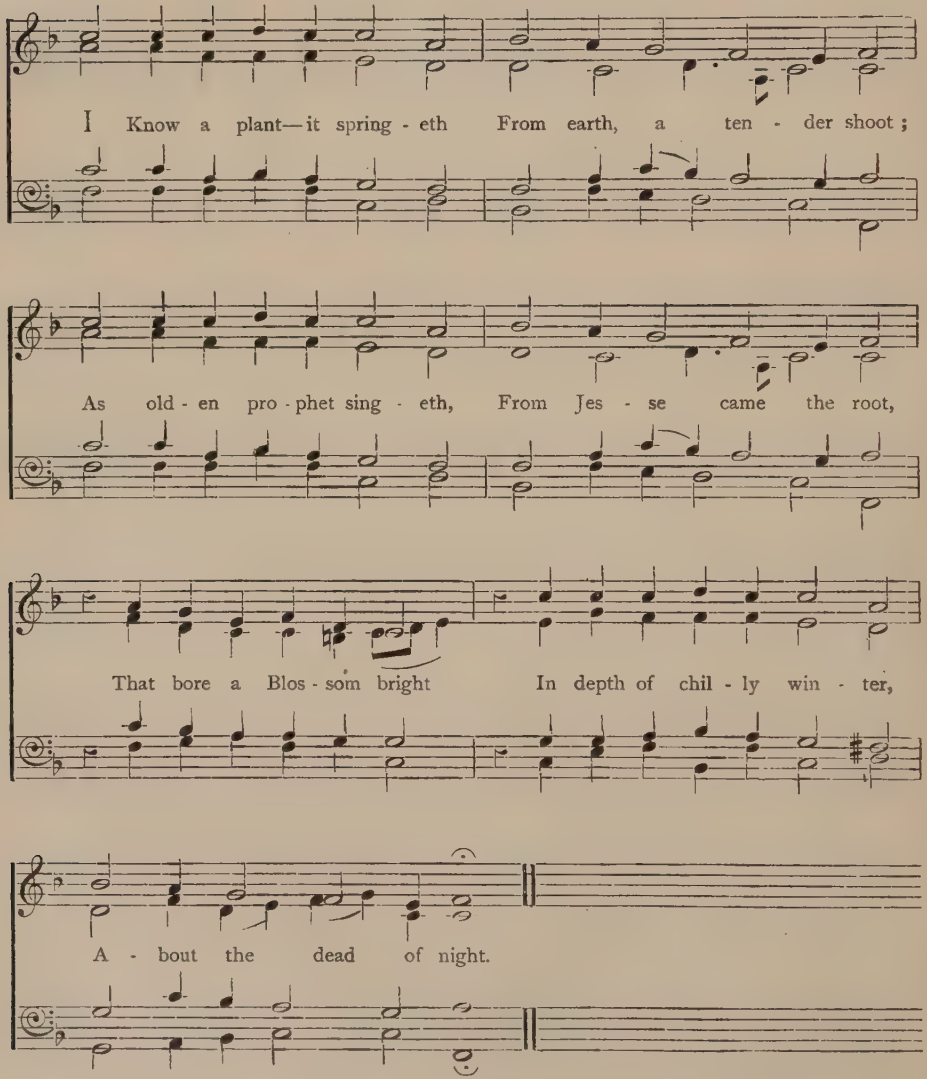
6 Purer art thou than are all
Heav'nly hosts angelical,
Who delight with pomp and state
On thy beauteous Child to wait.

S. Ephrem Syrus (*c.* 307–373); Tr. *J. W. Atkinson, S. J.*

214 Es iſt ein Reis entſprungen

PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 7.6.7.6.6.7.6.)

Harmonized by Michael Prætorius (1609)


I Know a plant—it spring - eth From earth, a ten - der shoot;
As old - en pro - phet sing - eth, From Jes - se came the root,
That bore a Blos - som bright In depth of chil - ly win - ter,
A - bout the dead of night.

2 This plant, with blossom laden,
As spake Esay of yore,
Is Mary, spotless Maiden,
For us this Flow'ret bore:
By God's eternal will,
A seemly Babe she childeth,
Yet Maid remaineth still.

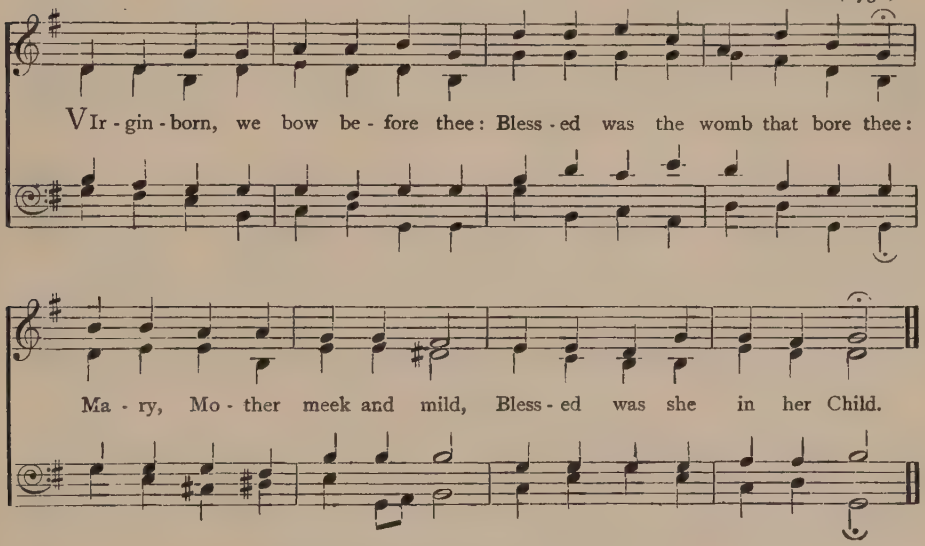
3 Praise, honour, to the Father,
The Son, and Spirit blest;
And Mary, God's own Mother,
For help we make request:—
Beseech thy dearest Son
That he would be our Refuge,
And shrive us, every one.

Speier Gesangbuch (1599); Tr. *G. R. W.*

215 VIRGIN-BORN, WE BOW BEFORE THEE

Tune—SOLLT ES GLEICH BISWEILEN (Trochaic, 8.8.7.7.)

C. H. Dretzel (1731)



2 Blessèd was the breast that fed thee;
Blessèd was the hand that led thee;
Blessèd was the parent's eye
Watch'd thy slumbering infancy.

3 Blessèd she by all creation,
Who brought forth the world's salvation,
Blessèd they, for ever blest,
Most who love, and serve thee best.

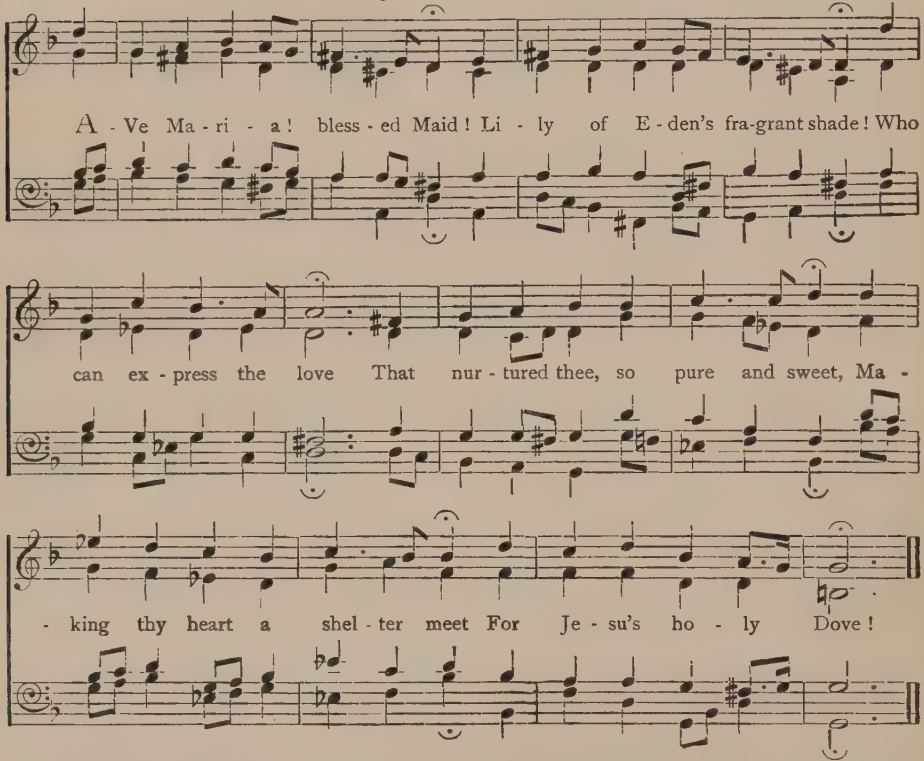
4 Virgin-born, we bow before thee;
Blessèd was the womb that bore thee:
Mary, Mother meek and mild,
Blessèd was she in her Child.

Reginald Heber (1783–1826)

216 AVE MARIA! BLESSED MAID!

Tune—MEIN KÖNIG, SCHREIB MIR DEIN GESETZ (Iambic, 8.8.6.8.8.6.)

J. A. Freylinghausen (1704); *Harmonized by G. R. W.*


A - Ve Ma - ri - a! bless - ed Maid! Li - ly of E - den's fra-grant shade! Who
can ex - press the love That nur - tured thee, so pure and sweet, Ma -
- king thy heart a shel - ter meet For Je - su's ho - ly Dove!

2 Ave Maria! Mother blest,
To whom, caressing and caress'd,
Clings the eternal Child;
Favour'd beyond Archangels' dream,
When first on thee with tenderest gleam
Thy new-born Saviour smiled.

3 Thou wept'st, meek Maiden, Mother mild,
Thou wept'st upon thy sinless Child,
Thy very heart was riven:
And yet, what mourning matron here
Would deem thy sorrows bought too dear
By all on this side heaven?

4 A Son that never did amiss,
That never shamed his Mother's kiss,
Nor cross'd her fondest prayer:
E'en from the Tree he deign'd to bow
For her his agonizèd brow,
Her, his sole earthly care.

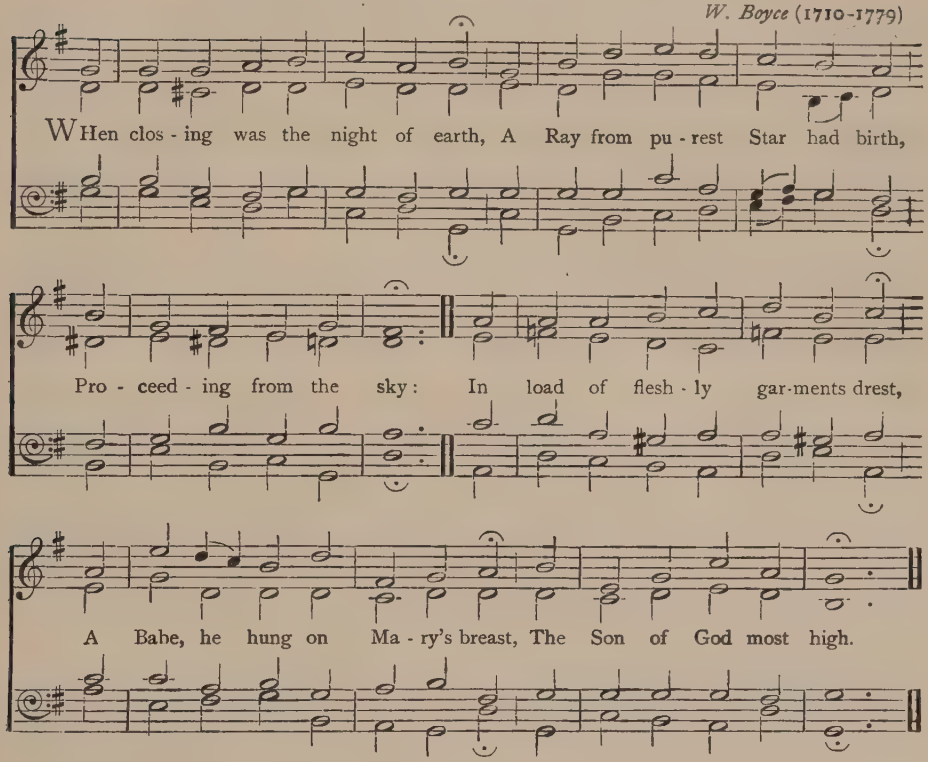
5 Ave Maria! thou whose name
All but adoring love may claim,
Yet may we reach thy shrine;
For he, thy Son and Saviour, vows
To crown all lowly lofty brows
With love and joy like thine.

John Keble (1792–1866)

217 WHEN CLOSING WAS THE NIGHT OF EARTH.

Tune—CHAPEL ROYAL (Iambic, 8.8.6.8.8.6.)

W. Boyce (1710-1779)


When clos - ing was the night of earth, A Ray from pu - rest Star had birth,
Pro - ceed - ing from the sky: In load of flesh - ly gar-ments drest,
A Babe, he hung on Ma - ry's breast, The Son of God most high.

2 Of old in Gideon's fleece foreshow'd,
And in the unburnt bush that glow'd,
Himself he signified:
Away the letter's veil is roll'd,
The old law's mystery is told,
In Jesu's wounded side.

3 The new law's mighty Sacraments,
Which from the shameful tree's offence
And from Christ's Passion spring,
Tell us why Jeremiah wail'd,
And why Esaias' spirit fail'd,
And wherefore died the King.

4 O Virgin, Star that hast no peer,
O Virgin, Light that shinest clear,
Before thine Offspring fall:
O tell him of the side, the scourge,
The thorns and nails, and gently urge
Such pleadings for us all.

Richard F. Littledale (1833-1890)

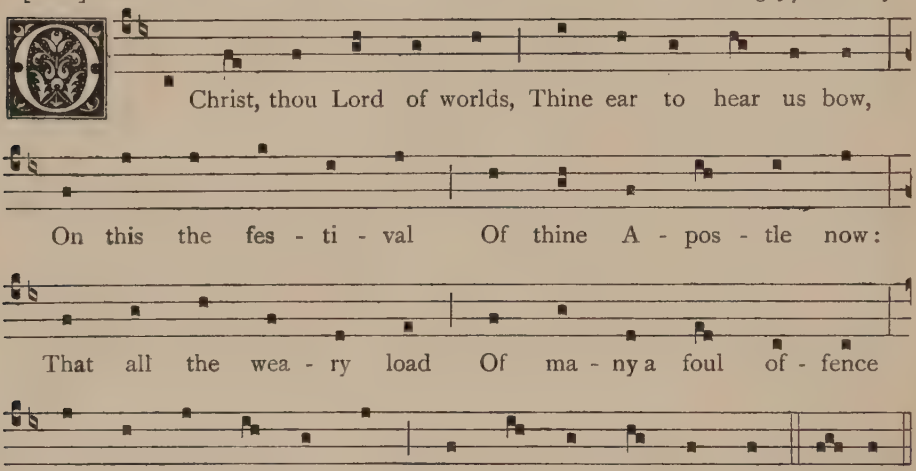
COMMON OF SAINTS

APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS

218A ANNVE CHRISTE

Tune—DESERTA VALLES (Iambic, 6.6.6.6 6.6.6.6.)

[1st E] *Clugny*, Mode vj


O Christ, thou Lord of worlds, Thine ear to hear us bow,
On this the fes - ti - val Of thine A - pos - tle now:
That all the wea - ry load Of ma - ny a foul of - fence
May, at his bliss - ful plea, Be lost in pe - ni - tence. A-men.

2 Redeemer, save thy work,
Thy noble work of grace,
Seal'd with the holy light
That beameth from thy face:
Nor suffer them to fall
To Satan's wiles a prey,
For whom thou didst on earth
Death's costly ransom pay.

3 Pity thy flock enthrall'd
By sin's captivity:
Forgive each guilty soul,
And set the bondmen free:
And those thou hast redeem'd
With thine own precious blood,
Grant to rejoice with thee,
Thou Monarch kind and good.

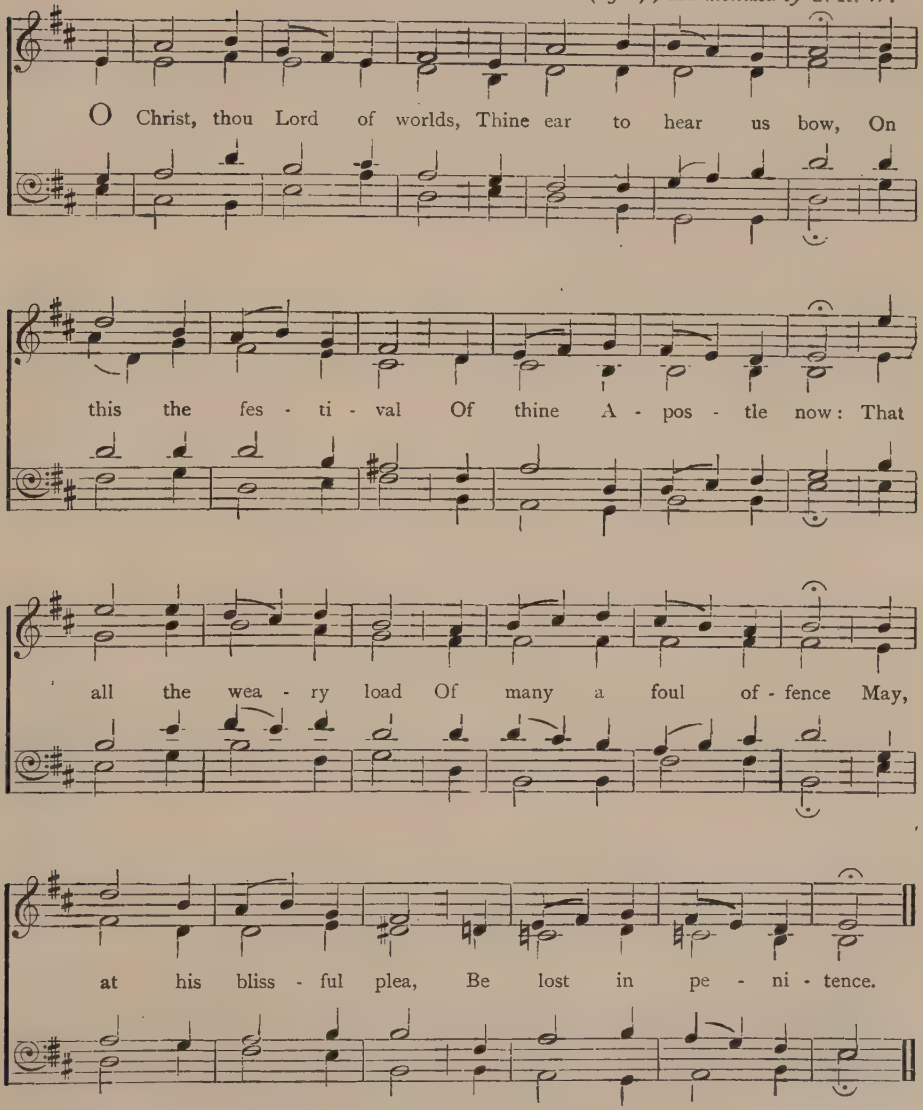
4 O Jesu, Saviour blest,
And gracious Lord, to thee
All glory, virtue, power,
And laud and empire be:
The Father with like praise,
And Spirit we adore,
With whom thou reignest God
For ages evermore. Amen.

Anon. (x–xj *cent.*); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818-1866)

218 B

Tune—O MENTES PERFIDAS

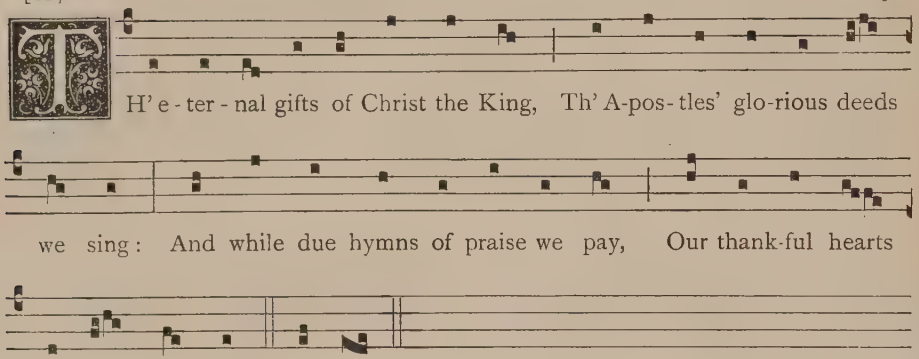
Piæ Cantiones (1582); *Harmonized by G. R. W.*


O Christ, thou Lord of worlds, Thine ear to hear us bow, On
this the fes - ti - val Of thine A - pos - tle now: That
all the wea - ry load Of many a foul of - fence May,
at his bliss - ful plea, Be lost in pe - ni - tence.

219 ÆTERNA CHRISTI MVNERA, APOSTOLORVM

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[M] Mode iij


H' e - ter - nal gifts of Christ the King, Th' A-pos- tles' glo-rious deeds
we sing: And while due hymns of praise we pay, Our thank-ful hearts
cast grief a - way. A - men.

2

The Church in these her princes boasts,
These victor-chiefs of warrior hosts:
The soldiers of the heav'nly hall;
The lights that rose on earth for all.

3

'Twas thus the yearning faith of Saints,
The unconquer'd hope that never faints,
The love of Christ, that knows not shame,
The Prince of this world overcame.

4

In these the Father's glory shone,
In these the will of God the Son:
In these exults the Holy Ghost,
Through these rejoice the heav'nly host.

5

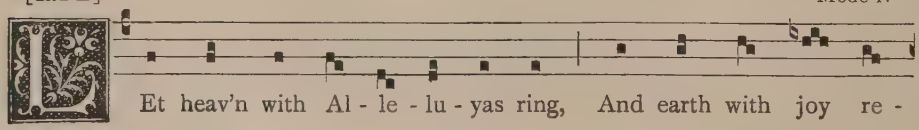
Redeemer, hear us of thy love,
That, with this glorious band above,
Hereafter, of thine endless grace,
Thy servants also may have place. Amen.

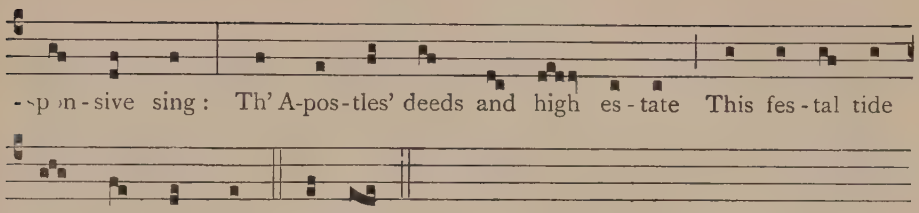
S. Ambrose (iv cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

220A EXVLTET CŒLVM LAVDIBVS

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[2nd E] Mode iv





2

O ye who, throned in glory dread,
Shall judge the living and the dead,—
True lights, the world illumining,
Regard the suppliant prayer we bring.

3

The gates of heav'n, at your command,
To all or closed or open stand:
May we at your august decree
Be loosed from our iniquity.

4

The power, of old to you convey'd,
Sickness and health alike obey'd:
May ye our ailing souls once more
To life and holiness restore.

5

That Christ, the avenging Judge of doom,
When he at time's last end shall come,
May grant us, for his mercy sake,
Of joys eternal to partake.

6

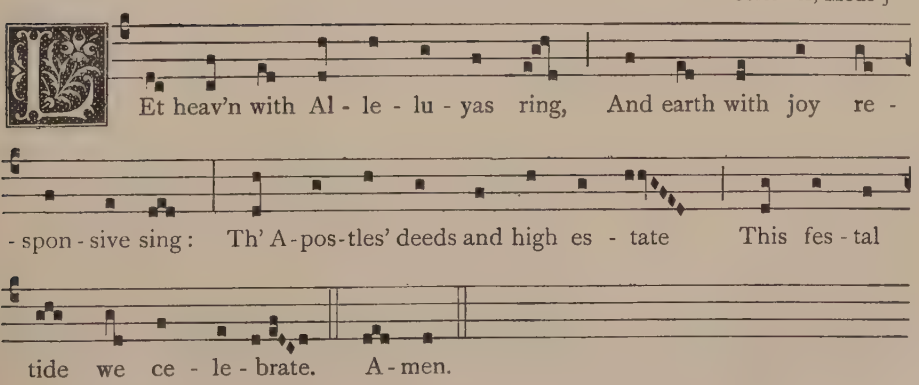
All laud to God the Father be;
All praise, Eternal Son, to thee;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the Holy Paraclete. Amen.

Anon. (x cent.); Tr. *Hymner*

220 B

ANOTHER MELODY

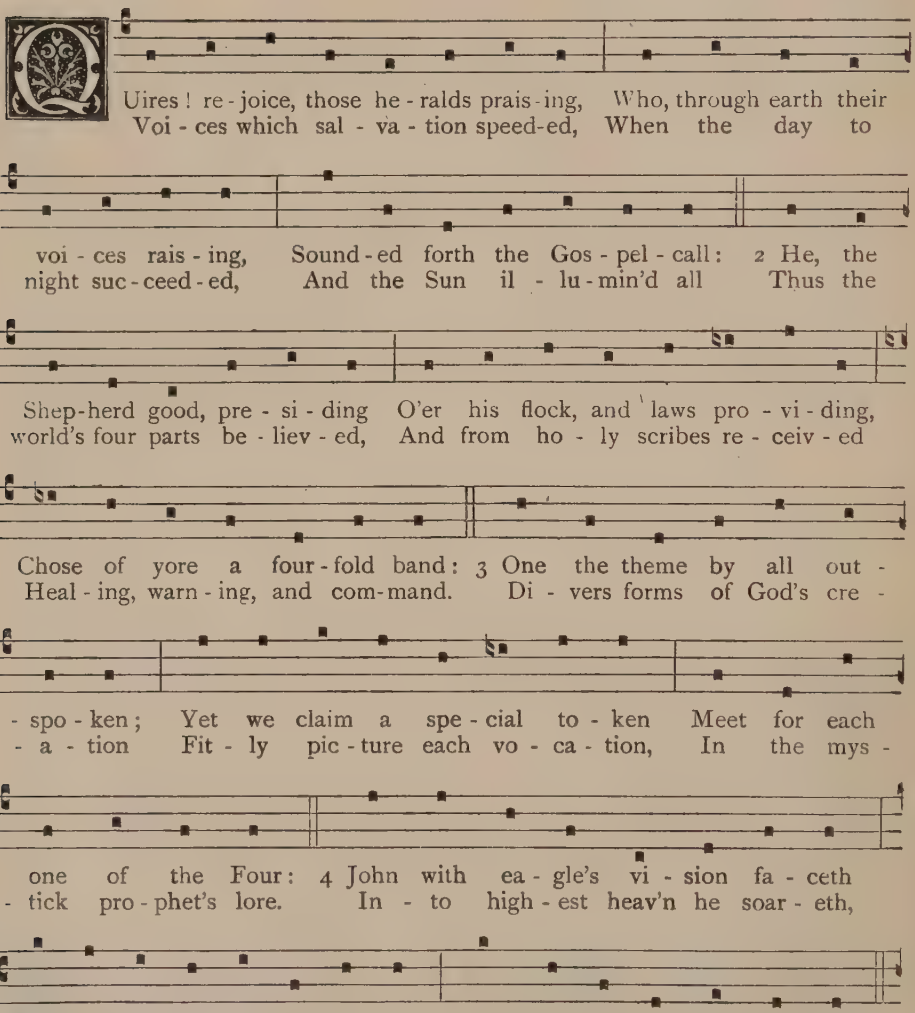
Solesmes, Mode j


Et heav'n with Al-le-lu-yas ring, And earth with joy re-
-spon-sive sing: Th' A-pos-tles' deeds and high es-tate This fes-tal
tide we ce-le-brate. A-men.

¶ *For special Tunes and Doxologies, see Hymn 175*

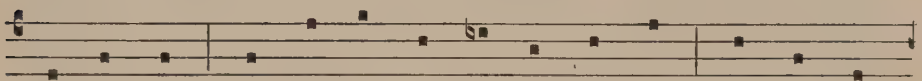
221 PLAVSV CHORVS LÆTABVNDO

(Trochaic, 8.8.7.8.8.7.) Modes v & vj

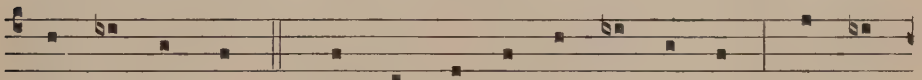
[S] *Early xvi cent. MS.* 546, *S. Gallen*

Uires! re-joice, those he-ralds prais-ing, Who, through earth their
Voi-ces which sal-va-tion speed-ed, When the day to
voi-ces rais-ing, Sound-ed forth the Gos-pel-call: 2 He, the
night suc-ceed-ed, And the Sun il-lu-min'd all Thus the
Shep-herd good, pre-si-ding O'er his flock, and laws pro-vi-ding,
world's four parts be-liev-ed, And from ho-ly scribes re-ceiv-ed
Chose of yore a four-fold band: 3 One the theme by all out-
Heal-ing, warn-ing, and com-mand. Di-vers forms of God's cre-
-spo-ken; Yet we claim a spe-cial to-ken Meet for each
-a-tion Fit-ly pic-ture each vo-ca-tion, In the mys-
one of the Four: 4 John with ea-gle's vi-sion fa-ceth
-tick pro-phet's lore. In-to high-est heav'n he soar-eth,
Blaze of noon-day sun, and cha-seth Clouds which veil our world for-lorn;
In the Father's breast ad-or-eth Christ, be-fore the a-ges born.

5 Mat - thew hu - man vi - sage wear - eth, Preach - ing of the Son, who
Wit - ness sure his page af - ford - eth, Which the line of Christ re -

bear - eth Fea - tures all of hu-man frame : 6 Luke, whom face of ox
- cord - eth, Who in flesh from Da - vid came. On the Cross, his Al -

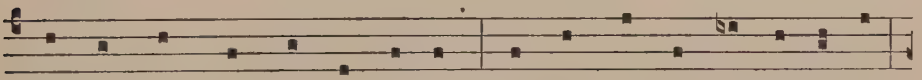


por - tray - eth, Christ our Sa - cri - fice dis - play - eth, New ob - la -
- tar, ly - ing, And, a wil - ling Vic - tim, dy - ing, He ful - fils



- tion long fore - told : 7 Mark, who tells of Christ vic - to - rious, Ri - sing
the types of old. When the Fa-ther's sum-mons sounded, He, tri -

from the dead all - glo - rious, Claims the roar - ing li - on's mien :
- um-phant, rose, sur-round - ed With im - mor - tal glo - ry's sheen.



8 Four the wheels which God-head car - ry ; On these staves the Ark may tar - ry ;
Hap-py streams, God's gift re - new-ing, Man with Sa - cra-ments be-dew-ing—

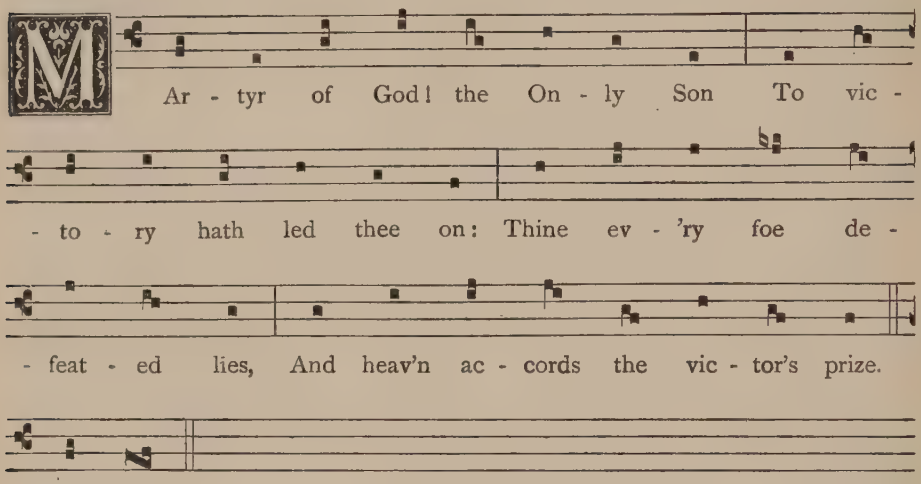
Four flow E - den's streams a - gain : 9 Firm - ly is God's tem-ple ground-ed :
These the na - tions' life sus - tain. May he, in this house de - light - ing,

On this four-square base-ment found-ed, Ru - in ne'er can it be - tide :
Dwell with man, in bliss u - ni - ting God and man for aye al - lied.

Adam of S. Victor (xij cent.) ; Tr. *Hymner*

222 MARTYR DEI, QVI VNICVM

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[1st E & M] Mode ij

Ar - tyr of God! the On - ly Son To vic -
- to - ry hath led thee on: Thine ev - 'ry foe de -
- feat - ed lies, And heav'n ac - cords the vic - tor's prize.
A - men.

2

O may thy prayer for us obtain
The cleansing of each guilty stain,
Shield us from sin's contagious blight,
Put life's long weariness to flight.

3

Now riven are the bonds in twain,
Which did thy saintly limbs enchain:
From us the bonds of earth remove
Through God the Son's redeeming love.

4

All laud to God the Father be;
All praise, eternal Son, to thee;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the Holy Paraclete. Amen.

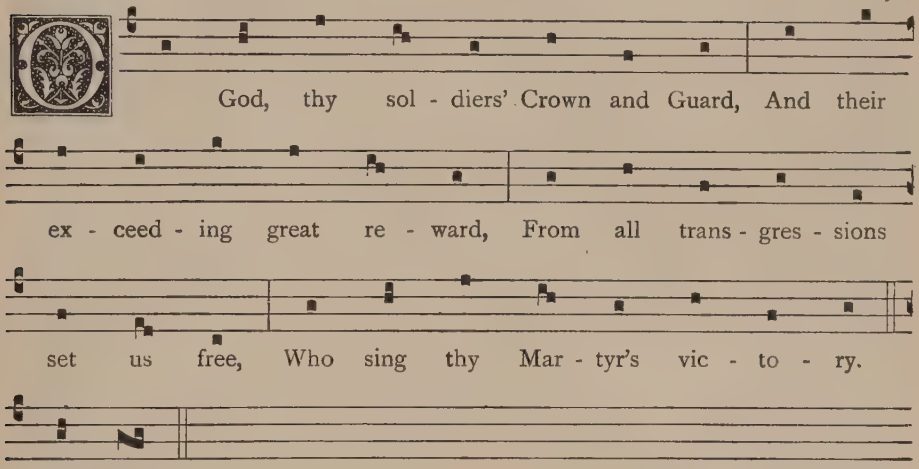
Anon. (ix or x cent.); Tr. *Hymner*

¶ *For special Tunes and Doxologies, see Hymn 175*

223 DEVS, TVORVM MILITVM

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[M & 2nd E] Mode viij


God, thy sol - diers' Crown and Guard, And their
ex - ceed - ing great re - ward, From all trans - gres - sions
set us free, Who sing thy Mar - tyr's vic - to - ry.
A - men.

2 The pleasures of the world he spurn'd;
From sin's pernicious lures he turn'd:
He knew their joys imbued with gall,
And thus he reach'd thy heav'nly hall.

3 For thee through many a wóe he ran;
In many a fight he play'd the man:
For thee his blood he dared to pour,
And thence hath joy for evermore.

4 We therefore pray thee, full of love,
Regard us from thy throne above:
On this thy Martyr's triumph-day
Wash every stain of sin away.

5 O Father, that we ask be done
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son:
Who with the Holy Ghost and thee
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

Ambrosian (vj cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

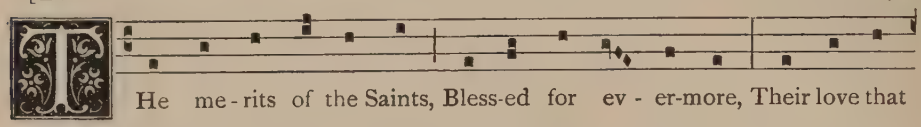
¶ *For special Tunes and Doxologies, see Hymn 175*

MANY MARTYRS

224A SANCTORVM MERITIS

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 6.6.6.6.6.6.8.); originally Choriambic Metre

[E] Mode vij


He me-rits of the Saints, Bless-ed for ev-er-more, Their love that
ne-ver faints, The toils they brave-ly bore— For these the Church to-day
Pours forth her joy-ous lay— These vic-tors win the no-blest bay. A-men.

2 They, whom this world of ill,
While it yet held, abhorr'd;
Its withering flowers that still
They spurn'd with one accord;
They knew them short-lived all,
And follow'd at thy call,
King Jesu, to thy heavenly hall.

3 For thee all pangs they bare,
Fury and mortal hate,
The cruel scourge to tear,
The hook to lacerate;
But vain their foes' intent:
For, every torment spent,
Their valiant spirits stood unbent.

4 Like sheep their blood they pour'd:
And without groan or tear,
They bent before the sword
For that their King most dear:
Their souls, serenely blest,
In patience they possess'd,
And look'd in hope toward their rest.

5 What tongue may here declare,
Fancy or thought descry,
The joys thou dost prepare
For these thy Saints on high?
Empurpled in the flood
Of their victorious blood,
They won the laurel from their God.

6 To thee, O Lord most High,
One in Three Persons still,
To pardon us we cry,
And to preserve from ill;
Here give thy servants peace,
Hereafter glad release,
And pleasures that shall never cease. Amen.

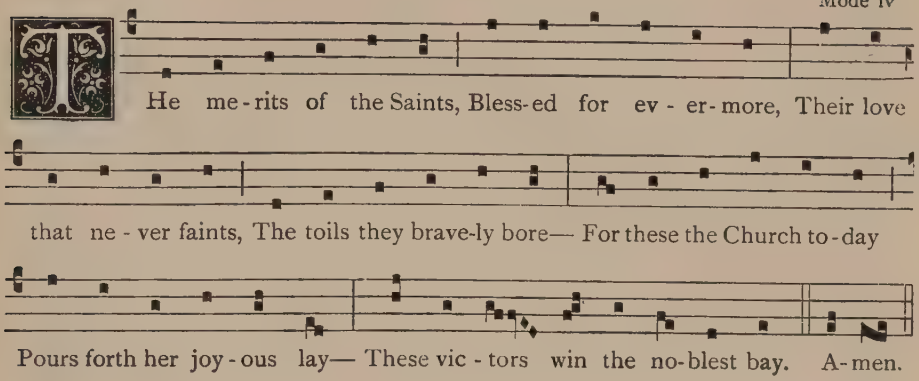
Anon. (viij cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

¶ *For another Sarum Melody, see No. 267*

224 B

SARVM MELODY, No. 2

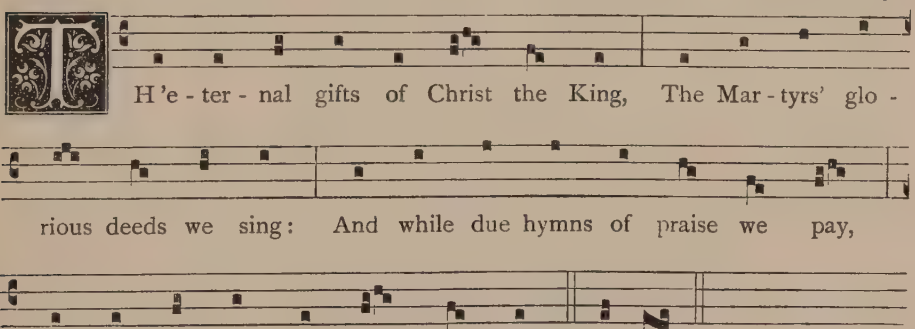
Mode iv


THe me-rits of the Saints, Bless-ed for ev-er-more, Their love
that ne-ver faints, The toils they brave-ly bore— For these the Church to-day
Pours forth her joy-ous lay— These vic-tors win the no-blest bay. A-men.

225 ÆTERNA CHRISTI MVNERA, ET

(Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[M] MS. Karlsruhe (xv cent.) Mode vij


H'e-ter-nal gifts of Christ the King, The Mar-tyrs' glo-
rious deeds we sing: And while due hymns of praise we pay,
Our thank-ful hearts cast grief a-way. A-men.

2 The terrors of the world despised,
The body's torments lightly prized,
By one brief space of death and pain
Life everlasting they obtain.

3 To flames the Martyr-Saints are hail'd;
By teeth of savage beasts assail'd;
Against them, arm'd with ruthless brand
And hooks of steel, the torturers stand.

4 The mangled frame is tortured sore;
The holy life-drops freshly pour:
They stand unmoved amidst the strife,
By grace of everlasting life.

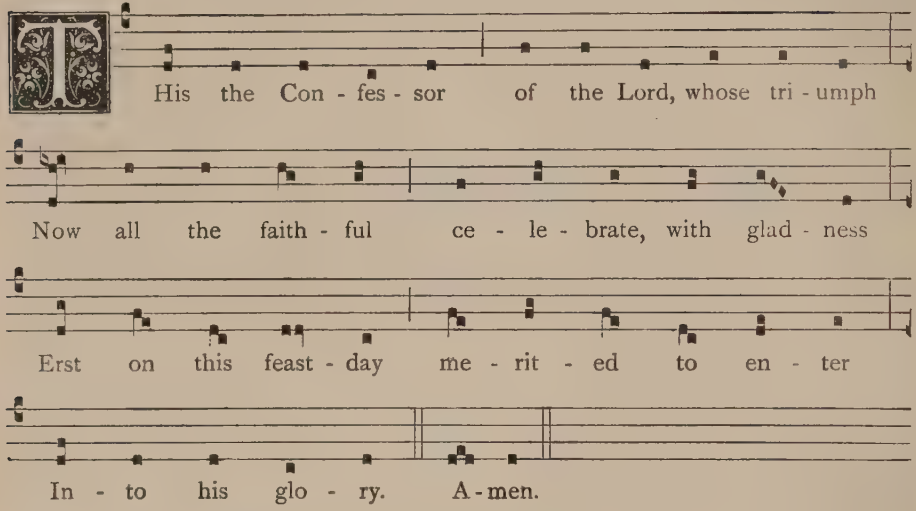
5 Redeemer, hear us of thy love;
That, with the Martyr host above,
Hereafter, of thine endless grace,
Thy servants also may have place. Amen.

S. Ambrose (iv cent); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

CONFESSORS

226 ISTE CONFESSOR

SARVM MELODY (Sapphic Metre)

[1st E & M] Mode ij

His the Con - fes - sor of the Lord, whose tri - umph
Now all the faith - ful ce - le - brate, with glad - ness
Erst on this feast - day me - rit - ed to en - ter
In - to his glo - ry. A - men.

2 Saintly and prudent, modest in behaviour,
Peaceful and sober, chaste was he, and lowly,
While that life's vigour, coursing through his members,
Quicken'd his being.

3 Sick ones of old time, to his tomb resorting,
Sorely by ailments manifold afflicted,
Oft-times have welcomed health and strength returning,
At his petition.

4 Whence we in chorus gladly do him honour,
Chaunting his praises with devout affection,
That in his merits we may have a portion,
Now and for ever.

5 His be the glory, power, and salvation,
Who over all things reigneth in the highest,
Earth's mighty fabrick ruling and directing,
Onely and Trinal. Amen.

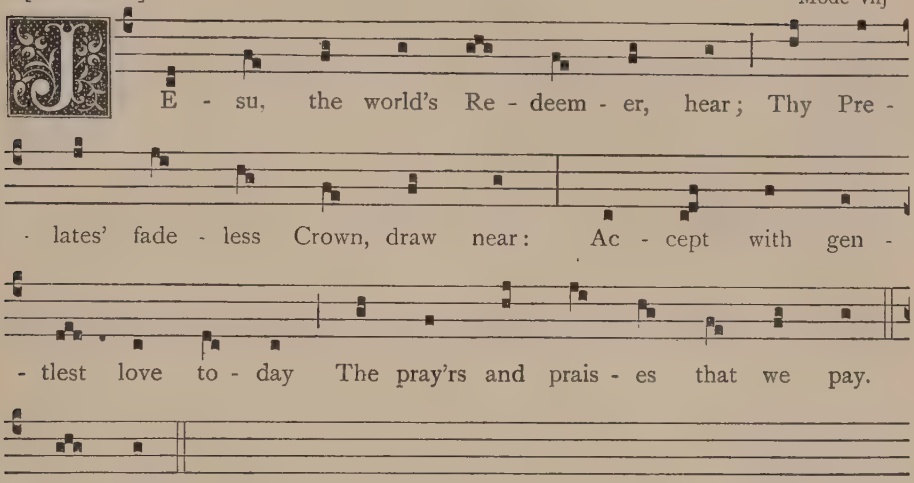
Anon. (vij or viij cent.); Tr. *Hymner*

¶ *For other Melodies, see Nos. 228, 252 & 273*

227 IESV, REDEMPTOR OMNIVM

YORK MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[M & 2nd E] Mode viij


JE - su, the world's Re - deem - er, hear; Thy Pre -
- lates' fade - less Crown, draw near: Ac - cept with gen -
- tlest love to - day The pray'rs and prais - es that we pay.
A - men.

2 This meek Confessor of thy Name
To-day attain'd a glorious fame;
Whose yearly feast, in solemn state,
Thy faithful people celebrate.

3 The world and all its boasted good
As vain and passing he eschew'd;
And therefore with Angelick bands
In endless joy for ever stands.

4 Grant then that we, most gracious God,
May follow in the steps he trod:
And, at his prayer, thy servants free
From stain of all iniquity.

5 To thee, O Christ, our loving King,
All glory, praise, and thanks we bring:
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

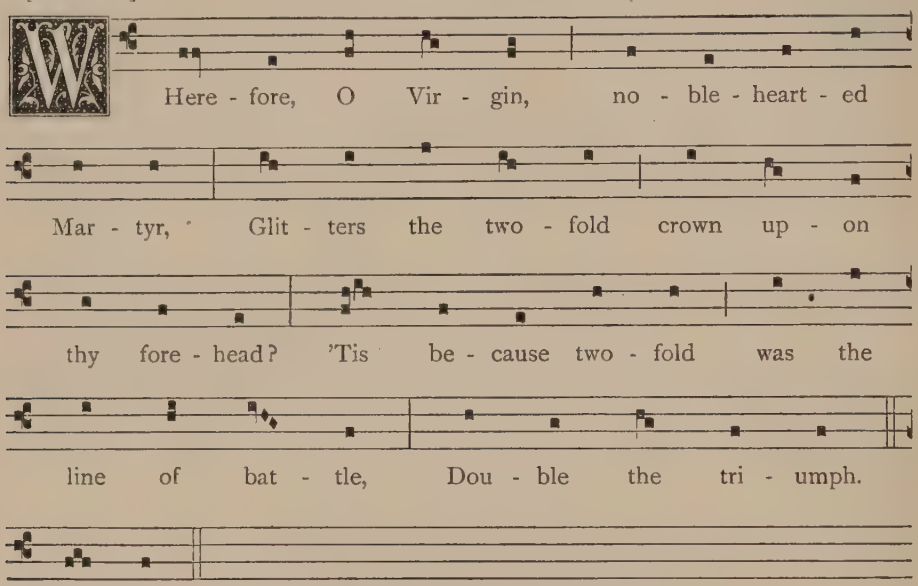
Ambrosian (viij or ix cent.); Tr. *Hymner*

¶ *For special Tunes and Doxologies, see Hymn 175*

VIRGIN-MARTYRS

228 QVID SACRAM VIRGO

SARVM MELODY (Sapphic Measure)

[1st E & M] Mode ij

Here - fore, O Vir - gin, no - ble - heart - ed
Mar - tyr, Glit - ters the two - fold crown up - on
thy fore - head? 'Tis be - cause two - fold was the
line of bat - tle, Dou - ble the tri - umph.
A - men.

2 Bent by no luring blandishment of pleasure,
Proof against every menace of the tyrant,
Terrors on this side, and on that affection,
Vainly beset thee.

3 Roses and lilies are the bridegroom's portion;
Thou, to thy Bridegroom evermore found faithful,
Bringest him roses as a Martyr, bringest
Lilies, a Virgin.

4 His be the glory, power, and salvation,
Who over all things reigneth in the highest,
Earth's mighty fabrick ruling and directing,
Onely and Trinal. Amen.

Paris Breviary (1736); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

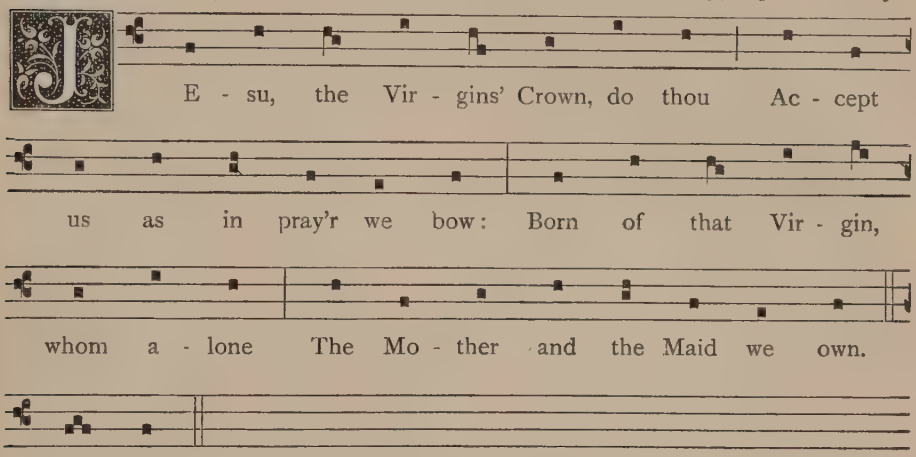
¶ *For other Melodies, see Nos. 226, 252 & 273*

VIRGINS

229 IESV, CORONA VIRGINVM

(Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[M & 2nd E] *From Giovanni Guidetti* (1532–1592) Mode ij


JE - su, the Vir - gins' Crown, do thou Ac - cept
us as in pray'r we bow: Born of that Vir - gin,
whom a - lone The Mo - ther and the Maid we own.
A - men.

2 Among the lilies thou dost feed,
By Virgin quires accompanied—
With glory deck'd, the spotless brides
Whose bridal gifts thy love provides.

3 They, wheresoe'er thy footsteps bend,
With hymns and praises still attend:
In blessed troops they follow thee,
With dance, and song, and melody.

4 We pray thee therefore to bestow
Upon our senses here below
Thy grace, that so we may endure
From taint of all corruption pure.

5 All laud to God the Father be,
All praise, eternal Son, to thee:
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the holy Paraclete. Amen.

(?) *S. Ambrose* (iv cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

For Special Tunes and Doxologies, see Hymn 175

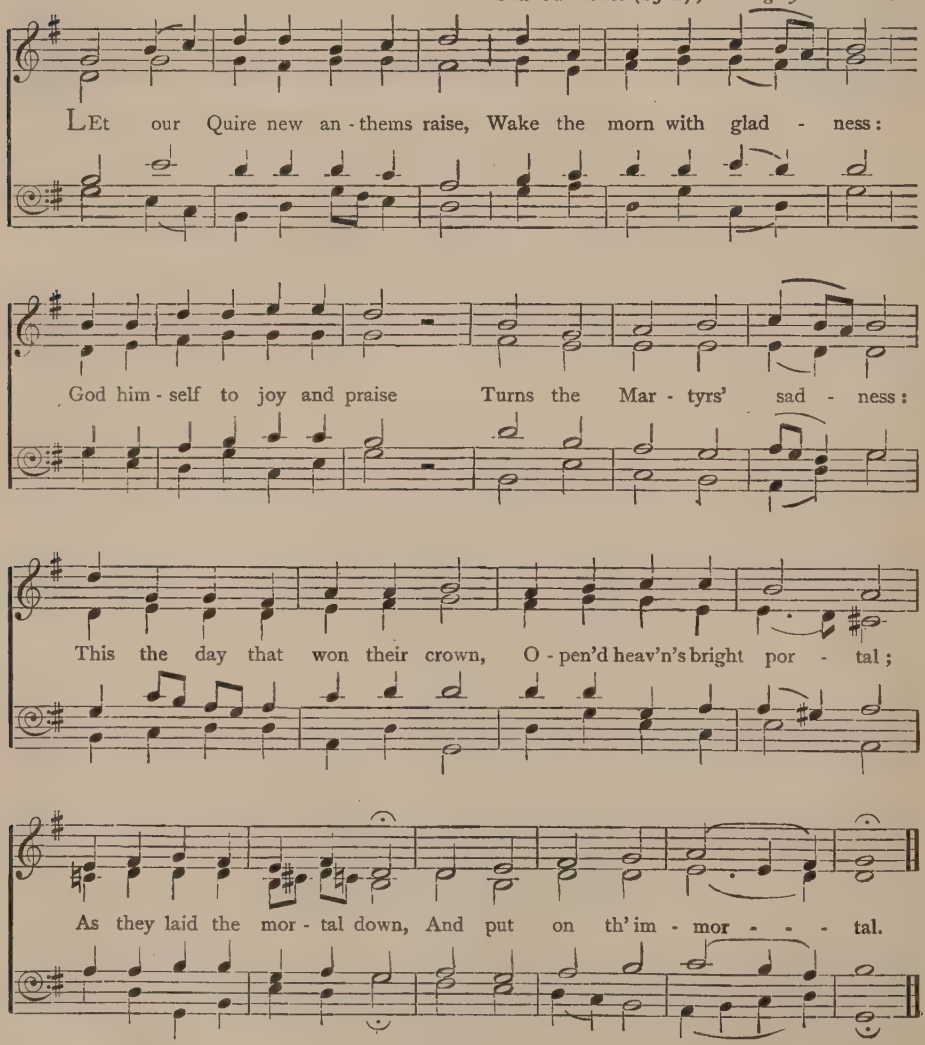
For an alternative Tune, see No. 223

SAINTS' DAYS (GENERAL)

230 A Τῶν ἱερῶν ἀθλοφόρων

Tune—VANITATVM VANITAS (Trochaic, 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.)

Piæ Cantiones (1582); *Setting by G. R. W.*


LEt our Quire new an - thems raise, Wake the morn with glad - ness:
God him - self to joy and praise Turns the Mar - tyrs' sad - ness:
This the day that won their crown, O - pen'd heav'n's bright por - tal;
As they laid the mor - tal down, And put on th' im - mor - - - tal.

2 Never flinch'd they from the flame,
From the torture, never ;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavour :
For by faith they saw the Land
Deck'd in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

3 Faith they had that knew not shame,
Love that could not languish ;
And eternal hope o'ercame
Momentary anguish :
He who trod the self-same road,
Death and hell defeated :
Wherefore these their passions show'd
Calvary repeated.

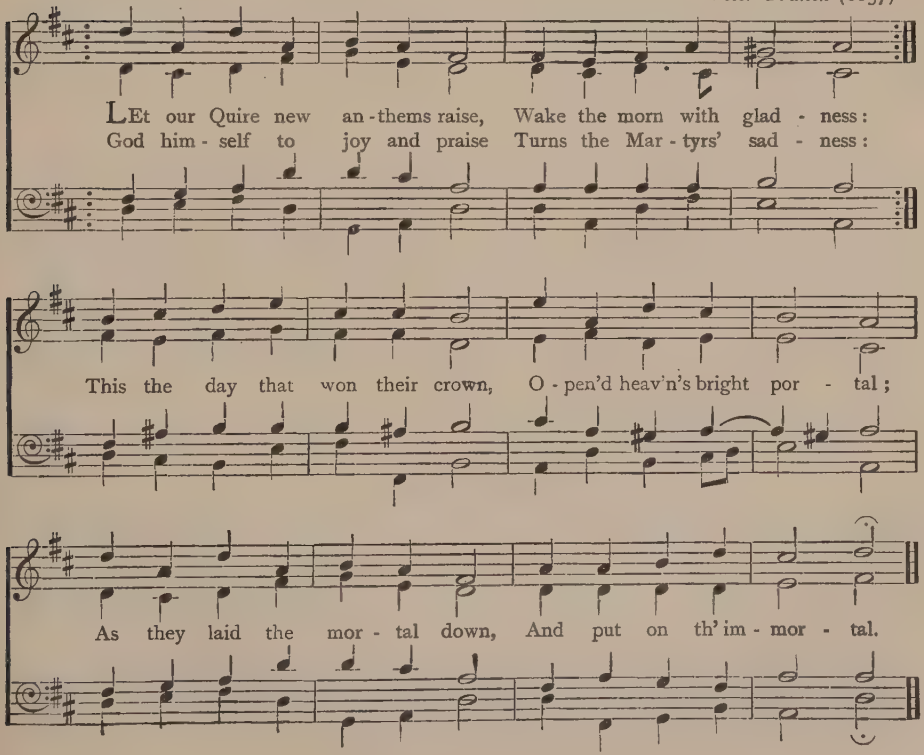
4 Up and follow, Christian men !
Press through toil and sorrow !
Spurn the night of fear, and then,—
O the glorious morrow !
Who will venture on the strife ?
Who will first begin it ?
Who will grasp the Land of life ?
Warriors ! up and win it !

S. Joseph the Hymnographer (†883) ; Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

230 B

Tune—CHRISTUS, CHRISTUS, CHRISTUS IST (Trochaic, 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.)

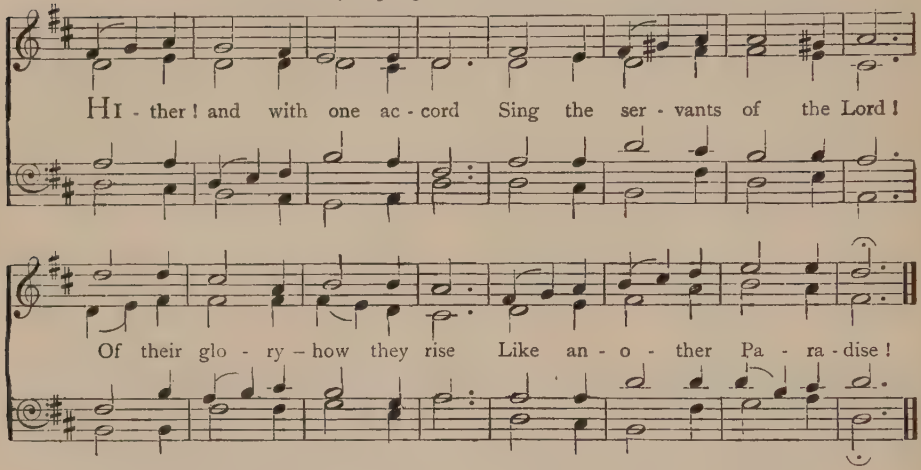
Peter Franck (1657)


LEt our Quire new an-thems raise, Wake the morn with glad-ness:
God him-self to joy and praise Turns the Mar-tyrs' sad-ness:
This the day that won their crown, O-pen'd heav'n's bright por-tal;
As they laid the mor-tal down, And put on th' im-mor-tal.

231 Δεῦτε ἅπαντες πιστοὶ

Tune—KEINE SCHÖNHEIT HAT DIE WELT (Trochaic, 7.7.7.7.)

Melody in Joseph's Seelenlust (1657); *Harmonized by Charles Wood*



2 These the trees our God hath placed,
Trees with fruit immortal graced,
Bringing forth for Christ on high
Flowers of life that cannot die.

3 They, by many a toil intense,
Chastity and continence,
Perfect men, to God uprear'd,
Stars, to guide us have appear'd.

4 By what skill of mortal tongue
Shall your wondrous acts be sung?
All the conflicts of the soul,
All your struggles for the goal?

5 How perpetual watch ye kept
Over passion, pray'd and wept;
And with Satan girt for fight,
Utterly o'erthrew his might?

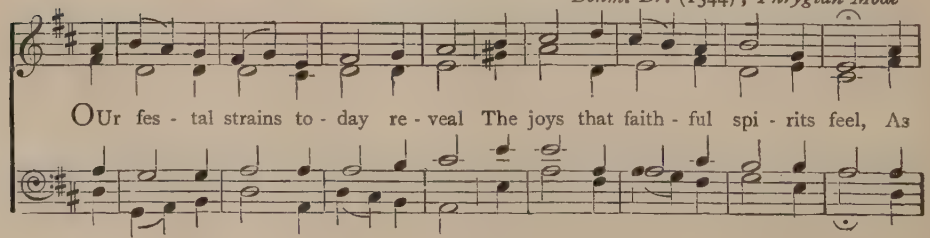
6 Famed for signs and wonders rare,
Join to ours, great Saints, your prayer:
Ask that we, ye ever blest,
May attain the Land of rest.

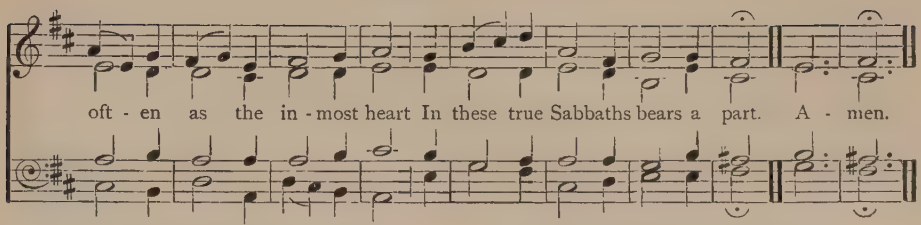
Cento from S. Theophanes (viij cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

232 INTERNI FESTI GAVDIA

Tune—GAVDE, REGINA GLORIÆ (NUN LASZT UNS ALL MIT INNIGKEIT)
(Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Böhm. Br. (1544); *Phrygian Mode*





2 The pure of soul alone have grace
The future joys of heav'n to trace,
And learn in foretaste sweet and rare
What glories deck the Blessed there.

3 What bliss, in that celestial land,
They know, the bright Angelick band,
Who see the King that crowns the fight,
In all his majesty of light.

4 Blest is that country, ever blest,
Which knoweth naught save joy and rest!
Whose citizens for ever raise
The long unbroken swell of praise.

5 Whom sweetness, more than earthly, fills;
Who know no grief, and mourn no ills;
Whom never more can foe alarm,
Nor storm approach to work them harm.

6 One day of those most glorious rays
Is better than ten thousand days;
Refulgent with celestial light,
And with God's fullest knowledge bright.

7 This cannot human fancy know,
Nor tongue of men nor Angels show,
Till endless life the victory brings,
That gives, for earthly, heav'nly things.

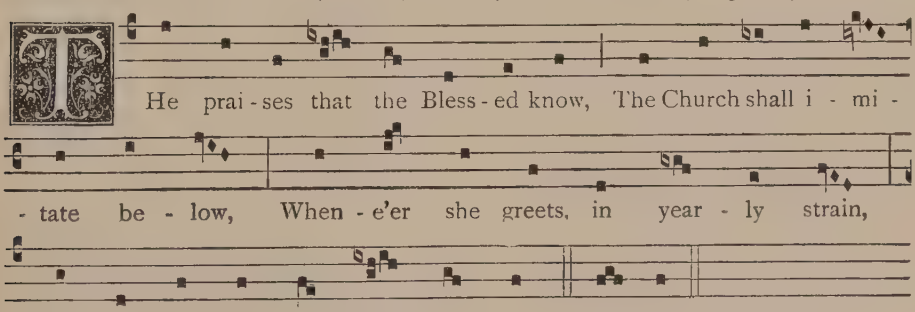
8 Let this our meditation be
Along the vale of misery;
This occupy each sleeping hour,
And exercise each waking power.

9 Thus shall we gain, this exile past,
Our Country's blessed Crown at last:
Thus in his glory shall adore
The King of ages evermore. Amen.

Adam of S. Victor (xij cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

233 HARVM LAVDVM PRECONIA

(Iambic, 8.8.8.8.) *Constance Psalter, c.* 1500 *Lydian Mode*


The prai - ses that the Bless - ed know, The Church shall i - mi -
- tate be - low, When - e'er she greets, in year - ly strain,
The birth-days of her Saints a - gain. A - men.

2 Now, all their battles past and gone,
The crown of glory is set on;
For chastity, as lily white,
For martyrdom, as ruby bright.

3 [And these beside, a golden chain
Shall Doctors Catholick attain:
Where Angels round their Monarch bow,
Such chain Augustine weareth now.]

4 That we this Saint's blest life may reach,
That we his blessed faith may teach,
May join above, and love below,
The Spirit of all grace bestow! Amen.

Verse 3 *is sung only on S. Augustine's Day*, Aug. 28

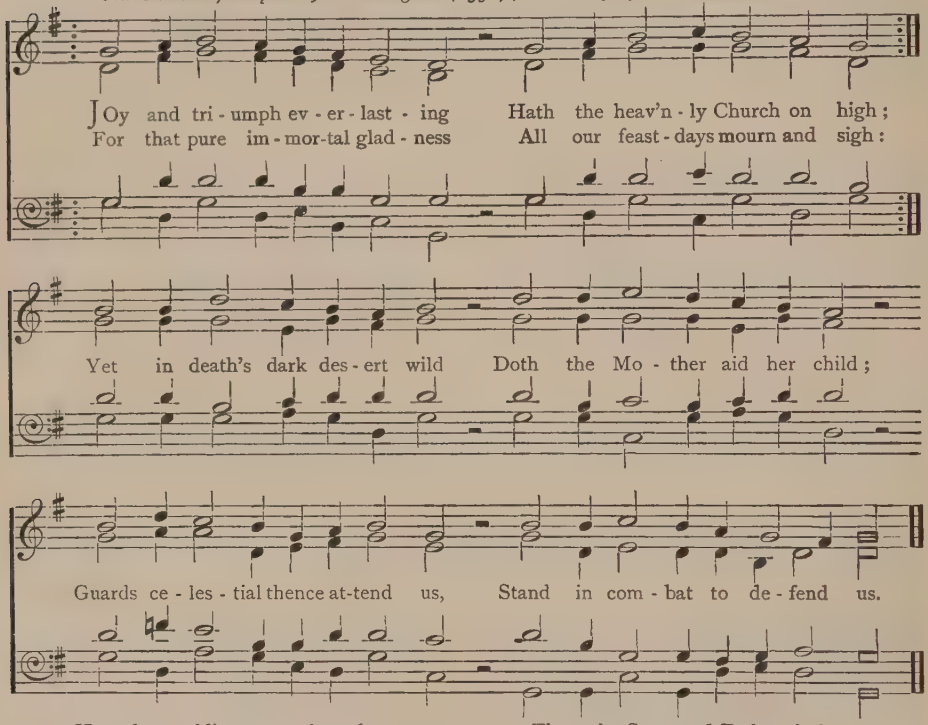
Adam of S. Victor (xij cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

¶ *For an alternative Tune, see No. 38*

234 SUPERNÆ MATRIS GAVDIA

Tune—AINSI QUE LA BICHE RÉE (Ps. xlij) (Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.7.7.8.8.)

Old Chanson, adapted by L. Bourgeois (1551); *Harmony by C. Goudimel, or S. Marshall*


Joy and tri - umph ev - er - last - ing Hath the heav'n - ly Church on high;
For that pure im - mor-tal glad - ness All our feast - days mourn and sigh:
Yet in death's dark des - ert wild Doth the Mo - ther aid her child;
Guards ce - les - tial thence at-tend us, Stand in com - bat to de - fend us.

2 Here the world's perpetual warfare
Holds from heav'n the soul apart:
Legion'd foes in shadowy terror
Vex the Sabbath of the heart.
O how happy that estate,
Where delight doth not abate:
For that home the spirit yearneth,
Where none languisheth nor mourneth.

3 There the body hath no torment,
There the mind is free from care,
There is every voice rejoicing,
Every heart is loving there.
Angels in that city dwell,
Them their King delighteth well,
Still they joy and weary never,
More and more desiring ever.

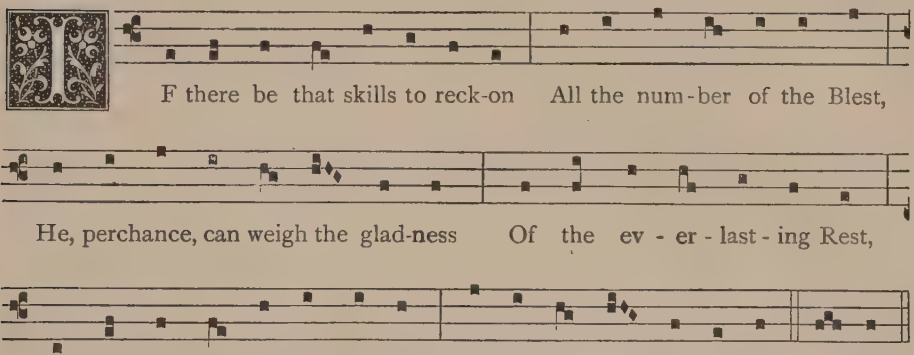
4 There the Seers and Fathers holy,
There the Prophets glorified,
All their doubts and darkness ended,
In the Light of Light abide:
There the Saints, whose memories old
We in faithful hymns uphold,
Have forgot their bitter story
In the joy of Jesu's glory.

5 There, from lowliness exalted,
Dwelleth Mary, Queen of grace,
Ever with her presence pleading
'Gainst the sin of Adam's race.
To that glory of the Blest,
By their prayers and faith confest,
Us, us too, when death hath freed us,
Christ, of his good mercy, lead us.

Adam of S. Victor (xij cent.); Tr. *Yattendon Hymns* (1899)

235 QVISQVIS VALET NVMERARE

SARVM MELODY (Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.8.7.) Mode ij


F there be that skills to reck-on All the num-ber of the Blest,
He, perchance, can weigh the glad-ness Of the ev - er - last - ing Rest,
Which, their earth-ly war-fare fin-ish'd, They by me - rit have pos-sest. A-men.

2 Through the vale of lamentation
Happily and safely past,
Now the years of their affliction
In their memory they recast,
And the end of all perfection
They can contemplate at last.

3 For they see their cruel Tempter
Suffering torments evermore:
To the Saviour that redeem'd them
Those redeem'd ones praises pour;
And the Monarch that rewards them
Those rewarded Saints adore.

4 There the gifts of each and single
All in common right possess;
There each member hath his portion
In the Body's blessedness:
So that he, the least in merits,
Shares the guerdon none the less.

5 O what splendour, O what beauty
Lightens round the happy place,
From the King's dear Royal Mother,
From that vessel, full of grace;
While the legions of the Blessed
Gaze upon her glorious face!

6 In her joy the Angelick cohorts,
And the Saints that fill the skies;
And the Apostolick chorus,
And the Martyrs sympathize:
And the Virgins and Confessors
Bend on her their loving eyes.

7 In a glass, through types and riddles,
Dwelling here, we see alone;
Then serenely, purely, clearly,
We shall know as we are known;
Fixing our enlighten'd vision
On the glory of the Throne.

8 There the Trinity of Persons
Unbeclouded shall we see;
There the Unity of Essence
Perfectly reveal'd shall be;
While we hail the Threefold Godhead,
And the simple Unity.

9 Now then, man, take heart and courage,
Whatsoe'er thy present pain;
Such untold reward through suffering
Thou may'st merit to attain,
And for ever in his glory
With the Light of Light to reign. Amen.

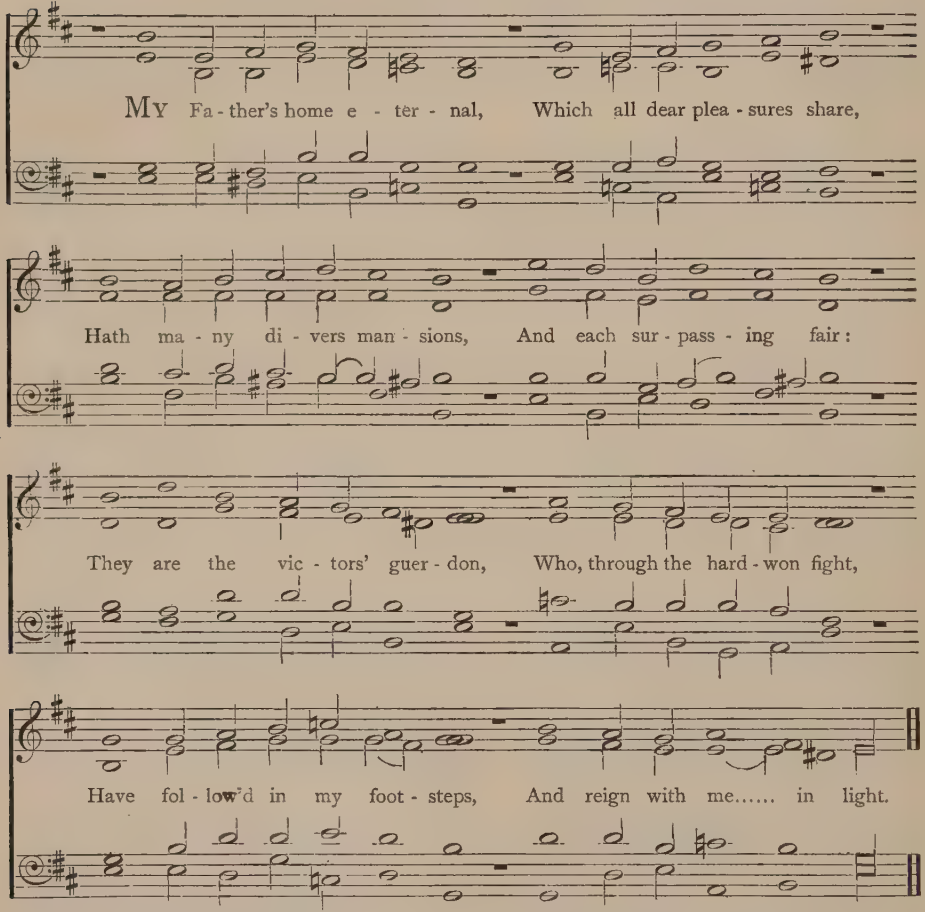
Thomas of Kempen (1379–1471); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

¶ *For an alternative Tune, see No. 40*

236A IN DOMO PATRIS PART I

Tune—DU FOND DE MA PENSEE Ps. cxxx (Iambic, 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.)

Strassburg (1539); *Altered by L. Bourgeois* (1542)


My Fa - ther's home e - ter - nal, Which all dear plea - sures share,
Hath ma - ny di - vers man - sions, And each sur - pass - ing fair:
They are the vic - tors' guer - don, Who, through the hard - won fight,
Have fol - low'd in my foot - steps, And reign with me..... in light.

2 Amidst the happy number,
The Virgins' Crown and Queen,
The ever-Virgin Mother,
Is first and foremost seen:
Her one and only gladness,
That undefilèd one,
To gaze in adoration,
The Mother, on the Son.

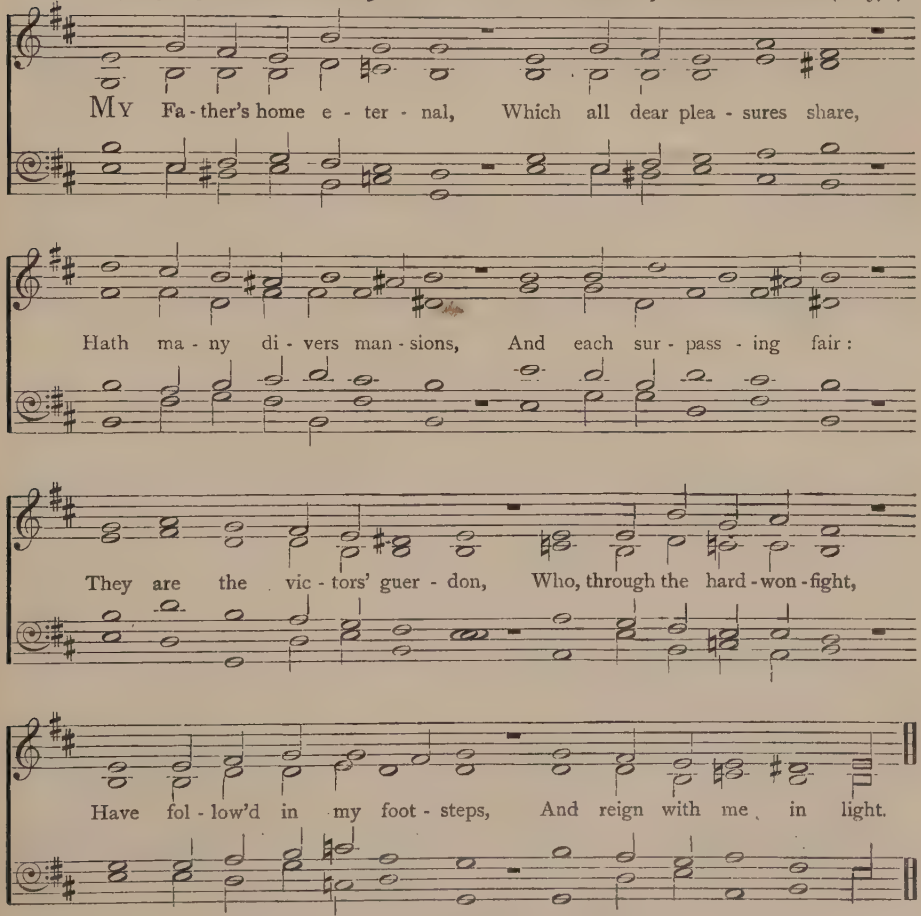
3 There Adam leads the chorus,
And tunes the joyous strain
Of all his myriad children
That follow in my train:
Victorious over sorrow,
The countless bands to see,
Destroy'd through his transgressions,
But raised to life by me.

4 The Patriarchs in their triumph
My praises nobly sing,
Of old their promised Offspring,
And now their Victor King:
The Prophets harp their gladness,
That whom their strains foretold,
In manifested glory
They evermore behold.

5 And David calls to memory
His own especial grace
In such clear prophet-vision
To see me face to face:
The Apostolick cohort,
My valiant and my own,
As royal co-assessors
Are nearest to my throne.

236 B PART I

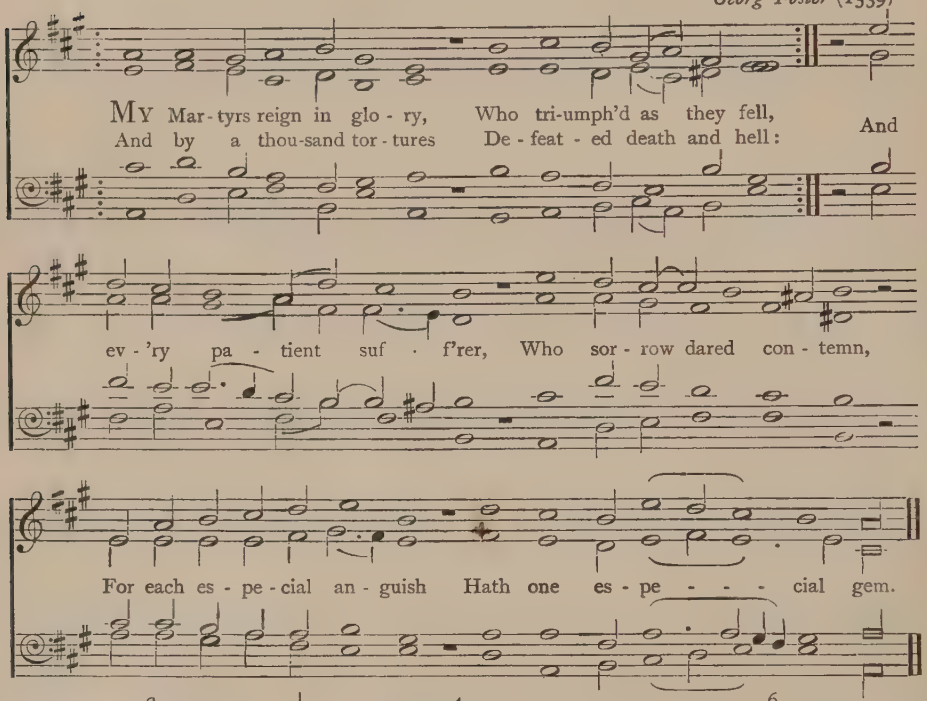
The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor: Harmonized by Claude Goudimel († 1572)


My Fa-ther's home e-ter-nal, Which all dear plea-sures share,
Hath ma-ny di-vers man-sions, And each sur-pass-ing fair:
They are the vic-tors' guer-don, Who, through the hard-won-fight,
Have fol-low'd in my foot-steps, And reign with me in light.

236 C PART II

Tune—ENTLAUBET IST DER WALDE (Iambic, 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.)

Georg Foster (1539)


MY Mar-tyrs reign in glo-ry, Who tri-umph'd as they fell,
And by a thou-sand tor-tures De-feat-ed death and hell:
And
ev-'ry pa-tient suf-f'rer, Who sor-row dared con-temn,
For each es-pe-cial an-guish Hath one es-pe-cial gem.

2

The purple-stoled Confessors
Put on their meet array,
Who bare the heat and burden
Of many a weary day:
The Doctors of my wisdom,
Whose teaching fell like rain
Upon the Church's pastures,
Now wear the Golden Chain.

3

The brave Religious Orders,
Their self-denial ceased,
Sit down with me, and banquet
At my eternal Feast:
The Hermits, that elected
Strait cells for love of me,
Are call'd to be thy denizens,
Hierusalem the free!

4

The Virgins walk in beauty
Amidst their lily-bowers,
The coronals assuming
Of amaranthine flowers:
And each true-hearted Widow,
Made perfect in my grace,
Hath meet, though lower, portion
'Midst those that see my face.

5

There dwell, who lives unspotted
In saintly wedlock led,
Preserving in its pureness
The undefilèd bed:
And Innocents sport gaily
Through all the courts of light,
To whom I gave the guerdon
Before they fought the fight.

6

The continent of spirit,
Their carnal struggles o'er,
With joy put off the armour
That they shall need no more:
And these, and all that battled
Beneath their Monarch's eyes,
The harder was the conflict,
The brighter is the prize.

7

The Penitents, attaining
Full pardon in my sight,
Leave off the vest of sack-cloth,
And don the robe of white:
The bondsman and the noble,
The peasant and the king,
All gird one glorious Monarch
In one eternal ring.

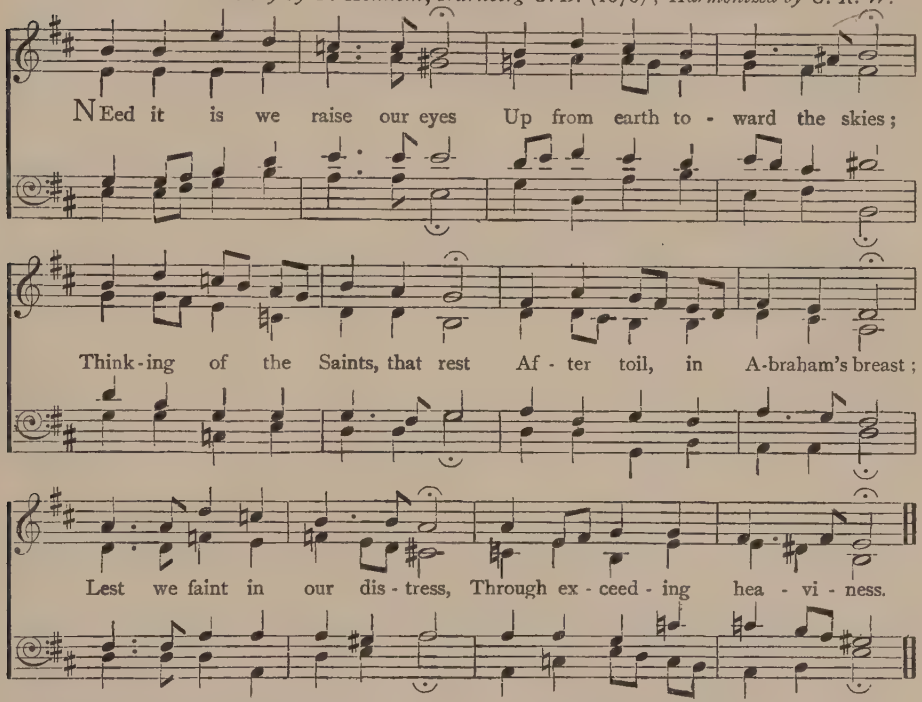
Thomas of Kempen (1379–1471); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

¶ *For an alternative Tune see No. 262* B, *or No. 327*

237 NEED IT IS WE RAISE OUR EYES

Tune—JESU, JESU, DU MEIN HIRT (Trochaic, 7.7.7.7.7.7.)

Melody by P. Heinlein, Nürnberg G. B. (1676); *Harmonized by G. R. W.*


NEed it is we raise our eyes Up from earth to - ward the skies;
Think-ing of the Saints, that rest Af - ter toil, in A-braham's breast;
Lest we faint in our dis - tress, Through ex - ceed - ing hea - vi - ness.

2 Thee in them, O Lord most high,
Them in thee we glorify:
Thine Apostles, worthy found
Of the keys that loosed and bound;
And the truth, that none resists,
Of thine own Evangelists;

3 And thine Athletes, that went home
Through the sea of martyrdom;
And the Saints, through toil and shame,
Brave Confessors of thy Name;
And the Doctors, help'd from high
In confounding heresy;

4 And the Teachers, sent to win
To the faith the realms of sin;
And the Bishops now with thee;
And the Virgins' purity;
And the Priests, thy truth's defence;
And all Holy Innocents.

5 Glory, Lord, to thee alone,
Who hast glorified thine own:
For their zeal, their truth, their sighs,
Prayerful hearts and tearful eyes,
Faithful lips, and fearless breast,
Love and beauty, toils and rest.

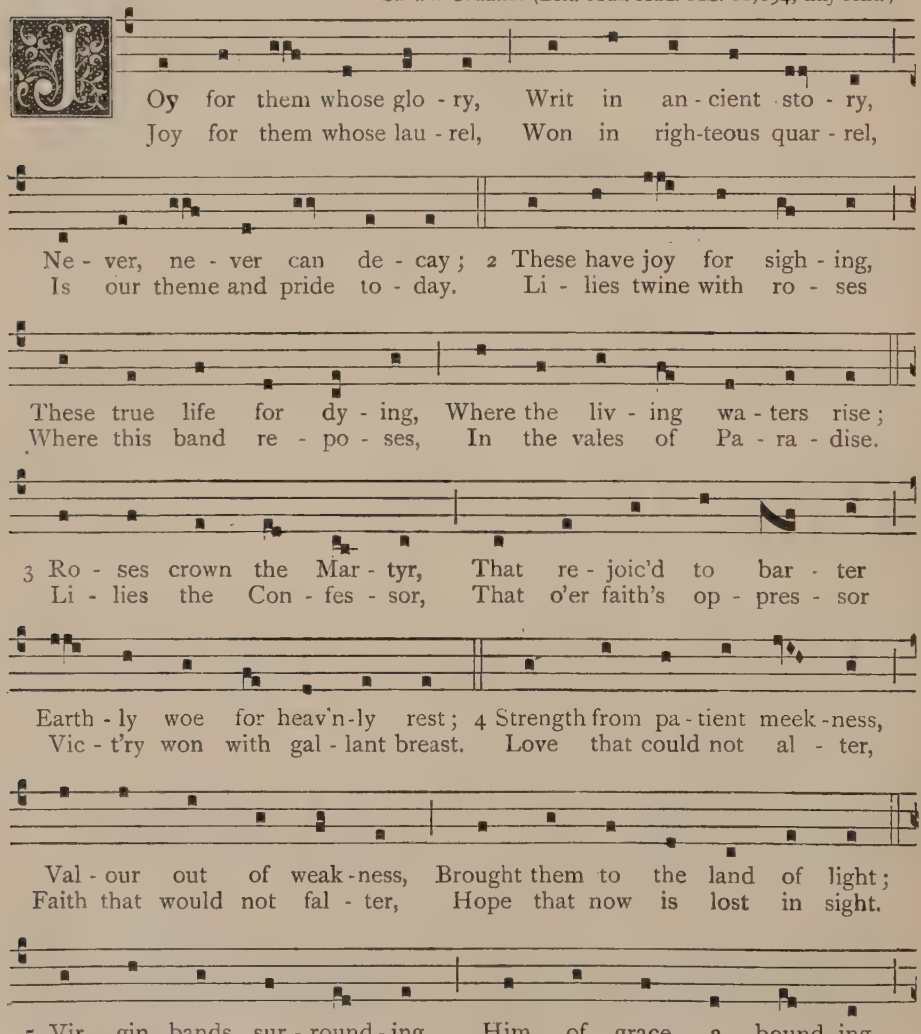
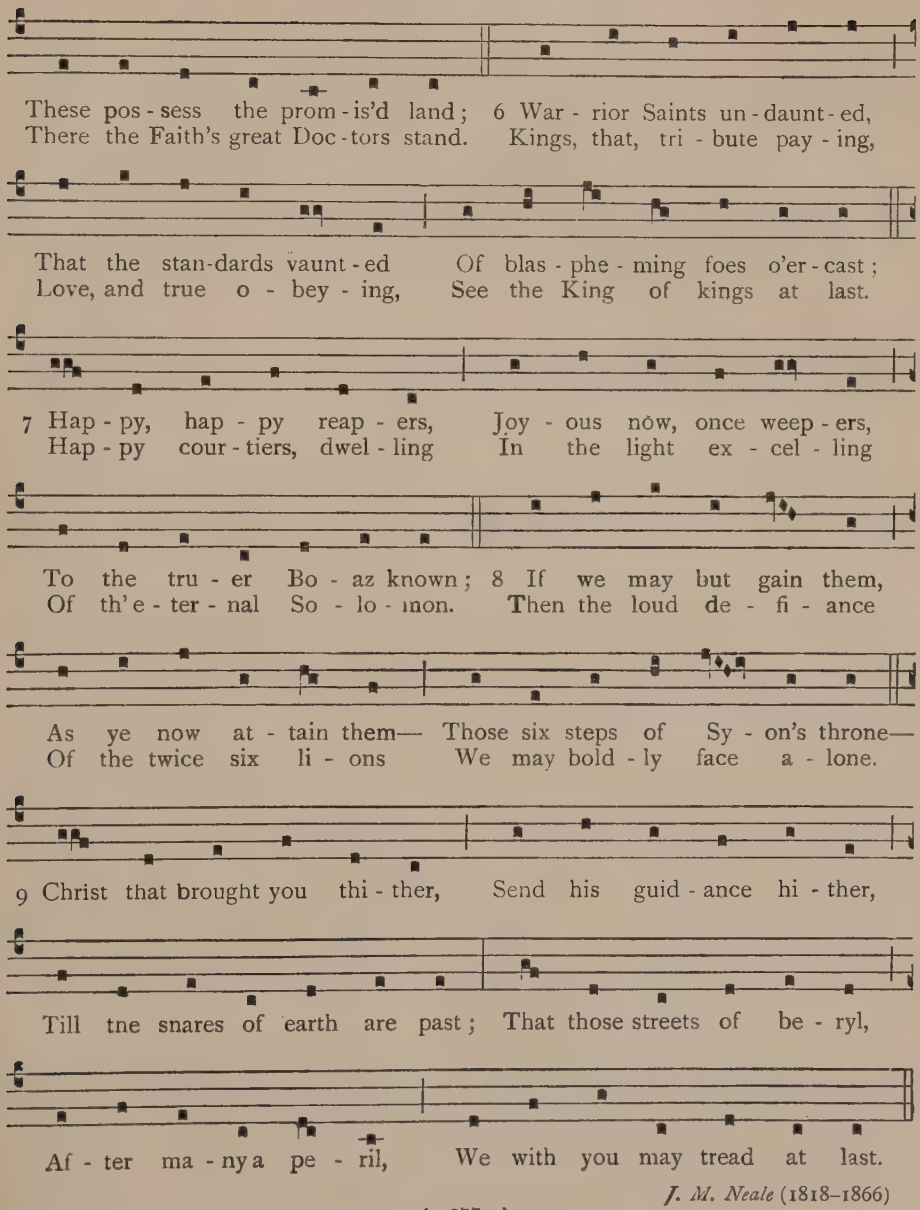
6 Let their praises, threefold King,
Let the blessèd hymn they sing,
Some, though faintest, echo gain
In our own poor broken strain:
Till one day shall join all powers
In one anthem—theirs and ours.

J. M. Neale (1818–1866)

¶ *For an alternative Tune, see No. 298*

238 JOY FOR THEM WHOSE GLORY

Tune—LAVS DEVOTA MENTE (Trochaic, 6.6.7.6.6.7.)

Sarum Gradual (Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 12,194, xiij cent.)

Joy for them whose glo - ry, Writ in an - cient sto - ry,
Joy for them whose lau - rel, Won in righ-teous quar - rel,
Ne - ver, ne - ver can de - cay; 2 These have joy for sigh - ing,
Is our theme and pride to - day. Li - lies twine with ro - ses
These true life for dy - ing, Where the liv - ing wa - ters rise;
Where this band re - po - ses, In the vales of Pa - ra - dise.
3 Ro - ses crown the Mar - tyr, That re - joic'd to bar - ter
Li - lies the Con - fes - sor, That o'er faith's op - pres - sor
Earth - ly woe for heav'n-ly rest; 4 Strength from pa - tient meek - ness,
Vic - t'ry won with gal - lant breast. Love that could not al - ter,
Val - our out of weak - ness, Brought them to the land of light;
Faith that would not fal - ter, Hope that now is lost in sight.
5 Vir - gin bands, sur - round - ing Him of grace a - bound - ing,
Foes of truth pur - su - ing. Realms to Christ sub - du - ing,

These pos - sess the prom - is'd land; 6 War - rior Saints un - daunt - ed,
There the Faith's great Doc - tors stand. Kings, that, tri - bute pay - ing,
That the stan-dards vaunt - ed Of blas - phe - ming foes o'er - cast;
Love, and true o - bey - ing, See the King of kings at last.
7 Hap - py, hap - py reap - ers, Joy - ous now, once weep - ers,
Hap - py cour - tiers, dwel - ling In the light ex - cel - ling
To the tru - er Bo - az known; 8 If we may but gain them,
Of th' e - ter - nal So - lo - mon. Then the loud de - fi - ance
As ye now at - tain them— Those six steps of Sy - on's throne—
Of the twice six li - ons We may bold - ly face a - lone.
9 Christ that brought you thi - ther, Send his guid - ance hi - ther,
Till the snares of earth are past; That those streets of be - ryl,
Af - ter ma - ny a pe - ril, We with you may tread at last.

J. M. Neale (1818–1866)

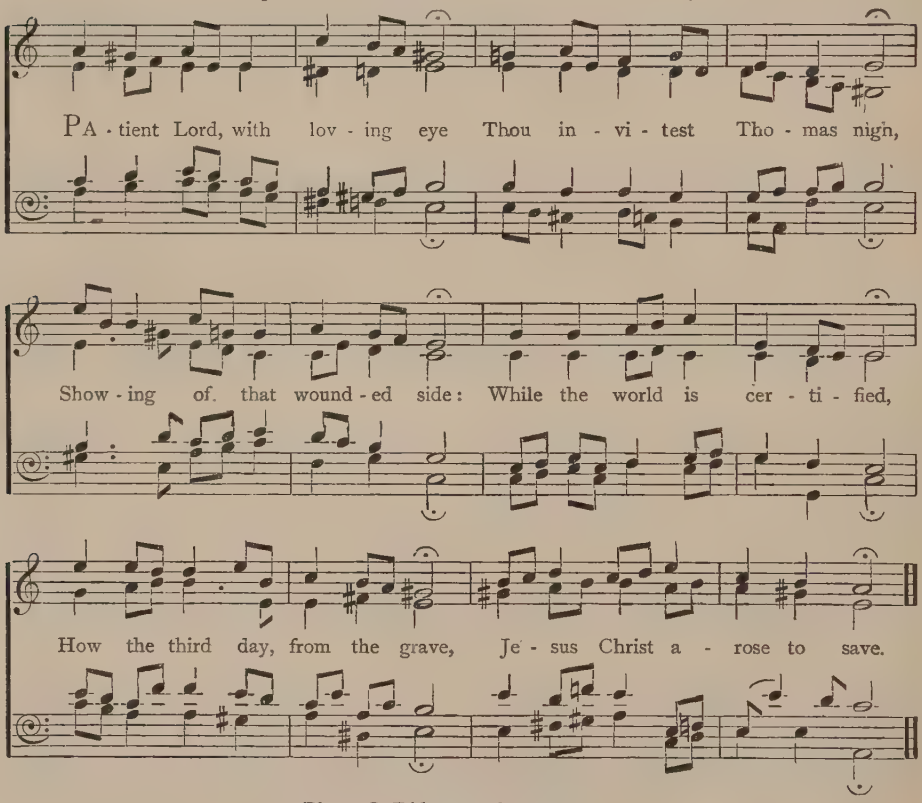
PROPER OF SAINTS

S. THOMAS, AP. M. (Dec. 21)

239 Χαίρεις ἐρευνώμενος

Tune—NICHT SO TRAURIG (Trochaic, 7.7.7.7.7.7.)

J. A. Freylinghausen (1714); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


PA - tient Lord, with lov - ing eye Thou in - vi - test Tho - mas nigh,
Show - ing of that wound - ed side: While the world is cer - ti - fied,
How the third day, from the grave, Je - sus Christ a - rose to save.

2 Blest, O Didymus, the tongue
Where that first confession hung:
First the Saviour to proclaim,
First the Lord of life to name:
Such the graces it supplied,—
That dear touch of Jesu's side.

S. John Damascene (viij cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

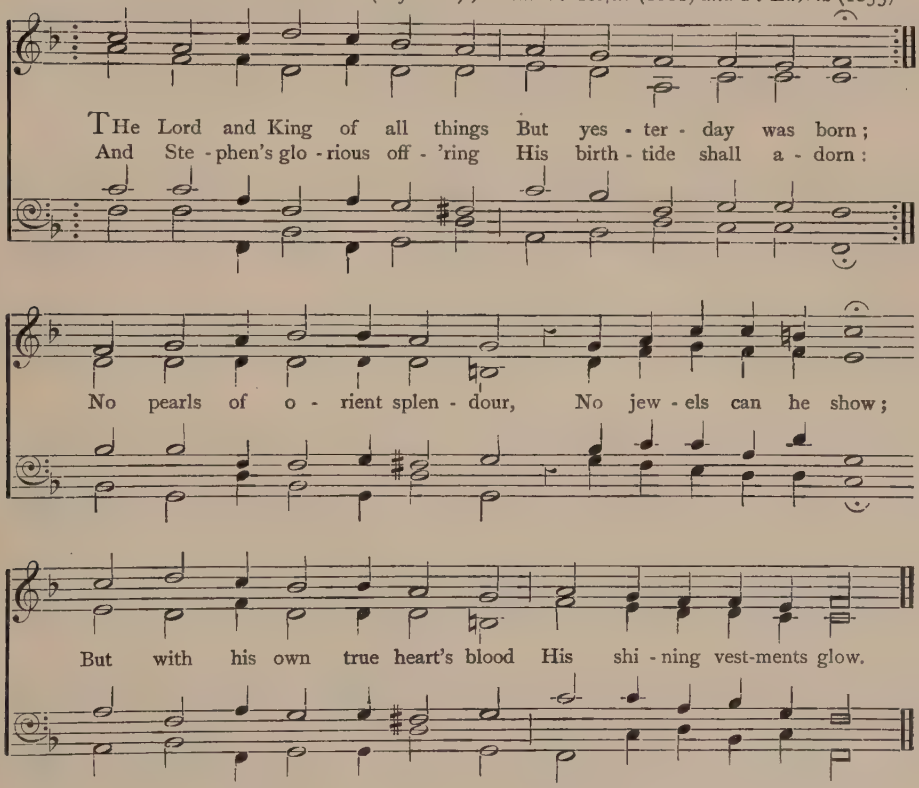
¶ *For an alternative Tune, see No. 147*

S. STEPHEN, D. M. (Dec. 26)

240 Τῷ Βασιλεῖ καὶ Δεσπότῃ

Tune—GEDULD DIE SOLLN WIR HABEN (Iambic, 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.)

Secular Air (xvj cent.); *From B. Gesius* (1601) *and F. Layriz* (1855)


THe Lord and King of all things But yes - ter - day was born;
And Ste - phen's glo - rious off - 'ring His birth - tide shall a - dorn:
No pearls of o - rient splen - dour, No jew - els can he show;
But with his own true heart's blood His shi - ning vest-ments glow.

2 Come, ye that love the Martyrs,
And pluck the flow'rs of song,
And weave them in a garland
For this our suppliant throng;
And cry, 'O thou that shinest
In grace's brightest ray,
Christ's valiant Protomartyr,
For peace and favour pray!'

3 Thou first of all Confessors,
Of all the Deacons crown,
Of every following athlete
The glory and renown,
Make supplication, standing
Before Christ's royal throne,
That he would give the kingdom,
And for our sins atone!

S. Anatolius (v cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

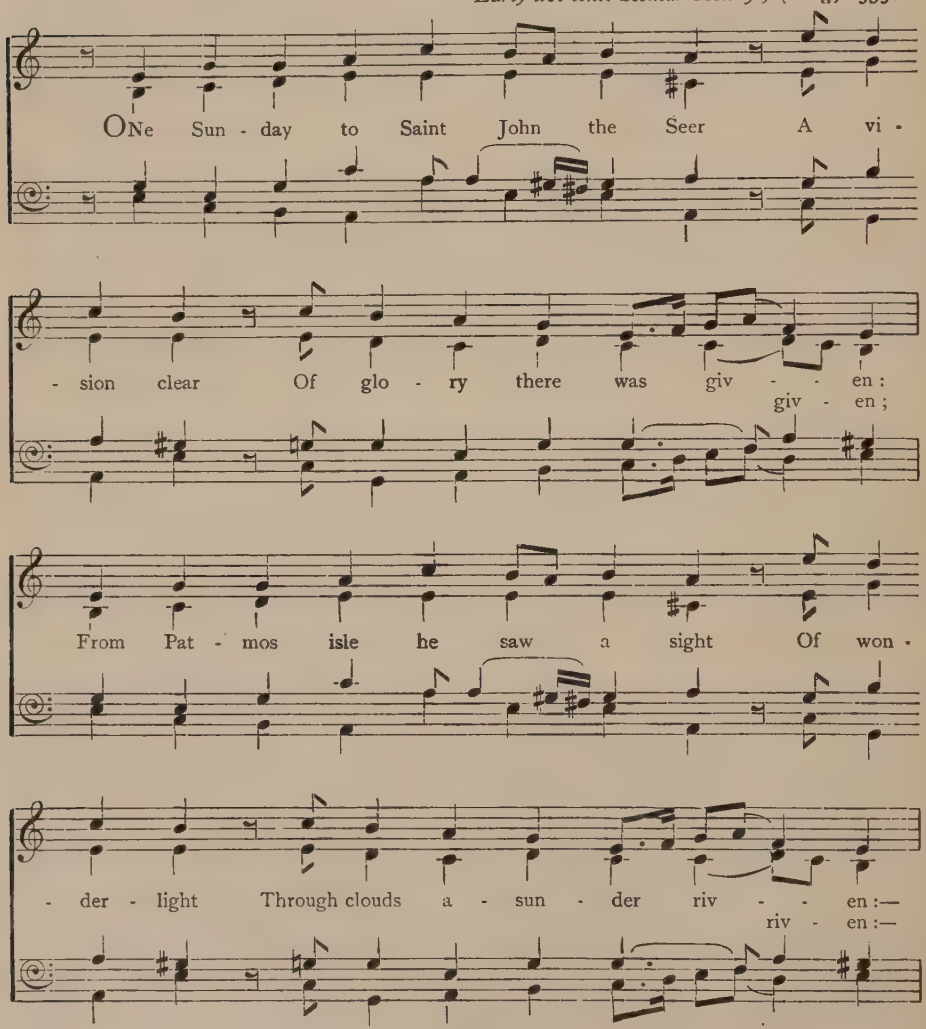
¶ *For alternative Tunes, see No. 262*, A & B

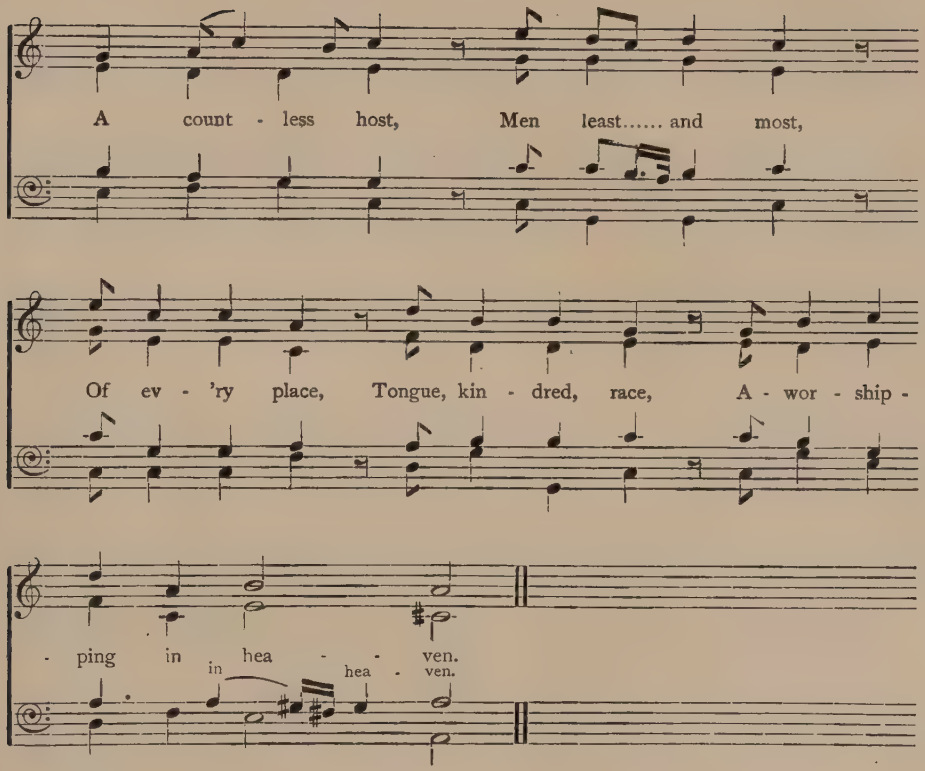
S. JOHN, AP. EV. (Dec. 27)

241 Johannes ſahe durch Geſicht

Tune—MAG ICH UNGLÜCK NIT WIDERSTAN (Iambic, 8.4.7.8.4.7.4.4.4.4.7.)

Early xvi cent. Secular Melody; (Klug, 1535)


ONe Sun - day to Saint John the Seer A vi -
- sion clear Of glo - ry there was giv - - - en :
giv - en ;
From Pat - mos isle he saw a sight Of won -
- der - light Through clouds a - sun - der riv - - - en :—
riv - en :—



2 Before the throne of God they stand,
With palm in hand,
In robes of dazzling lustre:
No wight in all that merry crowd
But sang aloud,
As round the Lamb they cluster:
'To God, the King
Of everything,
Be honour done.'
Saith every one
Of all that noble muster.

3 Him all the Angel-hosts adore,
And creatures four,
And elders likewise present:
Down on their faces, one and all,
They lowly fall
'Mid antiphons incessant:
And ever among,
The minstrels sung,
Saying Amen,
Amen, agen;
To hear their note was pleasant.

4 'What men, and whence, may yonder be
In livery
More white than snow-flake driven?'
One of the elders answer'd John,
'These men, my son,
The Lamb of God hath shriven:
His life-blood spilt
Hath cleans'd their guilt;
Their woe is past,
Their joy shall last,
Their trespass is forgiven.'

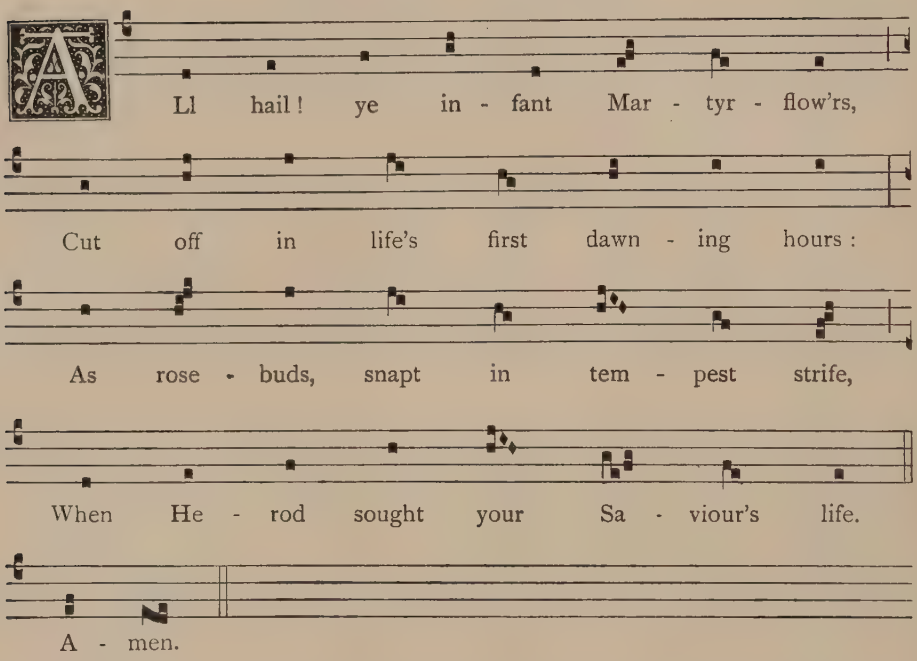
P. Gerhardt (1607–1676); Tr. *G. R. W.*

CHILDERMAS (Dec. 28)

242 SALVETE, FLORES MARTYRVM

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Mode iij


All hail! ye in - fant Mar - tyr - flow'rs,
Cut off in life's first dawn - ing hours:
As rose - buds, snapt in tem - pest strife,
When He - rod sought your Sa - viour's life.
A - men.

2

You, tender flock of lambs, we sing,
First victims slain for Christ your King:
Beneath the Altar's heav'nly ray
With Martyr-palms and crowns ye play.

3

For their redemption glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee,
With Father, and with Holy Ghost,
For ever from the Martyr-host. Amen.

Prudentius (iv cent.); Tr. *Hymnal Noted*

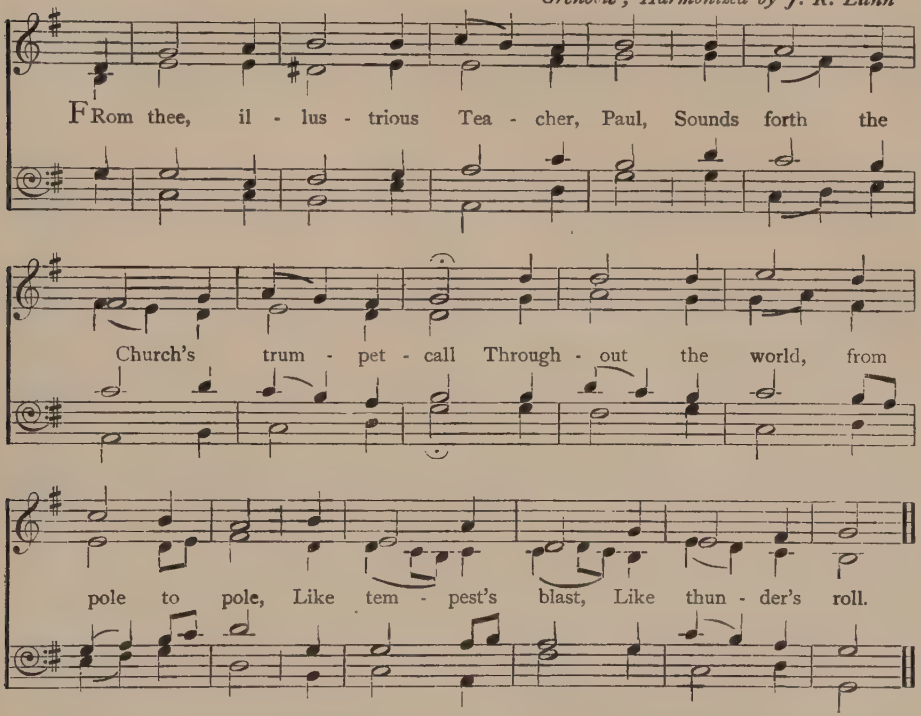
¶ *For Bach's metrical Setting of the German form of this Melody, see No. 414* F

CONVERSION OF S. PAUL (Jan. 25)

243 PAVLE, DOCTOR EGREGIE

(Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

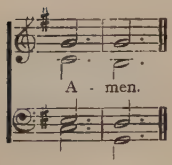
Grenoble; Harmonized by J. R. Lunn


FRom thee, il - lus - trious Tea - cher, Paul, Sounds forth the
Church's trum - pet - call Through - out the world, from
pole to pole, Like tem - pest's blast, Like thun - der's roll.

2 Hearts with thy stirring peal awake,
With truth bedew, and fertile make!
So shall the rain from heav'n distil,
Our parchèd souls with grace to fill.

3 O bliss of Paul, beyond all thought!
To Paradise, yet living, caught:
He hears the heav'nly mysteries there,
Which mortal tongue may not declare.

4 The Word's blest seed around he flings,
And straight a mighty harvest springs:
And fruits of holy deeds supply
God's everlasting granary.

5 The lamp his holy lore displays
Hath fill'd the world with glorious rays:
And doubt and error are o'erthrown,
That truth may reign, and reign alone.

6 Long as unending ages run,
To God the Father laud be done:
To God the Son our equal praise,
And God the Holy Ghost, we raise. Amen.

S. Peter Damian (xj cent.); Tr. *Hymner*

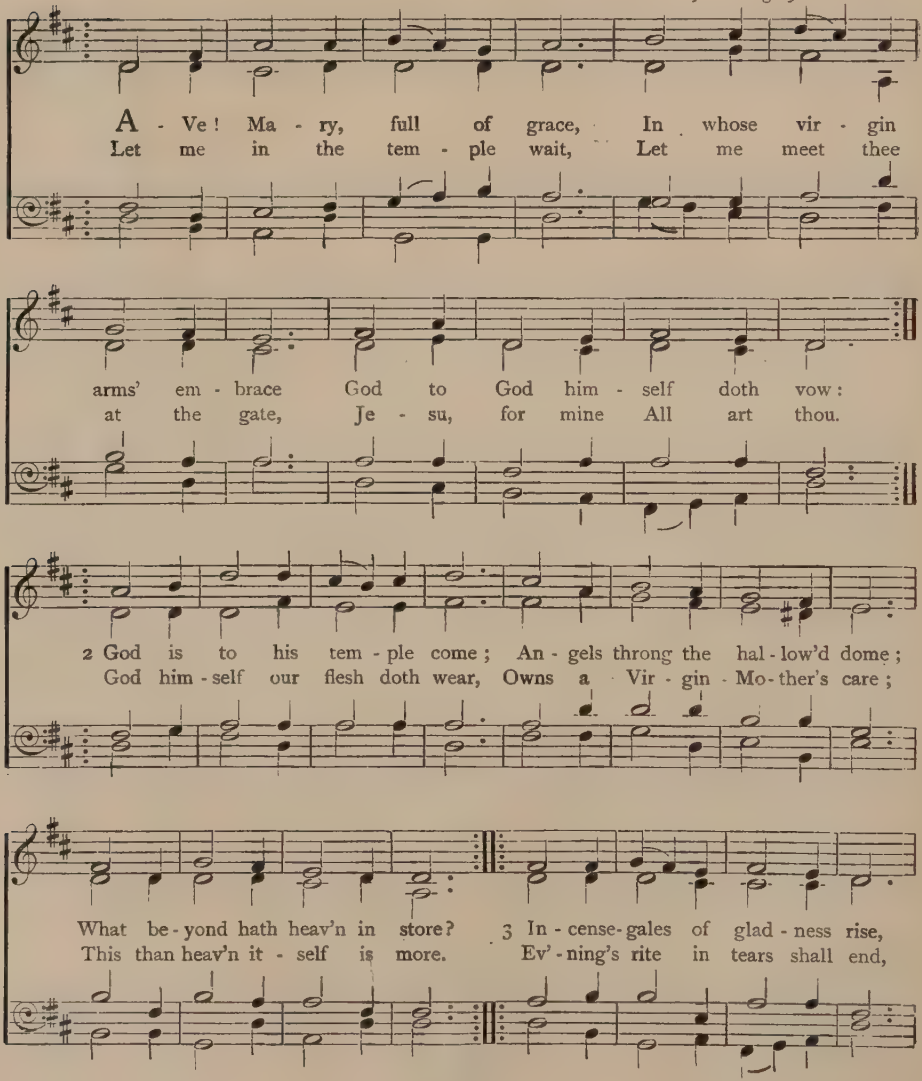
¶ *For an alternative Tune, see No. 220*

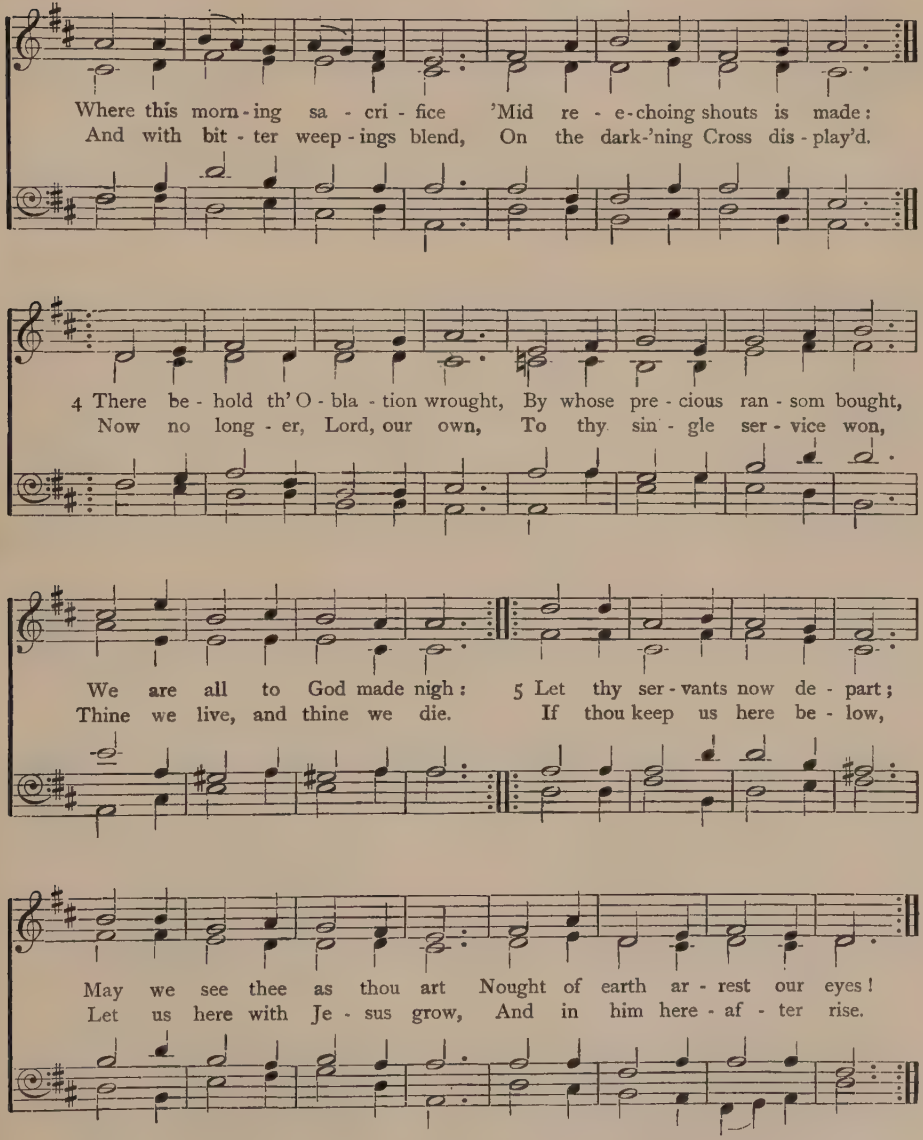
CANDLEMAS (Feb. 2)

244 AVE! PLENA GRATIA

PROPER MELODY (Trochaic, 7.7.7.7.7.7.)

Paris; Setting by G. R. W.


A - Ve! Ma - ry, full of grace, In whose vir - gin
Let me in the tem - ple wait, Let me meet thee
arms' em - brace God to God him - self doth vow:
at the gate, Je - su, for mine All art thou.
2 God is to his tem - ple come; An - gels throng the hal - low'd dome;
God him - self our flesh doth wear, Owns a Vir - gin - Mo - ther's care;
What be - yond hath heav'n in store? 3 In - cense - gales of glad - ness rise,
This than heav'n it - self is more. Ev' - ning's rite in tears shall end,

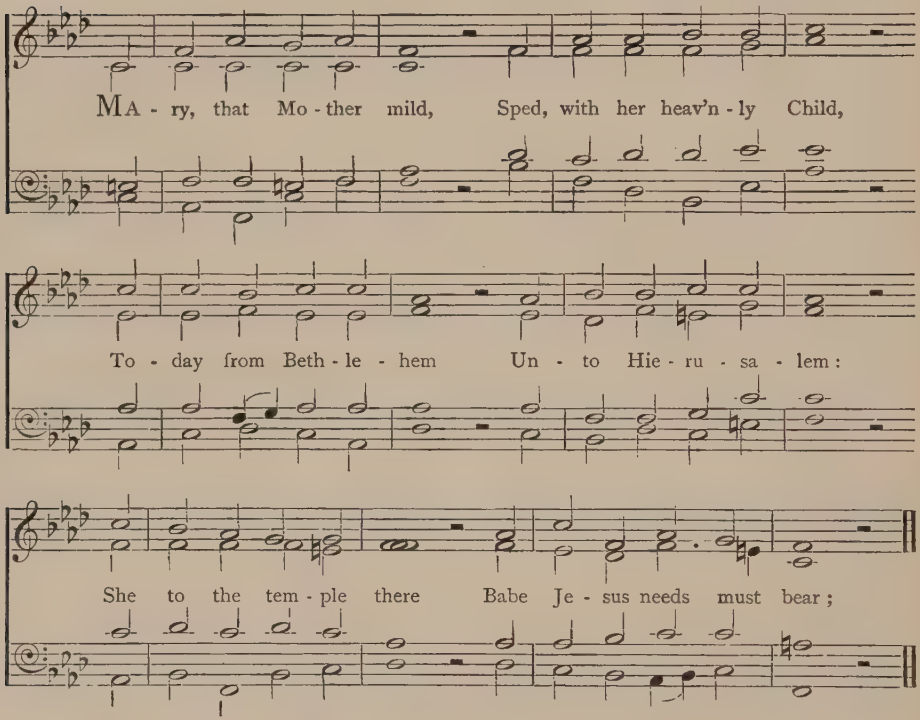

Where this morn-ing sa - cri - fice 'Mid re - e-choing shouts is made:
And with bit - ter weep - ings blend, On the dark-'ning Cross dis - play'd.
4 There be - hold th' O - bla - tion wrought, By whose pre - cious ran - som bought,
Now no long - er, Lord, our own, To thy sin - gle ser - vice won,
We are all to God made nigh: 5 Let thy ser - vants now de - part;
Thine we live, and thine we die. If thou keep us here be - low,
May we see thee as thou art Nought of earth ar - rest our eyes!
Let us here with Je - sus grow, And in him here - af - ter rise.

Paris Missal (1706); Tr. *W. J. Copeland* (1804–1885)

245 Maria gieng geſchwind

(Iambic, 6.6.6.6.6.6.)

Kölner Gesangbuch (1623)


MA - ry, that Mo - ther mild, Sped, with her heav'n - ly Child,
To - day from Beth - le - hem Un - to Hie - ru - sa - lem:
She to the tem - ple there Babe Je - sus needs must bear;

2 Would at the Law's behest,
Present her first-born blest,
And to the priest full fain
There offer turtles twain,
And thus redeem thereby
The world's Redeemer high.

3 Hard by, at God's command,
Good Symëon did stand:
The old man fondly press'd
The Infant to his breast,—
The Christ expected long,
The burthen of his song.

4 'Lord, suffer now thy thrall
To fare in peace withal,
For why mine eyes have seen
My Saviour Christ,—I mean,
The Gentiles' candle bright,
And Israel's delight.

5 Set is this Child divine
A stumbling-block and sign,
For fall and rise again
Of many a Jew, certain:
And, Mother, for thy part,
A sword shall pierce thine heart.'

6 A prophetess then came,
And Anna was her name:
Of Mary's gentle Boy,
Spake she with holy joy;—
E'en so, Christ-child, draw near,
Our souls in such-wise cheer.

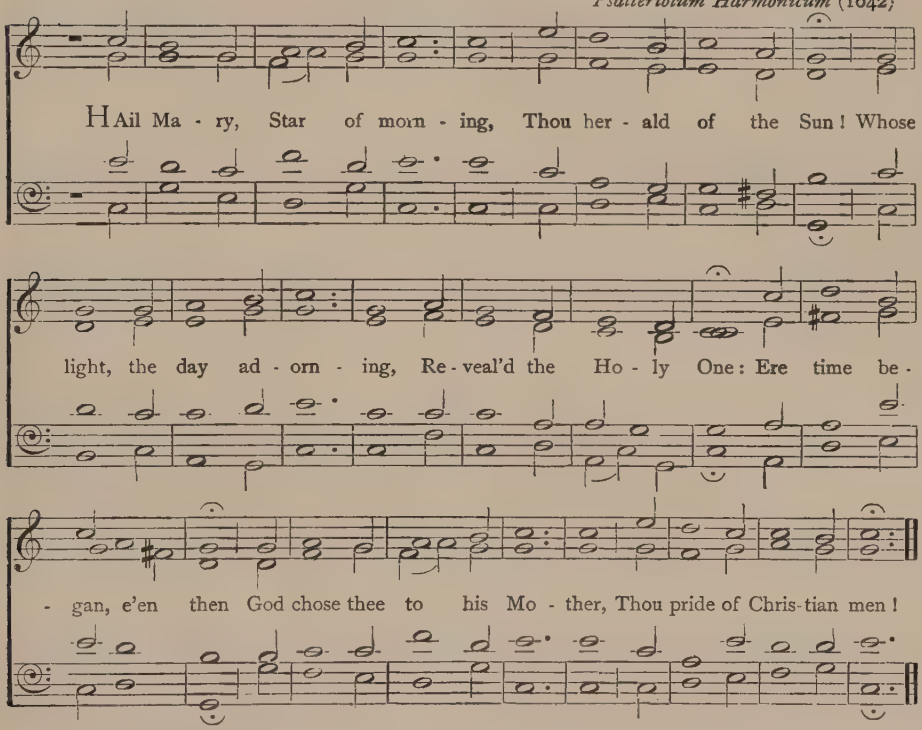
Köln Gesangbuch (1623); Tr. *G. R. W.*

LADY-DAY (March 25)

246 AVE, MARIA KLARE

(Iambic, 7.6.7.6.6.7.6.)

Psalteriolum Harmonicum (1642)


HAil Ma - ry, Star of morn - ing, Thou her - ald of the Sun! Whose
light, the day ad - orn - ing, Re - veal'd the Ho - ly One: Ere time be -
- gan, e'en then God chose thee to his Mo - ther, Thou pride of Chris-tian men!

2 From throne of God supernal
Sped mighty Gabriel;
Touching the Son eternal
Good tidings for to tell:
'Hail Virgin, pure from stain!
Thou shalt be callèd Mother,
Yet Virgin still remain.

3 The Spirit high and holy
Shall overshadow thee,
And make thee, maiden lowly,
His spotless bride to be;
Lo! God shall be thy Son;
His Name it shall be Jesus,—
None ending to his throne.'

4 Saith Mary, 'Here behold me,
The hand-maid of the Lord;
Be it, as thou hast told me,
According to thy word!'
Thus spake that maiden bright,
Ere Gabriel departed
Upward to realms of light.

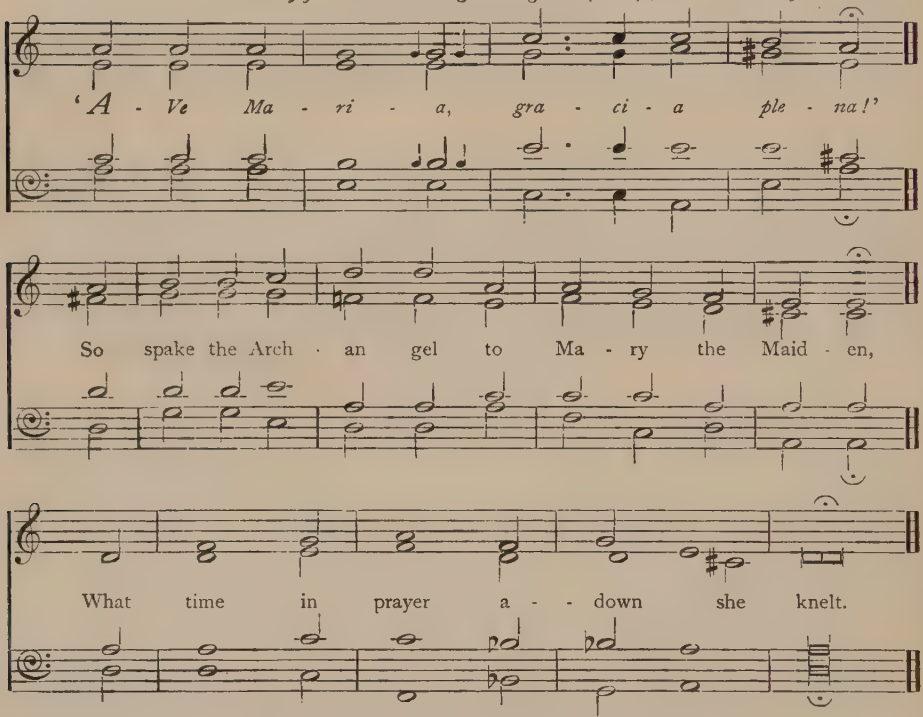
5 Hail Mary, sweet and tender!
Thy Son is God on high,
Th' eternal Father's splendour,
As Scriptures testify:
Fair Maid, thou givest birth
To Jesus Christ thy Maker,
That hath no peer on earth.

From Joh. Leisentrit (1584); Tr. *G. R. W.*

247 AVE MARIA, GRACIA PLENA

(Metre irregular.)

Melody from the Bamberg Gesangbuch (1628) ; *Harmonized by G. R. W.*



2 'Thou shalt conceive and bear in due season :
Thy Babe man and Angel shall bless with good reason,
And hail thee Mother of thy God.'

3 'Good my lord Angel, O for a token !
How may the thing happen whereof thou hast spoken ?
Because that I know not a man.'

4 'Power from on high shall o'ershadow thee, Mary ;
Like dew breathing life on the flower of the prairie,
So shalt thou bear the heav'nly Child.'

5 'After thy word, so be it,' quoth Mary ;
'The purpose eternal of God cannot vary ;
Behold the handmaid of the Lord.'

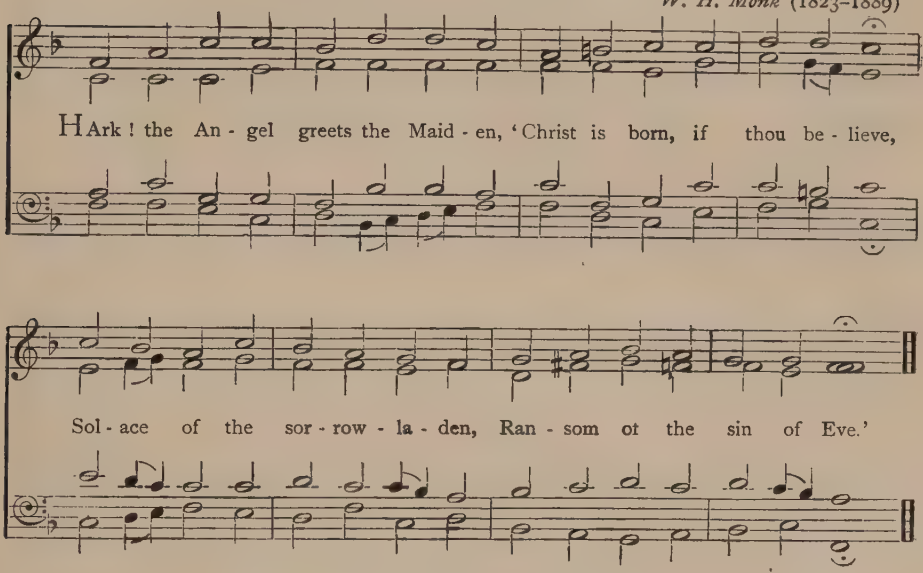
6 Glory and honour, worship, and giving
Of thanks be to God, the most High, ever-living,
That shew'd mankind such ample grace.

Speier Gesangbuch (1615) ; Tr. *G. R. W.*

248 HARK! THE ANGEL GREETS THE MAIDEN

Tune—MERTON (Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.)

W. H. Monk (1823–1889)



2

Lowly in her lowly dwelling,
With a holy virgin fear,
To the glorious Angel telling
God's high grace, she bow'd her ear.

3

So the Spirit came upon her:
Moved as o'er the ancient deep;
Gave her—O the unearthly honour!
God for her own Son to keep.

4

Jesu Maker, Jesu Brother,
Lift me, gently leading on,
From the bosom of thy Mother
To thy Cross, and then thy throne.

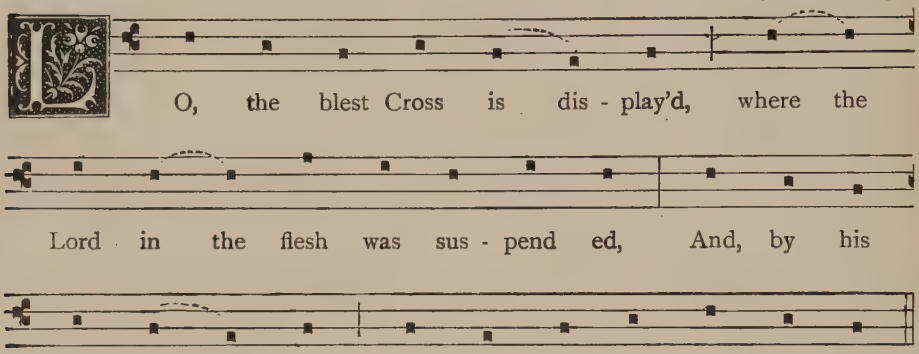
E. W. Benson (1829–96)

INVENTION OF THE HOLY CROSS (May 3)

249 CRVX BENEDICTA NITET

(Elegiac Metre)

Bayeux. Mode ij


O, the blest Cross is dis - play'd, where the
Lord in the flesh was sus - pend ed, And, by his
Blood, from their wounds cleans'd and re - deem'd his e - lect:

2 Where, for us men, through his love, | become the Victim of mercy,
He, the blest Lamb, his sheep | sav'd from the fangs of the wolf:

3 Where by his palms transpierced | he redeem'd the world from its ruin,
And, by his own dear death, | clos'd up the path of the grave.

4 Here was the Hand that, transfix'd | by the nails, and bleeding of old times,
Paul from the depth of his crime | rescued, and Peter from death.

5 Strong in thy fertile array, | O Tree of sweetness and glory,
Bearing such new-found fruit | 'midst the green wreaths of thy boughs:

6 Thou, by the savour of life, | the dead from their slumbers restorest,
Rendering sight to the eyes | closed to the light of the day.

7 Heat is there none that can burn | beneath thy shadowy covert:
Nor can the sun in the noon | strike, nor the moon in the night.

8 Planted art thou beside | the streams of the rivers of waters,
Glory of blossom and leaf | scattering widely abroad.

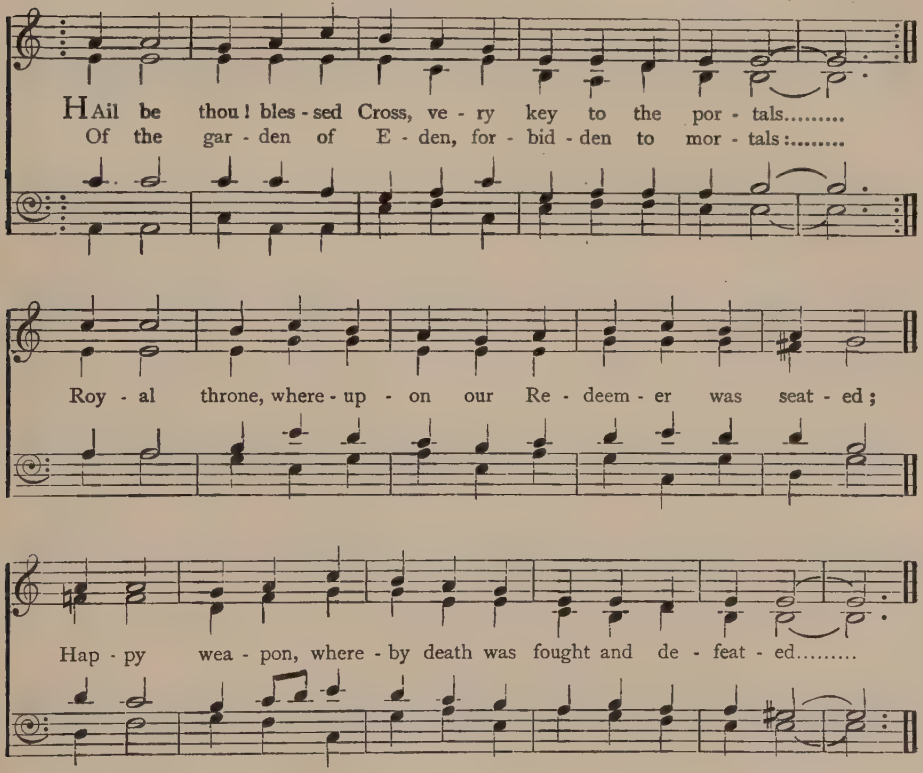
9 Twining about thine arms | is the Vine, from whom in its fulness
Floweth the blood-red juice,— | Wine that gives life to the soul.

Venantius Fortunatus (*c.* 530–609); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866), *and G. H. Palmer*

250 CRVX AVE BENEDICTA

Tune—DISONS LE CHAPELET (Anapæstic-dactylic, 13.13.13.13.)

Old Melody from Lower Brittany; *Harmonized by G. R. W.*


HAil be thou! bles - sed Cross, ve - ry key to the por - tals.....
Of the gar - den of E - den, for - bid - den to mor - tals:.....
Roy - al throne, where - up - on our Re - deem - er was seat - ed;
Hap - py wea - pon, where - by death was fought and de - feat - ed.....

2 Queen of trees! from thy leaf cometh healing and gladness,
Ready comfort in trouble, sweet solace in sadness:
Holy Rood! sign of life,—for thy fruit, ever fairest,
Very Bread of mankind, gentle Jesus thou barest.

3 Jesu, Judge of the earth, only Son of the Father,
Whenas foemen and friends of the Cross thou shalt gather,
On that day, when the world shall to ashes and ember,
Prithee, me, thy poor servant, in mercy remember.

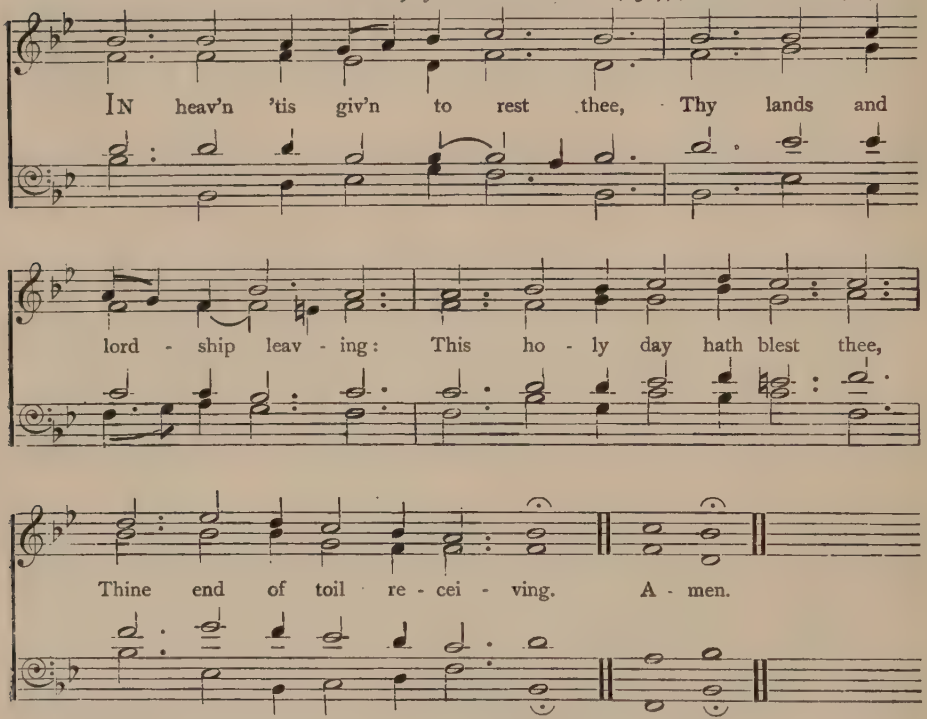
Anon. (xvij cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

S. BARNABAS, AP. M. (June 11)

251 CŒLO DATVR QVIESCERE

Tune—WACH' AUF, MEIN HERZ, UND SINGE (Iambic, 7.7.7.7.)

Melody of Nicolaus Selnecker (1587); *Praxis Pietatis* (1676)


IN heav'n 'tis giv'n to rest thee, Thy lands and
lord - ship leav - ing: This ho - ly day hath blest thee,
Thine end of toil re - cei - ving. A - men.

2 For heav'n thy land thou quittest,
And all thy fleeting treasure;
And heav'n in quittance gettest,
And payment without measure.

3 The Church was fasting for thee,
In prayer her soul prostrating,
Then came the Spirit o'er thee,
Christ's messenger creating.

4 True Son of Consolation,
The weak from want thou shieldedst:
And, heralding salvation,
To death thy body yieldedst.

5 To Christ, who doth inherit
The throne, be praise ascending,
With Sire and holy Spirit
Through ages without ending. Amen.

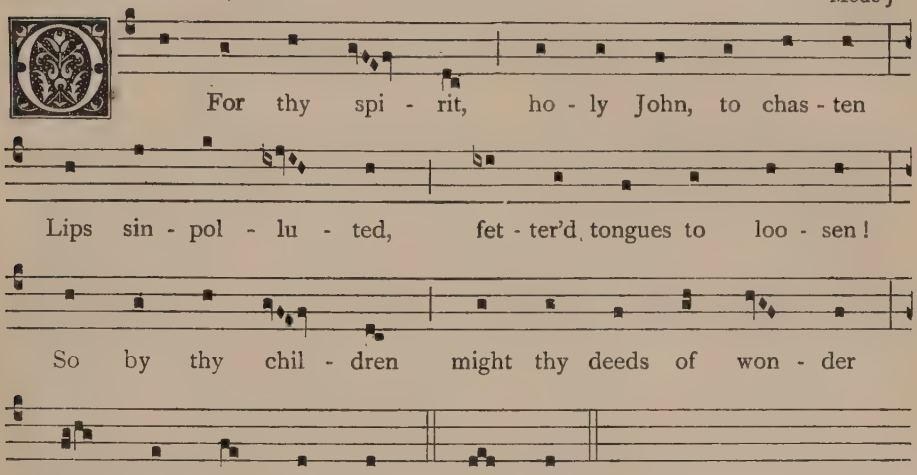
J. B. de Santeüil (1630–1697); Tr. *W. J. Blew* (1808–1894)

¶ *For another Setting by J. S. Bach, see No. 143*

NATIVITY OF S. JOHN BAPTIST (June 24)

252 VT QVEANT LAXIS

SARVM MELODY (Sapphic Measure)

Mode j

For thy spi - rit, ho - ly John, to chas - ten
Lips sin - pol - lu - ted, fet - ter'd tongues to loo - sen!
So by thy chil - dren might thy deeds of won - der
Meet - ly be chaunt - ed. A - men.

2 Lo! a swift herald, from the sky descending,
Bears to thy father promise of thy greatness;
How he shall name thee, what thy future story,
Duly revealing.

3 Scarcely believing message so transcendent,
Him for a season power of speech forsaketh,
Till, at thy wondrous birth, again returneth
Voice to the voiceless.

4 Thou, in thy mother's womb all darkly cradled,
Knewest thy Monarch, biding in his chamber,
Whence the two parents, through their children's merits,
Mysteries utter'd.

5 Now as the Angels celebrate thy praises,
Godhead essential, Trinity co-equal;
Spare thy redeem'd ones, as they bow before thee,
Pardon imploring. Amen.

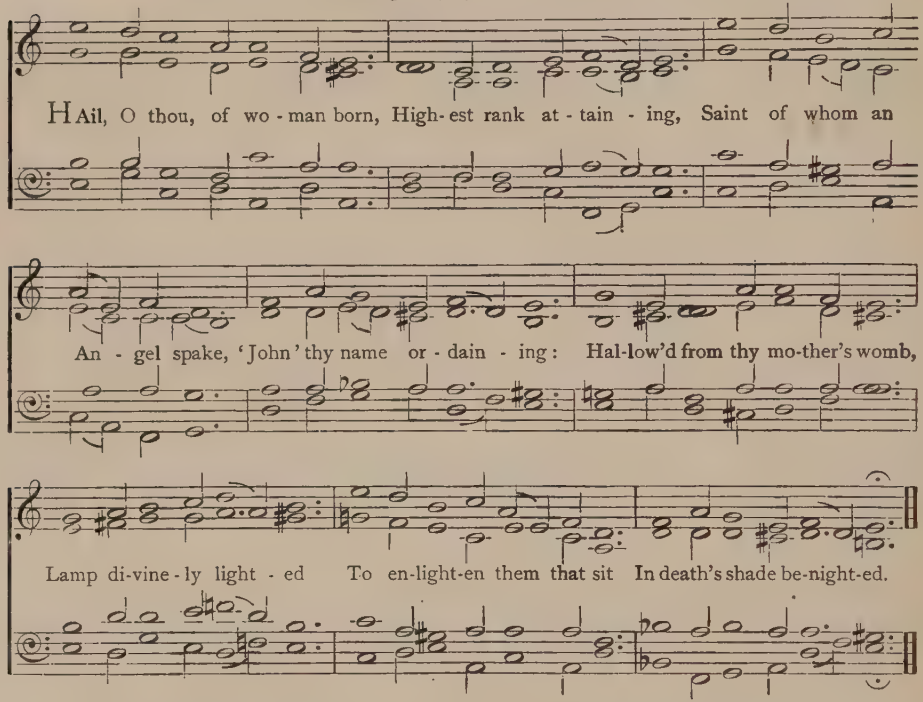
Paulus Diaconus (viij cent.); Tr. *Hymner*

¶ *For other Melodies, see Nos. 226, 228 & 273*

253 SALVE, O SANCTISSIME

Tune—AVE, FRAGRANTISSIME (Trochaic, 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.)

Cod. S. Petri Salisburgen. (1470); *Harmonized by G. R. W.* Phrygian Mode


HAil, O thou, of wo - man born, High - est rank at - tain - ing, Saint of whom an
An - gel spake, 'John' thy name or - dain - ing: Hal-low'd from thy mo-ther's womb,
Lamp di-vine - ly light - ed To en-light-en them that sit In death's shade be-night-ed.

2 Hail to thee, devoted one,
Desert-ward retreating,
Clad in sackcloth, honey wild
And the locust eating:
Water pure thy thirst allay'd;
Thus, by sin untainted,
Thou, afar from earthly joys,
Wast a hermit sainted.

3 Hail to thee, with herald-voice
God in flesh revering,
With thy finger pointing out
Christ, the Lamb, appearing:
At the Jordan thou didst cry,
Sinner's doom declaring,
And, by water's cleansing sign,
Way for God preparing.

4 Hail, who, over mortals all,
Meetly wast appointed
To baptize the sacred head
Of the Lord's Anointed:
Who didst hear the Father's voice,
That blest rite attending,
And didst see the Holy Ghost,
As a dove descending.

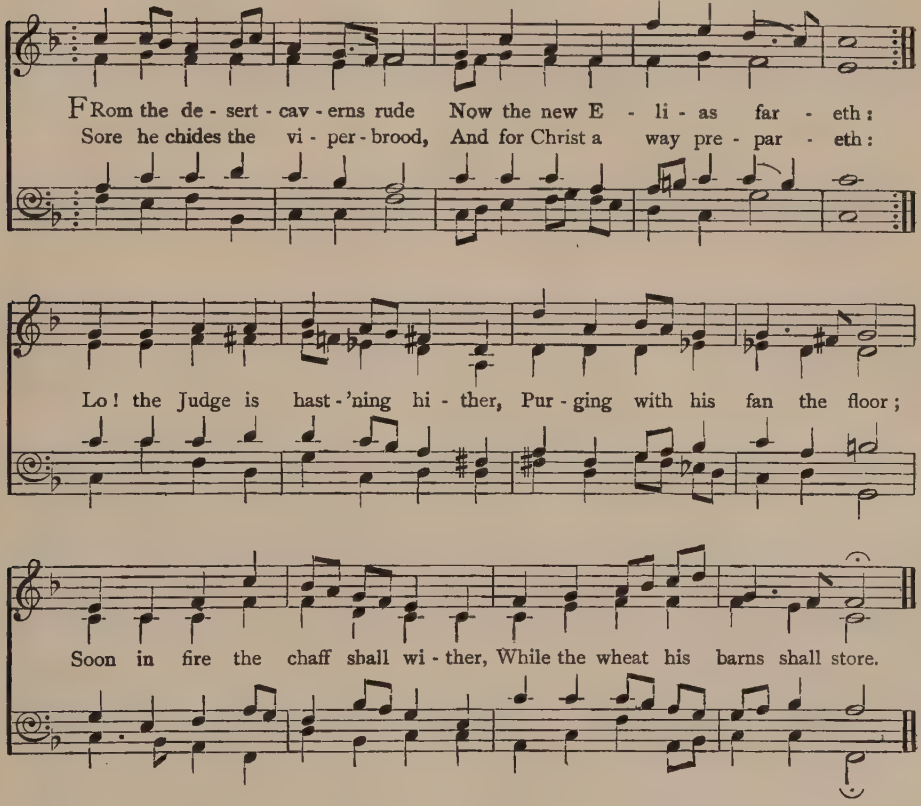
5 Hail thou rose incarnadined,
Whom thy life-blood staineth:
Lily sweet, whose virgin flower
Ever pure remaineth;
Aid us, as we hymn thy praise,
With thy supplication,
That we find, in death's dread hour,
Peace and consolation.

Anon. Karlsruhe MS. (XV cent.); Tr. *Hymner*

254 NVNC SVIS TANDEM

Tune—LIEBES HERZ, BEDENKE DOCH (Trochaic, 7.8.7.8.8.7.8.7.)

J. A. Freylinghausen (1714); *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*


FRom the de - sert - cav - erns rude Now the new E - li - as far - eth:
Sore he chides the vi - per - brood, And for Christ a way pre - par - eth:
Lo! the Judge is hast - 'ning hi - ther, Pur - ging with his fan the floor;
Soon in fire the chaff shall wi - ther, While the wheat his barns shall store.

2

Christ is coming; mount and hill,
Bending low your heads, adore him!
Vales, arise! your hollows fill,
Crooked ways, grow straight before him!
High fore-runner, light's true herald,
Rouse the slumberers on thy path,
Lest we perish, sloth imperill'd,
In the Lamb's avenging wrath.

3

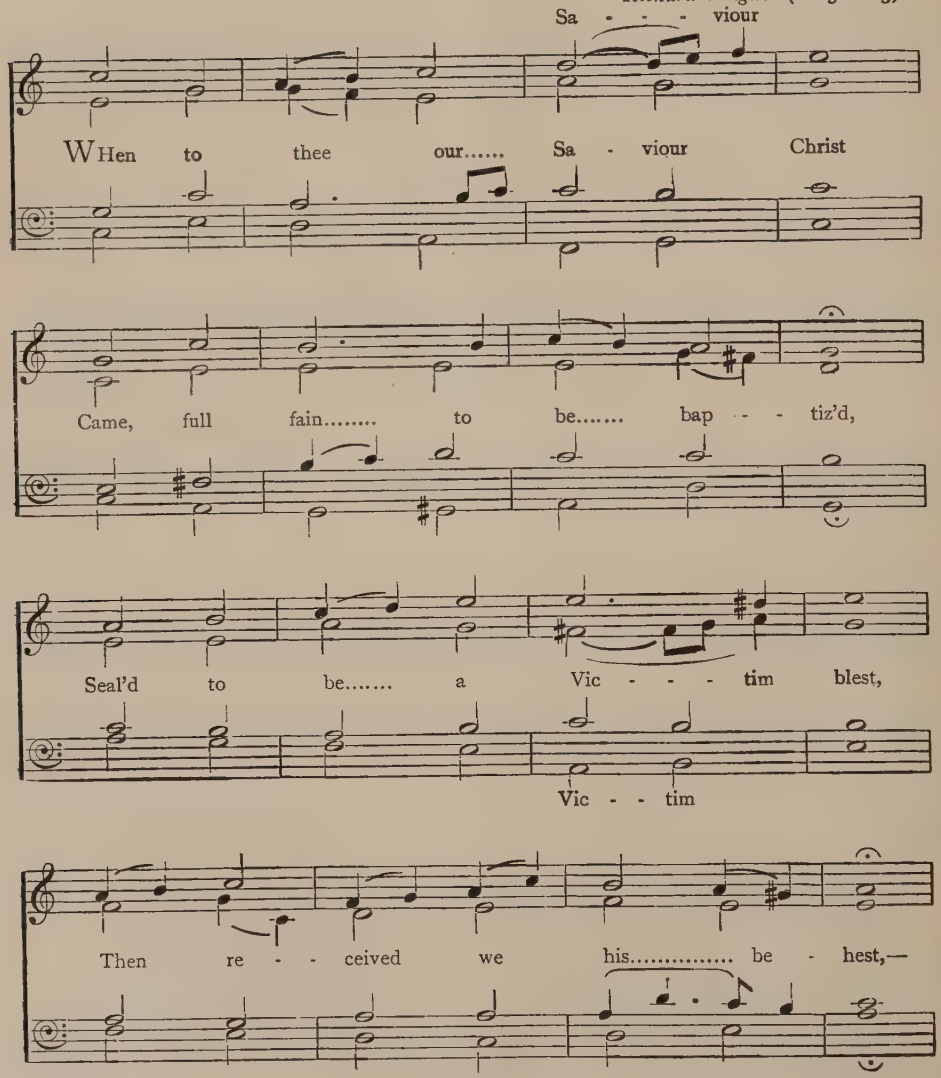
Highest praise to God the Lord,
To the Father's endless merit;
To the sole-begotten Word,
Who all glory doth inherit;
Praise and honour without ending
Be to him, the Spirit of love,
Forth the Christian champion sending,
Arm'd with unction from above.

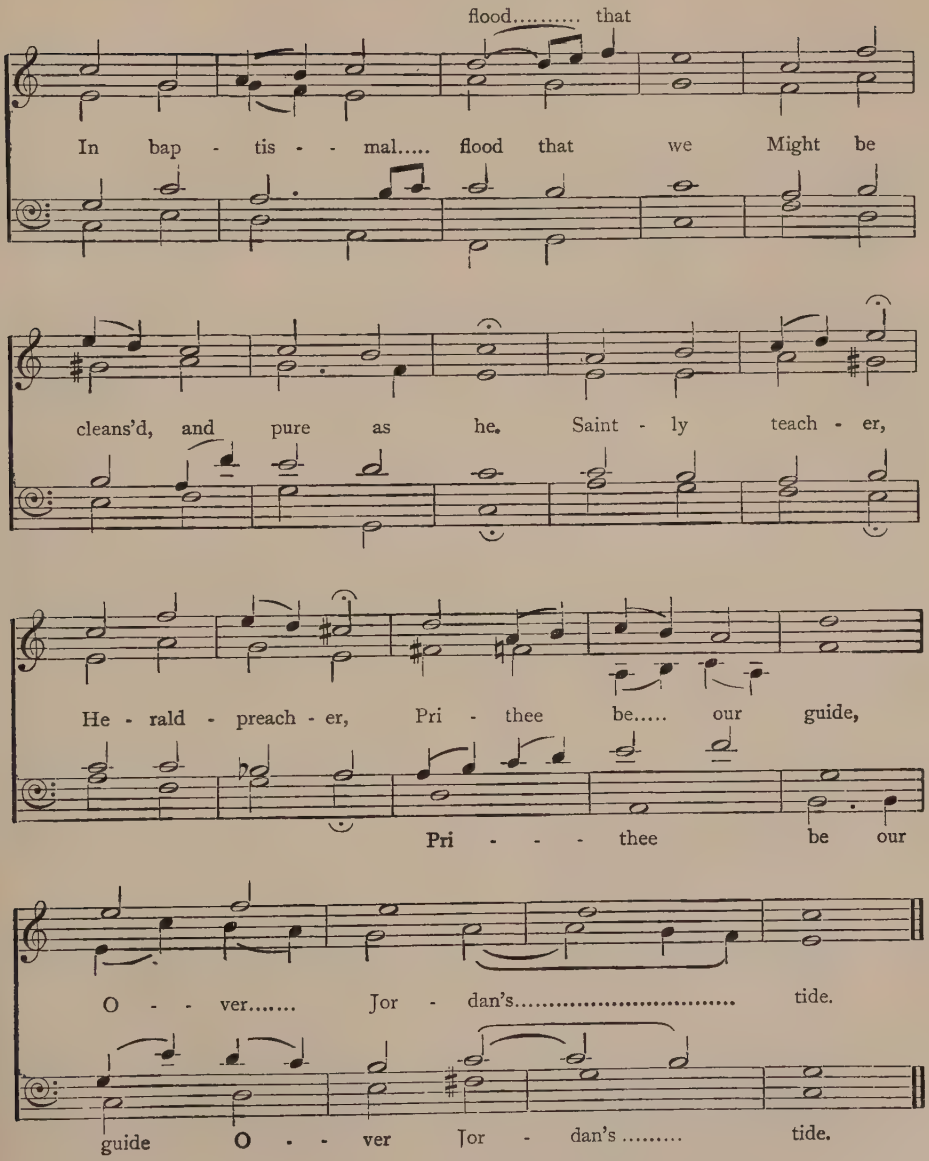
C. Coffin (1676–1749); Tr. *W. J. Blew* (1808–1894)

255 Da zu dir der Heiland kam

PROPER TUNE (Trochaic, 7.7.7.7.7.7.4.4.5.5.)

Richard Wagner (1813–1883)


Sa - - - viour
When to thee our..... Sa - viour Christ
Came, full fain..... to be..... bap - - - tiz'd,
Seal'd to be..... a Vic - - - tim blest,
Vic - - tim
Then re - - ceived we his..... be - hest,—


flood..... that
In bap - tis - - mal..... flood that we Might be
cleans'd, and pure as he. Saint - ly teach - er,
He - rald - preach - er, Pri - thee be..... our guide,
Pri - - - thee be our
O - - ver..... Jor - dan's..... tide.
guide O - - ver Jor - dan's ..... tide.

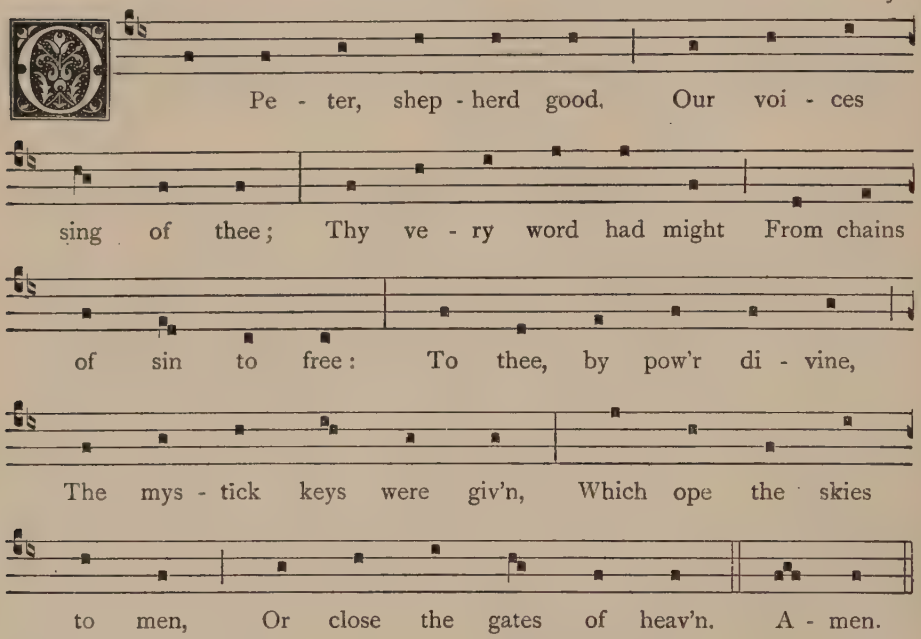
Richard Wagner (1813–1883); Tr. *G. R. W.*

SS. PETER AND PAUL, APP. MM. (June 29)

256 IAM BONE PASTOR

Tune—From La Feillée, xviij cent. (Iambic, 6.6.6.6.6.6.6.6.)

Mode vj


O Pe - ter, shep - herd good, Our voi - ces
sing of thee; Thy ve - ry word had might From chains
of sin to free: To thee, by pow'r di - vine,
The mys - tick keys were giv'n, Which ope the skies
to men, Or close the gates of heav'n. A - men.

2 O great Apostle Paul,
May thy deep wisdom teach
Our earth-bound souls to strive
With thee the skies to reach:
Till that which perfect is
Shall shine with fuller glow,
And that be done away
Which here in part we know.

3 O happy city Rome!
The precious life-drops shed
By these two noble chiefs,
Thy walls have hallowèd:
Empurpled with their blood,
The Martyr's part they bore
Adds lustre to thy name
Henceforth for evermore.

4 All honour, might, and power,
And hymns of joy we bring,
While to the Trinity
Eternal praise we sing:
He rules the universe
In wondrous Unity,
And shall, throughout the days
Of all eternity. Amen.

Elpis (vj cent.); Tr. *T. I. Ball*

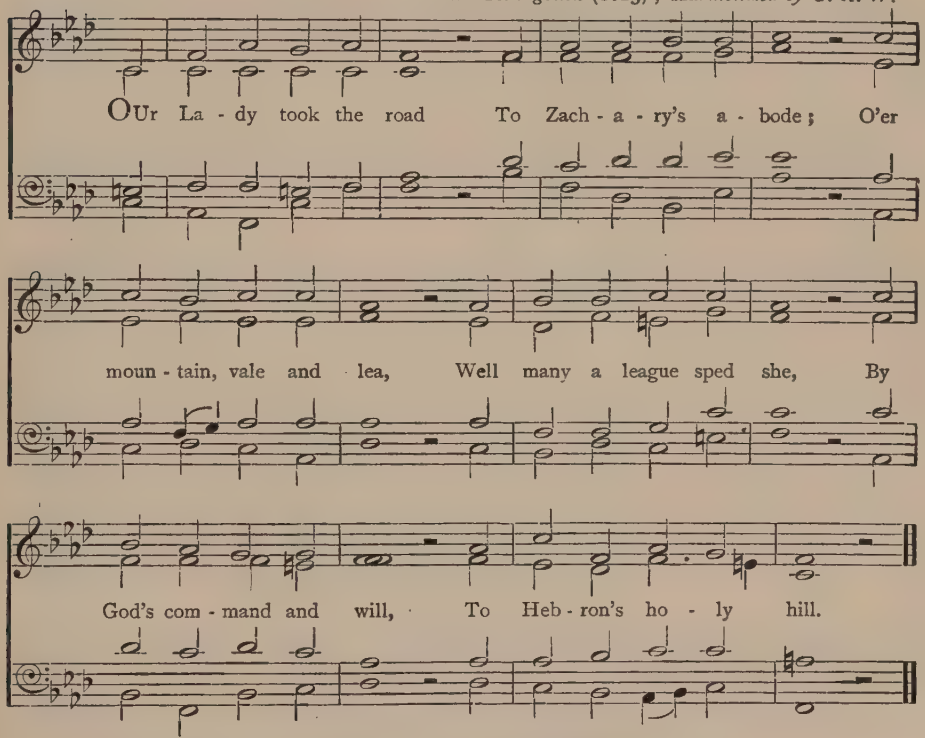
¶ *For two other Melodies, see No. 218*

VISITATION OF OUR LADY (July 2)

257 Maria gieng hinaus

PROPER TUNE (Iambic, 6.6.6.6.6.6.)

Kölner Gesangbuch (1623); *Harmonized by G. R. W.*


OUr La - dy took the road To Zach - a - ry's a - bode; O'er
moun - tain, vale and lea, Well many a league sped she, By
God's com - mand and will, To Heb - ron's ho - ly hill.

2 Full light did Mary make
Of trouble for his sake:
God's very Son of yore
Within her breast she bore;
And Angels bright and fair,
Unseen, her fellows were.

3 She, ere she took her way,
An orison would say,
That God her steps might tend
Safe to their journey's end;
And there in manner meet
Her cousin she did greet.

4 Elisabeth full fain
Bow'd down her head again;
She wist 'twas God's own bride,
As worshipful she cried,
'O Lady, full of grace,
Whence do I see thy face?'

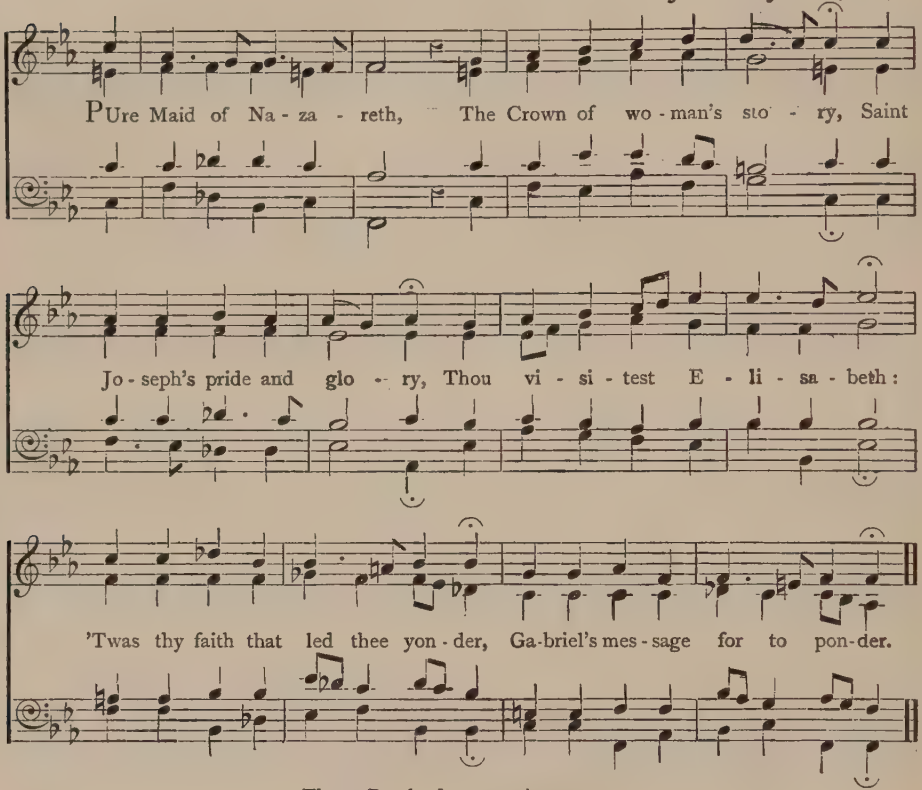
5 O house and home of bliss!
An earthly Paradise—
Nay, heav'n itself on ground,
Wherein our Lord is found,
The Lord of glory bright,
In goodness great, and might.

Kölner Gesangbuch (1623); Tr. *G. R. W.*

258 Du keusche Seele du

PROPER MELODY (Iambo-trochaic, 6.7.7.6.8̄.8̄.)

Joh. Rudolf Ahle (1662)


PUre Maid of Na - za - reth, The Crown of wo - man's sto - ry, Saint
Jo - seph's pride and glo - ry, Thou vi - si - test E - li - sa - beth:
'Twas thy faith that led thee yon - der, Ga-briel's mes - sage for to pon - der.

2 Thou, Pearl of women here,
To God's will hast resign'd thee;
Nor wilt thou look behind thee,
But seekest friend and kindred dear,
That with loving heart and tender
Service sweet thou mayest render.

3 Christ speed thee on thy way!
Thou heav'nly soul and fairest,
'Tis God himself thou bearest—
Jesus, the Father's Word of ay.
Fair befal thee, blissful Maiden,
With such holy Burthen laden!

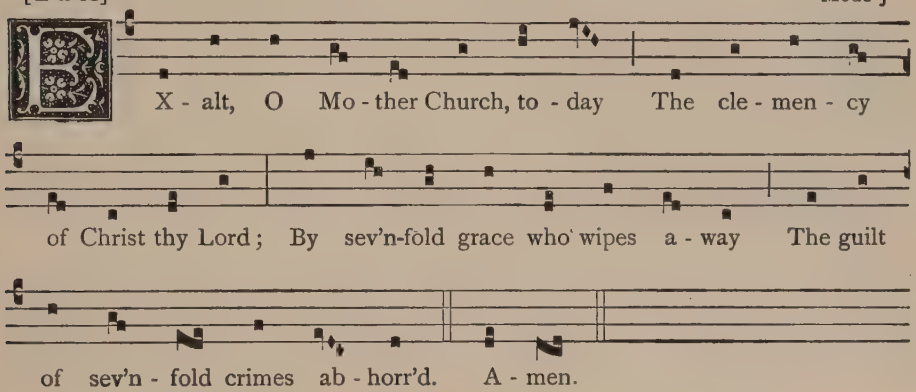
F. J. Burmeister († 1672); Tr. *G. R. W*

S. MARY MAGDALEN (July 22)

259 LAVDA, MATER ECCLESIA

YORK MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.) (ETERNI PATRIS VNICE)

[E & M] Mode j


X - alt, O Mo - ther Church, to - day The cle - men - cy
of Christ thy Lord; By sev'n-fold grace who wipes a - way The guilt
of sev'n - fold crimes ab - horr'd. A - men.

2 Sister of Lazarus that was dead,
She, that in such transgression fell,
To the bright gates of Life was led
Up from the very jaws of hell.

3 The great Physician she pursues,
Bearing the precious ointment-cruse:
And by his only word is she
From manifold disease set free.

4 With heart dissolved in penitence,
And tears that flow'd apace, she came,
And piety of deed;—and thence
She found the cure of sin and shame.

5 Pardon of guilt hath made her soul
A golden for an earthen bowl:
And for a vessel of disgrace,
A precious vessel finds its place.

6 To Christ, arisen from the dead,
And Death's great Conqueror, as she press'd,
His earliest sight she merited,
Who loved him more than all the rest.

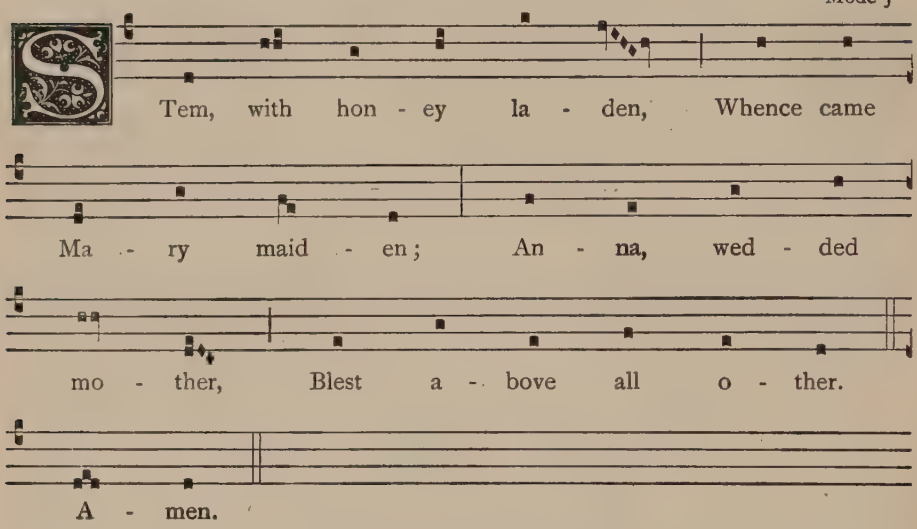
7 To God alone be honour paid
For grace so manifold display'd:
Their guilt he pardons who repent,
And gives reward for punishment. Amen.

S. Odo of Cluny (x cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

S. ANNE (July 26)

260 AVE MATER ANNA

Tune—AVE MARIS STELLA—Sarum (Trochaic, 6.6.6.6.)

Mode j

2 Hail! for, matron lowly,
Christ, the high and holy,
King of land and water,
Born was of thy daughter.

3 They who tell thy merit
Blessing shall inherit:
Christ, the Lord of power,
Grace on them shall shower.

4 Christ, the sinner's patron,
Heed this godly matron;
At her pleading nigh thee,
Seat us ever by thee.

5 Father, Son supernal,
Spirit co-eternal,
Three in One, before thee,
Humbly we adore thee. Amen.

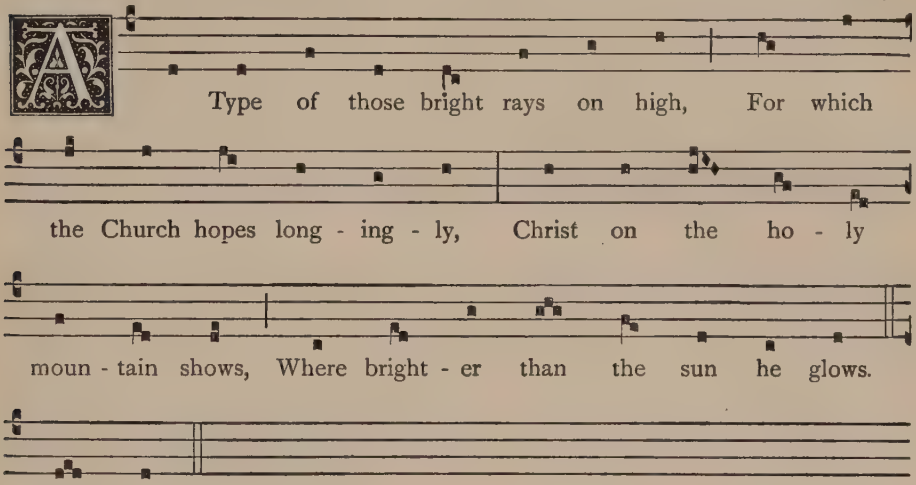
Anon. (xiv cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD (Aug. 6)

261 CŒLESTIS FORMAM GLORIÆ

SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[1st E & M] Mode 1


A
Type of those bright rays on high, For which
the Church hopes long - ing - ly, Christ on the ho - ly
moun - tain shows, Where bright - er than the sun he glows.
A - men.

2 Tale for all ages to declare;
For with the three disciples there,
Where Moses and Elias meet,
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.

3 The chosen witnesses stand nigh,
Of Grace, the Law, and Prophecy:
And from the cloud the Holy One
Bears record to the Only Son.

4 With face more bright than noon-tide ray,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.

5 And faithful hearts are raised on high
By this great vision's mystery;
For which in yearly course we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

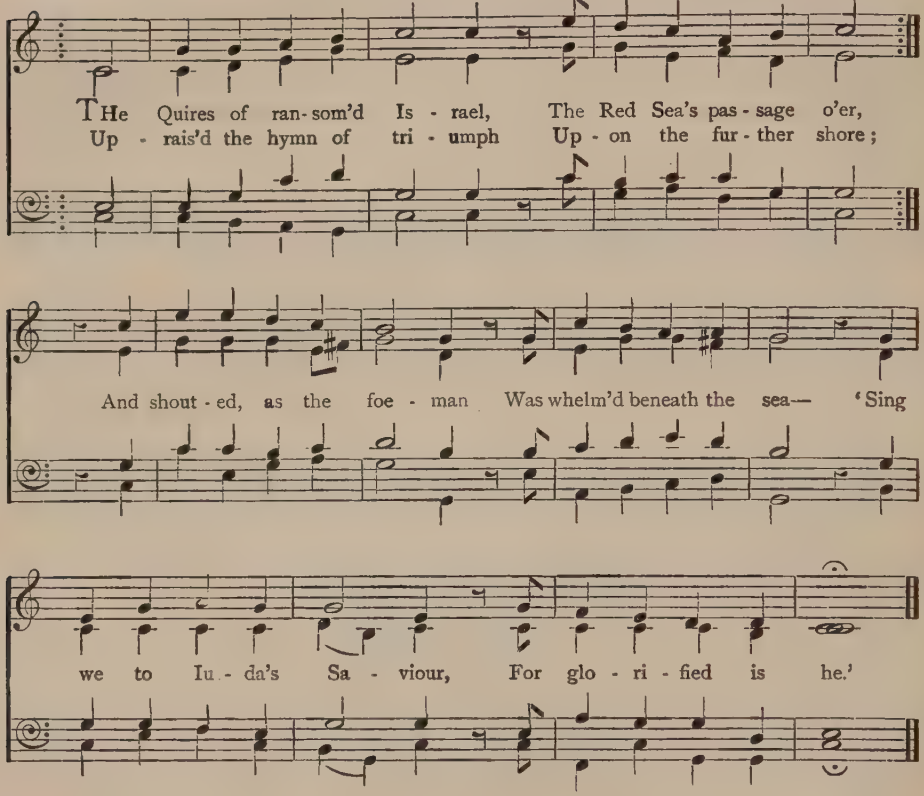
6 Thou Father,—thou, eternal Son,—
Thou, Holy Spirit—Three in One,
To this same glory bring us nigh,
That we may see thee eye to eye. Amen.

Sarum Breviary (xv cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

262A Χοροὶ Ἰσραήλ

Tune—VALET WILL ICH DIR GEBEN (Iambic, 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.)

Melchior Teschner (1613)


THe Quires of ran-som'd Is-rael, The Red Sea's pas-sage o'er,
Up-rais'd the hymn of tri-umph Up-on the fur-ther shore;
And shout-ed, as the foe-man Was whelm'd beneath the sea— 'Sing
we to Iu-da's Sa-viour, For glo-ri-fied is he.'

2 Amongst his twelve Apostles
Christ spake the words of life,
And showed a realm of beauty
Beyond a world of strife:
'When all my Father's glory
Shall shine express'd in me.
Then praise him, then exalt him,
For magnified is he.'

3 Upon the Mount of Tabor
The promise was made good;
When, baring all the Godhead,
In light itself he stood:
And they, in awe beholding,
The Apostolick three,
Sang out to God their Saviour,
For magnified was he.

4 In days of old, on Sinai,
The Lord Almighty came,
In majesty of terror,
In thunder-cloud and flame:
On Tabor, with the glory
Of sunniest light for vest,
The excellence of beauty
In Jesus was express'd.

5 All hours and days inclined there,
And did thee worship meet;
The sun himself adored thee,
And bow'd him at thy feet:
While Moses and Elias
Upon the Holy Mount,
The co-eternal glory
Of Christ our God recount.

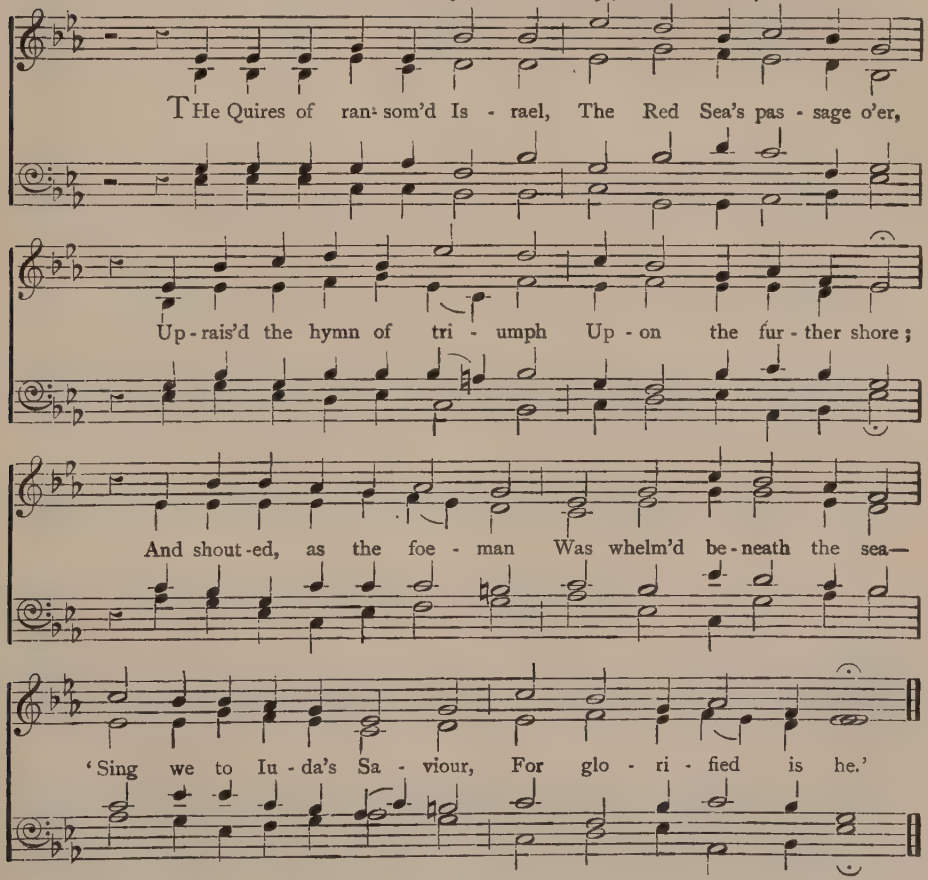
6 O holy, wondrous vision!
But what, when, this life past,
The beauty of Mount Tabor
Shall end in heav'n at last?
But what, when all the glory
Of uncreated light
Shall be the promised guerdon
Of them that win the fight?

S. Cosmas the Melodist (viij cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

262 B

Tune—HERZLICH THUT MICH ERFREUEN (Iambic, 7.6.7.6.7.6.)

Sixteenth Century Secular Melody; Harmonized by Charles Wood

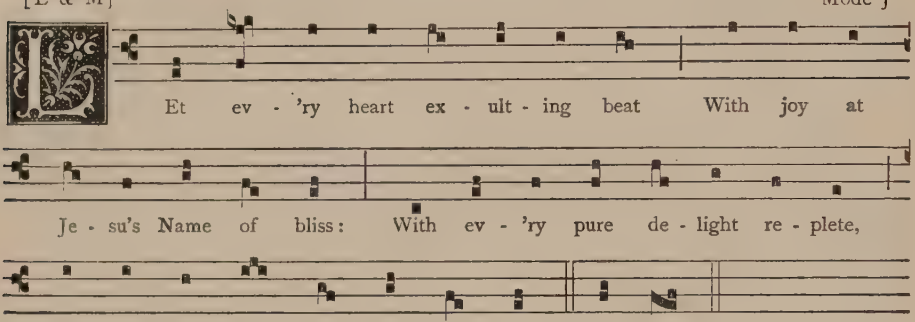

THe Quires of ran-som'd Is - rael, The Red Sea's pas - sage o'er,
Up-rais'd the hymn of tri - umph Up - on the fur - ther shore;
And shout-ed, as the foe - man Was whelm'd be-neath the sea—
'Sing we to Iu - da's Sa - viour, For glo - ri - fied is he.'

¶ *For another Tune, see No. 327*

THE MOST SWEET NAME OF JESUS (Aug. 7)

263 EXVLTET COR PRÆCORDIIS

[E & M] SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8 8.) Mode j


Et ev - 'ry heart ex - ult - ing beat With joy at
Je - su's Name of bliss: With ev - 'ry pure de - light re - plete,
And pass - ing sweet its mu - sick is. A - men.

2 Jesus the comfortless consoles,
Jesus each sinful fever quells,
Jesus the hosts of hell controls,
Jesus each deadly foe repels.

3 Jesus! how sweetly doth it sound
In every measure, prose or psalm!
It makes each quick'ning bosom bound,
And soothes us with divinest calm.

4 Far let that Name exalted ring!
On every tongue let Jesus be!
Let heart and voice together sing
The Name that cures each malady.

5 Jesu, the sinner's health, abide
With us, and hearken to our prayer;
The frail and erring wanderer guide,
The penitent transgressor spare.

6 Be thy dear Name our sure defence,
In every peril be our stay;
And, purging us from sin's offence,
Perfect us in the better way.

7 O Christ, all glory be to thee,
Resplendent with this Name divine;
All honour, worship, majesty,
Dear Lord, for evermore be thine.

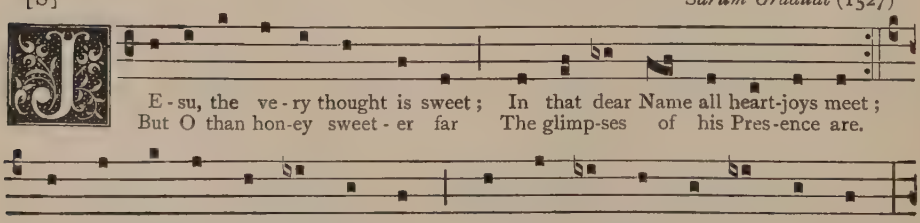
8 O Jesu, born of spotless Maid,
To thee all praise and glory be:
Like glory to the Sire be paid,
And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.

Sarum Breviary (XV cent.); Tr. *J. D. Chambers & G. H. Palmer*

264 IESV, DVLCIS MEMORIA

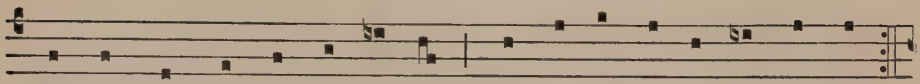
PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

[S] *Sarum Gradual* (1527)

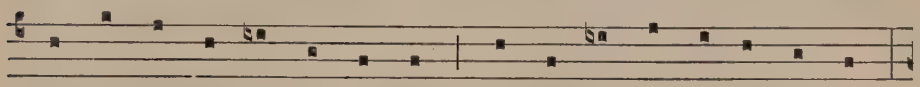

E - su, the ve - ry thought is sweet; In that dear Name all heart-joys meet;
But O than hon-ey sweet - er far The glimp-ses of his Pres-ence are.

2 No word is sung more sweet than this; No name is heard more full of bliss;
3 Je - su, the hope of souls for - lorn! How good to them for sin that mourn!

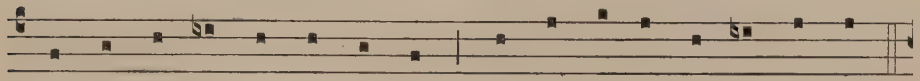
THE MOST SWEET NAME OF JESUS



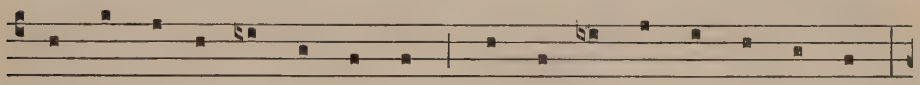
No thought brings sweet - er com - fort nigh, Than Je - sus, Son of God most high.
To them that seek thee, O how kind! But what art thou to them that find?



4 Je - su, thou sweet-ness, pure and blest, Life's Foun-tain, Light of souls dis-tress'd;

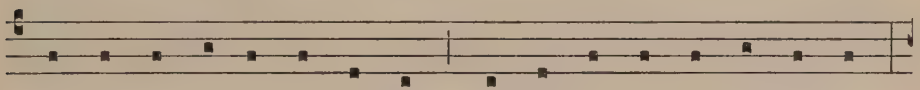


Sur - pas - sing all that heart re - quires, Ex - ceed - ing all that soul de - sires.



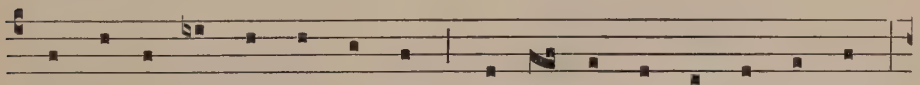
5 No tongue of mor - tal can ex - press, No let - ters write its bles - sed - ness;

A - lone who hath thee in his heart Knows, love of Je - sus, what thou art.



6 I seek for Je - sus in re - pose, When round my heart its cham-bers close;
7 With Ma - ry, in the morn - ing gloom, I seek for Je - sus at the tomb;

A - broad, and when I shut the door, I long for Je - sus e - ver-more.
For him, with love's most ear - nest cry, I seek with heart, and not with eye.



8 Je - sus, to God the Fa - ther gone, Is seat - ed on the heav'n - ly throne;
9 We fol - low Je - sus now, and raise The voice of pray'r, the hymn of praise;

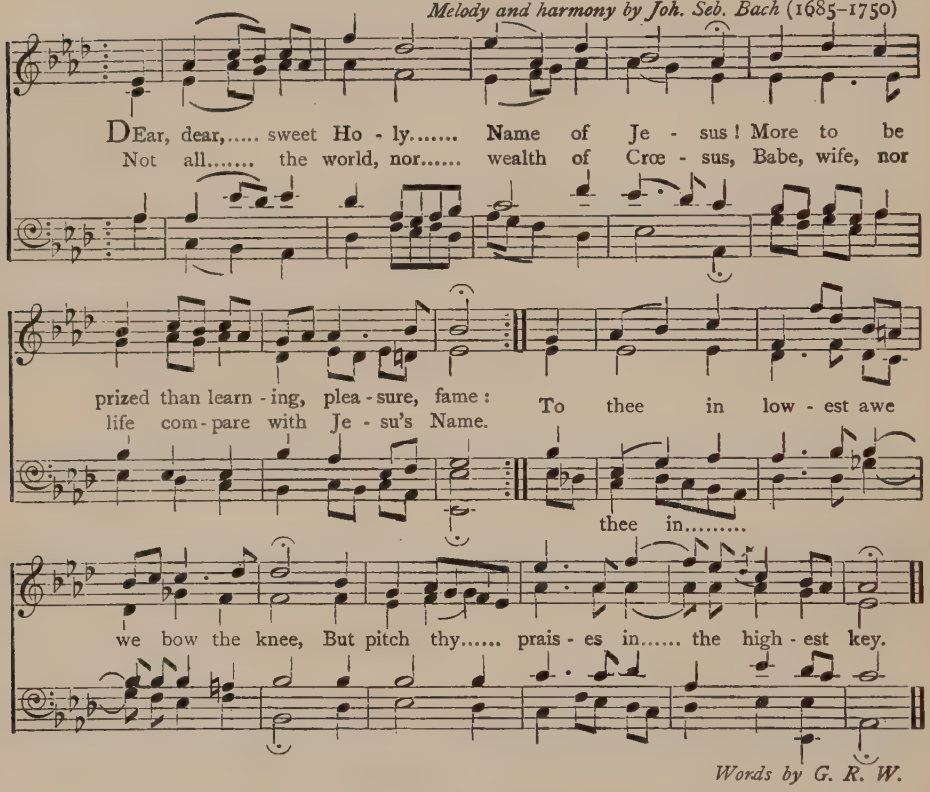
My heart hath al - so pass'd from me, That where he is, there it may be.
That he at last may make us meet With him to gain the heav'n-ly seat.

? S. Bernard (1091–1153); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818 1866)

265 DEAR, DEAR, SWEET HOLY NAME OF JESUS

Tune—DIR, DIR, JEHOVA, WILL ICH SINGEN (Iambic, 9.10.9.10.10.10.)

Melody and harmony by Joh. Seb. Bach (1685–1750)


DEar, dear,..... sweet Ho - ly..... Name of Je - sus! More to be
Not all..... the world, nor..... wealth of Crœ - sus, Babe, wife, nor
prized than learn - ing, plea - sure, fame:
life com - pare with Je - su's Name.
To thee in low - est awe
thee in.....
we bow the knee, But pitch thy..... prais - es in..... the high - est key.

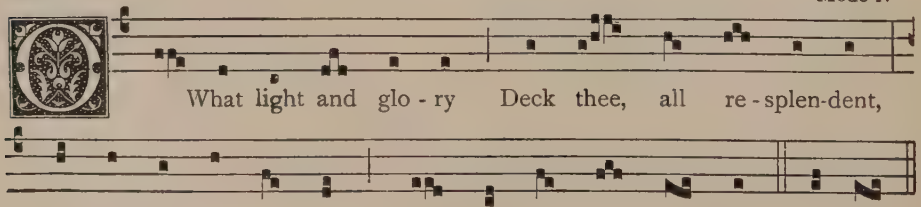
Words by G. R. W.

REPOSE OF OUR LADY (Aug. 15)

266 O QVAM GLORIFICA

[E] SARVM MELODY (Trochaic, 6.6.6.6.)

Mode iv



2 Mary ever-Virgin,
Who in heav'n art dwelling,
All the quires of Angels
Evermore excelling.

3 Mother, yet the honour
Of a Virgin bearing,
For the Lord of Angels
Dwelling pure preparing.

4 Him within thy bosom
Chastely thou enshrinest:
Thus our God incarnate
Takes his flesh divinest.

5 Whom the whole creation
Evermore adoreth,
And, all lowly bending,
Rightly now imploreth,—

6 May his pity grant us,
Far our darkness sending,
With thee in his glory
Joy and light unending.

7 Hear us, Holy Father,
Through thy Son supernal,
With the Holy Spirit,
God, and Lord eternal:

8 Who with thee in glory
Liveth and abideth;
Who the world and all things
Governeth and guideth.

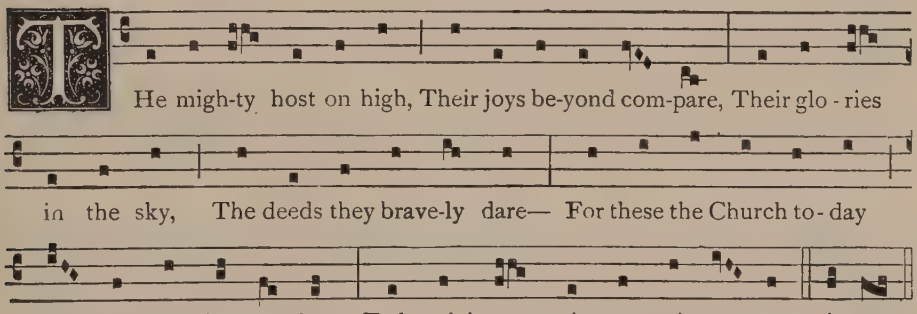
Anon. (viij or ix cent.); Tr. *T. I. Ball*

¶ *For another Melody, see No. 209*

MICHAELMAS (Sept. 29)

267 CELSORVM CIVIVM

SARVM MELODY (Choriambic Metre, 6.6.6.6.6.6.8.) Mode ij


He migh-ty host on high, Their joys be-yond com-pare, Their glo - ries
in the sky, The deeds they brave-ly dare— For these the Church to-day
Pours forth her joy-ous lay, To heav'n's great prin-ces praise to pay. A-men.

2 These are the chieftains bright,
Viceroys of God's domain,
Unwearied in their might
The demons to restrain:
To quell the infernal foe,
And work their rivals woe,
These heav'nly warriors haste below.

3 Captains of mighty race,
And noble champions, they
The evil spirits chase,
Undaunted in the fray:
They speed, in ranks array'd,
The upright soul to aid,
And crown him victor undismay'd.

4 What tongue can here declare,
Fancy or thought descry,
The joys thou dost prepare
For these thine hosts on high?
Who, for the warfare deck'd,
Their earthly friends protect,
And in right paths to heav'n direct.

5 To thee, O Lord most high,
One in three Persons still,
To pardon us we cry,
And to preserve from ill:
That, after perils sore,
Thy Name we may adore
With holy Angels evermore. Amen.

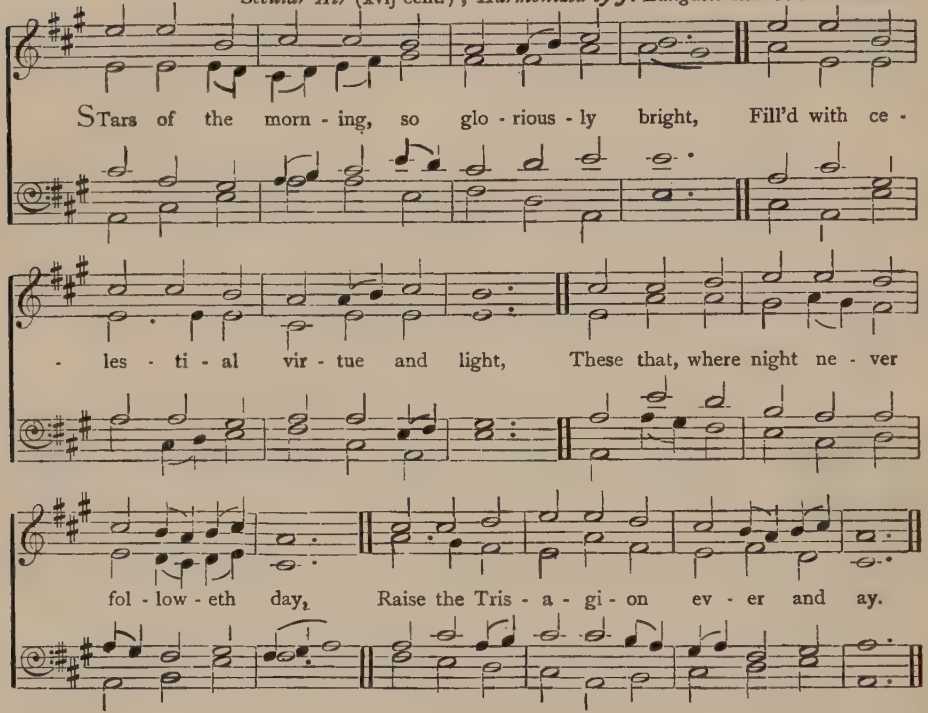
Hereford Breviary (1505); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

¶ *For two other Melodies, see No. 224*

268 Φωστῆρες τῆς αὐλου

Tune—ANKE VON THARAW (Dactylic, 10.10.10.10.)

Secular Air (xvij cent.); *Harmonized by J. Langdon and G. H. Palmer*


STars of the morn - ing, so glo - rious - ly bright, Fill'd with ce -
- les - ti - al vir - tue and light, These that, where night ne - ver
fol - low - eth day, Raise the Tris - a - gi - on ev - er and ay.

2

These are thy counsellors: these dost thou own,
Lord God of Sabaoth, nearest thy throne;
These are thy ministers, these dost thou send,
Help of the helpless ones, man to defend.

3

These keep the guard, amid Salem's dear bowers,
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues and Powers:
Where with the Living Ones, mystical four,
Cherubim, Seraphim, bow and adore.

4

'Who like the Lord?' thunders Michael, the Chief:
Raphael, the 'Cure of God,' comforteth grief:
And, as at Nazareth, prophet of peace,
Gabriel, the 'Might of God,' bringeth release.

5

Then, when the earth was first poised in mid space,
Then, when the planets first sped on their race,—
Then, when were ended the six days' employ,—
Then all the Sons of God shouted for joy.

6

Still let them succour us; still let them fight,
Lord of Angelick hosts, battling for right!
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the Angels may bow and adore.

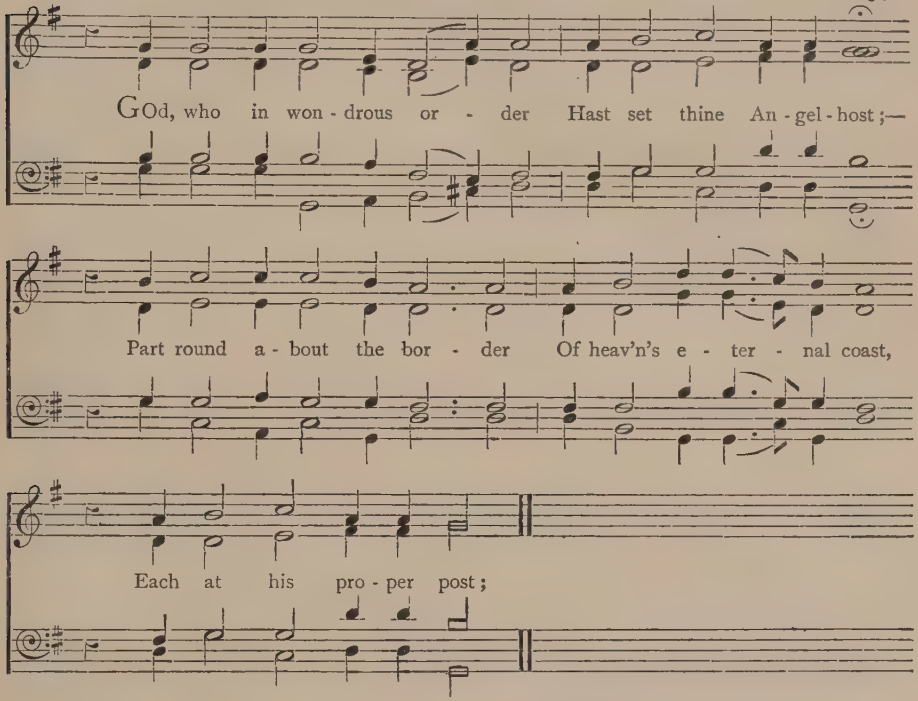
S. Joseph the Hymnographer († 883); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

¶ *For another Melody, see No. 155*

269 DEVS, QVI SANCTORVM ANGELORVM

Tune—IN DIESER ABENDSTUNDE [ER IST DER MORGENSTERNE]
(Iambic, 7.6.7.6.6.)

German Folk-song (xvj cent.); *Harmonized by B. Gesius* (1601) *From Fridrich Layriz* (1854)


GOd, who in won - drous or - der Hast set thine An - gel - host;—
Part round a - bout the bor - der Of heav'n's e - ter - nal coast,
Each at his pro - per post;

2 And part, at thy good pleasure,
To earthward to descend,
In labour and at leisure
Poor mortals to befriend,
Until the journey end:

3 Grant that thine Angel holy,
My guardian, fellow, guide,
May make and keep me lowly
From morn till even-tide,
And help me conquer pride.

4 May he for good direct me,
And I his presence know:
May he from sin protect me,
And from my ghostly foe,—
From death and endless woe:

5 That so, on doomsday morrow,
When trump of Angel dread
Shall wake, for joy or sorrow,
The bodies of the dead,
Each from his narrow bed;—

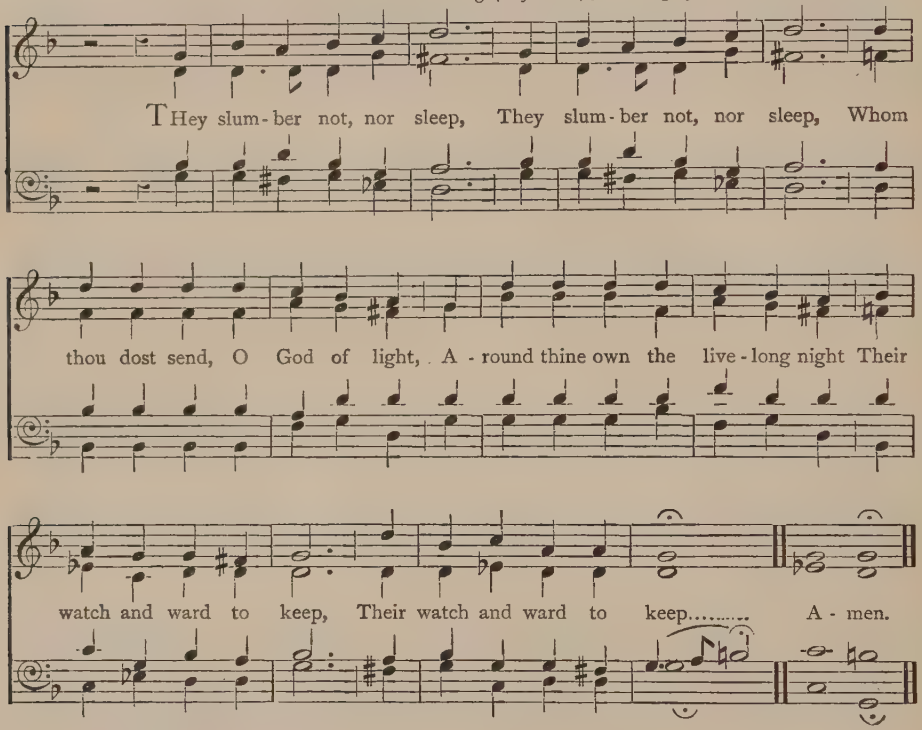
6 When one shall be the Shepherd,
One flock, one only pen—
Safe from the wolf and leopard
I may be folded then,
'Mid Angels one with men.

Horæ ad usum Sarum (1531); Tr. *G. R. W.*

270 THEY SLUMBER NOT, NOR SLEEP

Tune—SUSANNA (Iambic, 6.8.8.6.)

German Folk-song (xvj cent.); *Setting by M. Prætorius* (1609)


THey slum-ber not, nor sleep, They slum-ber not, nor sleep, Whom
thou dost send, O God of light, A-round thine own the live-long night Their
watch and ward to keep, Their watch and ward to keep..... A-men.

2 They leave their seats on high, (ij)
They leave the everlasting hymn,
Where Cherubim and Seraphim
Continually do cry. (ij)

3 They come to guard the bed, (ij)
Whereon, while others wake and weep,
Thou givest thy belovèd sleep,
And hover round their head. (ij)

4 They come to us by day,— (ij)
While, young and old, through joy and woe,
Along our daily course we go,—
To guard us on our way. (ij)

5 Nor less they haste to soothe (ij)
Their vigils, who, with pain distrest,
Nor wake to strength, nor sleep to rest,—
And make the rough ways smooth. (ij)

6 So peradventure now (ij)
Our eyes, if loosed from flesh, might see
Such an immortal company
As ne'er to monarch bow. (ij)

7 All glory be to thee (ij)
For those, who at thy bidding go
To guard and keep us here below,
Most Holy Trinity. (ij) Amen.

J. M. Neale (1818–1866)

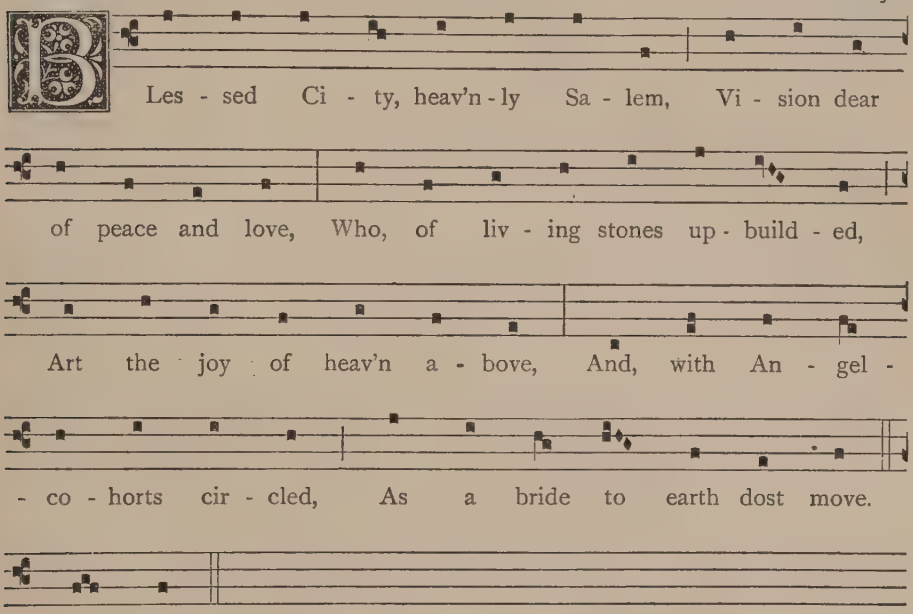
ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH

(1st Sunday in October)

271 VRBS BEATA HIERVSALEM

Sarvm Proper Melody (Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.8.7.)

[1st E & M] Mode ij


Les - sed Ci - ty, heav'n - ly Sa - lem, Vi - sion dear
of peace and love, Who, of liv - ing stones up - build - ed,
Art the joy of heav'n a - bove, And, with An - gel -
- co - horts cir - cled, As a bride to earth dost move.
A - men.

2 From celestial realms descending,
Ready for the nuptial bed,
To his presence deck'd with jewels,
By her Lord shall she be led:
All her streets and all her bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashionèd.

3 Bright with pearls her portals glitter;
They are open evermore;
And, by virtue of his merits,
Thither faithful souls may soar,
Who for Christ's dear Name in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

4 Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polish'd well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heav'nly Architect,
Who therewith hath will'd for ever
That his Palace should be deck'd.

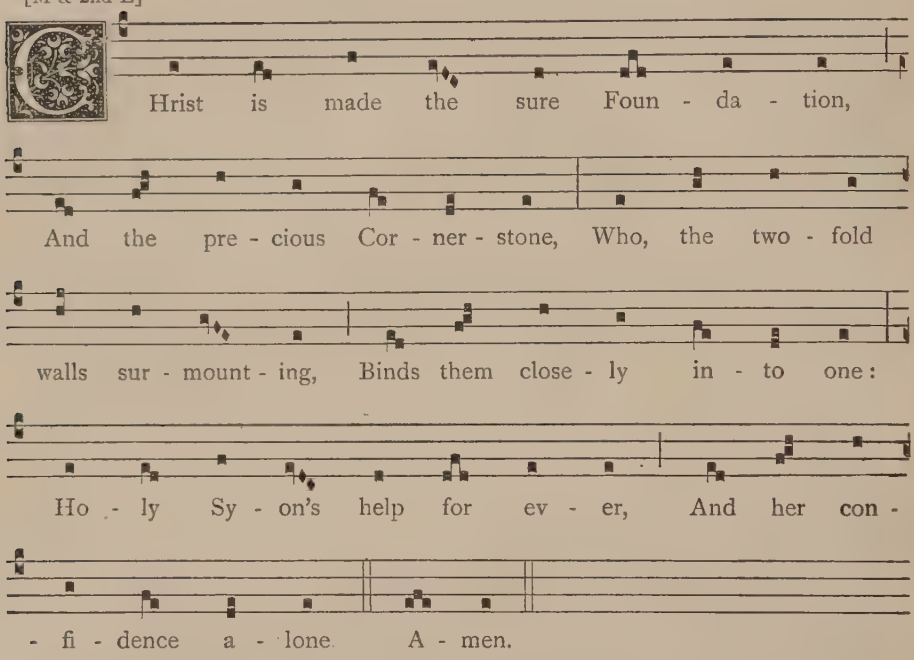
5 Laud and honour to the Father;
Laud and honour to the Son;
Laud and honour to the Spirit;
Ever Three, and ever One;
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

Anon. (vj or vij cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

272 ANGVLARE FVNDAMENTVM

DOMINICAN MELODY (Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.8.7.)

[M & 2nd E] Mode iv


Hrist is made the sure Foun - da - tion,
And the pre - cious Cor - ner - stone, Who, the two - fold
walls sur - mount - ing, Binds them close - ly in - to one:
Ho - ly Sy - on's help for ev - er, And her con -
- fi - dence a - lone. A - men.

2 All that dedicated City,
Dearly loved by God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody:
God the One, and God the Trinal
Singing everlastingly.

3 To this temple, where we call thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear thy people as they pray;
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls for ay.

4 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
That they supplicate to gain;
Here to have and hold for ever
Those good things their prayers obtain:
And hereafter in thy glory
With thy blessed ones to reign.

5 Laud and honour to the Father;
Laud and honour to the Son;
Laud and honour to the Spirit;
Ever Three and ever One:
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

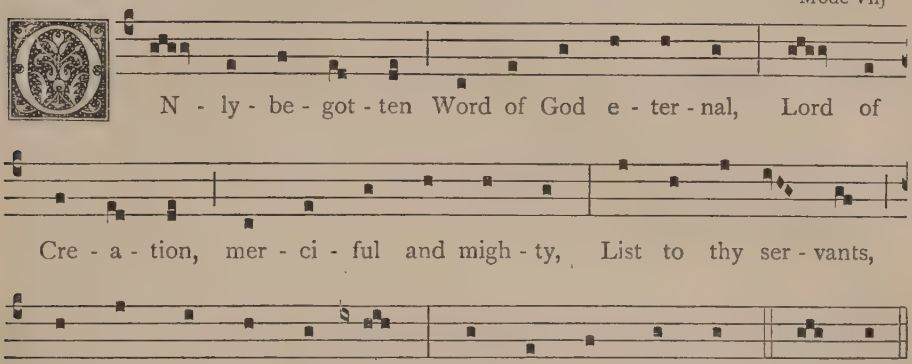
Anon. (vj or vij cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818-1866).

¶ *For another form of the Melody, see No. 40*

273 CHRISTE, CVNCTORVM

SARVM MELODY (Sapphic Measure)

Mode viij


O
N - ly - be - got - ten Word of God e - ter - nal, Lord of
Cre - a - tion, mer - ci - ful and migh - ty, List to thy ser - vants,
when their tune - ful voi - ces Rise to thy pre - sence. A - men.

2

Thus in our solemn Feast of Dedication,
Graced with returning rites of due devotion,
Ever thy children, year by year rejoicing,
Chaunt in thy temple.

3

This is thy Palace; here thy Presence-chamber;
Here may thy servants, at the mystick banquet,
Daily adoring, take thy Body broken,
Drink of thy Chalice.

4

Here for thy children stands the holy Laver,
Fountain of pardon for the guilt of nature,
Cleansed by whose water, springs a race anointed,
Liegemen of Jesus.

5

Here, in our sickness, healing grace aboundeth,
Light in our blindness, in our toil refreshment;
Sin is forgiven, hope o'er fear prevaileth,
Joy over sorrow.

6

Hallow'd this dwelling where the Lord abideth;
This is none other than the gate of Heaven;
Strangers and pilgrims, seeking homes eternal,
Pass through its portals.

7

Lord, we beseech thee, as we throng thy temple,
By thy past blessings, by thy present bounty,
Smile on thy children, and with tender mercy
Hear our petitions.

8

God in Three Persons, Father everlasting,
Son co-eternal, ever-blessed Spirit,
Thine be the glory, praise, and adoration,
Now and for ever. Amen.

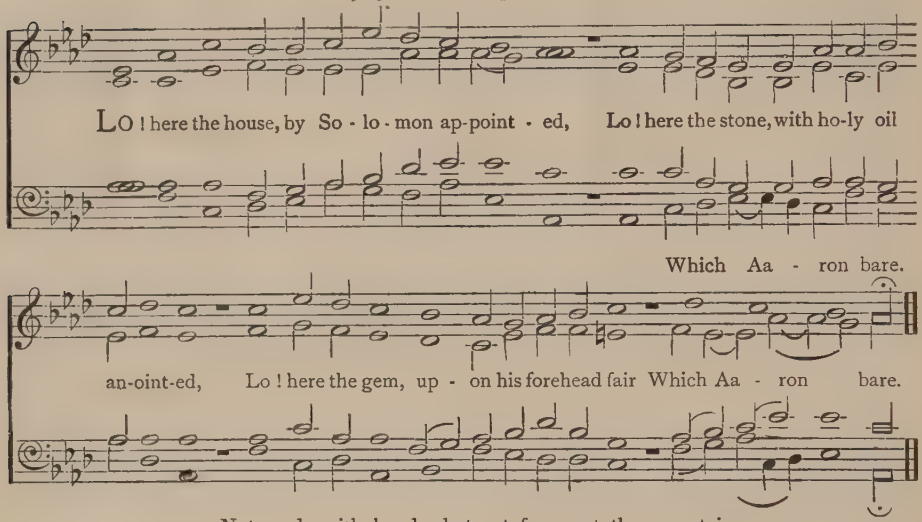
Mozarabic Breviary (vij cent.); Tr. *M. J. Blacker* (1822–1888)

¶ *For other Melodies, see Nos. 226, 228 & 252*

274 TEMPLVM HOC PACIFICVS

Tune—VOULOIR M'EST PRIS DE METTRE EN ESCRITURE. French Ps. ci
(Iambic, 11.11.10.4.)

Melody by Louis Bourgeois (1551); *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*


LO! here the house, by So - lo - mon ap-point - ed, Lo! here the stone, with ho-ly oil
Which Aa - ron bare.
an-oint-ed, Lo! here the gem, up - on his forehead fair Which Aa - ron bare.

2 Not made with hands, but cut from out the mountain,
'Tis he that laved us in his holy fountain:
Come then, ye faithful; sing with one accord,
'Bless we the Lord.'

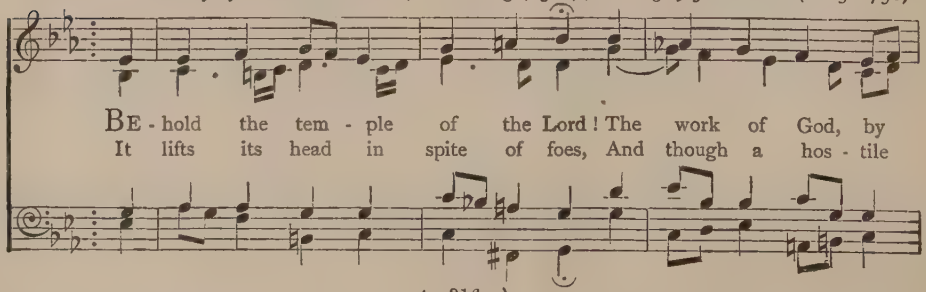
From an Hymner at Engelberg (xij cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

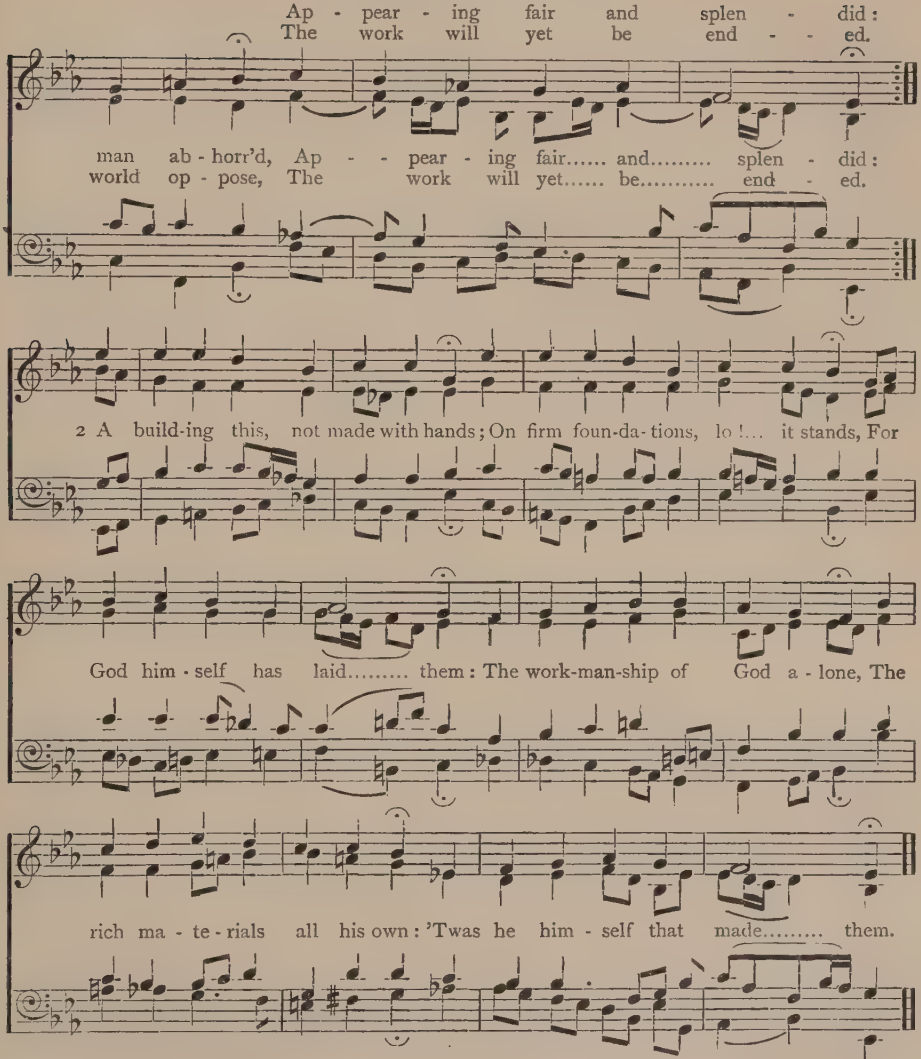
¶ *For two other Settings of this Melody, see Nos. 358* A & B

275 BEHOLD THE TEMPLE OF THE LORD

Tune—ES SIND DOCH SELIG [O MENSCH, BEWEIN] (Iambic, 8.8.7.8.8.7. D.)

Melody by Matthæus Greiter, Strassburg (1526); *Setting by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)




Ap - pear - ing fair and splen - did:
The work will yet be end - - ed.
man ab - horr'd, Ap - - pear - ing fair..... and..... splen - did:
world op - pose, The work will yet..... be..... end - ed.
2 A build-ing this, not made with hands; On firm foun-da-tions, lo!... it stands, For
God him - self has laid..... them: The work-man-ship of God a - lone, The
rich ma - te - rials all his own: 'Twas he him - self that made..... them.

3 He builds it for his glory's sake,
Its solid frame no force can shake,
However men despise it:
And time, that other work destroys,
'Gainst this in vain its power employs;
The work of God defies it.

4 From age to age his work goes on,
The stones collected one by one;
Ere long it will be finish'd:
And when he works his grand design,
The temple will for ever shine
With lustre undiminish'd.

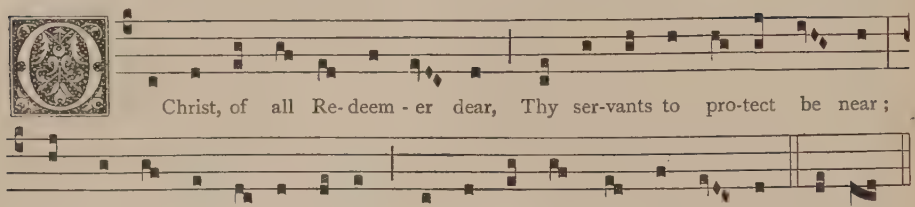
Thomas Kelly (1769–1854)

¶ *For the original form of the Melody, see No. 33; for another Tune, No. 118*

ALL SAINTS' DAY

276 CHRISTE REDEMPTOR OMNIVM

[E & M] SARVM MELODY (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.) Mode j


O Christ, of all Re-deem-er dear, Thy ser-vants to pro-tect be near;
Who to the plead-ing heark-en-est Of Ma-ry, Ev-er-Vir-gin blest. A-men.

2 And ye, all blissful hosts on high
Of heav'nly spirits, camping nigh,
Our past and present ills dispel,
From future perils guard us well.

3 Ye prophets of the Judge adored,
And twelve Apostles of the Lord,
For us your ceaseless prayers outpour,
Salvation for our souls implore.

4 Martyrs of God, renown'd for ay,
Confessors ranged in bright array,
Let all your orisons unite
To exalt us to the realms of light.

5 O Sacred Virgin-quires, may ye,
With Clerks of holy ministry,
And every Saint of Christ, obtain
That we his fellowship may gain.

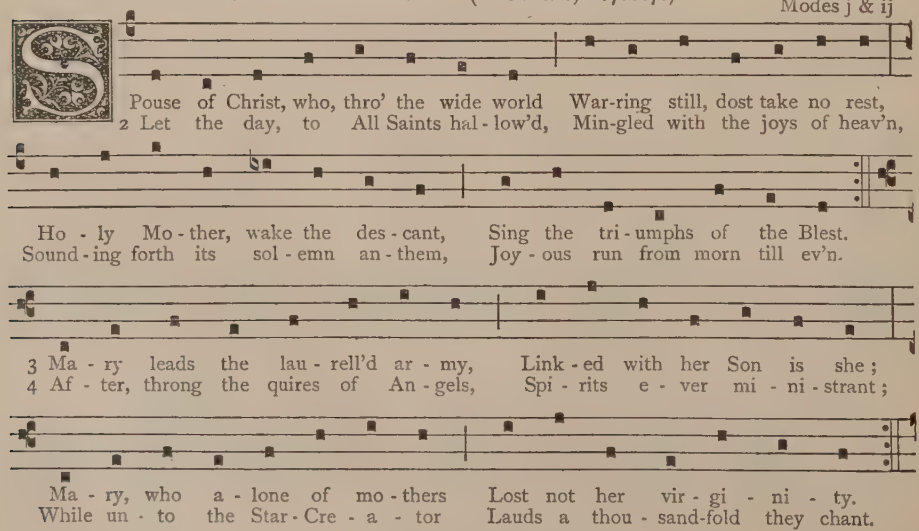
6 From lands wherein thy faithful dwell
Drive far the traitorous infidel;
So we to Christ due hymns of praise
Henceforth with gladsome hearts may raise.

7 To thee, O Father, born of none,
And thee, O sole-begotten Son,
With Holy Ghost, all glory be,
From age to age eternally. Amen.

Helisachar (ix cent.); Tr. *Hymner*

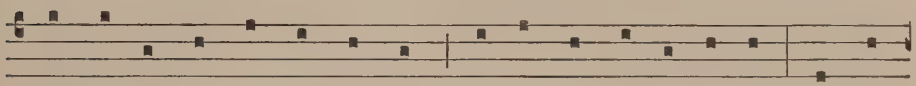
277 SPONSA CHRISTI, QVÆ PER ORBEM

GRENOBLE MELODY (Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.) Modes j & ij


S Pouse of Christ, who, thro' the wide world War-ring still, dost take no rest,
2 Let the day, to All Saints hal-low'd, Min-gled with the joys of heav'n,
Ho-ly Mo-ther, wake the des-cant, Sing the tri-umphs of the Blest.
Sound-ing forth its sol-emn an-them, Joy-ous run from morn till ev'n.
3 Ma-ry leads the lau-rell'd ar-my, Link-ed with her Son is she;
4 Af-ter, throng the quires of An-gels, Spi-rits e-ver mi-ni-strant;
Ma-ry, who a-lone of mo-thers Lost not her vir-gi-ni-ty.
While un-to the Star-Cre-a-tor Lauds a thou-sand-fold they chant.

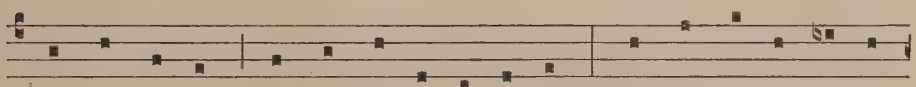
5 John with them, the more than pro - phet, Christ's Fore - run - ner, he - rald fleet,
6 Prin - ces of the sa - cred Se - nate, Saint - ly jud - ges of the earth;

Ho - ly Seers and hoar - y Fa - thers Sing th'ac - cor - dant song and sweet.
They, on lof - ty thrones ex - alt - ed, Weigh of all the works and worth.



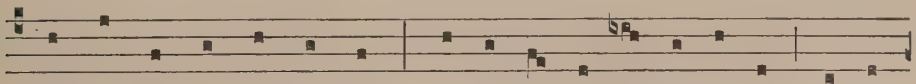
7 Mar - tyrs, of their life - blood thrift-less, Vest - ed in the pur - ple vest, Life through
8 There the Con - fes - sors of Je - sus, Pre-lates, with the Le - vite train, Spurn - ing

death's dim por - tal en - t'ring, Re - vel in un - end - ing rest. 9 Lo! in bri - dal
this world's vain en - joy - ments, Glo - ry e - ver - last - ing gain. 10 Saints of God, their



pomp fair Vir - gins, To the Lamb all con - se - crate, Haste with li - lies and with
lot is bles - sed, Him, th'Al-migh-ty they con - fess, Glo - ry give to God and

ro - ses, On the Bride-groom's steps to wait. 11 Saints of heav'n, ye hap - py Spi - rits,
hon - our, And his Name thrice ho - ly bless. 12 Drink we of the liv - ing Foun-tain,



Whom your God him - self doth bless, One with you in blest com-mu-nion, Share we
O'er the lands pour'd large - ly forth; Live we in a home of qui - et, All our

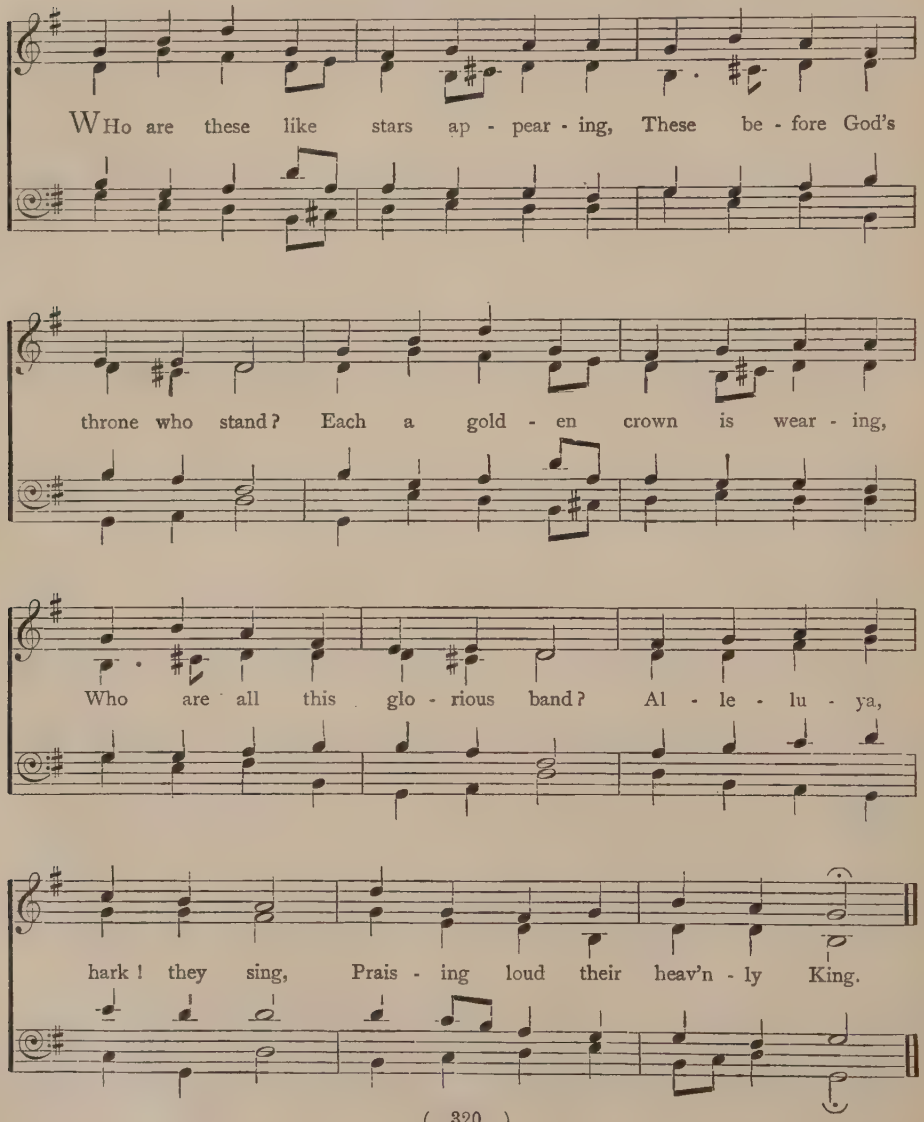
in your bles - sed - ness.
days up - on the earth. 13 Thus in ho - li - ness of ser - vice Serve we God, his

liege - men true; Here his ser-vants, and here - af - ter Dwel-lers in his light with you.

Paris Missal (*J. B. de Contes*, 1665); Tr. *W. J. Blew* (1808–1894)

278 Wer sind die vor Gottes Throne

PART I (Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.7.7.) *Gesangbuch, Elberfeld* (1857)


WHo are these like stars ap - pear - ing, These be - fore God's
throne who stand? Each a gold - en crown is wear - ing,
Who are all this glo - rious band? Al - le - lu - ya,
hark! they sing, Prais - ing loud their heav'n - ly King.

2 Who are these, of dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness,
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouch'd by time's rude hand?
Whence came all this glorious band?

3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
These, who well the fight sustain'd,
Triumph through the Lamb have gain'd.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried;
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

5 Branches of that Stock that saved them,
Where both grace and strength unite,
In the Lamb's pure Blood they laved them,
Wash'd their robes and made them white:
Now, adorn'd with holiness,
Shine they in their festal dress.

6 These like priests have watch'd and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night to serve him still:
Now, in God's most Holy Place,
Blest they stand before his face.

Part II

AS the hart at noon-tide panteth
For the brooks of water clear,
For the life-spring Jesus granteth
These have groan'd, with frequent tear:
Now their thirst is satisfied,
For they are by Jesu's side.

2 Lo! the Lamb himself now feeds them
On Mount Syon's pastures fair;
From his central throne he leads them
By the living fountains there:
Lamb and Shepherd! Good Supreme!
Free he gives the cooling stream.

3 Heav'nward now my hands extending,
Jesu Lord, to thee I pray,
Low before thy foot-stool bending,
Since on earth I still must stay,
All my dangers bear me through,
Lord, my Rock, my Saviour true.

4 With that holy throng uniting,
Then what rapture shall be mine!
In the Sun's bright beams delighting,
I too like the stars shall shine:
Lord, for this my voice shall raise
Thanks to thee, and endless praise.

Heinrich Theobald Schenk (1656–1727); Tr. *Frances Elisabeth Cox* (1812–1897)

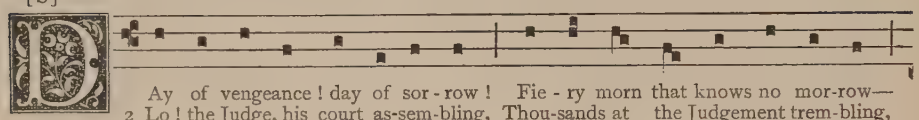
¶ *For other Melodies, see Nos. 117 & 352*

THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED

279 DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA

PROPER MELODY (Trochaic, 8.8.8; 8.8.8.8.7.7.)

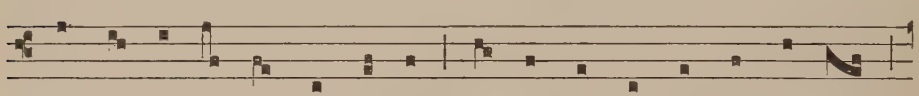
[S]



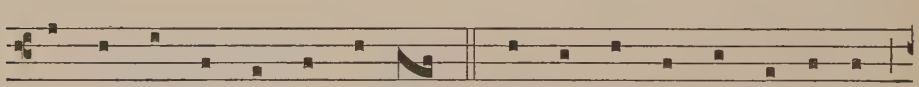
Ay of vengeance! day of sor-row! Fie-ry morn that knows no mor-row—
2 Lo! the Judge, his court as-sem-bling, Thou-sands at the Judgement trem-bling,

Seer and Si-byl's word to bor-row. 3 Hear th' un-earth-ly cla-rion knel-ling
Judge, with whom is no dis-sem-bling. 4 Death a-ghast, and na-ture dy-ing,

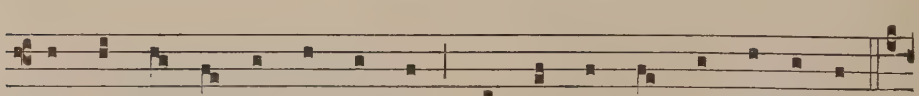
Through dim vault and char-nel-dwel-ling, All be-fore the throne com-pel-ling.
Start and swoon, while all things ly-ing Rise, un-to the Judge re-ply-ing.



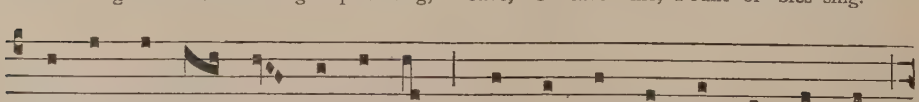
5 Forth they bring the Book—whose wri-ting, By its ter-ri-ble in-di-ting,
6 When the Judge his seat as-cend-eth, O-pen lies what-e'er of-fend-eth,

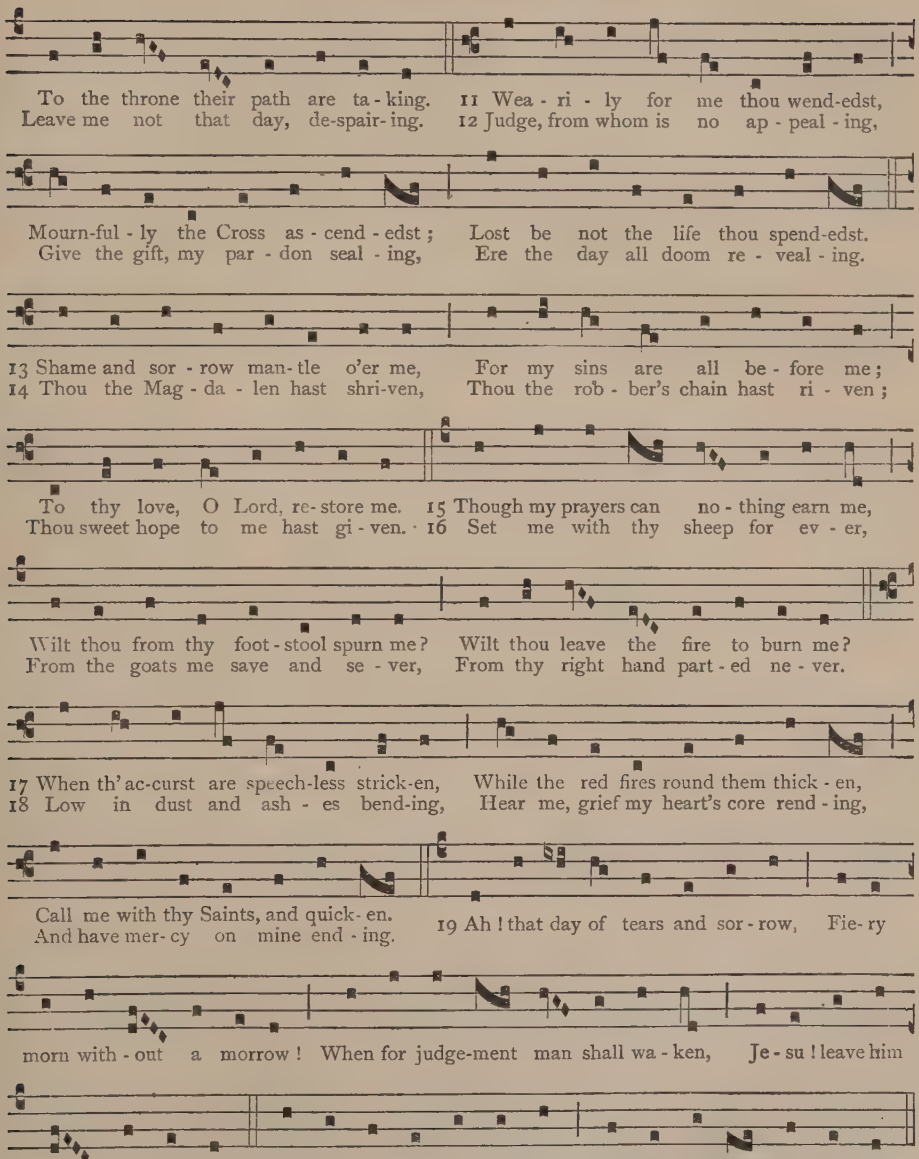


All the world with dread is smi-ting. 7 Sin-ner, in that hour ap-pal-ling—
Doom'd to wrath that ne-ver end-eth. 8 King of awe, all pow'r pos-ses-sing,



Whom, on whom shall I be cal-ling— When the just scarce 'scape from fal-ling?
Sa-ving those at heav'n's gate pres-sing, Save, O save me, Fount of bles-sing.

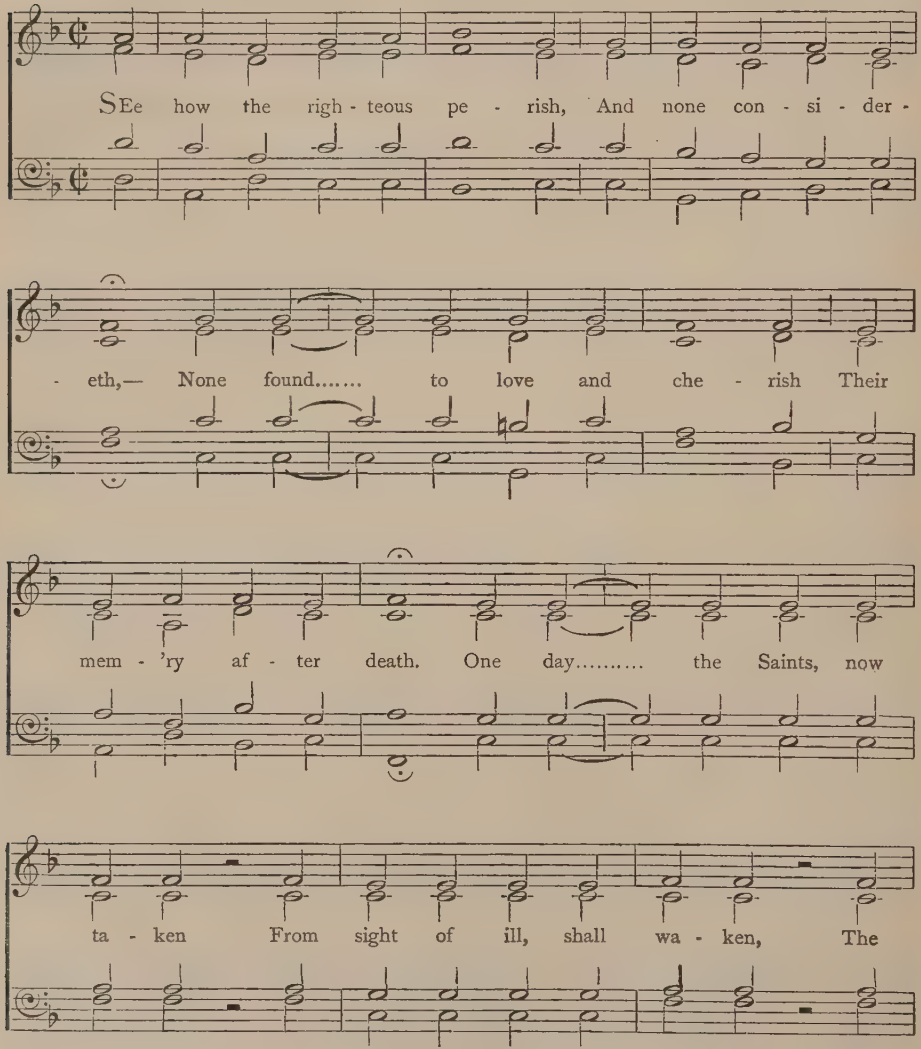


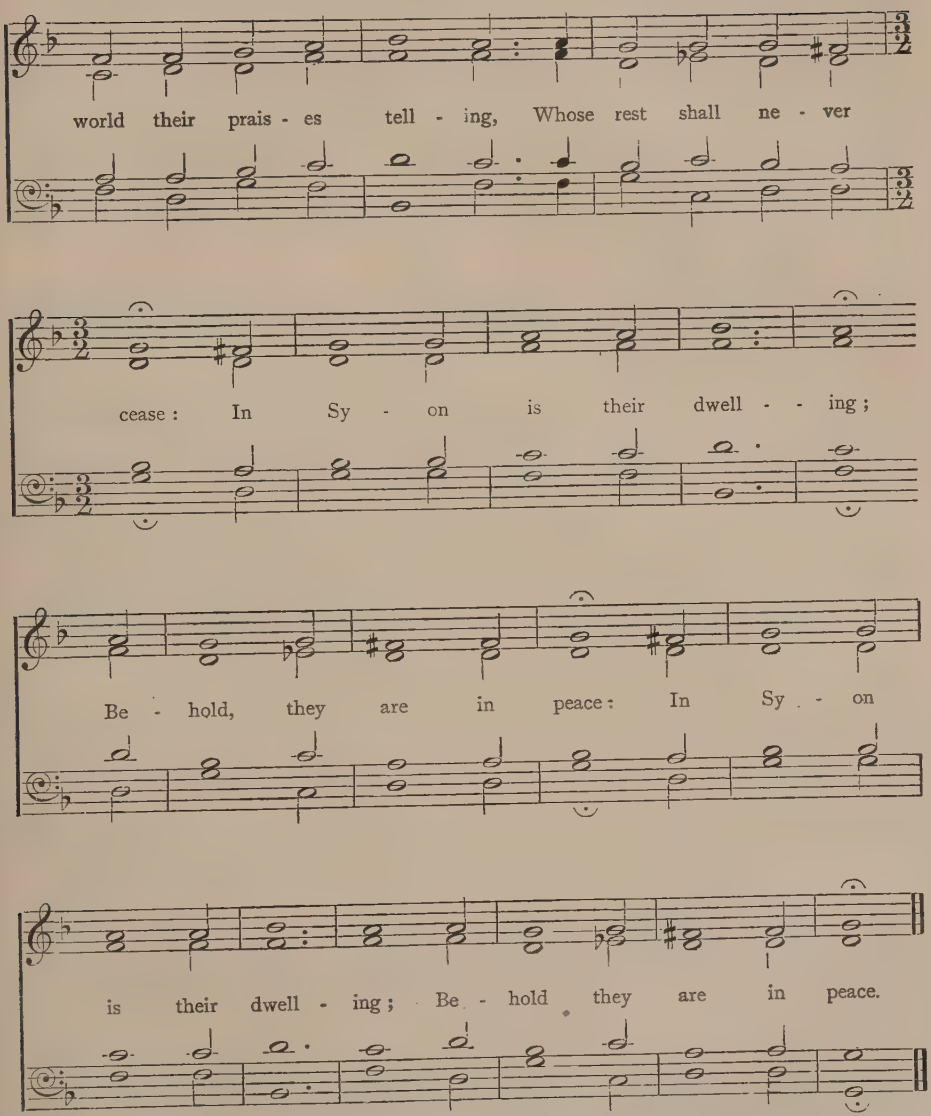
9 Day of dread, in wrath a-wak-ing, When the dead, from pris-on break-ing,
10 In thine heart, kind Je-su, bear-ing Me, the cause of thine hard far-ing,

To the throne their path are ta - king.
Leave me not that day, de-spair- ing.
11 Wea - ri - ly for me thou wend-edst,
12 Judge, from whom is no ap - peal - ing,
Mourn-ful - ly the Cross as - cend - edst;
Give the gift, my par - don seal - ing,
Lost be not the life thou spend-edst.
Ere the day all doom re - veal - ing.
13 Shame and sor - row man- tle o'er me,
14 Thou the Mag - da - len hast shri-ven,
For my sins are all be - fore me;
Thou the rob - ber's chain hast ri - ven;
To thy love, O Lord, re- store me.
Thou sweet hope to me hast gi - ven.
15 Though my prayers can no - thing earn me,
16 Set me with thy sheep for ev - er,
Wilt thou from thy foot - stool spurn me?
From the goats me save and se - ver,
Wilt thou leave the fire to burn me?
From thy right hand part - ed ne - ver.
17 When th' ac-curst are speech-less strick-en,
18 Low in dust and ash - es bend-ing,
While the red fires round them thick - en,
Hear me, grief my heart's core rend - ing,
Call me with thy Saints, and quick- en.
And have mer- cy on mine end - ing.
19 Ah! that day of tears and sor - row, Fie- ry
morn with - out a morrow! When for judge-ment man shall wa - ken, Je - su! leave him
not for - sa - ken: Leave not sin - ners, but to them Grant a gra-cious Re - qui - em.

Thomas of Celano (xiij cent); Tr. *W. J. Blew* (1808–1894)

280A ECCE QVOMODO MORITVR IVSTVS

Tune—JESU, NUN SEI GEPREISET (Iambic, 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.7.6.7.6.)

Wittenberg (1591); *Set by M. Prætorius* (1609)

SEe how the righ - teous pe - rish, And none con - si - der -
- eth,— None found..... to love and che - rish Their
mem - 'ry af - ter death. One day..... the Saints, now
ta - ken From sight of ill, shall wa - ken, The

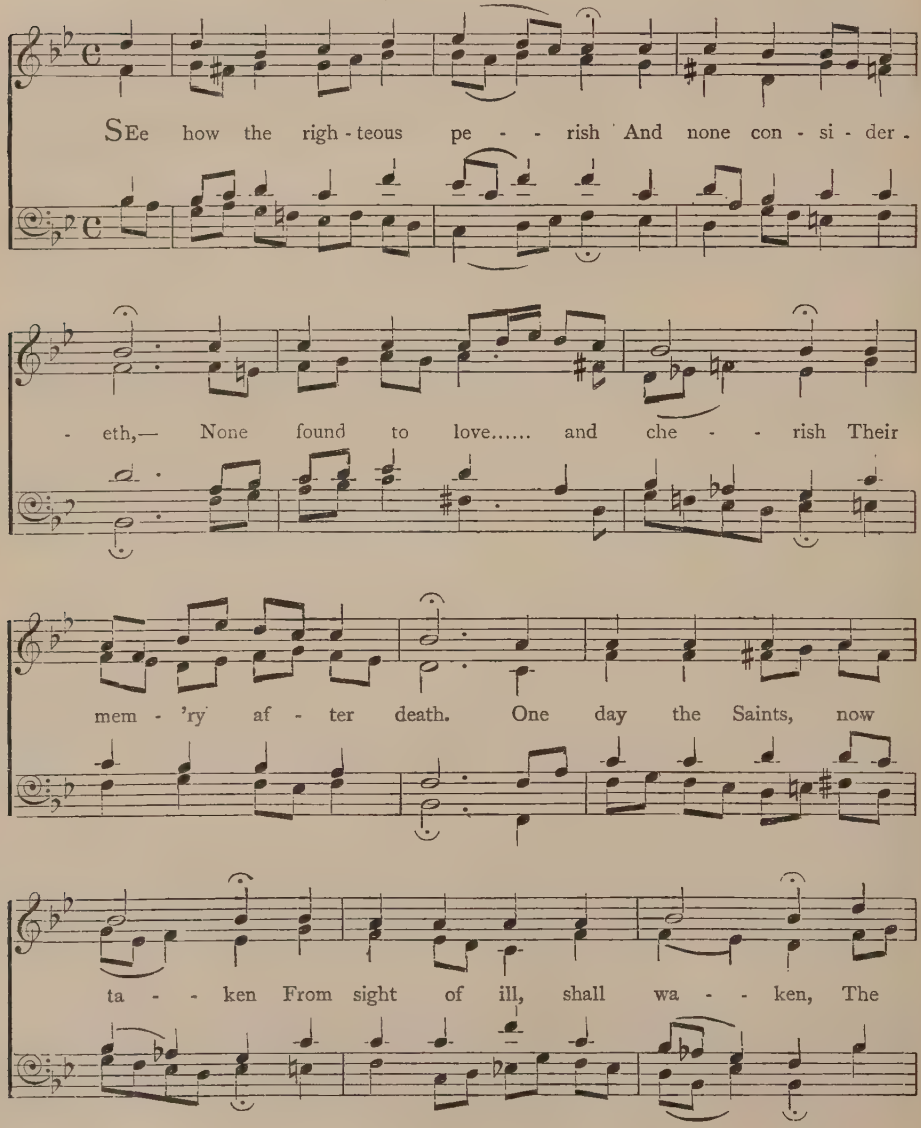

world their prais - es tell - ing, Whose rest shall ne - ver
cease: In Sy - on is their dwell - - ing;
Be - hold, they are in peace: In Sy - on
is their dwell - ing; Be - hold they are in peace.

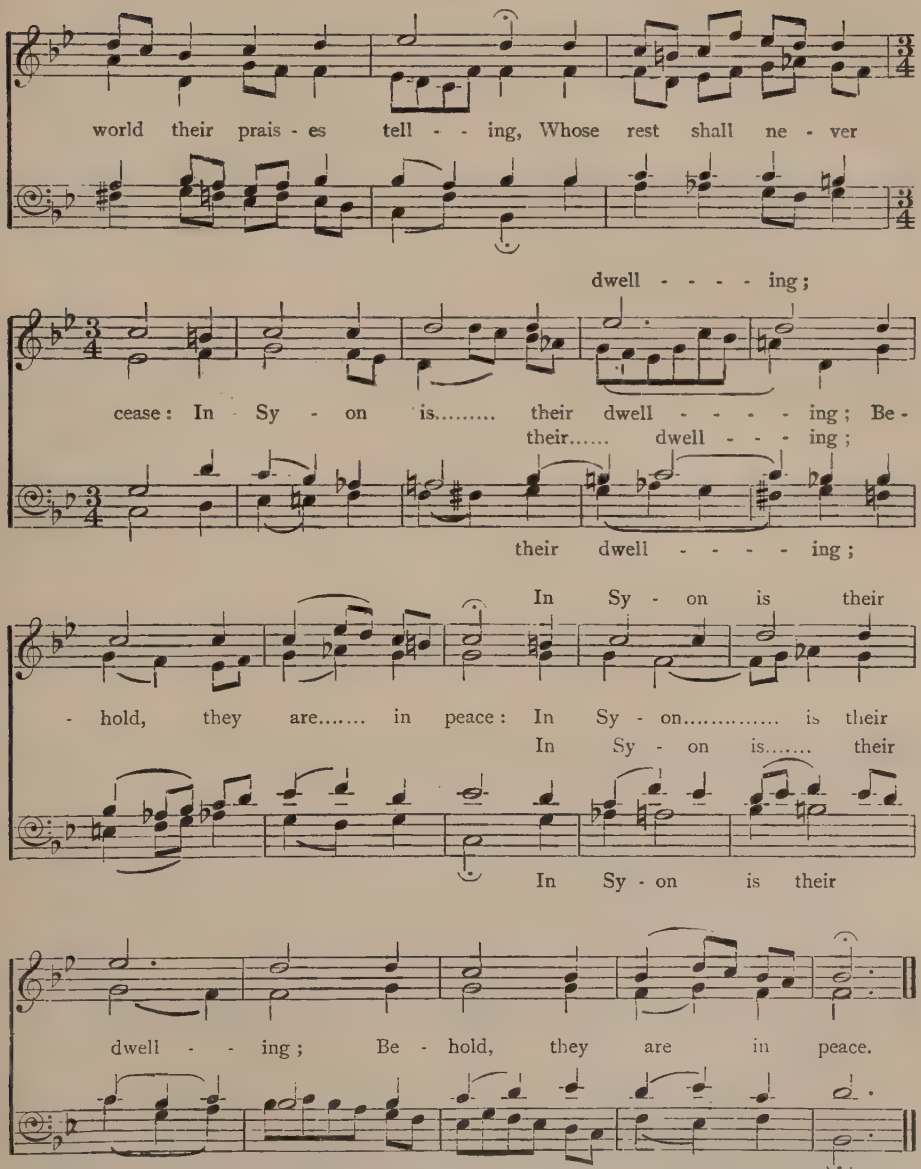
Mattins of Holy Saturday; Tr. *G. R. W.*

280B

Tune—JESU, NUN SEI GEPREISET (Iambic, 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.7.6.7.6.)

A later form of the foregoing, harmonized by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)


SEe how the righ - teous pe - - rish And none con - si - der -
- eth,— None found to love..... and che - - rish Their
mem - 'ry af - ter death. One day the Saints, now
ta - - ken From sight of ill, shall wa - - ken, The

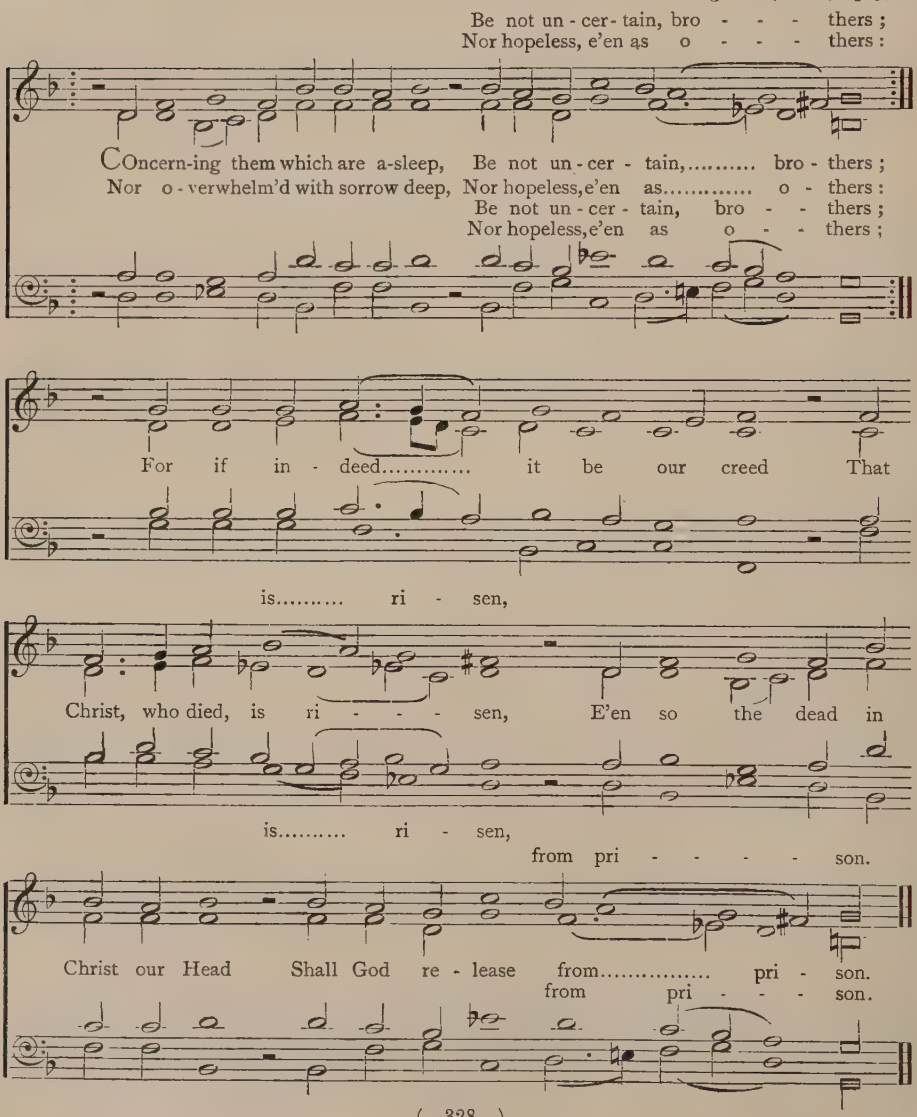

world their prais - es tell - - ing, Whose rest shall ne - ver
dwell - - - - ing;
cease: In Sy - on is..... their dwell - - - - ing; Be -
their..... dwell - - - ing;
their dwell - - - - ing;
In Sy - on is their
- hold, they are..... in peace: In Sy - on..... is their
In Sy - on is..... their
In Sy - on is their
dwell - - ing; Be - hold, they are in peace.

Mattins of Holy Saturday; Tr. *G. R. W.*

281 A Οὐ θέλω δὲ ὑμᾶς ἀγνοεῖν

Tune—IL ME SOUFFIT DE TOUTS MES MAULX (Iambic, 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.)

From Pier Atteignant (Paris, 1529)


Be not un - cer - tain, bro - - - - thers ;
Nor hopeless, e'en as o - - - - thers :
COncern-ing them which are a-sleep, Be not un - cer - tain,..... bro - thers ;
Nor o - verwhelm'd with sorrow deep, Nor hopeless, e'en as..... o - thers :
Be not un - cer - tain, bro - - thers ;
Nor hopeless, e'en as o - - thers ;
For if in - deed..... it be our creed That
is..... ri - sen,
Christ, who died, is ri - - - - sen, E'en so the dead in
is..... ri - sen,
from pri - - - - - son.
Christ our Head Shall God re - lease from..... pri - son.
from pri - - - son.

2 For, taught of God, to you we say,
(It is no doubtful story)
That we which be alive that day
When Jesus comes in glory,—
All we who bide until that tide,
Although the lesser number,
Shall not prevent our brethren pent
Within the tomb a-slumber.

3 For lo! the Lord himself shall hie
To earth, from heav'n descending,
With trump of God, with shout and cry
Of Angel-host attending:
The dead shall first their prison burst,
The saints in Jesus sleeping,—
And joyous rise toward the skies,
The fruits of penance reaping.

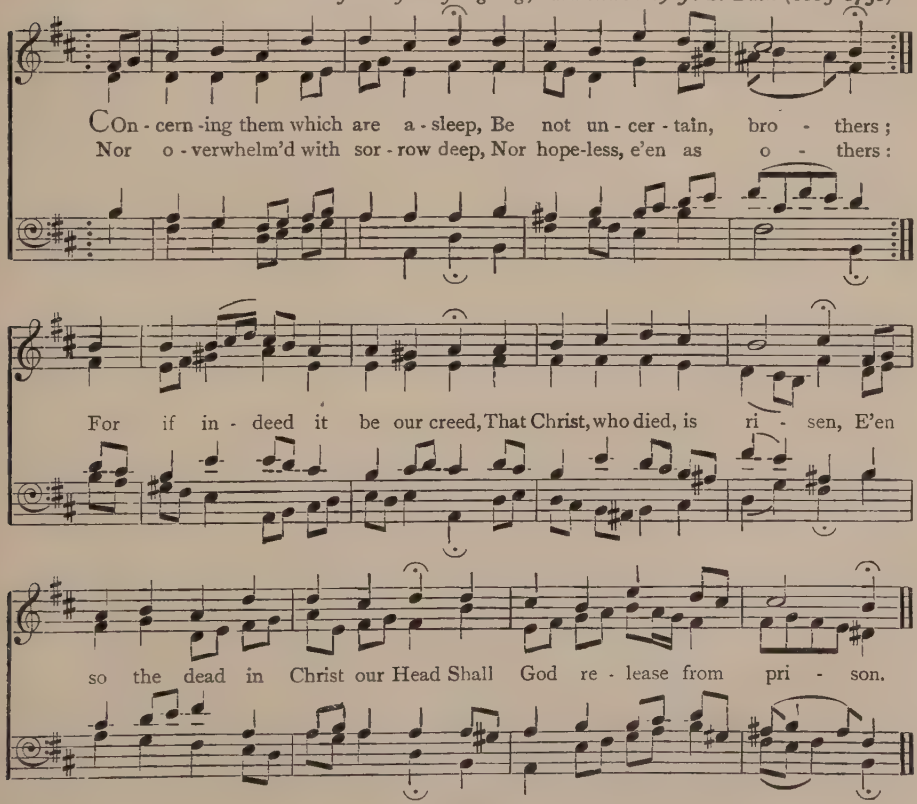
4 Then we, together with the rest,
Till doomsday we who tarried,
To meet aloft our Saviour blest,
Quick upward shall be carried:
And so shall we for ever be
With him, the Lord of heaven:
Wherefore by this sure word of bliss
Be hope to mourners given.

1 Thess. iv. 13–18; Tr. *G. R. W.*

281 B

Tune—WAS MEIN GOTT WILL, DAS G'SCHEH' ALLZEIT (Iambic, 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.)

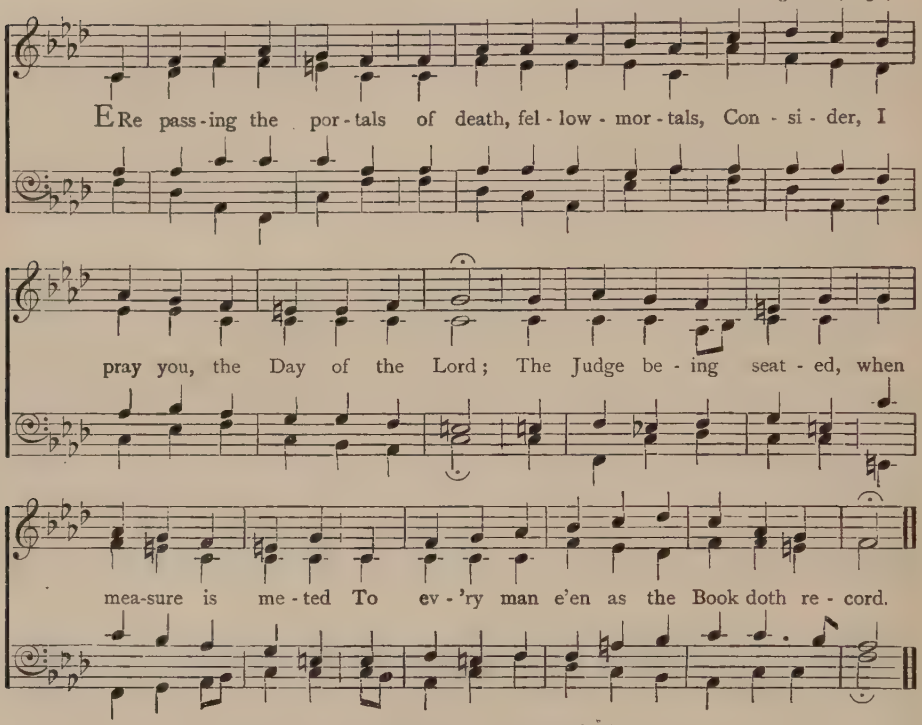
A later form of the foregoing, harmonized by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)


Con - cern -ing them which are a - sleep, Be not un - cer - tain, bro - thers;
Nor o - verwhelm'd with sor - row deep, Nor hope-less, e'en as o - thers:
For if in - deed it be our creed, That Christ, who died, is ri - sen, E'en
so the dead in Christ our Head Shall God re - lease from pri - son.

282 Ὅταν τίθωνται θρόνοι

Tune—O CHRISTLICHE HERZEN (Amphibrach, 12.11.12.11.)

Portnersches Gesangbuch (1831)


ERe pass-ing the por-tals of death, fel-low-mor-tals, Con-si-der, I
pray you, the Day of the Lord; The Judge be-ing seat-ed, when
mea-sure is me-ted To ev-'ry man e'en as the Book doth re-cord.

2 In that day and hour, when heaven shall lower,
E'en witnessing legions of Angels in dread,
When rivers of fire mount higher and higher,
What blackness the face of mankind shall o'erspread!

3 Say, say from thine innermost heart, fellow-sinner,
If Satan here held thee bond-servant and drudge,
Upon that high morrow of joyaunce or sorrow,
How shalt thou make answer to Jesus thy Judge?

4 What time we do hear him bid Hallows draw near him,
'Come hither, inherit, good daughter and son,
The Father supernal his kingdom eternal,
Made ready for you ere the world was begun.'

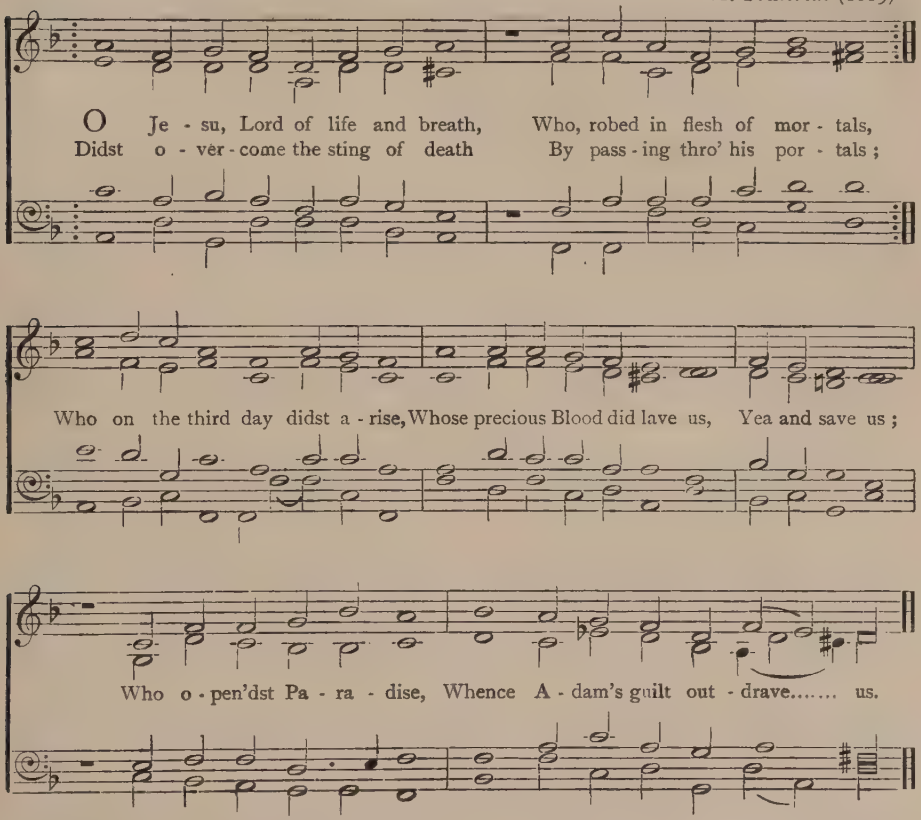
5 But to the deceiver, profane, unbeliever,
'Depart, ye accurst, into torment for aye,'—
When stiff unrepentance receiveth due sentence,
Who, who may abide it, that terrible day?

Greek Triodion; Tr. *G. R. W.*

283 Ὁ τῷ οἰκείῳ αἵματι

Tune—ICH RUFF ZU DIR, HERR IESU CHRIST (Iambo-trochaic, 8.7.8.7.8.7.4.6.7.)

M. Prætorius (1609)


O Je - su, Lord of life and breath, Who, robed in flesh of mor - tals,
Didst o - ver - come the sting of death By pass - ing thro' his por - tals;
Who on the third day didst a - rise, Whose precious Blood did lave us, Yea and save us;
Who o - pen'dst Pa - ra - dise, Whence A - dam's guilt out - drave..... us.

2 We therefore pray thee have in mind
The Faithful hence departed;
Refresh the souls of all mankind,
The holy, humble-hearted,
Whose bodies, wheresoe'er they be,
Released from earthly cumber,
Many in number,
Entomb'd within the sea,
Or in God's acre slumber.

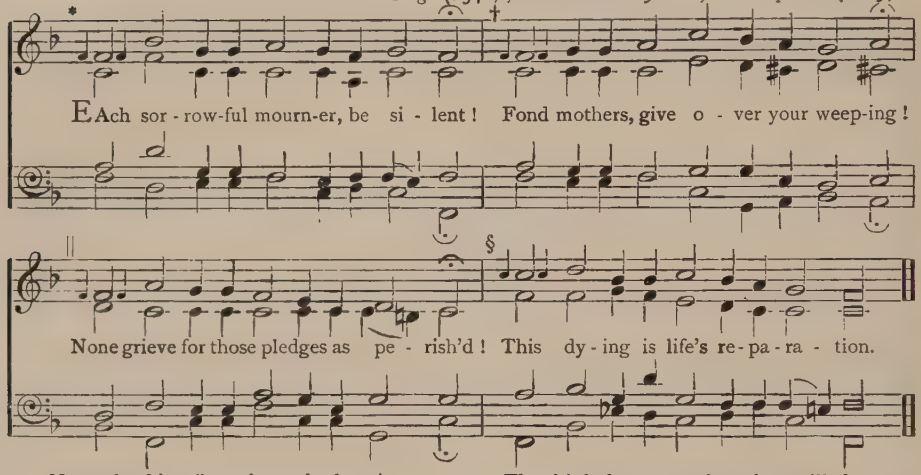
3 On priest and people, poor and peer,
On country-folk or city,
On young or old, from far or near,
Of every age, have pity!
Our Judge upon the latter day,
Thy servants' worth perpending,
And commending,
Raise us to life, we pray,
The life that hath no ending.

Greek Triodion; Tr. *G. R. W.*

284 IAM MŒSTA QVIESCE QVERELA

PROPER TUNE (Irregular Metre)

Klug (1542); *Harmonized by Gottfried Vopelius* (1609)


EAch sor - row-ful mourn-er, be si - lent! Fond mothers, give o - ver your weep-ing!
None grieve for those pledges as pe - rish'd! This dy - ing is life's re - pa - ra - tion.

2 Now take *him*, O earth, to thy keeping,
And give *him* soft rest in thy bosom:
I entrust thee the generous fragments,
And lend thee the frame of a Christian.

3 Thou holily guard the deposit;
He will well, he will surely require it,
Who, forming it, made his creation
The type of his image and likeness.

4 We follow thy saying, Redeemer,
Whereby, as on death thou wast trampling,
The thief, thy companion, thou willedst
To tread in thy footsteps and triumph.

5 To the faithful the bright way is open
Henceforward to Paradise leading;
And to that blessed grove we have access
Whereof man was bereav'd by the serpent.

6 Thou Leader and Guide of thy people,
Give command that the soul of thy servant
May have holy repose in the country
Whence exile and erring *he* wander'd.

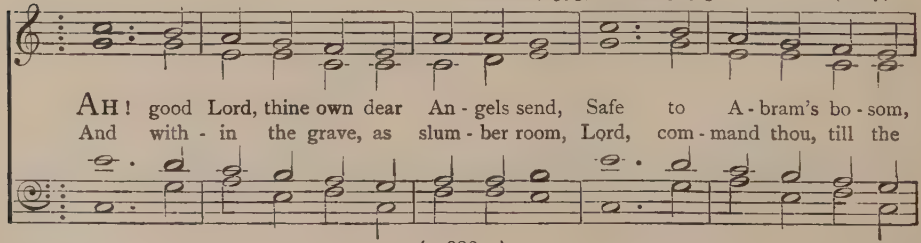
Prudentius (iv cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

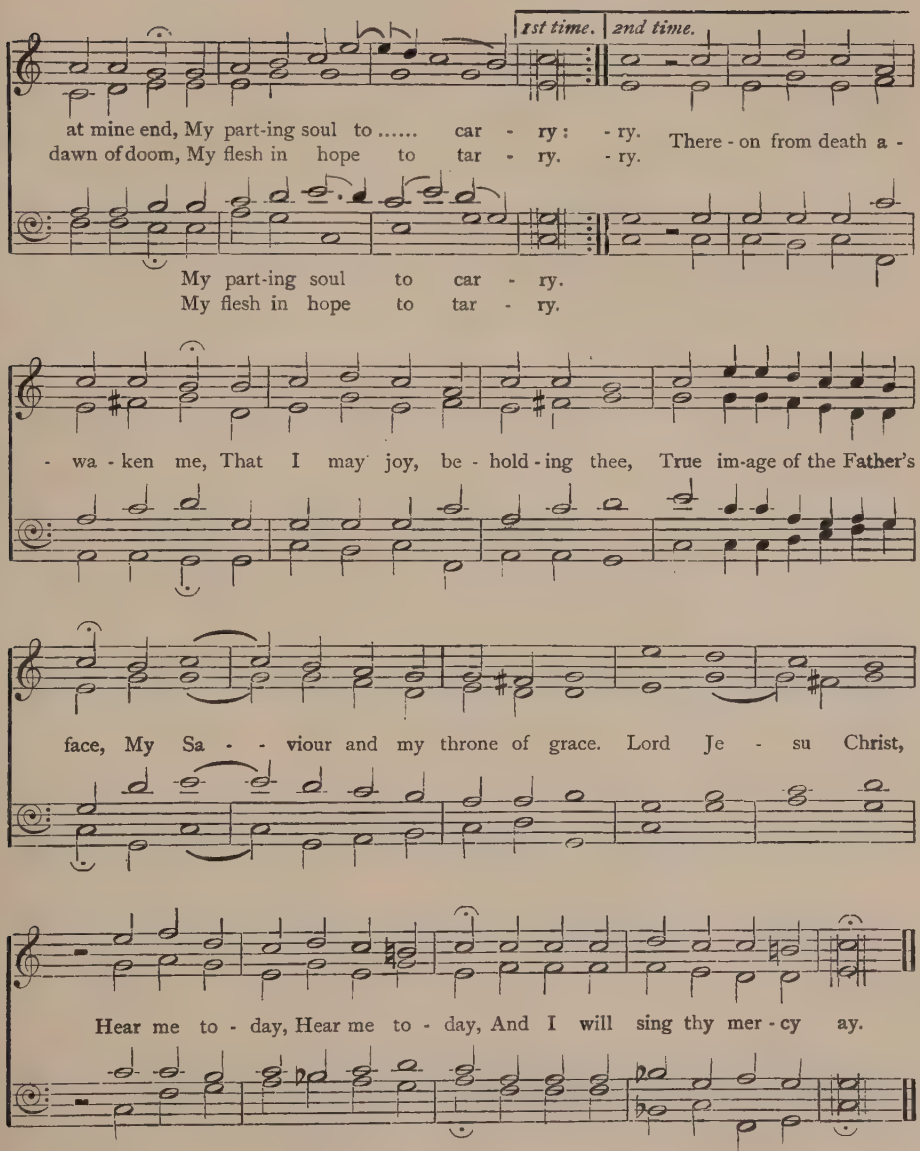
Two crotchets, instead of one minim, are required in the following places:—* Verse 5. † Verses 3, 6. ‖ Verses 2, 5, 6. § Verse 5.

285 Ach, Herr, laß dein lieb' Engelein

Tune—HERZLICH LIEB HAB' ICH DICH, O MEIN HERR (Trochaic-Iambic, 9.9.7.9.9.7.8.8.8.8.8.8.)

Dresden (1593); *Setting by J. H. Schein* (1627)


AH! good Lord, thine own dear An - gels send, Safe to A - bram's bo - som,
And with - in the grave, as slum - ber room, Lord, com - mand thou, till the

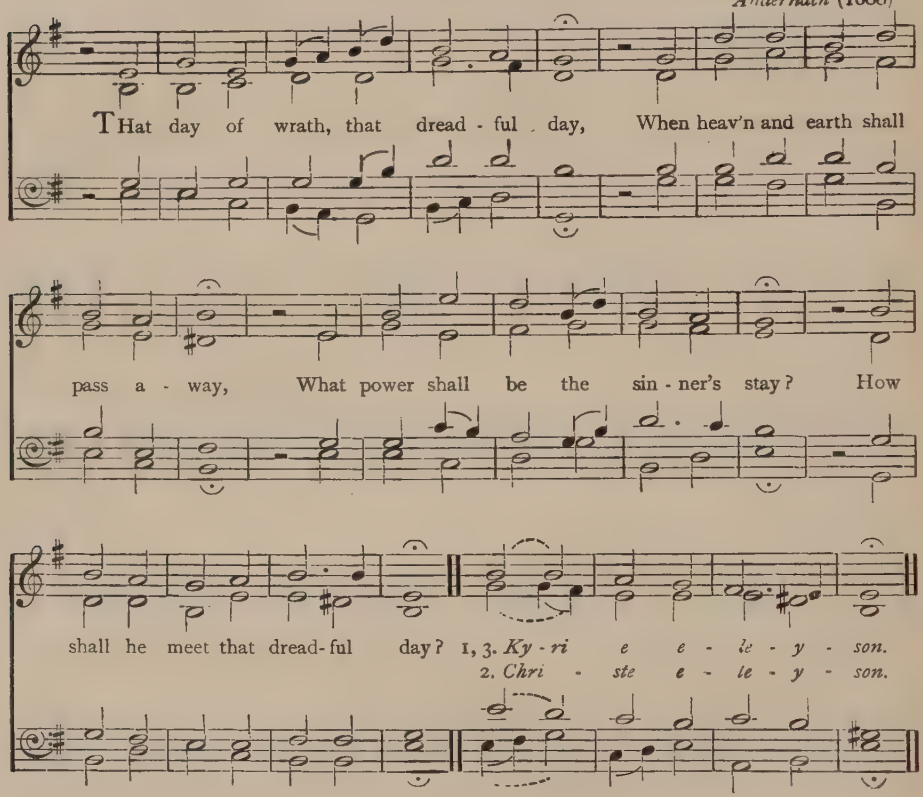

1st time.
2nd time.
at mine end, My part-ing soul to ..... car - ry: - ry.
dawn of doom, My flesh in hope to tar - ry. - ry.
There - on from death a -
My part-ing soul to car - ry.
My flesh in hope to tar - ry.
- wa - ken me, That I may joy, be - hold - ing thee, True im-age of the Father's
face, My Sa - - viour and my throne of grace. Lord Je - su Christ,
Hear me to - day, Hear me to - day, And I will sing thy mer - cy ay.

Martin Schalling (1532–1608); *Tr. G. R. W.*

286 THAT DAY OF WRATH, THAT DREADFUL DAY

Tune—IAM LVCIS ORTO SIDERE (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.5.)

Andernach (1608)


THat day of wrath, that dread - ful day, When heav'n and earth shall
pass a - way, What power shall be the sin - ner's stay? How
shall he meet that dread-ful day? 1, 3. Ky - ri e e - le - y - son.
2. Chri - ste e - le - y - son.

2 When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heav'ns together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead,—
Christe eleyson.

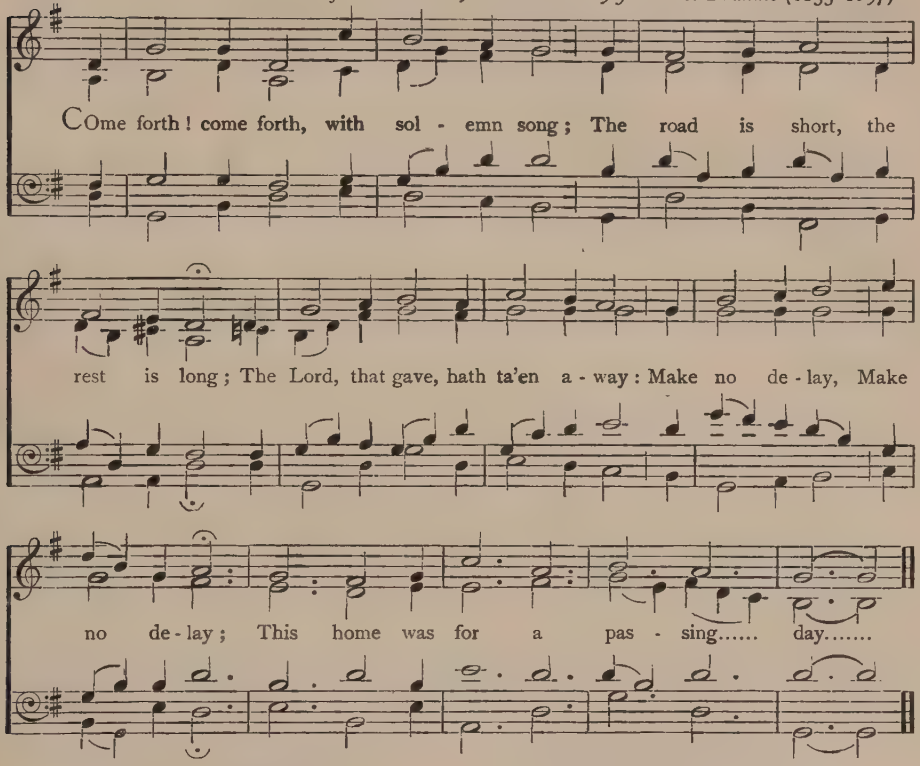
3 O! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgement wakes from clay,
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heav'n and earth shall pass away:
Kyrie eleyson.

Walter Scott (1771–1832)

287 Wohlauf, wohlauf zum letzten Gang

Tune—ICH FAHR DAHIN (Iambic, 8.8.8.4.4.8.)

Minnelied of the xiv cent.; Harmonized by Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)


COme forth! come forth, with sol - emn song; The road is short, the
rest is long; The Lord, that gave, hath ta'en a - way: Make no de - lay, Make
no de - lay; This home was for a pas - sing..... day.....

2 Here in an inn a stranger dwelt;
Here joy and grief by turns *he* felt:
Poor dwelling, now we close thy door;
The task is o'er; (ij)
The sojourner returns no more.

3 Now, of a lasting home possest,
He goes to seek a deeper rest:
Good-night! the day was sultry here,
In toil and fear; (ij)
Good-night! the night is cool and clear.

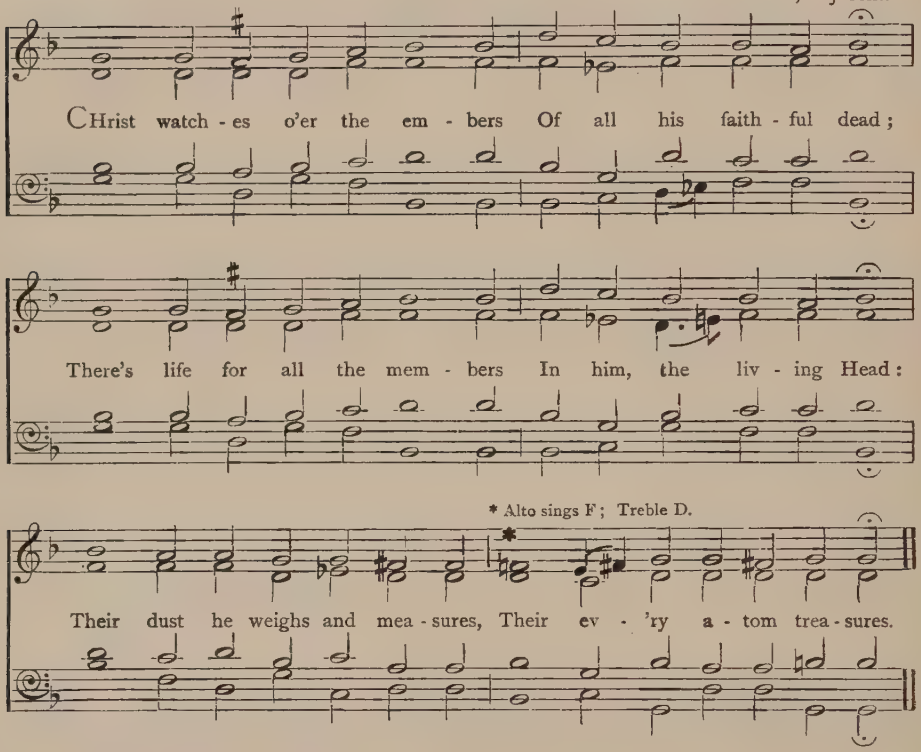
4 Chime on, ye bells! again begin,
And ring the Sabbath-morning in;
The labourer's week-day work is done,
The rest begun, (ij)
Which for his people Christ hath won.

C. F. H. Sachse (1785–1860); Tr. *Jane Borthwick* (1813-1897)

288 CHRIST WATCHES OE'R THE EMBERS

Tune—BELLE, QUI TIENS MA VIE (Iambic, 7.6.7.6.7.7.)

Pavan, xvj cent.


CHrist watch - es o'er the em - bers Of all his faith - ful dead;
There's life for all the mem - bers In him, the liv - ing Head:
* Alto sings F; Treble D.
Their dust he weighs and mea - sures, Their ev - 'ry a - tom trea - sures.

2 He once, a Victor bleeding,
Slew Death, destroy'd the grave:
Now throned, yet interceding,
He lives, thy soul to save:
He comes—O day of wonder!
The graves are rent asunder.

3 But O that vast transition!
How shall a creature dare
Gaze on the awful vision,
To find a Saviour there?
Those whom he deigns to cherish
Shall never, never perish.

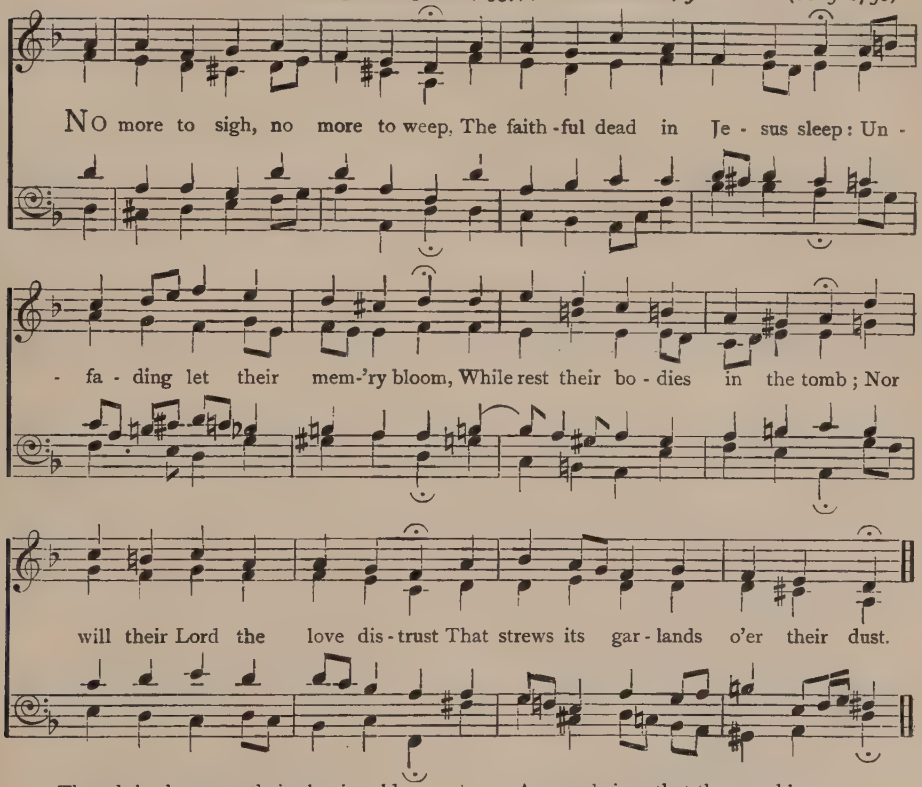
4 His mercy shall prevent them,
His righteousness invest;
He shall himself present them
Before the Father, drest
In robes of spotless whiteness,
All beauty, joy and brightness.

Josiah Conder (1789–1855)

289 NO MORE TO SIGH, NO MORE TO WEEP

Tune—VATER UNSER IM HIMMELREICH (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.8.8.)

Strasbourg Gesangbuch (1537); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


NO more to sigh, no more to weep. The faith-ful dead in Je-sus sleep: Un-
-fa-ding let their mem-'ry bloom, While rest their bo-dies in the tomb; Nor
will their Lord the love dis-trust That strews its gar-lands o'er their dust.

2 Though in the grave their clay is cold,
They have not left the Christen fold;
Still we are sharers of their joy,
Companions of their blest employ:
And thee in them, O Lord most high,
And them in thee, we magnify.

3 An angel sings that they are blest;
Yea, saith the Spirit, sweet their rest;
In bowers of Paradise they meet,
Secure beneath their Saviour's feet;
Nor fear the trump that soon shall all
Before the throne of judgement call.

4 In evil days, when earth is old,
And faith grows dim, and love is cold,
Let Christen footsteps softly tread
Where lie beneath the faithful dead;
And oft let faith and love repair
To gather light and kindling there

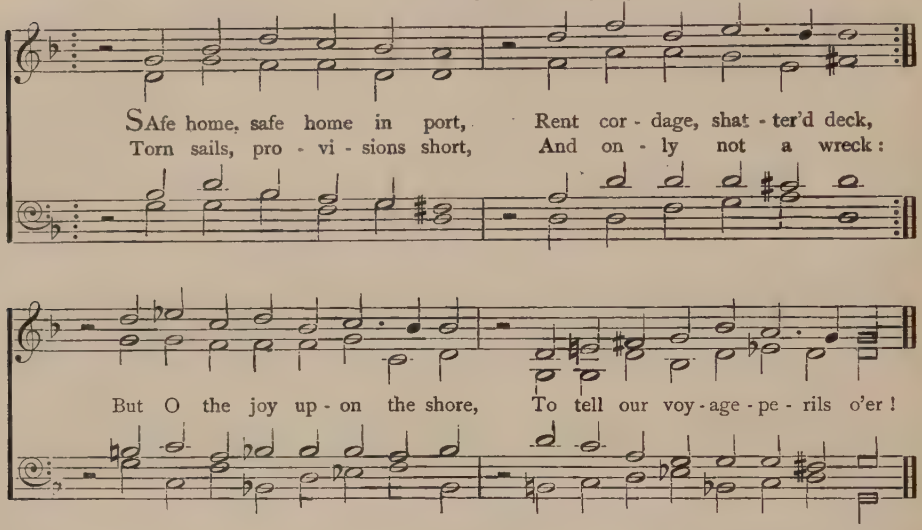
Robert Campbell (1814–1868)

¶ *For a simpler Setting, see No. 48; and, for another Melody, see No. 410* B

290 SAFE HOME, SAFE HOME IN PORT

Tune—DREI STÄND HAT GOTT DER HERR (Iambic, 6.6.6.6.8.8.)

Melody and Setting by Joh. Hermann Schein (1627)


SAfe home, safe home in port,
Rent cor - dage, shat - ter'd deck,
Torn sails, pro - vi - sions short,
And on - ly not a wreck:
But O the joy up - on the shore,
To tell our voy - age - pe - rils o'er!

2

The prize, the prize secure,
The athlete nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on.

3

No more the foe can harm:
No more of leaguer'd camp,
And cry of night-alarm,
And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly he had fail'd,
How nearly had that foe prevail'd!

4

The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penn'd:
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5

The exile is at home:
O nights and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins, and doubts, and fears;
What matter now, when (so men say)
The King has wiped those tears away?

6

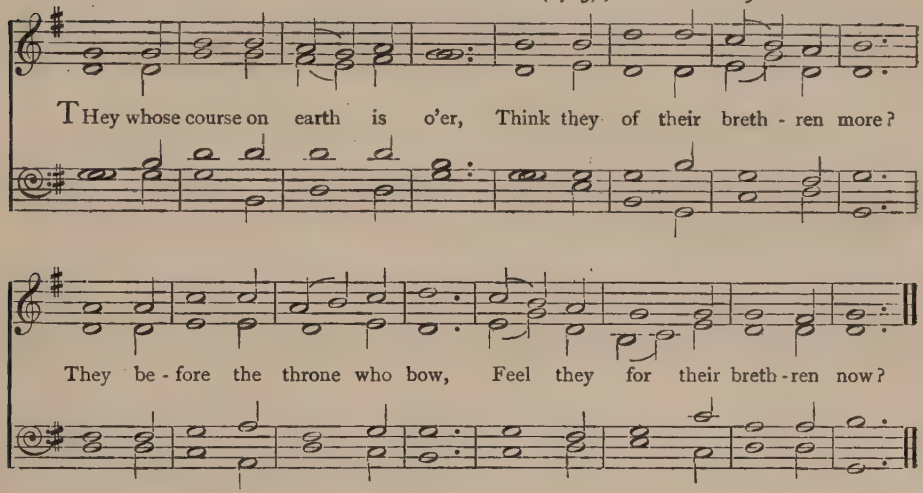
O happy, happy bride!
Thy widow'd hours are past;
The Bridegroom at thy side,
Thou all his own at last:
The sorrows of thy former cup
In full fruition swallow'd up.

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

291 THEY WHOSE COURSE ON EARTH IS O'ER

Tune—NACHT UND STILL IST'S (Trochaic, 7.7.7.7.)

Witthauer (1785); *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*


THey whose course on earth is o'er, Think they of their breth - ren more?
They be - fore the throne who bow, Feel they for their breth - ren now?

2

Yea, the dead in Christ have still
Part in all our joy and ill;
Keeping all our steps in view,
Guiding them, it may be, too.

3

We, by enemies distrest,—
They, in Paradise at rest;
We the captives,—they the freed,—
We and they are one indeed:

4

One in all we seek or shun;
One, because our Lord is One;
One in heart, and one in love;
We below, and they above.

5

Those whom many a land divides,
Many mountains, many tides,
Have they with each other part?
Have they fellowship in heart?

6

Each to each may be unknown,
Wide apart their lots be thrown:
Differing tongues their lips may speak,
One be strong, and one be weak:

7

Yet in Sacrament and prayer
Each with other hath a share;
Hath a share in tear and sigh,
Watch, and Fast, and Litany.

8

With each other join they here
In affliction, doubt, and fear;
That hereafter they may be
Join'd, O Lord, in bliss with thee!

9

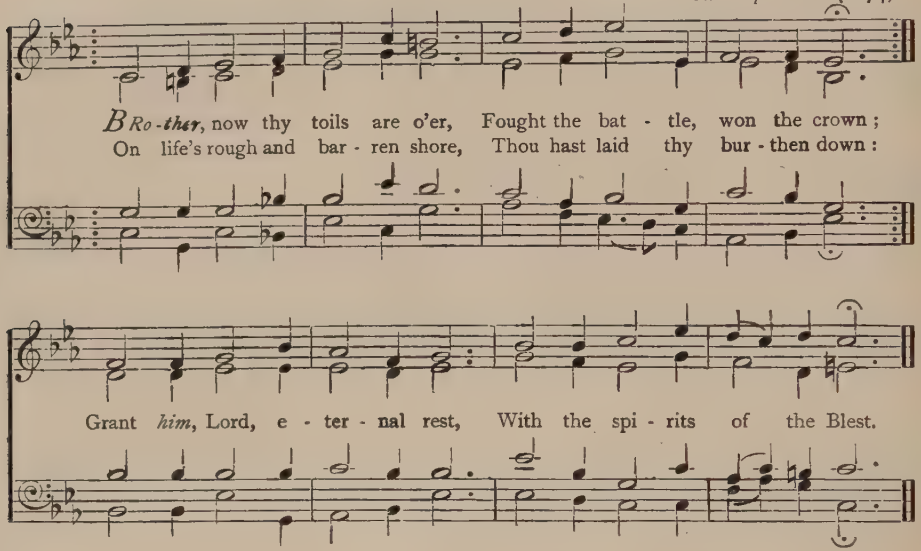
So with them our hearts we raise,
Share their work and join their praise;
Rendering worship, thanks, and love
To the Trinity above!

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

292 *BROTHER*, NOW THY TOILS ARE O'ER

Tune—IHR GESTIRN, IHR HOLEN LÜFT' (Trochaic, 7·7·7·7·7·7·)

Christoph Peter (1674)


Brother, now thy toils are o'er, Fought the bat - tle, won the crown;
On life's rough and bar - ren shore, Thou hast laid thy bur - then down:
Grant *him*, Lord, e - ter - nal rest, With the spi - rits of the Blest.

2

Through death's valley, dim and dark,
Jesus guide thee in the gloom,
Show thee where his footprints mark
Tracks of glory through the tomb.
Grant *him*, Lord, etc.

3

Angels bear thee to the land
Where the towers of Syon rise;
Safely lead thee by the hand,
To the fields of Paradise:
Grant *him*, Lord, etc.

4

White-robed, at the golden gate
Of the new Hierusalem,
May the host of Martyrs wait,
Give thee part and lot with them.
Grant *him*, Lord, etc.

5

Quires of Angels over us
Bear Christ's weak and trembling lamb,
Give thee peace with Lazarus
In the breast of Abraham:
Grant *him*, Lord, etc.

6

Rest in peace! the gates of hell
Touch thee not, till he shall come
For the souls he loves so well,—
Dear Lord of the heav'nly home.
Grant *him*, Lord, etc.

7

Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
Clay we give to kindred clay,
In the sure and certain trust
Of the Resurrection Day.
Grant *him*, Lord, etc.

Gerald Moultrie (1829–1885)

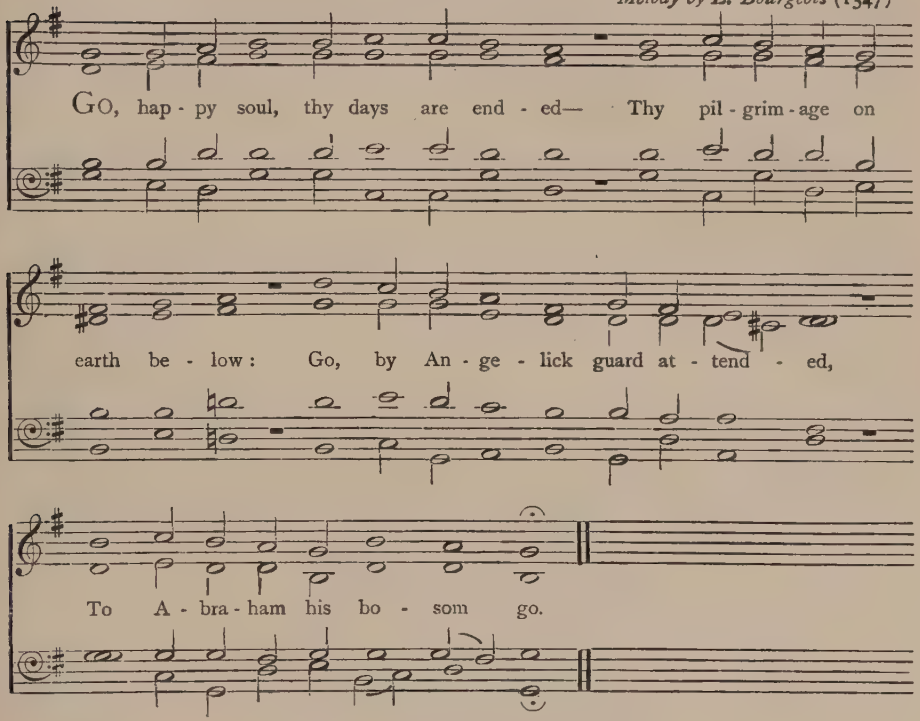
¶ *For another Melody, see No. 147*

293 GO, HAPPY SOUL

Tune—LEVE LE CŒUR, OUVRE L'AUREILLE [LES DIX COMMANDEMENS]

(Iambic, 9.8.9.8.)

Melody by L. Bourgeois (1547)



2 Nay, faint of heart, why stand and shiver,
A-dread to plunge in Jordan's tide?
Once safe across that ancient river,
'Tis Canaan on the farther side.

3 Go! Christ, the Shepherd good, befriend thee,
Who gave his life thy soul to win;
'Tis even he that shall defend thee,
Thy going out and coming in.

4 Depart in peace! Farewell to sadness!
May rest in Paradise be thine!
In Jesu's presence there is gladness:
Light everlasting on thee shine!

G. R. W.

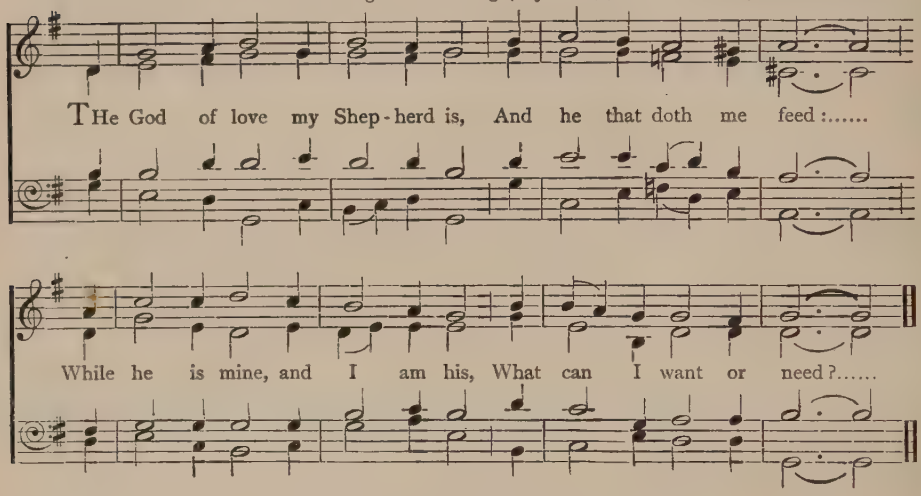
¶ *For Goudimel's Setting, with the Plainsong in the Tenor, see No. 83* B

GENERAL

PSALMS

294A DOMINVS REGIT ME (Ps. xxiii)

Tune—IN PESCOD TIME (Iambic, 8.6.8.6.)

Old English Folk-song (xvj cent.); *Harmonized by Charles Wood*

2 He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the streams that gently pass:
In both I have the best.

3 Or if I stray, he doth convert,
And bring my mind in frame:
And all this not for my desert,
But for his holy Name.

4 Yea, in death's shady black abode
Well may I walk, not fear:
For thou art with me, and thy rod
To guide, thy staff to bear.

5 Nay, thou dost make me sit and dine,
E'en in my enemies' sight;
My head with oil, my cup with wine
Runs over day and night.

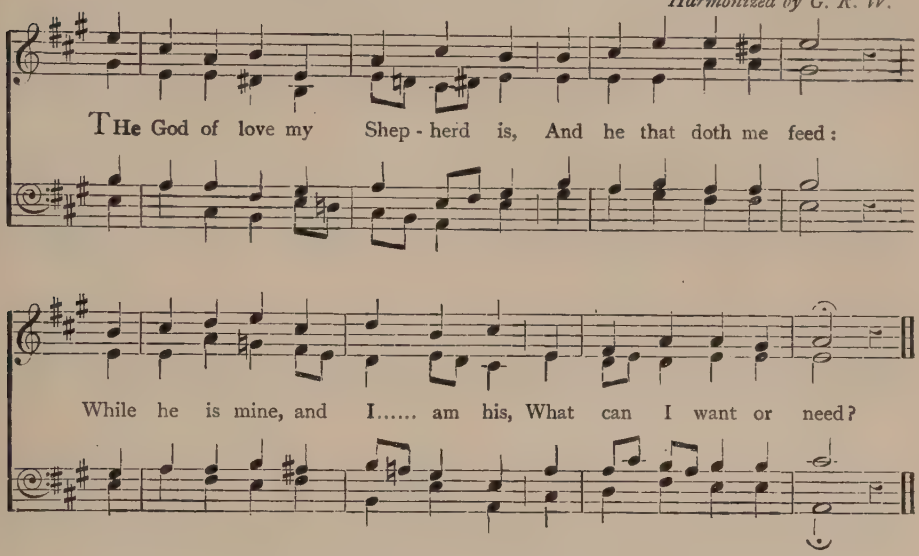
6 Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days;
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

Ps. xxiij; Tr. *George Herbert* (1593–1632)

294 B

Tune—FRISCH AUF, MEIN LIEBES TÖCHTERLEIN (1611) (Iambic, 8.6.8.6.)

Harmonized by G. R. W.



2 He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the streams that gently pass
In both I have the best.

3 Or if I stray, he doth convert,
And bring my mind in frame:
And all this not for my desert,
But for his holy Name.

4 Yea, in death's shady black abode
Well may I walk, not fear:
For thou art with me, and thy rod
To guide, thy staff to bear.

5 Nay, thou dost make me sit and dine,
E'en in my enemies' sight;
My head with oil, my cup with wine
Runs over day and night.

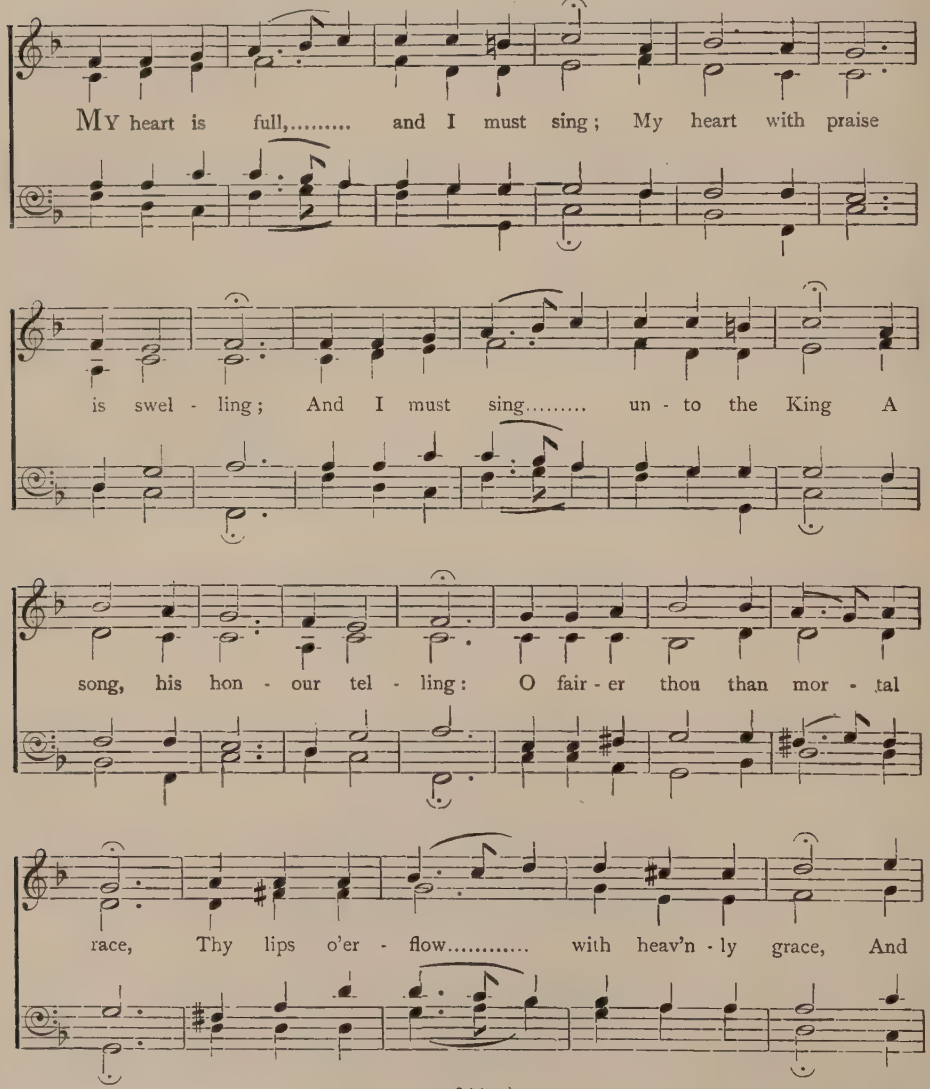
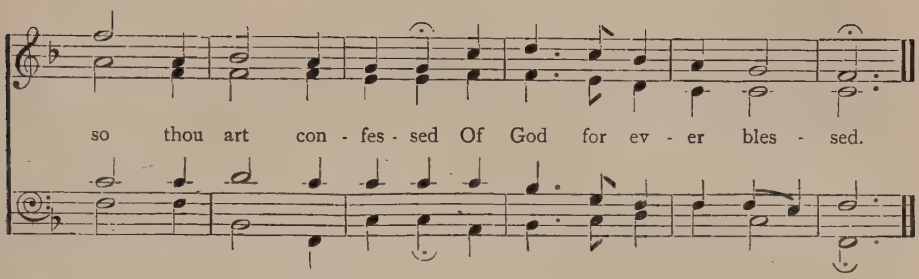
6 Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days;
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

Ps. xxiij; Tr. *George Herbert* (1593-1633)

295 ERVCTAVIT COR MEVM

Tune—ERMUNTRE DICH, MEIN SCHWACHER GEIST (Iambic, 8.7 8.7.8.8.7.7.)

Melody by Joh. Schop (1641.); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


MY heart is full,..... and I must sing; My heart with praise
is swel - ling; And I must sing..... un - to the King A
song, his hon - our tel - ling: O fair - er thou than mor - tal
race, Thy lips o'er - flow..... with heav'n - ly grace, And

2 Gird on thy sword, most mighty, take
Thy majesty and glory ;
Ride on for truth and meekness' sake,
Ride on while saints adore thee :
Dread marvels shall thy right hand show,
Sharp fall thine arrows on the foe,
O God, who ever reignest,
And holiness maintainest.

3 Thou hatest wickedness, of right
A lover pure and zealous :
With oil of joy thy locks are bright ;
For God above thy fellows,
Thy God, anoints thee : cassia's scent,
Myrrh, aloes, with thy robes are blent :
With musick's mingled voices
Thine ivory dome rejoices.

Part II

HIGH honour'd in thy court is seen
Full many a royal maiden ;
And, station'd on thy right, the Queen
With gold of Ophir laden :
O daughter, lend a willing ear,
And rest in sweet contentment here,
Thy land no more regretting,
Thy father's house forgetting.

2 The King elects thee for his bride :
Incline thine heart to hear him :
Thy former fancies cast aside ;
He is thy Lord ; revere him :
So shall thy beauty be his choice,
So in thy love shall he rejoice ;
Tyre's daughter shall implore thee,
And kneel with gifts before thee.

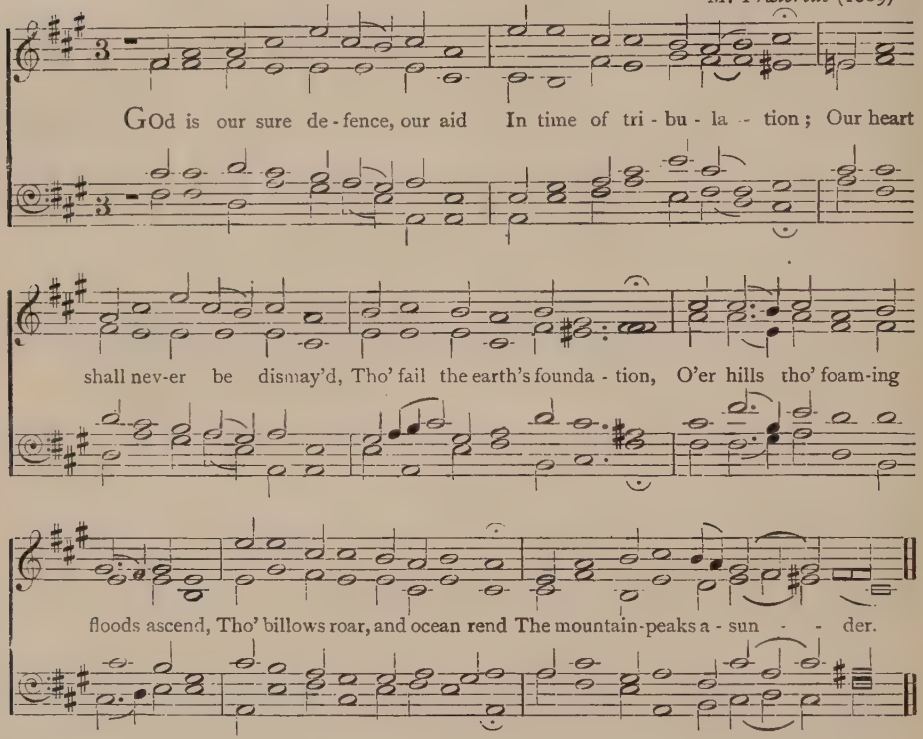
3 She comes in gold and broider'd sheen ;
Her virgin-mates attend her :
To the King's palace comes the Queen
In pomp of festal splendour :
Instead of sires, through all the land
Thy sons shall rule, a princely band,
And minstrels shall deliver
Thy praise, to live for ever.

Ps. xlv. ; Tr. *Arthur Tozer Russell* (1806–1874)

296 DEVS NOSTER REFVGIVM (Ps. xlvi)

Tune—O GLEUBIG HERTZ GEBENEDEY (Iambic, 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.)

M. Prætorius (1609)


GOd is our sure de-fence, our aid In time of tri-bu-la-tion; Our heart
shall nev-er be dismay'd, Tho' fail the earth's founda-tion, O'er hills tho' foam-ing
floods ascend, Tho' billows roar, and ocean rend The mountain-peaks a-sun-der.

2 A river by the holy shrine,
A pure and gliding river,
Makes glad the seat of power divine;
She stands unmoved for ever:
For God is in the midst of her;
A help, a stay, a comforter,
He comes at break of morning.

3 In Jacob's God our strength is found
When heathen hosts assemble:
He speaks in thunder; at the sound
Earth melts, and nations tremble:
The Lord of hosts a refuge stands,
And lo! the wonders of his hands,
The wrath, and desolation.

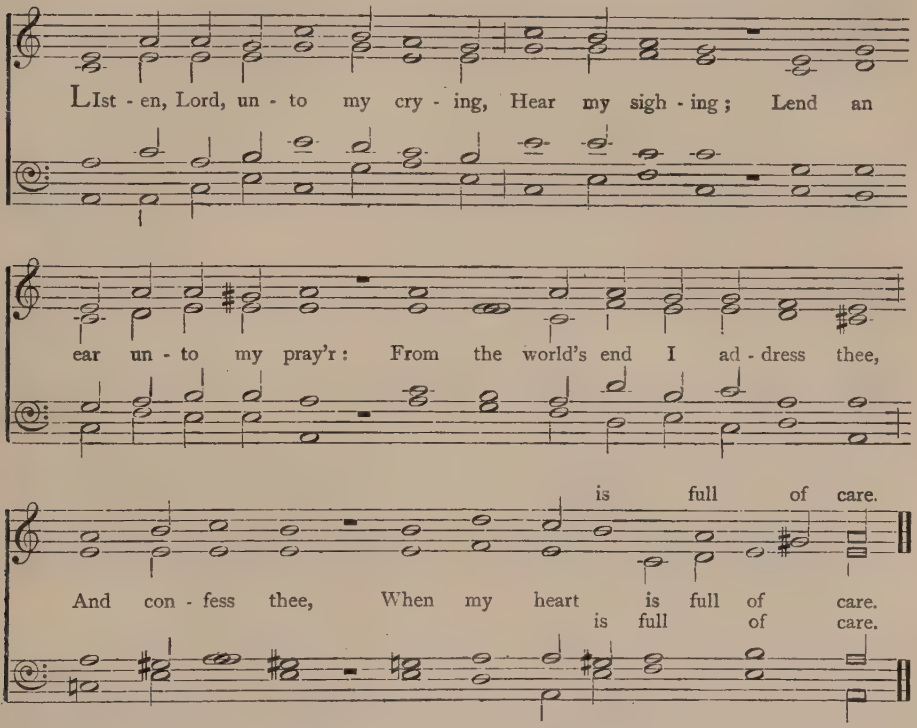
4 He lulls the war, he burns the car;
The bow and spear he breaketh;
'Be still,' he cries, 'for I arise:
'The Lord, the Lord awaketh;
O'er all the earth a God most high';
The Lord of hosts, our help is nigh,
Our strength, the God of Jacob.

Ps. xlvi; Tr. *Benjamin Hall Kennedy* (1804-1889)

297 EXAVDI, DEVS (Ps. lxi)

Proper Tune—ENTEN A CE QVE IE CRIE (Trochaic, 8.4.7.8.4.7.)

Melody by Pierre Dagues (xvi cent.); *Harmonized by G. R. W.*


LIst - en, Lord, un - to my cry - ing, Hear my sigh - ing; Lend an
ear un - to my pray'r: From the world's end I ad - dress thee,
is full of care.
And con - fess thee, When my heart is full of care.
is full of care.

2 Set me on the rock above me,
If thou love me:
Thou hast been my confidence;
Be my stronghold, be my tower,
Hour by hour,
From my foe a sure defence.

3 Let me, in thy minster dwelling,
Oft be telling
Of my Lord, the King of kings;
Let my trust, of souls thou Lover,
Be the cover
Of thine own almighty wings.

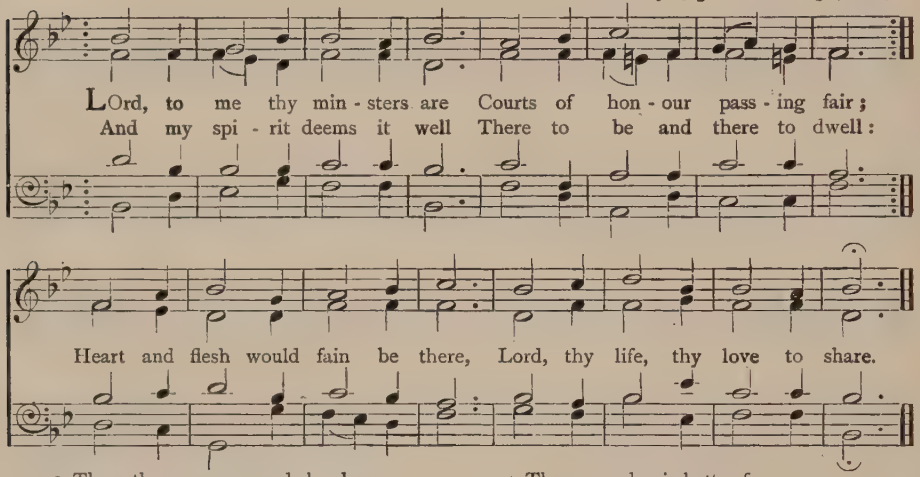
4 So shall I, with best endeavour,
Now and ever
Praise thy Name, and ay, as now,
Chaunt thee Lauds, and never tire,
But in quire
Day by day perform my vow.

Ps. lxi; **Tr.** *G. R. W.*

¶ *For another Melody, see No. 207* A

298 QVAM DILECTA TABERNACVLA (Ps. lxxxiv)

Tune—VOLLER WUNDER, VOLLER KUNST (Trochaic, 7.7.7.7.7.7.)

Melody by J. G. Ebeling (1666)

LOrd, to me thy min - sters are Courts of hon - our pass - ing fair;
And my spi - rit deems it well There to be and there to dwell:
Heart and flesh would fain be there, Lord, thy life, thy love to share.

2 There the sparrow speeds her home,
And in time the turtles come;
Safe their nestling young they rear,
Lord of hosts, thine altars near:
Dear to them thy peace, but more
To the hearts that there adore.

3 Yea, all blessed are his days,
In whose heart are all thy ways,
Who doth drink of many a spring,
Through the 'sad vale' journeying;
Faring on from keep to keep,
Still he stand on Syon's steep.

4 There one day is better far
Than elsewhere a thousand are;
Give me in God's court to stand,
With his wicket in my hand,
And, who will, for me may bide
In the curtain'd bowers of pride.

5 Glory to the Sire be pour'd,
Glory give to Christ the Lord,
Glory to the holy Ghost,
God of earth and heav'n's bright host:
Worship, honour, power and praise
Give, unto the end of days. Amen.

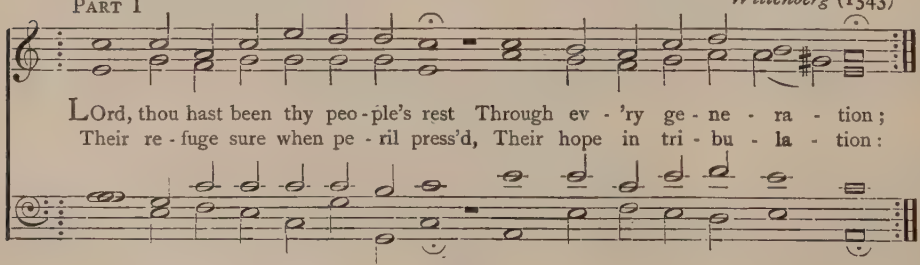
Ps. lxxxiv; *E. Churton* (1800–1874), and *W. J. Blew* (1808–1894)

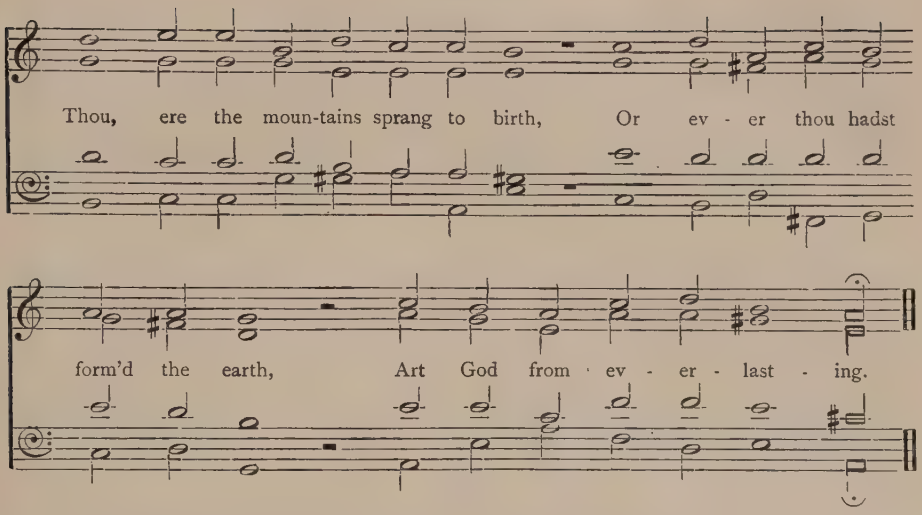
299 DOMINE, REFVGIVM (Ps. xc.)

Tune—WO GOTT DER HERR NICHT BEI UNS HÄLT (Iambic, 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.)

Wittenberg (1543)

PART I


LOrd, thou hast been thy peo - ple's rest Through ev - 'ry ge - ne - ra - tion;
Their re - fuge sure when pe - ril press'd, Their hope in tri - bu - la - tion:



2 The sons of men return to clay
When thou the word hast spoken ;
As with a torrent swept away,
Gone like a vision broken :
A thousand years are in thy sight
But as the passing hours of night,
Or yesterday departed.

3 Fair laugh the flowers, whose beauty new
The dews of morning cherish :
Pale evening comes ; with fading hue
They hang their heads and perish.
So fade we in thy righteous wrath :
Thine eyes behold our secret path,
Our deeds and thoughts of evil.

Part II

SOON, as a breath, the times are past
Of those who seem the strongest :
And if to seventy years they last,
Or fourscore at the longest,
Life's proudest length is sorrow still :
Lord, who reveres thy mighty will ?
Who rightly dreads thine anger ?

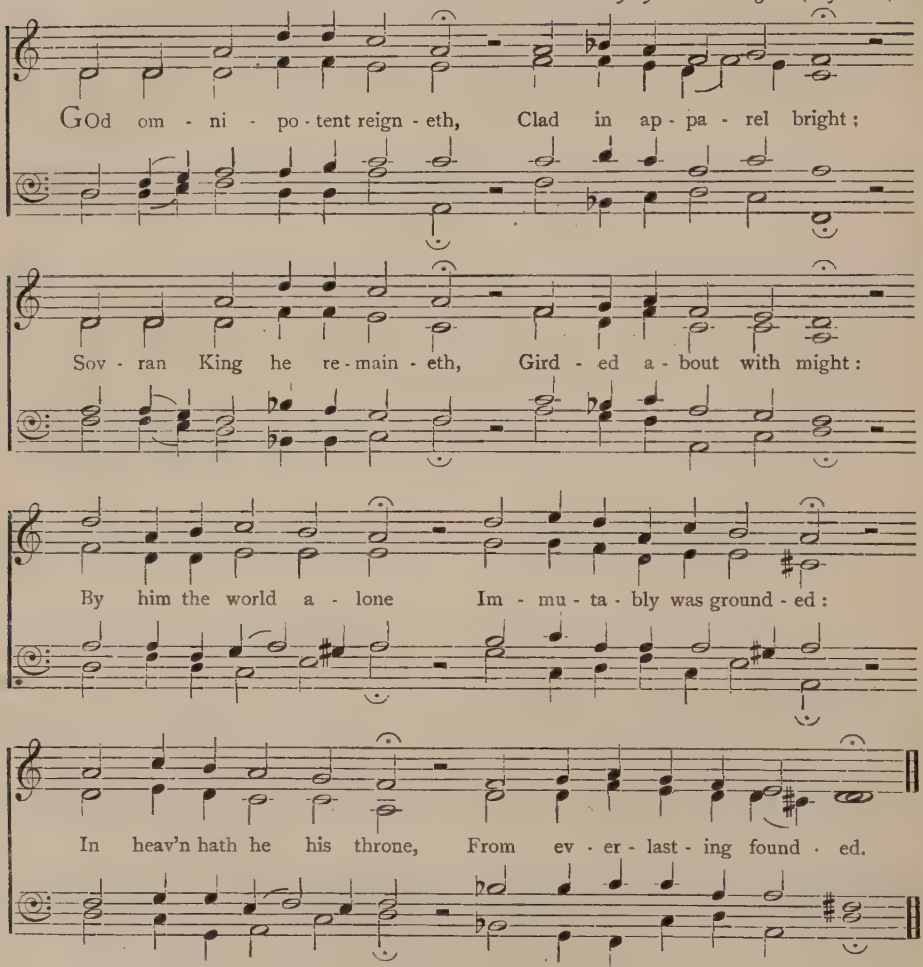
2 O teach us so to count our days
That we may prize them duly ;
So guide our feet in wisdom's ways
That we may love thee truly :
Return, O Lord ; our griefs behold,
And with thy goodness, as of old,
O satisfy us early.

3 For long have been our days of pain,
And long our years of sadness ;
To us display thy grace again,
And to our sons thy gladness :
O Lord our God, with favouring love
Shine forth ; our handiwork approve,
And bless our daily labour.

Ps. xc ; *Jas. Montgomery* (1771–1854), and *Benjamin Hall Kennedy* (1804–1889)

300A DOMINVS REGNAVIT (Ps. xciii)

Tune—DONNEZ AU SEIGNEUR GLOIRE (Ps. cvii)

Melody by Pierre Dagues (xvj cent.)

GOd om - ni - po - tent reign - eth, Clad in ap - pa - rel bright:
Sov - ran King he re - main - eth, Gird - ed a - bout with might:
By him the world a - lone Im - mu - ta - bly was ground - ed:
In heav'n hath he his throne, From ev - er - last - ing found - ed.

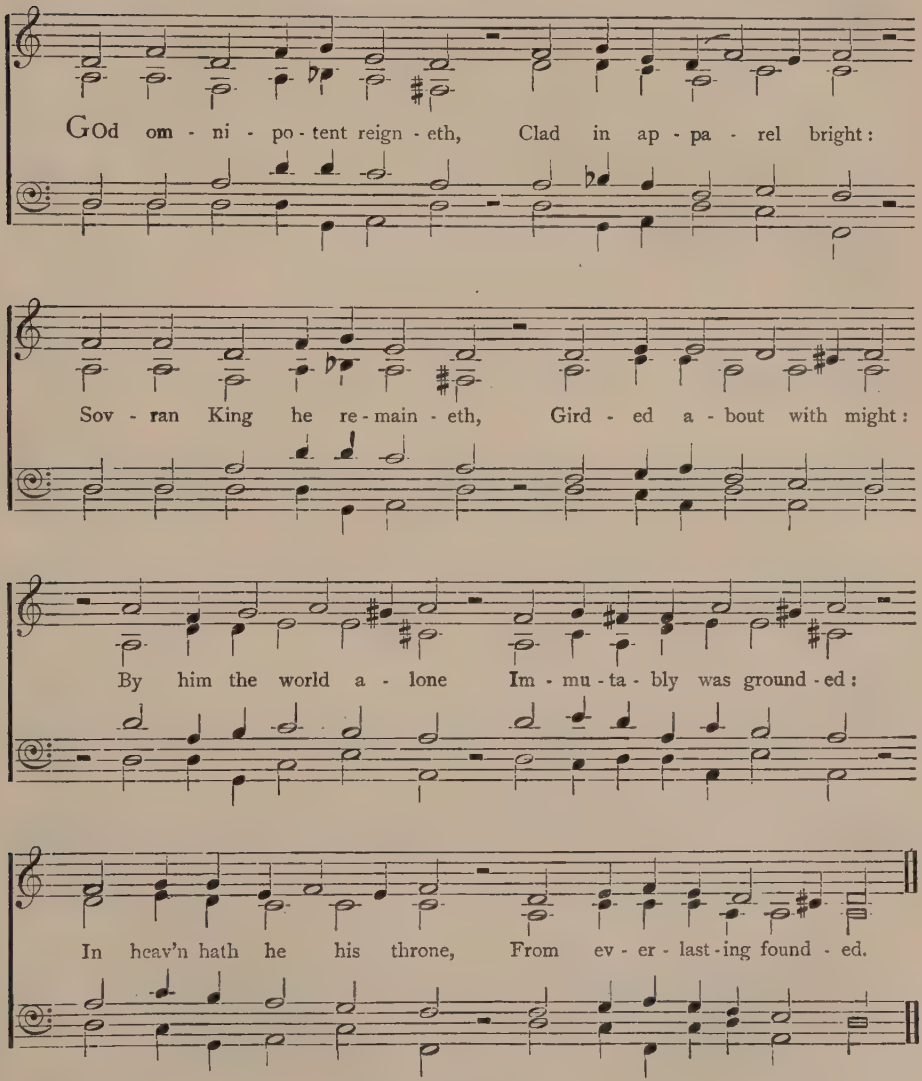
2 Ocean-billow and breaker
Uplift the voice of pride:
But their mightier Maker
Governeth wind and tide:
His laws and sure decree
Of holiness are telling,
Which evermore shall be
Sole inmate of his dwelling.

Ps. xciij; Tr *G. R. W.*

300 B *Tune*—DONNEZ AU SEIGNEUR GLOIRE (Ps. cvii)

(Irregular Metre.)

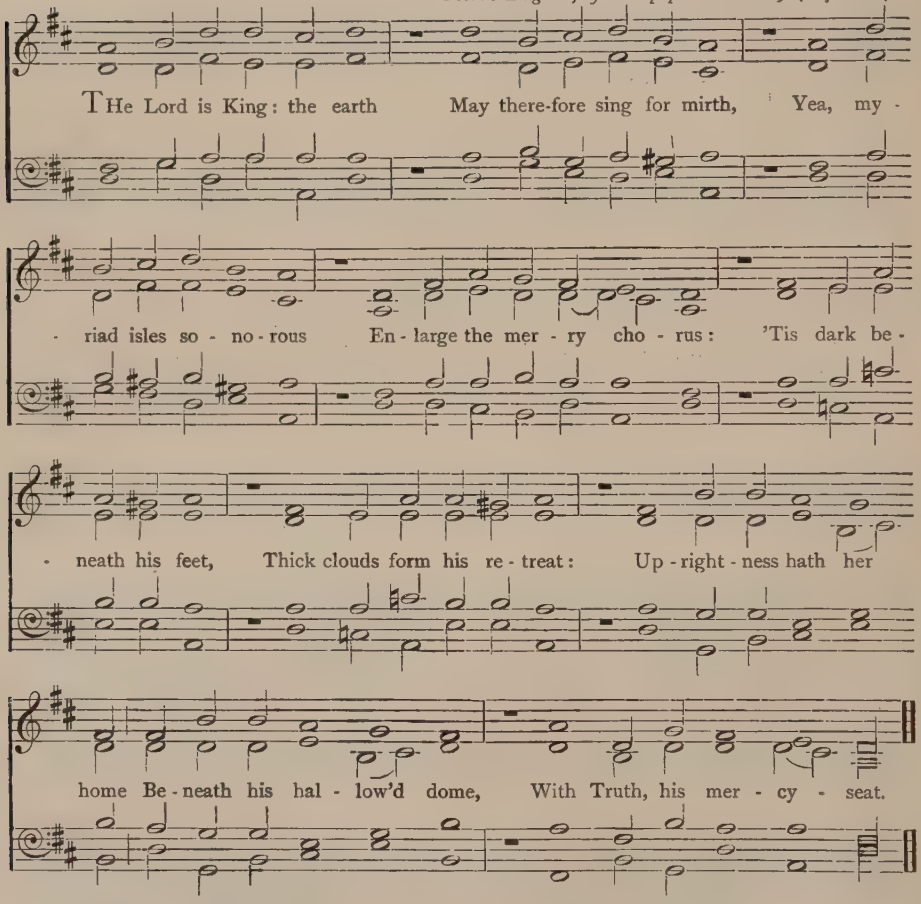
The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor; Harmonized by C. Goudimel (†1572)


GOd om - ni - po - tent reign - eth, Clad in ap - pa - rel bright:
Sov - ran King he re - main - eth, Gird - ed a - bout with might:
By him the world a - lone Im - mu - ta - bly was ground - ed:
In heav'n hath he his throne, From ev - er - last - ing found - ed.

301 A DOMINVS REGNAVIT (Ps. xcvii)

Tune—L'ETERNEL EST REGNANT (Iambic, 6.6.7.7.6.6.6.6 6.)

Pierre Dagues, after a popular Melody (xvj cent.)


THe Lord is King: the earth May there-fore sing for mirth, Yea, my -
- riad isles so - no - rous En - large the mer - ry cho - rus: 'Tis dark be -
- neath his feet, Thick clouds form his re - treat: Up - right - ness hath her
home Be - neath his hal - low'd dome, With Truth, his mer - cy - seat.

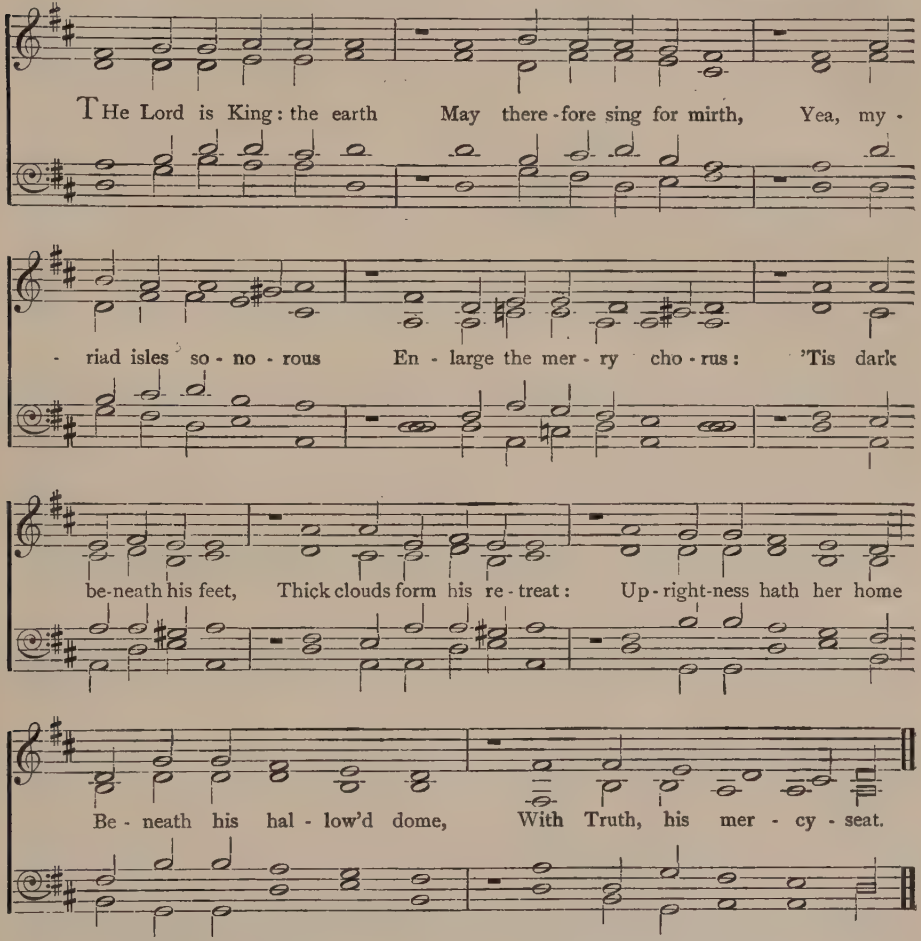
2 Fire shall before him go,
And burn up every foe;
He thunder'd; when he lighten'd,
Earth saw it, and was frighten'd:
Like wax before his face
The hills did melt apace:
In heav'n his truth is known,
On earth his glory shown
In every age and place.

3 Ho! ye that love the Lord,
Let ill be well abhorr'd:
The Lord his saints doth cherish,
But sinners' thoughts shall perish:
Awake, true hearts, go sing!
To you his light doth spring.
Remember that ye bless
The Sun of righteousness:
Rejoice! the Lord is King.

Tr. *G. R. W.*

301 B

The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor; Harmonized by Claude Goudimel († 1572)


THe Lord is King: the earth May there-fore sing for mirth, Yea, my-
-riad isles so-no-rous En-large the mer-ry cho-rus: 'Tis dark
be-neath his feet, Thick clouds form his re-treat: Up-right-ness hath her home
Be-neath his hal-low'd dome, With Truth, his mer-cy-seat.

2 Fire shall before him go,
And burn up every foe;
He thunder'd; when he lighten'd,
Earth saw it, and was frighten'd:
Like wax before his face
The hills did melt apace:
In heav'n his truth is known,
On earth his glory shown
In every age and place.

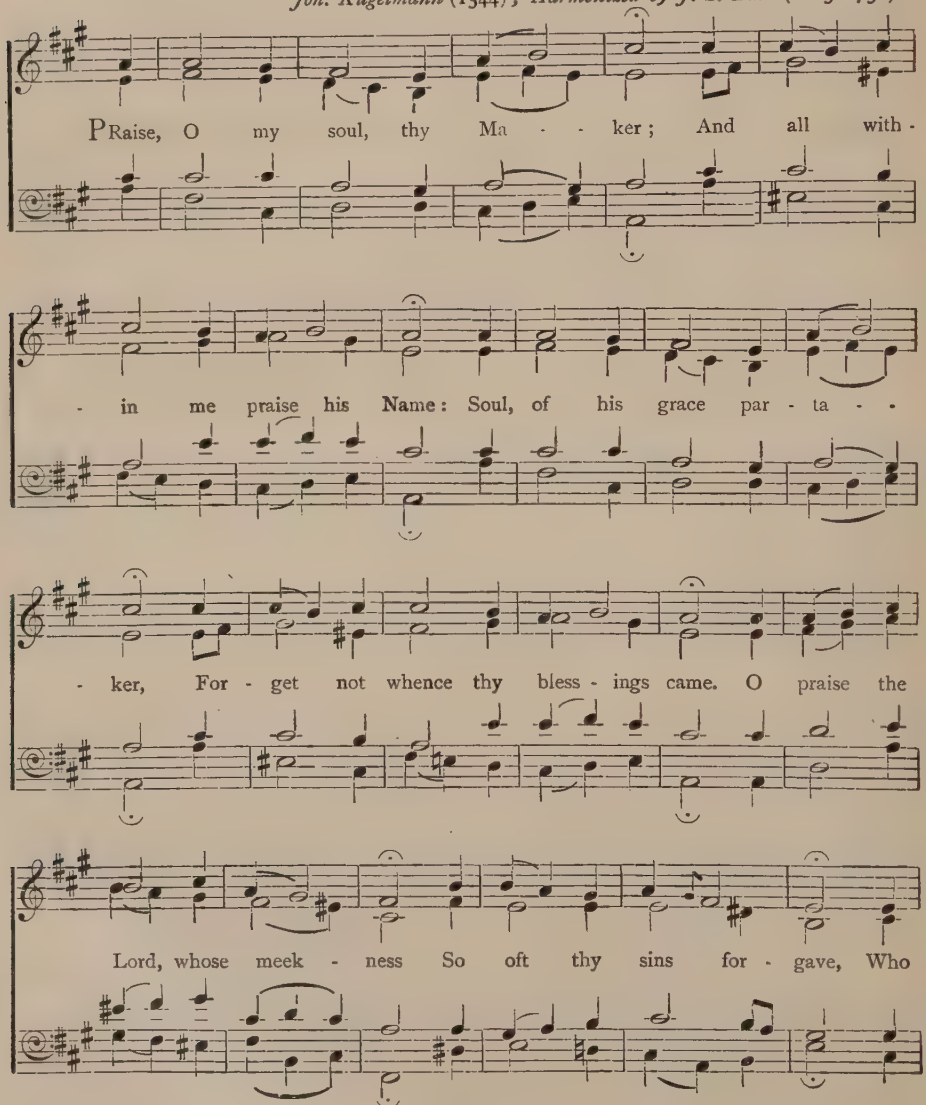
3 Ho! ye that love the Lord,
Let ill be well abhorr'd:
The Lord his saints doth cherish,
But sinners' thoughts shall perish:
Awake, true hearts, go sing!
To you his light doth spring.
Remember that ye bless
The Sun of righteousness:
Rejoice! the Lord is King.

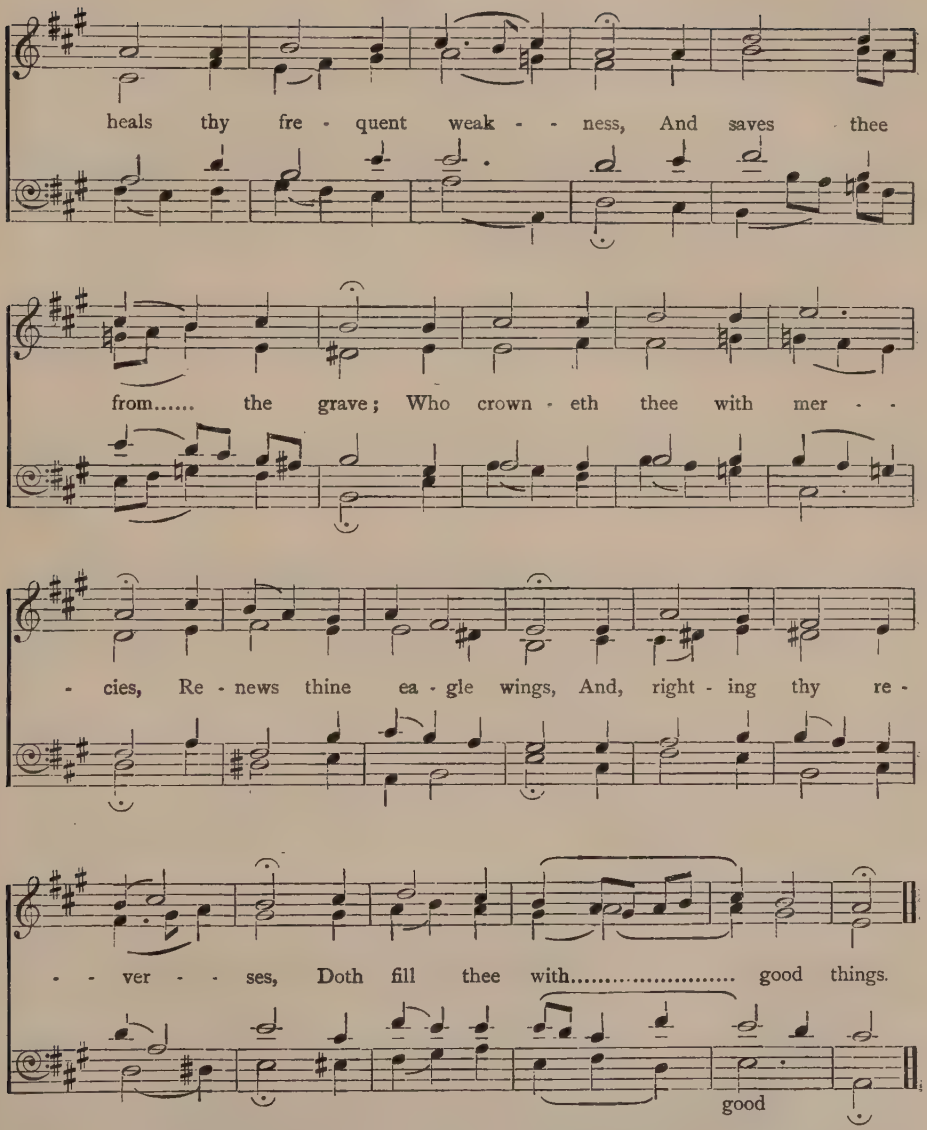
Tr. *G. R. W.*

302 BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA (Ps. ciii)

Tune—NUN LOB, MEIN SEEL, DEN HERREN (Iambic, 7.8.7.8.7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.)

Joh. Kugelmann (1544); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


PRaise, O my soul, thy Ma - - ker; And all with -
- in me praise his Name: Soul, of his grace par - ta - -
- ker, For - get not whence thy bless - ings came. O praise the
Lord, whose meek - ness So oft thy sins for - gave, Who


heals thy fre - quent weak - - ness, And saves thee
from..... the grave; Who crown - eth thee with mer - -
- cies, Re - news thine ea - gle wings, And, right - ing thy re -
- - ver - - ses, Doth fill thee with..... good things.
good

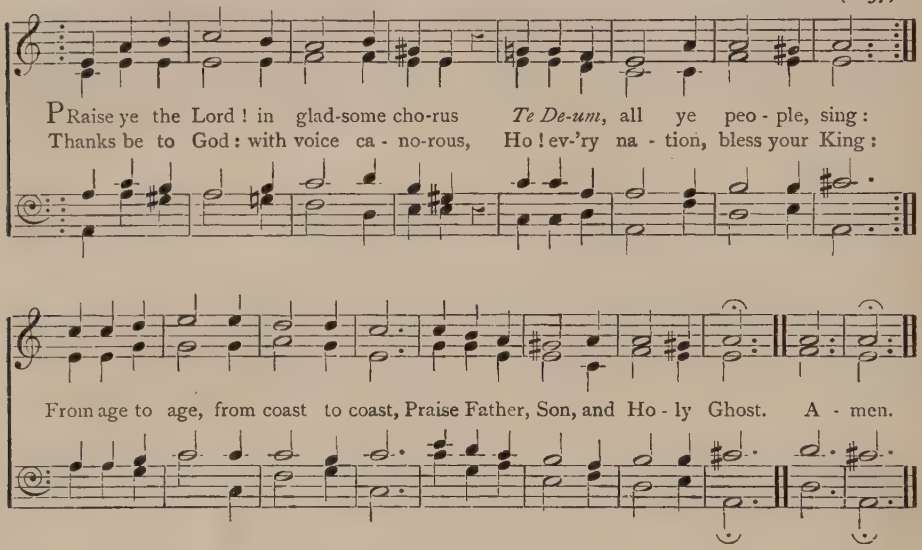
Tr. *G. R. W.*

¶ *For an older and simpler Setting of this Melody, see No. 407*

303 A LAVDATE DOMINVM (Ps. cxvij)

Tune—WER NUR DEN LIEBEN GOTT (Iambic, 9.8.9.8.8.8.)

G. Neumark (1657)

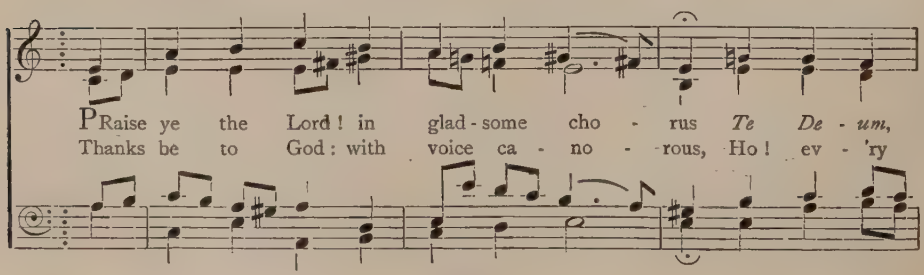

PRaise ye the Lord! in glad-some cho-rus *Te De-um,* all ye peo - ple, sing:
Thanks be to God: with voice ca - no-rous, Ho! ev-'ry na - tion, bless your King:
From age to age, from coast to coast, Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

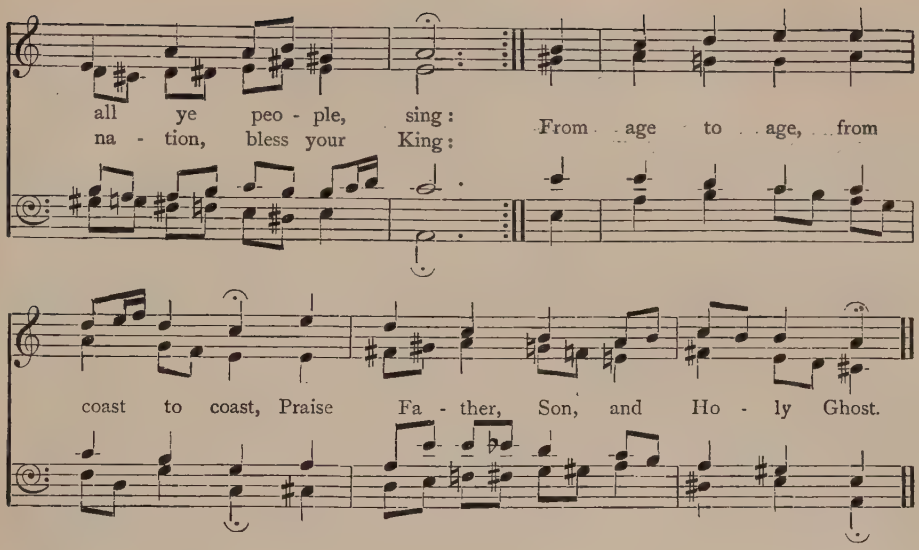
2 For he is kind: his mercy ever
Waxeth to us-ward more and more:
True is his word: it faileth never,
And shall endure as heretofore;
Wherefore, ye people, least and most,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Ps. cxvij; Tr. *G. R. W.*

303 B

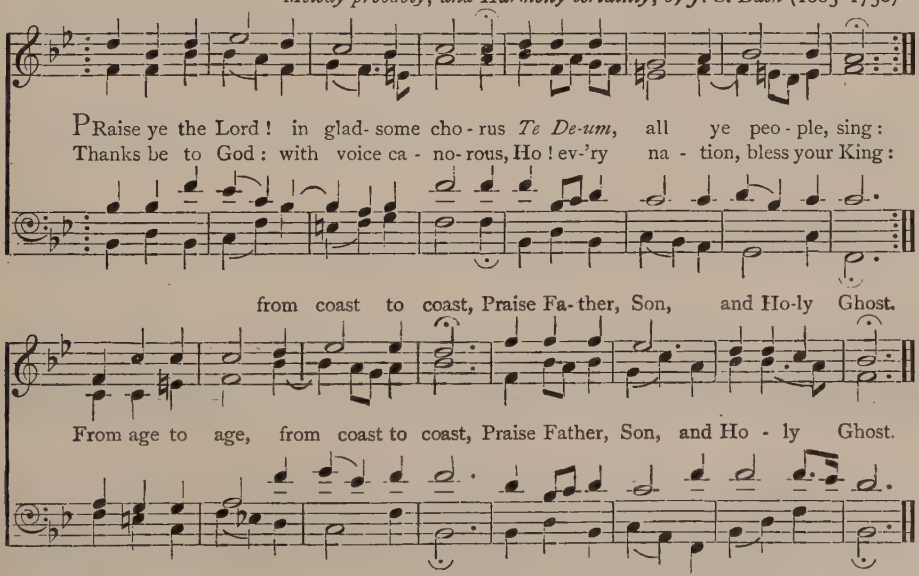
A modified form of the foregoing; Harmonized by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)





303c *Tune*—GOTTLOB, ES GEHT NUN MEHR ZUM ENDE

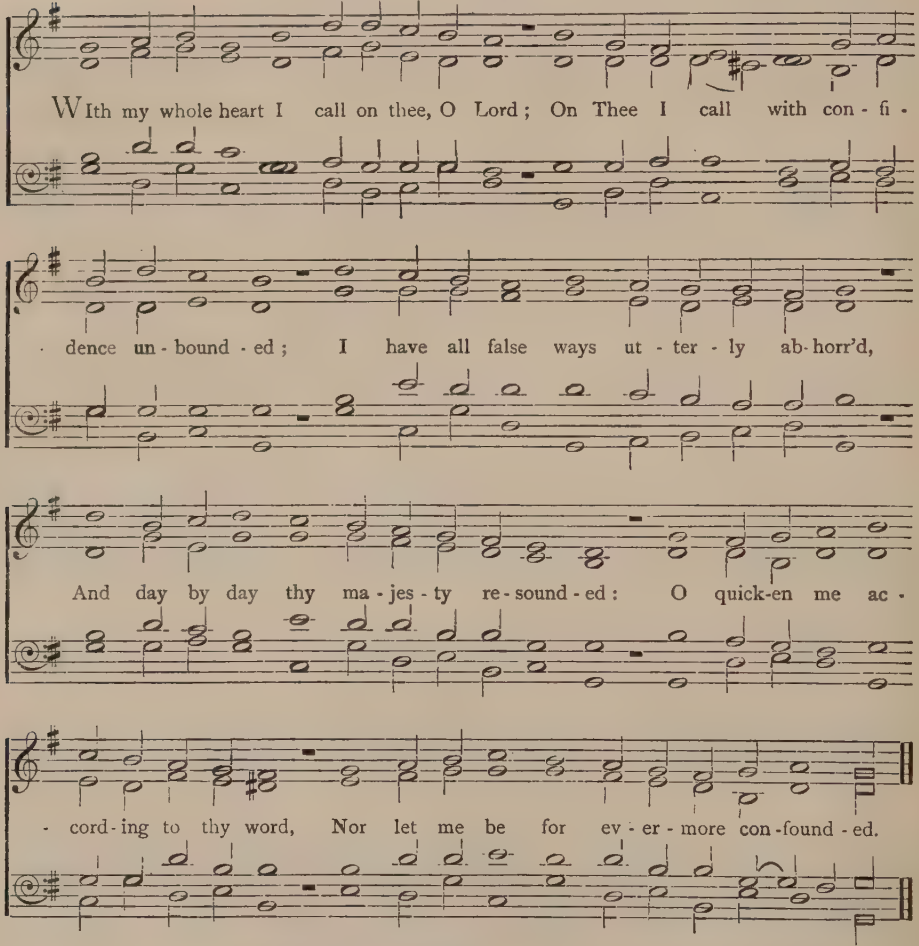
Melody probably, and Harmony certainly, by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)


PRaise ye the Lord! in glad- some cho - rus *Te De-um*, all ye peo - ple, sing:
Thanks be to God: with voice ca - no- rous, Ho! ev-'ry na - tion, bless your King:
from coast to coast, Praise Fa- ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.
From age to age, from coast to coast, Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

304 A CLAMAVI IN TOTO CORDE MEO (Ps. cxix)

(Iambic, 10.11.10.11.10.11.)

Melody by L. Bourgeois (1551); *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*


With my whole heart I call on thee, O Lord; On Thee I call with con - fi -
dence un - bound - ed; I have all false ways ut - ter - ly ab - horr'd,
And day by day thy ma - jes - ty re - sound - ed: O quick-en me ac -
- cord - ing to thy word, Nor let me be for ev - er - more con - found - ed.

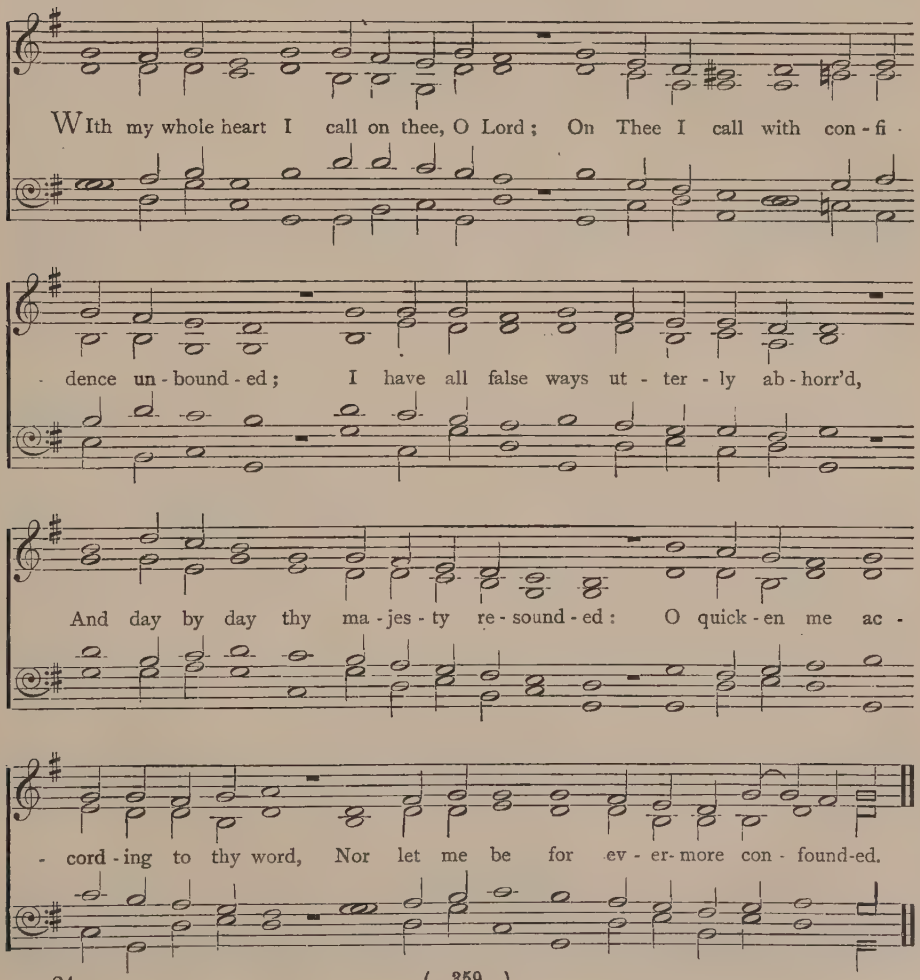
2 My cruel foes draw near on every side;
O prosper not their proud imagination:
Lord, I am thine, and in thy law abide,
Though I be small and of no reputation:
I shall not fear whatever ill betide,
For thou wilt be my light and my salvation.

3 That I might learn thy statutes, O my King,
'Tis good for me that I have been in trouble;
Deliver me from every evil thing,
And drive my foe before thee like the stubble:
So daily of thy mercy will I sing,
Till in thy land I shall possess the double.

Richard Prosser Ellis

304 B

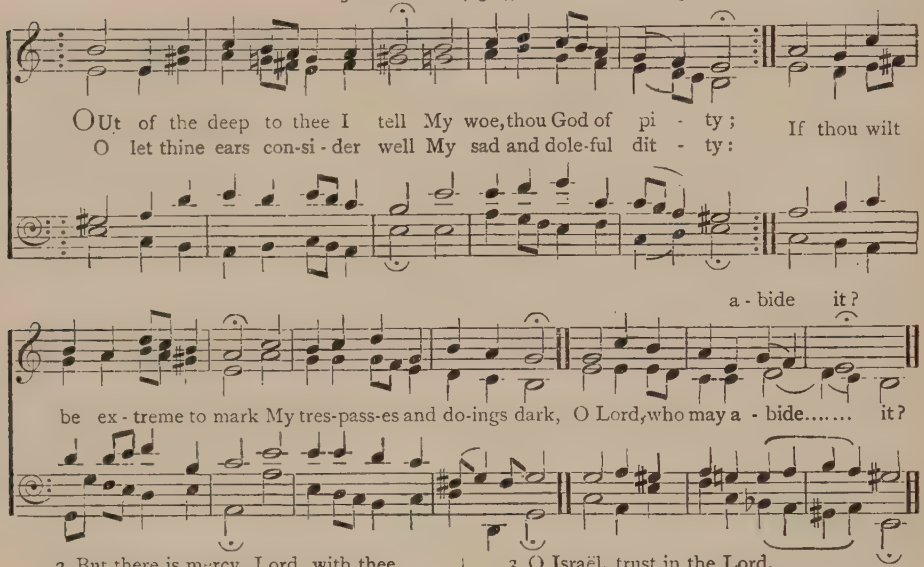
The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor; Harmonized by Claude Goudimel († 1572)


With my whole heart I call on thee, O Lord; On Thee I call with con-fi-
dence un-bound-ed; I have all false ways ut-ter-ly ab-horr'd,
And day by day thy ma-jes-ty re-sound-ed: O quick-en me ac-
-cord-ing to thy word, Nor let me be for ev-er-more con-found-ed.

305 DE PROFVNDIS (Ps. cxxx)

Tune—AUS TIEFER NOT SCHREI ICH ZU DIR (Iambic, 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.)

Joh. Walter (1524); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


OUt of the deep to thee I tell My woe, thou God of pi - ty;
O let thine ears con-si-der well My sad and dole-ful dit - ty:
If thou wilt
a - bide it?
be ex - treme to mark My tres-pass-es and do-ings dark, O Lord, who may a - bide..... it?

2 But there is mercy, Lord, with thee,
And therefore stand I fearing;
My wistful soul doth look to see
The Lord, and his appearing:
My soul, reliant on his word,
Looketh and longeth for the Lord,
More than the watch for morning.

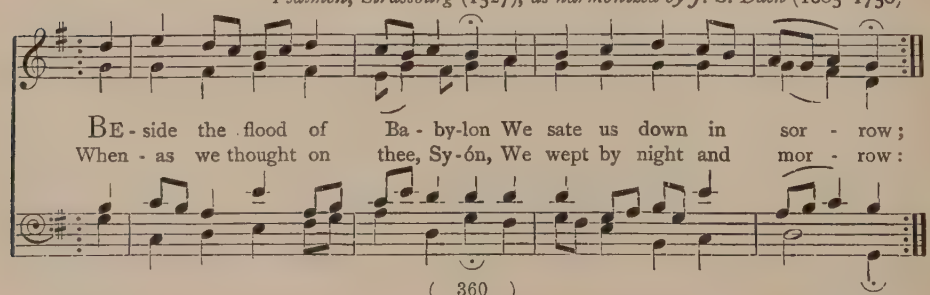
3 O Israël, trust in the Lord,
And never be confounded;
Full pardon he will thee accord,
With him is grace unbounded:
And he it is, remember well,
Shall ransom captive Israël
From all his past offences.

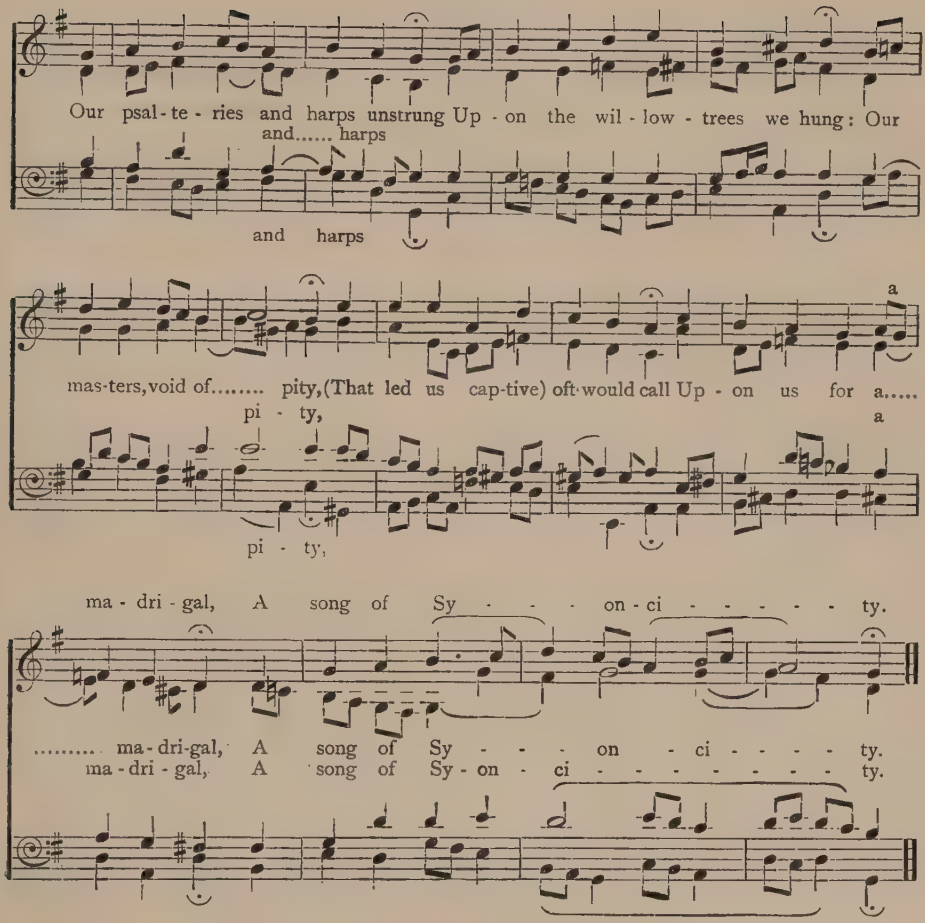
Tr. *G. R. W.*

306 SVPER FLVMINA (Ps. cxxxvii)

Tune—AN WASSER-FLÜSSEN BABYLON (Iambic, 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.8.8.7.)

Psalmen, Strassburg (1527), *as harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)




Our psal - te - ries and harps unstrung Up - on the wil - low - trees we hung: Our
and..... harps
and harps
mas-ters, void of..... pity, (That led us cap-tive) oft would call Up - on us for a.....
pi - ty,
a
pi - ty,
ma - dri - gal, A song of Sy - - - on - ci - - - - - ty.
..... ma - dri - gal, A song of Sy - - - on - ci - - - - - ty.
ma - dri - gal, A song of Sy - on - ci - - - - - - - - ty.

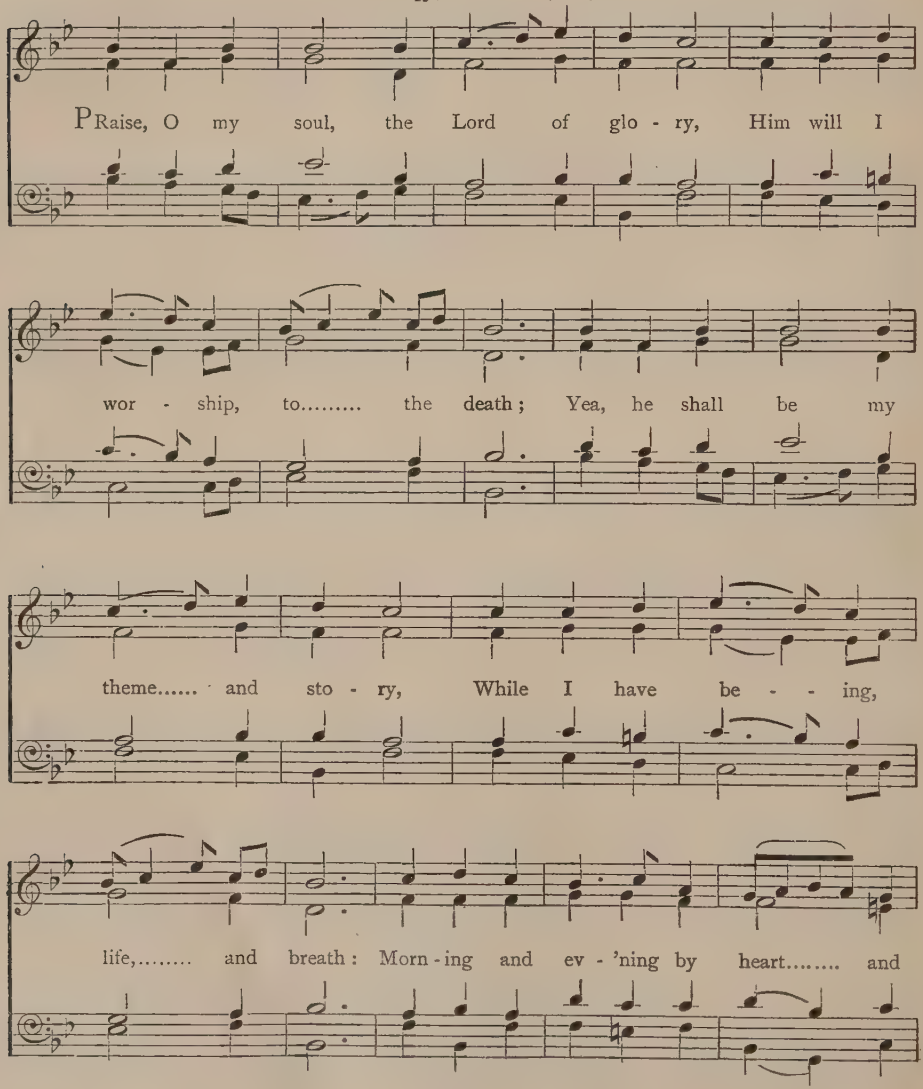
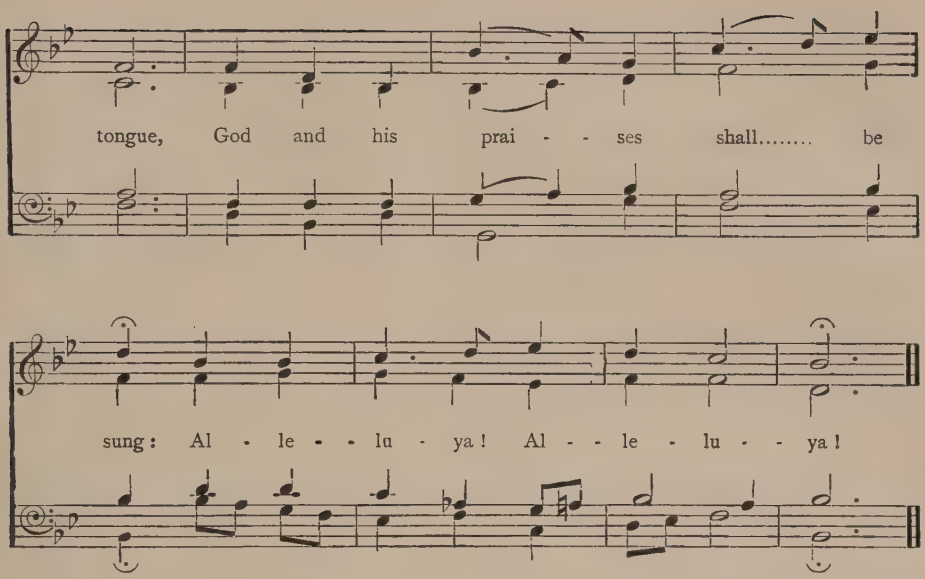
2 The Lord's own song—it cannot be
That Jacob's sons and daughters
Make musick in a strange countrie
By sad Euphrates' waters:
O Salem, if my mind be set
On mirth, let this right hand forget
Her cunning ever after:
My tongue unto her palate cleave,
If once for thee I cease to grieve,
Or tears give place to laughter.

Tr. *G. R. W.*

307 LAVDA, ANIMA MEA (Ps. cxlvi)

Tune—LOBET DEN HERREN ALLER HERREN (Dactylic-iambic, 9.8.9.8.8.8.8.)

Seelenharpf, Onolzbach (1664); *Harmonized by Charles Wood*


PRaise, O my soul, the Lord of glo - ry, Him will I
wor - ship, to..... the death; Yea, he shall be my
theme..... and sto - ry, While I have be - - ing,
life,..... and breath: Morn - ing and ev - 'ning by heart..... and

2

2 Put ye in princes no reliance,
Nor yet in any child of man;
But in the Lord have full affiance;
He will befriend you, as he can:
Blessed is he whosoe'er hath made
Israel's God his hope and aid:
Alleluya, Alleluya.

3

3 'Tis he that looseth out of prison,
And to the blind restoreth sight;
Through him the fallen stand arisen,
In him the wrong'd recover right:
He helpeth strangers in sore distress,
Widows, and children fatherless:
Alleluya, Alleluya.

4

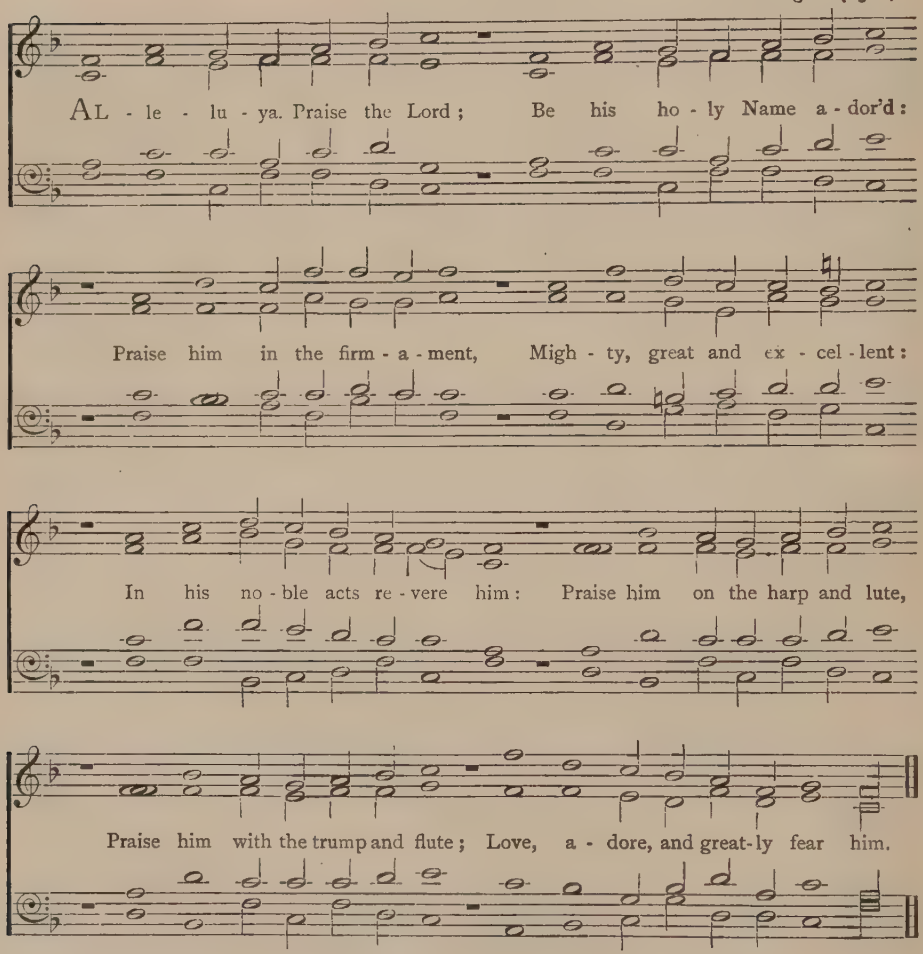
Now to the Father, King of heaven,
By men and Angels praise be done!
Glory and equal laud be given
To Jesus Christ, his only Son,
Whom with the Comforter we adore,
Three in One Godhead, evermore:
Alleluya, Alleluya.

Tr. *G. R. W.*

308 A LAVDATE DOMINVM (Ps. cl)

Tune—OR SOIT LOUÉ L'ETERNEL (Trochaic, 7.7.7.7.8.7.7.8.)

Pierre Dagues (1562)

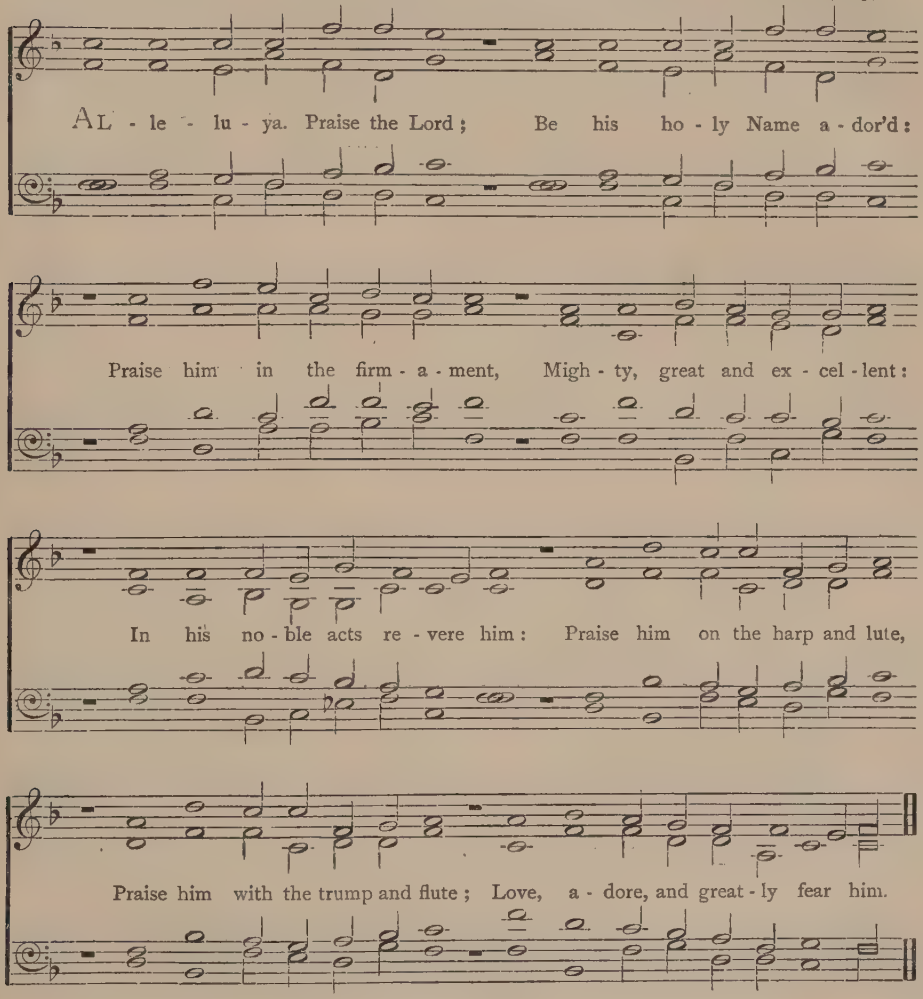

AL - le - lu - ya. Praise the Lord; Be his ho - ly Name a - dor'd:
Praise him in the firm - a - ment, Migh - ty, great and ex - cel - lent:
In his no - ble acts re - vere him: Praise him on the harp and lute,
Praise him with the trump and flute; Love, a - dore, and great-ly fear him.

2 Praise the Lord; his fame advance
In the timbrel and the dance;
On the organ, pipe and chord,
Alleluya, praise the Lord:
Sound the merry tuneful lyre,
Clang the cymbal shrill and loud;
Everything, with breath endow'd,
Sing his praise and never tire.

Tr. *G. R. W.*

308 B

The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor: Harmonized by C. Goudimel (†1572)


AL - le - lu - ya. Praise the Lord; Be his ho - ly Name a - dor'd:
Praise him in the firm - a - ment, Migh - ty, great and ex - cel - lent:
In his no - ble acts re - vere him: Praise him on the harp and lute,
Praise him with the trump and flute; Love, a - dore, and great - ly fear him.

2 Praise the Lord; his fame advance
In the timbrel and the dance;
On the organ, pipe and chord,
Alleluya, praise the Lord:

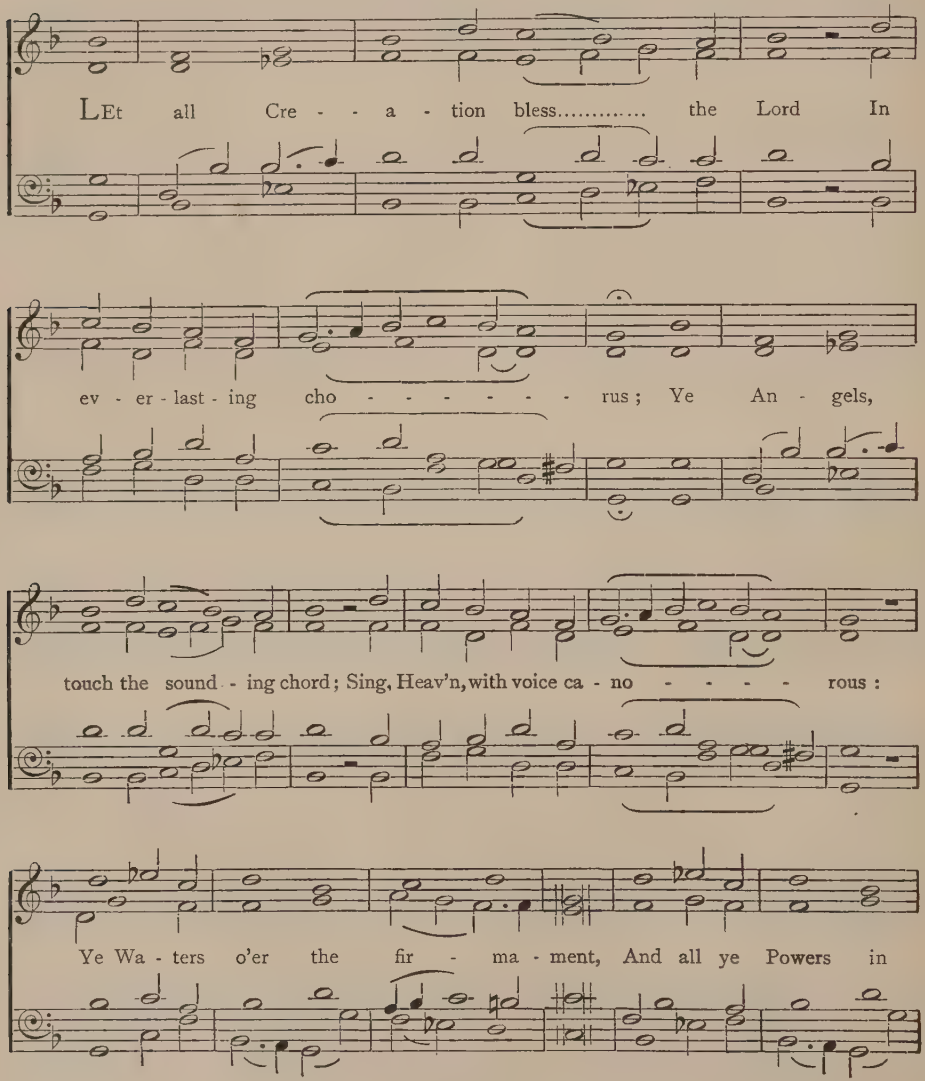
Sound the merry tuneful lyre,
Clang the cymbal shrill and loud;
Everything, with breath endow'd,
Sing his praise and never tire.

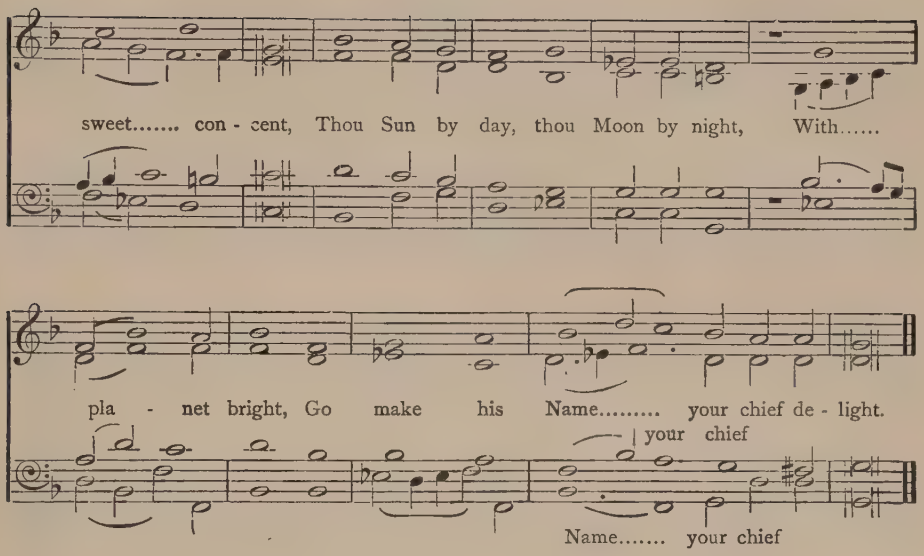
Tr. *G. R. W*

309A BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA

Tune—ALLEIN ZU DIR, HERR JESU CHRIST (Iambic, 8.8.7.8.8.8.4.8.)

Wittenberg (1545); *Harmonized by M. Prætorius* (1609)


LEt all Cre - - a - tion bless..... the Lord In
ev - er - last - ing cho - - - - - - - rus; Ye An - gels,
touch the sound - ing chord; Sing, Heav'n, with voice ca - no - - - - - rous:
Ye Wa - ters o'er the fir - ma - ment, And all ye Powers in


sweet..... con - cent, Thou Sun by day, thou Moon by night, With.....
pla - net bright, Go make his Name..... your chief de - light.
your chief
Name..... your chief

2

Ye Winds of God, ye Fire and Heat,
Rime, Hail-stone white and hoary,
Ye summer-glow and winter-sleet,
Proclaim your Maker's glory:
By Shower and Dew, by Frost and Cold,
By Ice and Snow his worth be told:
Come, Day,—come, Night in sombre shroud;
And Lightning-cloud,
Peal, thunder forth his praise aloud.

3

O let the Earth make melody,
The hillock and the mountain;
The fruitful herb, the greenwood tree,
The springing-well and fountain:
Let Sea and Ocean clap the hand;
Let Whale and Fish on flood and sand,
Let Beast a-field, and Fowl on wing
Rejoice and sing
In worship of our common King.

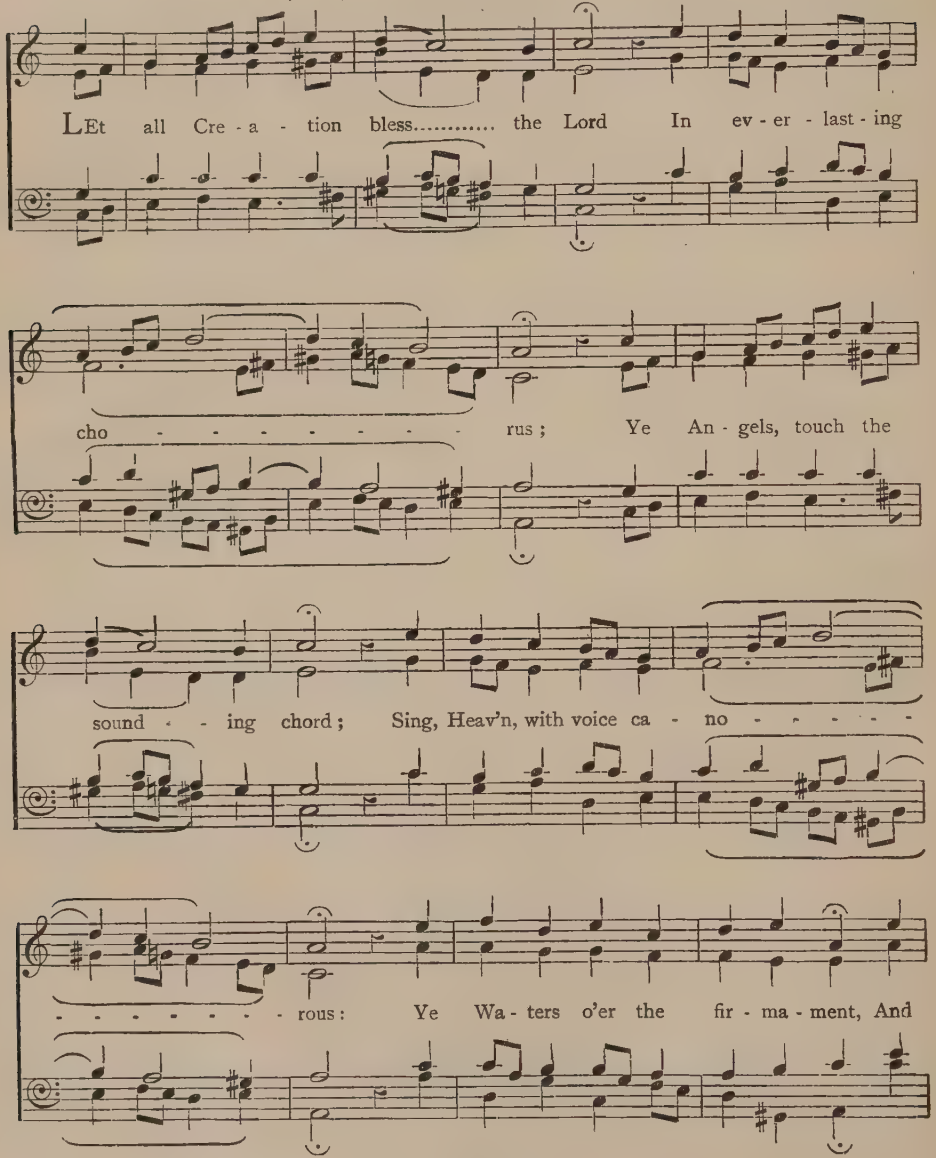
4

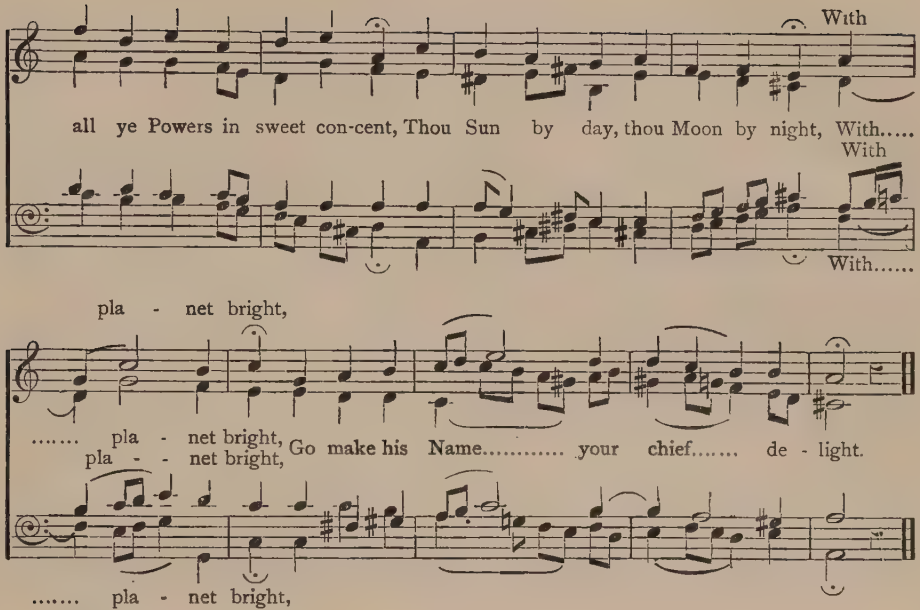
Ye sons of Adam, bless the Lord;
Let Israël adore him:
Let Priest and People in accord
Go bend the knee before him:
Ye Souls and Spirits of the Just,
Ye holy hearts and humble, trust
In Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Source, end and boast
Of all Creation, least and most.

Tr. *G. R. W.*

309 B

Another version of the foregoing; Harmonized by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)


LEt all Cre - a - tion bless..... the Lord In ev - er - last - ing
cho - - - - - - - - rus; Ye An - gels, touch the
sound - - ing chord; Sing, Heav'n, with voice ca - no - - - - -
- - - - - - - - rous: Ye Wa - ters o'er the fir - ma - ment, And


With
all ye Powers in sweet con-cent, Thou Sun by day, thou Moon by night, With.....
With
With.....
pla - net bright,
..... pla - net bright, Go make his Name..... your chief..... de - light.
pla - - net bright,
..... pla - net bright,

2

Ye Winds of God, ye Fire and Heat,
Rime, Hail-stone white and hoary,
Ye summer-glow and winter-sleet,
Proclaim your Maker's glory:
By Shower and Dew, by Frost and Cold,
By Ice and Snow his worth be told:
Come, Day,—come, Night in sombre shroud;
And Lightning-cloud,
Peal, thunder forth his praise aloud.

3

O let the Earth make melody,
The hillock and the mountain;
The fruitful herb, the greenwood tree,
The springing-well and fountain:
Let Sea and Ocean clap the hand;
Let Whale and Fish on flood and sand,
Let Beast a-field, and Fowl on wing
Rejoice and sing
In worship of our common King.

4

Ye sons of Adam, bless the Lord;
Let Israël adore him:
Let Priest and People in accord
Go bend the knee before him:
Ye Souls and Spirits of the Just,
Ye holy hearts and humble, trust
In Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Source, end and boast
Of all Creation, least and most.

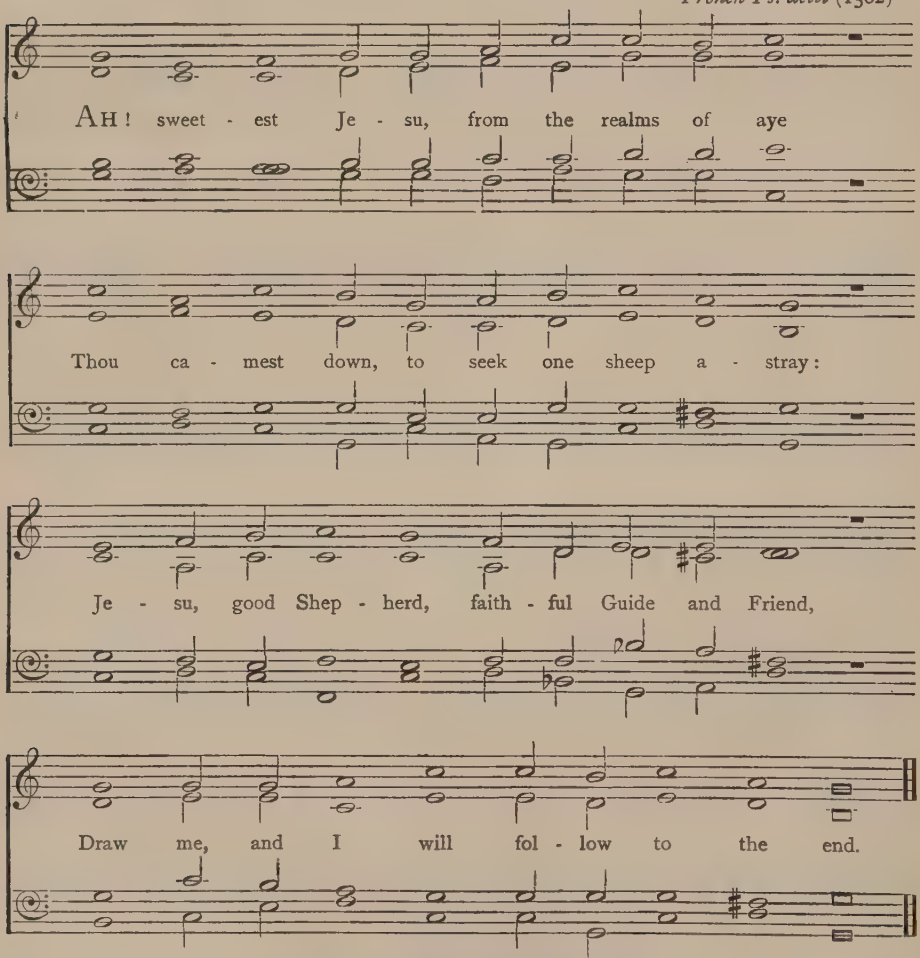
Tr. *G. R. W.*

HYMNS

310 A IESV DVLCISSIME

Tune—DIEU EST REGNANT (Iambic, 10.10.10.10.)

French Ps. xciii (1562)


AH! sweet - est Je - su, from the realms of aye
Thou ca - mest down, to seek one sheep a - stray:
Je - su, good Shep - herd, faith - ful Guide and Friend,
Draw me, and I will fol - low to the end.

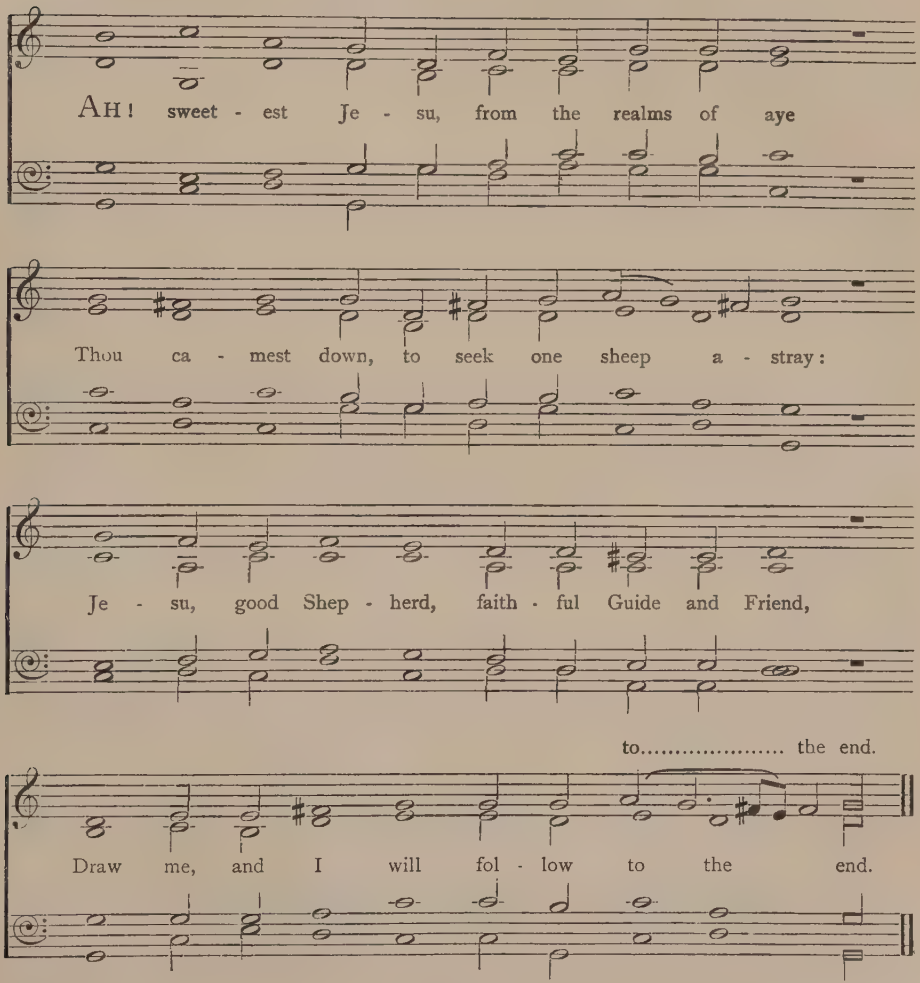
2 I was that helpless sheep without the fold:
Rescue me, Jesu, from the lion's hold:
Cleanse me with thy pure Blood from sin, and lo!
Jesu, I shall be whiter than the snow.

3 Jesu, most lovely, brighter than the sun,
Sweeter than honey, thou my heart hast won:
Here give me grace, forgive my deeds amiss,
Grant me hereafter life in endless bliss.

Symphonia Sirenum (*Köln*, 1695); Tr. *G. R. W.*

310 B

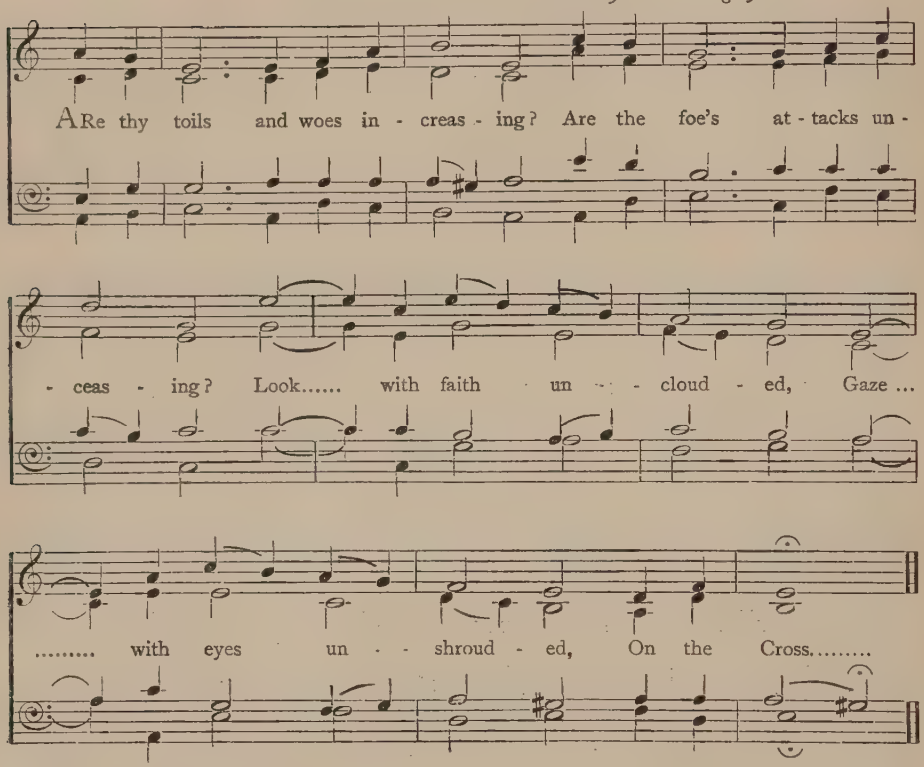
The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor; Arranged by (?) *Claude Goudimel* († 1572)


AH! sweet - est Je - su, from the realms of aye
Thou ca - mest down, to seek one sheep a - stray:
Je - su, good Shep - herd, faith - ful Guide and Friend,
to..... the end.
Draw me, and I will fol - low to the end.

311 Εἰ καὶ τὰ παρόντα

(Trochaic, 8.8.6.6.3.)

Melody and Setting by Charles Wood


ARe thy toils and woes in - creas - ing? Are the foe's at - tacks un -
- ceas - ing? Look..... with faith un - - cloud - ed, Gaze ...
..... with eyes un - - shroud - ed, On the Cross.....

2 Dost thou fear that strictest trial?
Tremblest thou at Christ's denial?
Never rest without it,
Clasp thine arms about it,—
That dear Cross.

3 Diabolick legions press thee?
Thoughts and works of sin distress thee?
It shall chase all terror,
It shall right all error,
That sweet Cross.

4 Draw'st thou nigh to Jordan's river?
Should'st thou tremble? Need'st thou quiver?
No! if by it lying,—
No! if on it dying,
On the Cross.

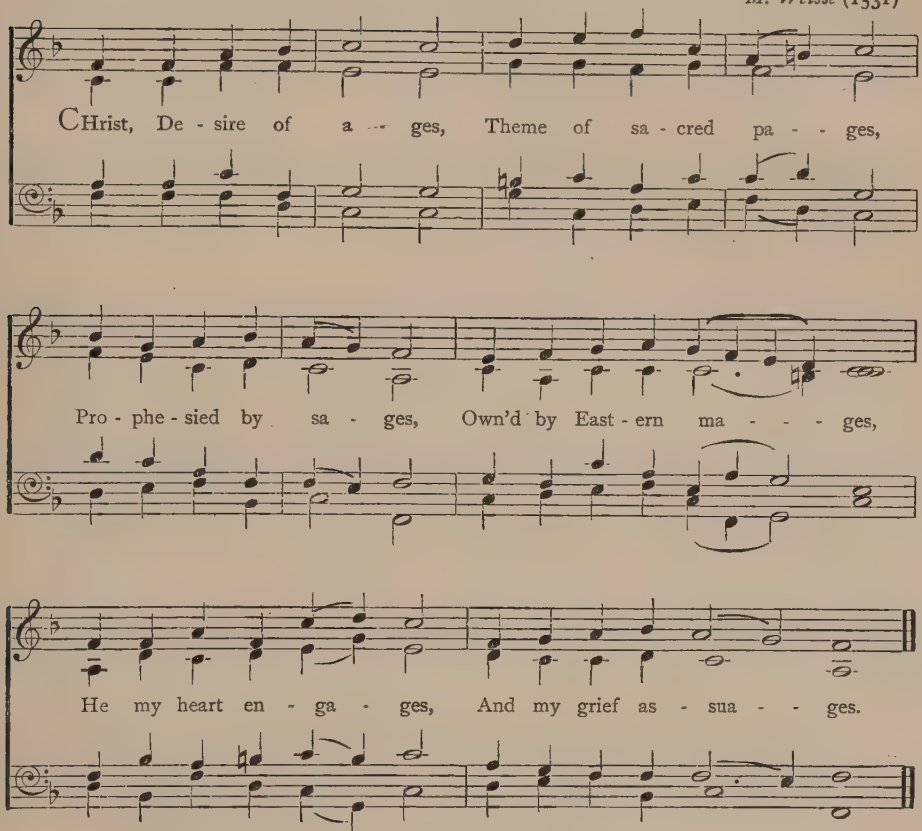
5 Say then, 'Master, while I cherish
That sweet hope, I cannot perish;
After this life's story,
Give thou me the glory
For the Cross.'

S. Methodius I (+846): Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818-1866)

312 A CHRIST, DESIRE OF AGES

Tune—AVE HIERARCHIA (GOTTES SOHN IST KOMMEN) (Trochaic, 6.6.6.6.6.6.)

M. Weisse (1531)


CHrist, De - sire of a - ges, Theme of sa - cred pa - - ges,
Pro - phe - sied by sa - ges, Own'd by East - ern ma - - - ges,
He my heart en - ga - ges, And my grief as - sua - - ges.

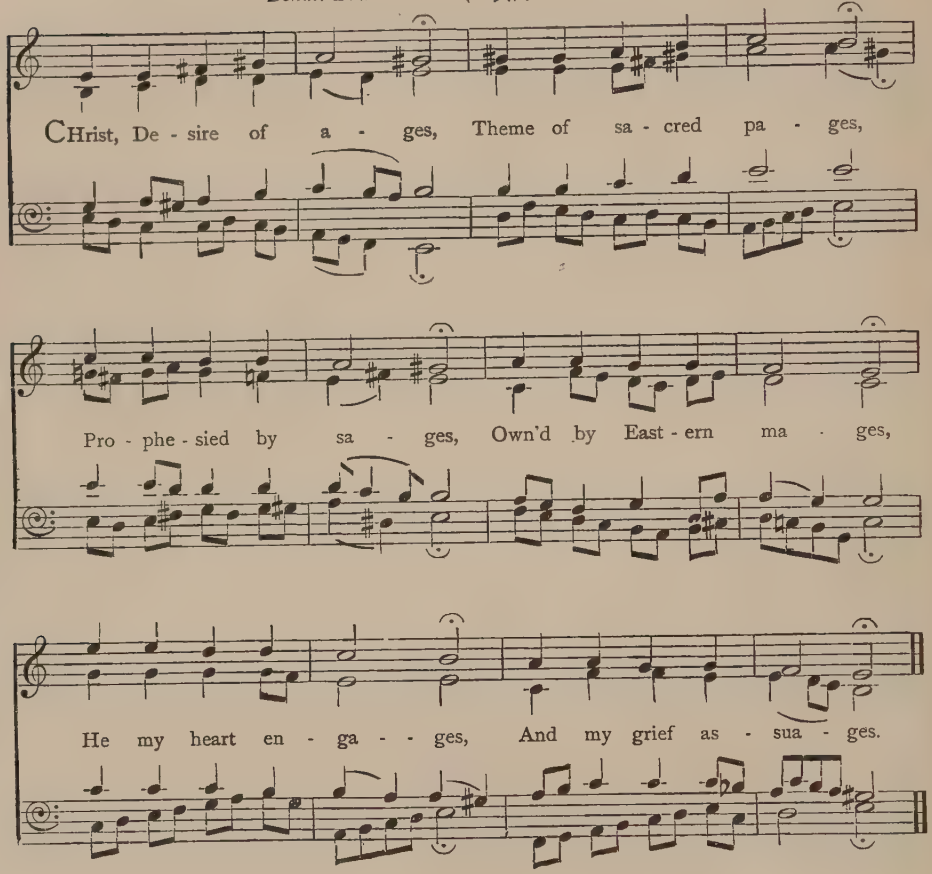
2 Jesu, sweet as shower
To the drooping flower,
Name, before whose power
Devils quail and cower,
In my dying hour
Be my keep and tower.

G. R. W.

312 B

Tune—HERR, NUN LASS IN FRIEDE

Böhm. Brüder G. B. (1694); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


CHrist, De - sire of a - ges, Theme of sa - cred pa - ges,
Pro - phe - sied by sa - ges, Own'd by East - ern ma - ges,
He my heart en - ga - - ges, And my grief as - sua - ges.

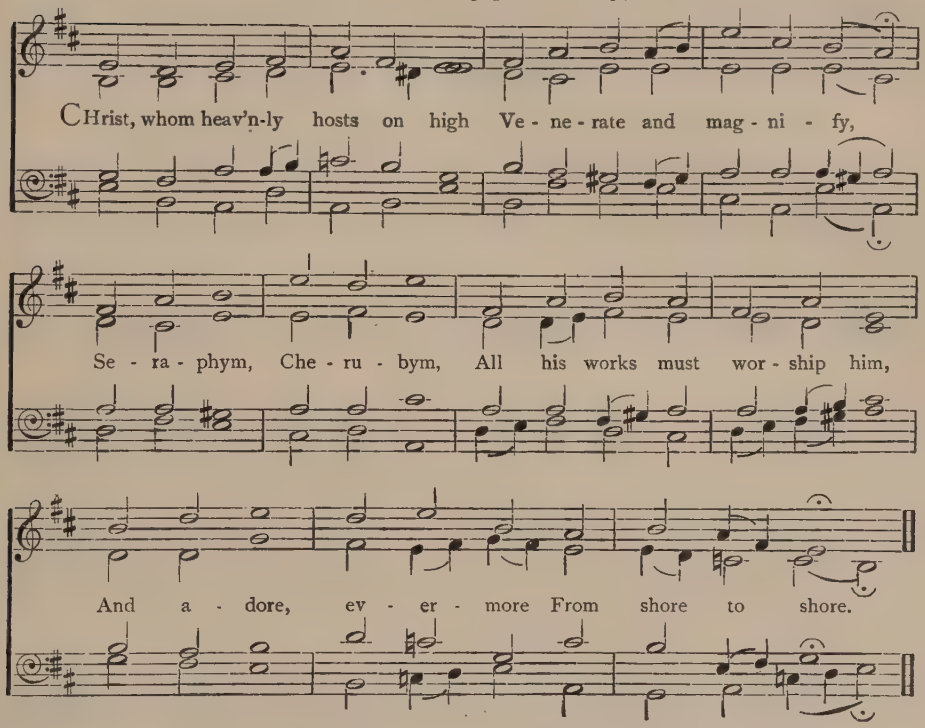
2 Jesu, sweet as shower
To the drooping flower,
Name, before whose power
Devils quail and cower,
In my dying hour
Be my keep and tower.

G. R. W.

313 Ὃν στρατιαὶ οὐρανῶν δοξάζουσιν

(Trochaic-iambic, 7·7·3·3·7·3·3·4.)

Ancient Japanese Melody, harmonized by Charles Wood


CHrist, whom heav'n-ly hosts on high Ve - ne - rate and mag - ni - fy,
Se - ra - phym, Che - ru - bym, All his works must wor - ship him,
And a - dore, ev - er - more From shore to shore.

2 We have sinn'd and done amiss;
Make us contrite, Lord, for this:
Hear our cry, from the sky
Bend on us a loving eye:
We have broke from thy yoke;
Forgive thy folk.

3 Righteous Judge, be ne'er our lot
Fire and worm that dieth not;
Who shall bide that dread tide,
When his earthly deeds be tried?
Ere that day, do away
Our sins, we pray.

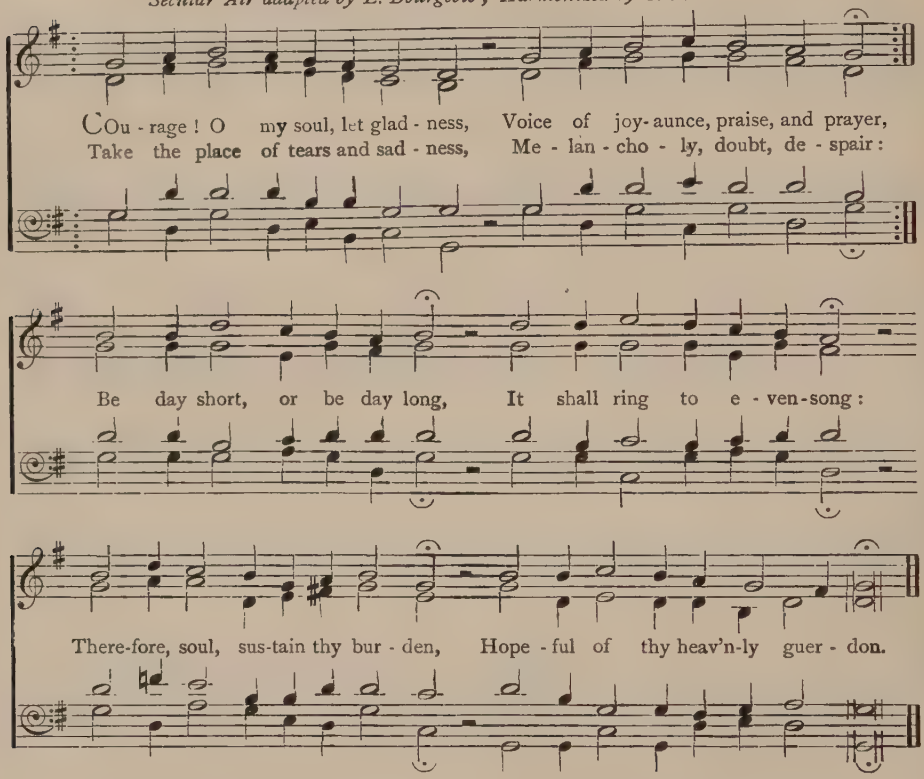
4 Lord, thine handiwork we are;
Shepherd, seek thy sheep afar:
With thy stave, from the grave
And the wolf, thy people save:
Fold us then, safe agen
Within thy pen.

S. Andrew of Crete (*c.* 660–732), *Greek Triodion*; Tr. *G. R. W.*

314 COURAGE! O MY SOUL

Tune—AINSI QUE LA BICHE RÉE **Ps. xlii** (Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.7.7.8.8.)

Secular Air adapted by L. Bourgeois; Harmonized by S. Marschall or C. Goudimel


COu - rage! O my soul, let glad - ness, Voice of joy-aunce, praise, and prayer,
Take the place of tears and sad - ness, Me - lan - cho - ly, doubt, de - spair:
Be day short, or be day long, It shall ring to e - ven-song:
There-fore, soul, sus-tain thy bur - den, Hope - ful of thy heav'n-ly guer - don.

2 Daily have I sought to borrow,
From the treasure-house of God,
Faith to drain my cup of sorrow,
Grace to bear his chastening rod:
E'en as shipman on the foam
Strangely yearneth after home,
So my heart beyond all telling
Longeth, Lord, to see thy dwelling.

3 As the rose or lily bloweth
In the midst of prickly thorn,
So in grace the Christian groweth
Under hardship, wrong or scorn:
Like the stormy winds that sweep
O'er the surface of the deep,
Short as breath, or fleet as bubble,
Man is born to toil and trouble.

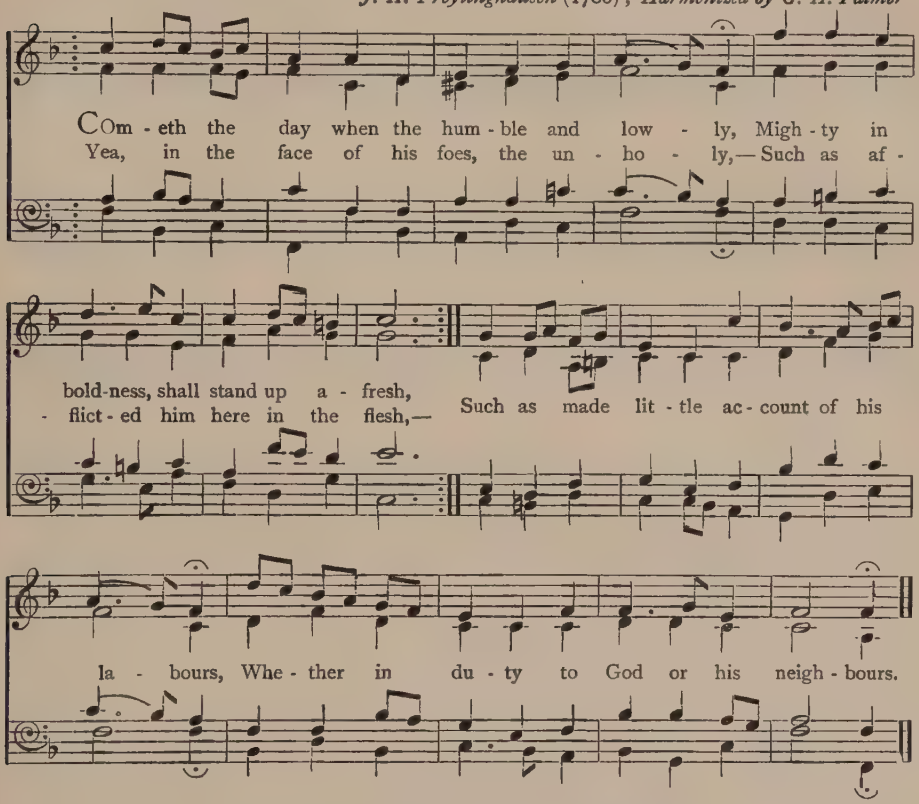
4 Joy! my soul; if fair befall thee,
Why remember grief and fears?
Soon the Master comes to call thee
From this earthly vale of tears:
Bide awhile; from sadness, care,
Soon to gladness shalt thou fare;—
Joy, whereof the like was never
Known to mortal—joy for ever.

After *Freu dich sehr, O meine Seele;* Tr. *G. R. W.*

315 Τότε στήσεται ἐν παρρησίᾳ

Tune—GROSSER PROPHETE (Dactylic, 11.10.11.10.11.11.)

J. A. Freylinghausen (1706); *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*


COm - eth the day when the hum - ble and low - ly, Migh - ty in
Yea, in the face of his foes, the un - ho - ly,— Such as af -
bold-ness, shall stand up a - fresh,
- flict - ed him here in the flesh,—
Such as made lit - tle ac - count of his
la - bours, Whe - ther in du - ty to God or his neigh - bours.

2 They, when they see it, shall fear and be troubled,
Awed by the joy that the Blessèd doth know,—
Strangeness of joy, and a thousand-time doubled,
Far beyond all that they look'd for below:
Thus shall they cry, when their courage doth languish,
Vainly repenting and groaning for anguish:

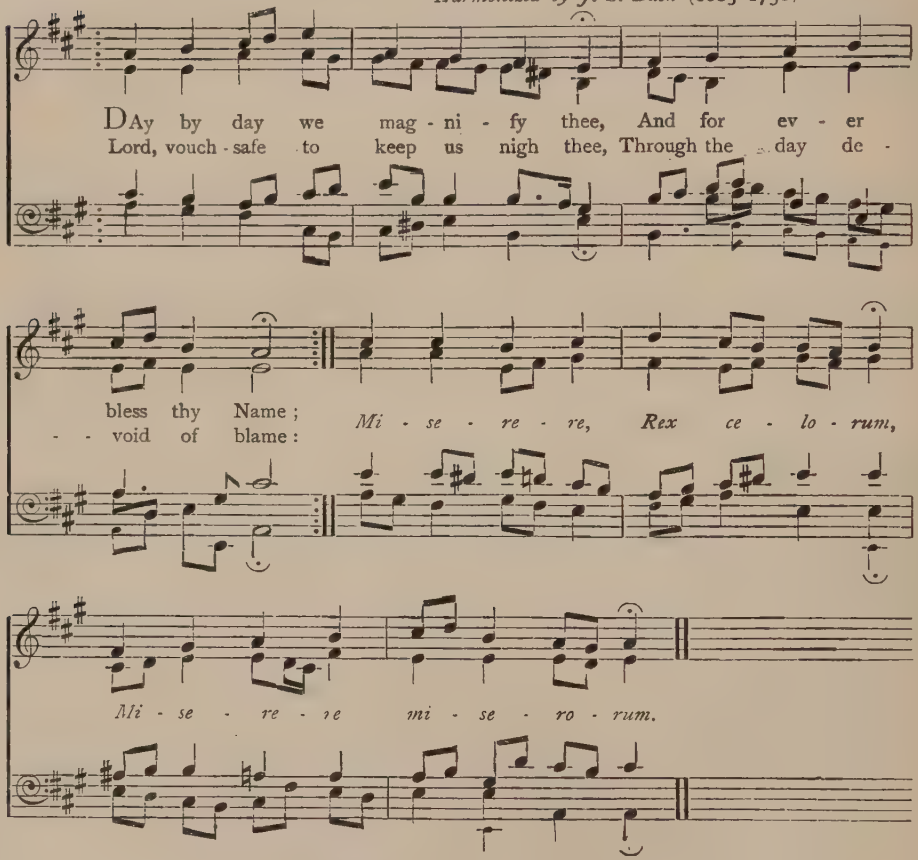
3 'This was the man, in our brief day of gladness,
Whom we derided, and reckon'd to blame;
Fools, we accounted his life to be madness,
And, at his end, we dishonour'd his name:
How 'mid the children of God, he doth merit
Now, with the Saints, endless life to inherit!'

Wisdom v; Tr. *G. R. W.*

316 Καθ' ἑκάστην ἡμέραν

(Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.8.8.)

Later form of H. Albert's Gott des Himmels und der Erden;
Harmonized by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)


DAy by day we mag - ni - fy thee, And for ev - er
Lord, vouch - safe to keep us nigh thee, Through the day de -
bless thy Name;
- - void of blame:
Mi - se - re - re, Rex ce - lo - rum,
Mi - se - re - re mi - se - ro - rum.

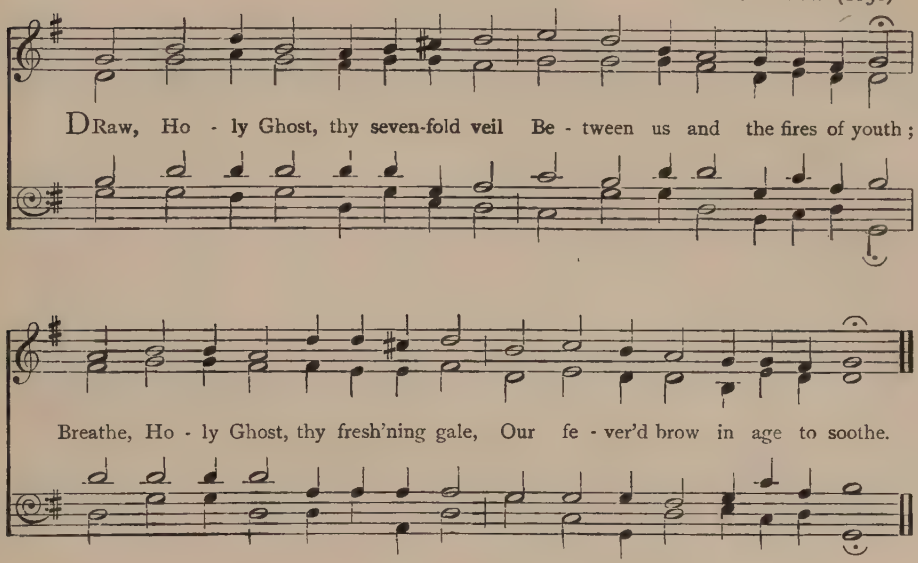
2 Let thy mercy on us lighten,
As our trust is set in thee;
Let thy grace our darkness brighten,
In thy light true light we see:
Lord, in thee my hope is grounded;
Let me never be confounded.

Ancient Greek; Tr. *G. R. W.*

317 DRAW, HOLY GHOST, THY SEVEN-FOLD VEIL

Tune—HERR IESU CHRIST, DICH ZU UNS WEND (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Gotha Cantional (1651)


DRaw, Ho - ly Ghost, thy seven-fold veil Be - tween us and the fires of youth;
Breathe, Ho - ly Ghost, thy fresh'ning gale, Our fe - ver'd brow in age to soothe.

2 And oft as sin and sorrow tire,
The hallow'd hour do thou renew,
When, beckon'd up the awful quire
By pastoral hands, toward thee we drew:

3 When, trembling at the sacred rail,
We hid our eyes and held our breath,
Felt thee how strong, our hearts how frail,
And long'd to own thee to the death.

4 For ever on our souls be traced
That blessing dear, that dove-like hand,
A sheltering rock in memory's waste,
O'er-shadowing all the weary land.

John Keble (1792–1866)

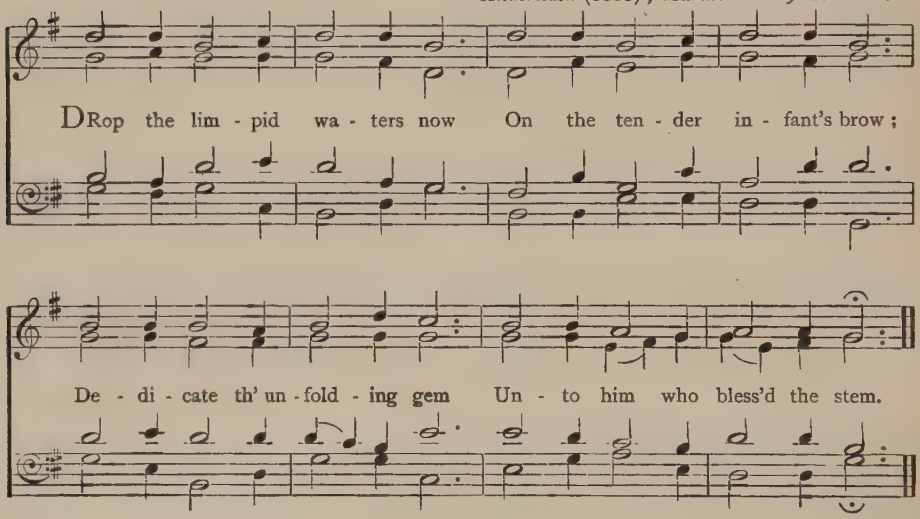
For an alternative Tune, see No. 135, Part II

318 DROP THE LIMPID WATERS NOW

Tune—TRES MAGI DE GENTIBVS (DREI KÖNIG AUSS FREMBDEN LANDT)

(Trochaic, 7.7.7.7.)

Andernach (1608); *Harmonized by G. R. W.*



2 In the Christian garden we
Plant another Christian tree;
Be its blossoms and its fruit
Worthy of the Christian root.

3 To that garden now we bring
Water from the living spring;
Bless the tree, the waters bless,
Holy One, with holiness.

4 When life's harvests all are past.
O transplant the tree at last
To the fields where flower and tree
Blossom through eternity.

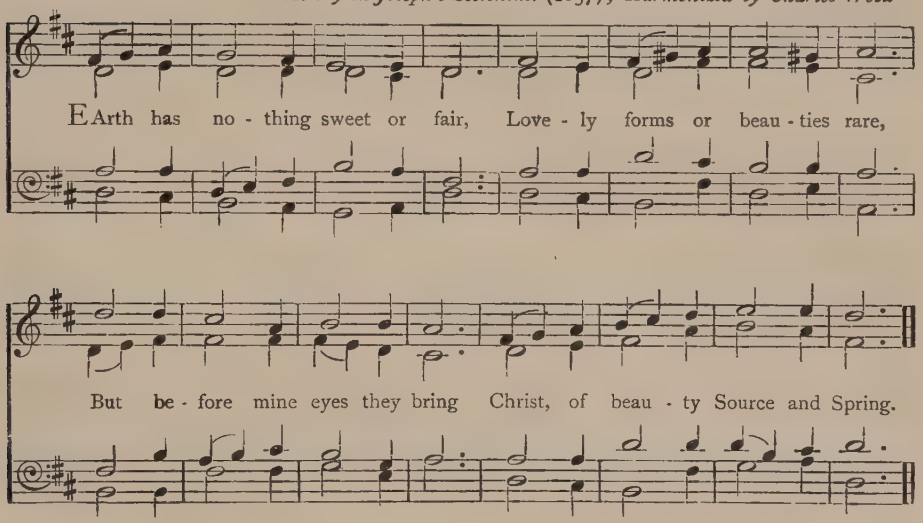
5 Father, guard us from above;
Saviour, bless us with thy love;
Spirit, on our spirits shine,
Make and keep us ever thine.

J. Bowring (1792–1872)

319 Keine Schönheit hat die Welt

PROPER MELODY (Trochaic, 7.7.7.7.)

Melody in Joseph's Seelenlust (1657); *Harmonized by Charles Wood*


EArth has no - thing sweet or fair, Love - ly forms or beau - ties rare,
But be - fore mine eyes they bring Christ, of beau - ty Source and Spring.

2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

3 When the day-beams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesu's light,
Think how bright that light will be,
Shining through eternity.

4 When, as moonlight softly steals,
Heav'n its thousand eyes reveals,
Then I think: Who made their light
Is a thousand times more bright.

5 When I see, in spring-tide gay,
Fields their varied tints display,
Wakes the awful thought in me,
What must their Creator be!

6 If I trace the fountain's source,
Or the brooklet's devious course,
Straight my thoughts to Jesus mount,
As the best and purest fount

7 Sweet the song the night-bird sings,
Sweet the lute with quivering strings;
Far more sweet than every tone
Is the Name of Mary's Son.

8 Sweetness fills the air around
At the echo's answering sound;
Far more sweet than echo's fall
Is to me the Bridegroom's call.

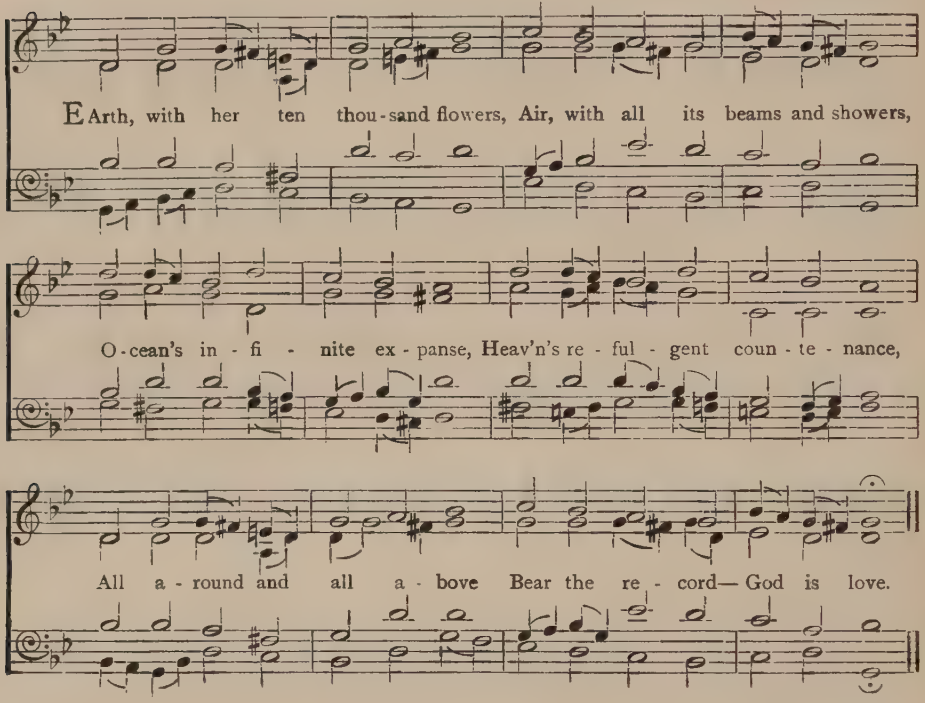
9 Lord of all that's fair to see,
Come, reveal thyself to me;
Let me 'mid thy radiant light,
See thine unveil'd glories bright.

Johann Scheffler (1624–1677); Tr. *Frances Elizabeth Cox* (1812–1897)

320 EARTH, WITH HER TEN THOUSAND FLOWERS

(Trochaic, 7·7·7·7·7·7·)

A Cambrian Tune, harmonized by Charles Wood


EArth, with her ten thou-sand flowers, Air, with all its beams and showers,
O-cean's in-fi-nite ex-panse, Heav'n's re-ful-gent coun-te-nance,
All a-round and all a-bove Bear the re-cord— God is love.

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods, and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle summer stirr'd;
All these sounds beneath, above,
Have one burden—God is love.

3 All the hopes and fears that dart
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies:
These are voices from above,
Sweetly saying—God is love.

4 But the Holy Saviour's birth,
All he did and said on earth,
All his agonies and woes,
All his pleadings for his foes,
All his blessings from above,
Most assure us—God is love.

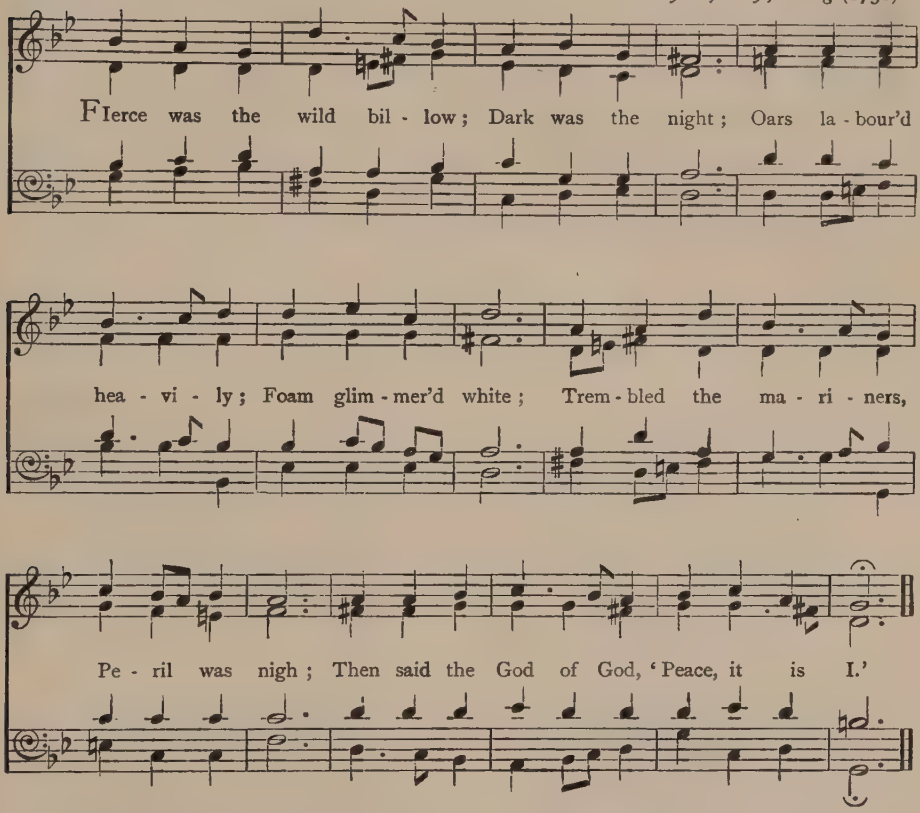
Thomas Rawson Taylor (1807–1835)

¶ *For an alternative Tune, see No. 298*

321 Ζοφερᾶς τρικυμίας

Tune—THRÄNET, IHR AUGEN (Dactylic, 10.10.10.10.)

Melody in, or by, Konig (1738)


FIerce was the wild bil - low; Dark was the night; Oars la - bour'd
hea - vi - ly; Foam glim - mer'd white; Trem - bled the ma - ri - ners,
Pe - ril was nigh; Then said the God of God, 'Peace, it is I.'

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest;
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest:
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
'Peace, it is I.

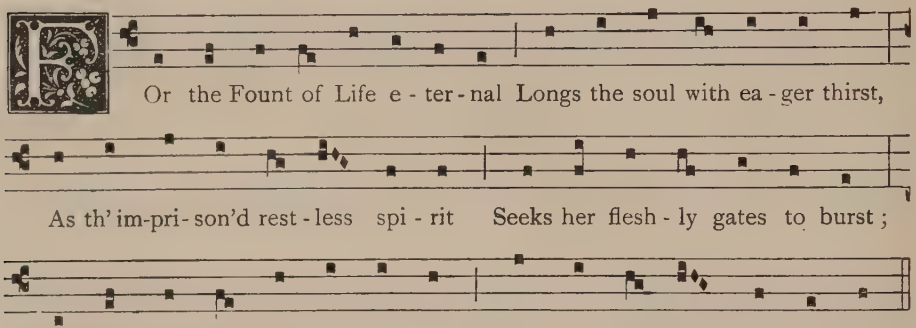
3 Jesu, deliverer,
Come thou to me;
Soothe thou my voyaging
Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
'Peace, it is I.'

Anatolius (*c.* viij cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

322 AD PERENNIS VITÆ FONTEM

Tune—TIBI CHRISTE SPLENDOR PATRIS (Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.8.7.)

Mode ij


For the Fount of Life e - ter - nal Longs the soul with ea - ger thirst,
As th' im-pri-son'd rest - less spi - rit Seeks her flesh - ly gates to burst;
Strug-gling, yearn-ing for the Coun-try Whence she hath been ban - ish'd erst.

2 Who can tell the perfect gladness
Of the peace within the skies?
Where, of living pearls up-builded,
Mansions for the Blessed rise;
Where the vaulted halls of feasting
Shine with gold and radiant dyes.

3 Twelve dear gems of countless value
Form the walls' foundation-stone;
Polish'd gold, like beaming crystal,
Paves the glorious streets alone;
No pollution, no defilement,
Rain, nor melting snow are known.

4 Winter braming, summer flaming,
Nevermore their harms can bring;
Everlasting roses blooming
Make an everlasting Spring;
Lily blanching, crocus blushing,
And the balsam perfuming.

5 There no waxing moon, nor waning,
Sun nor stars in courses bright;
For the Lamb to that glad City
Is the everlasting Light;
There the daylight shines for ever,
Gone for aye are time and night.

PART II

THERE the Saints, in beauty vested,
As the sun, in glory pure,
Crown'd with triumph's flushing honours,
Knit in unison secure,
Now in safety tell their battles,
And their foes' discomfiture.

2 Here they live in endless being;
Passingness hath pass'd away;
Here they bloom, they thrive, they flourish,
For decay'd is all decay;
And immortal vigour endeth
Darkling death's malignant sway.

3 Where the Sacred Body lieth,
Eagle souls will congregate;
Who, with Saints and happy Angels,
Thus their spirits recreate;
One same Living Bread sustaining
Denizens of either state.

4 Christ, thy soldiers' Palm of honour,
To this City, bright and free,
Lead me, when my warfare's girdle
I shall cast away from me,
A partaker, with thy blest ones,
In thy Donative to be.

5 Grant me vigour while I labour,
In the ceaseless battle press'd;
That thou may'st, the conflict over,
Give me everlasting rest;
And that I at length inherit
Thee, my Portion ever blest.

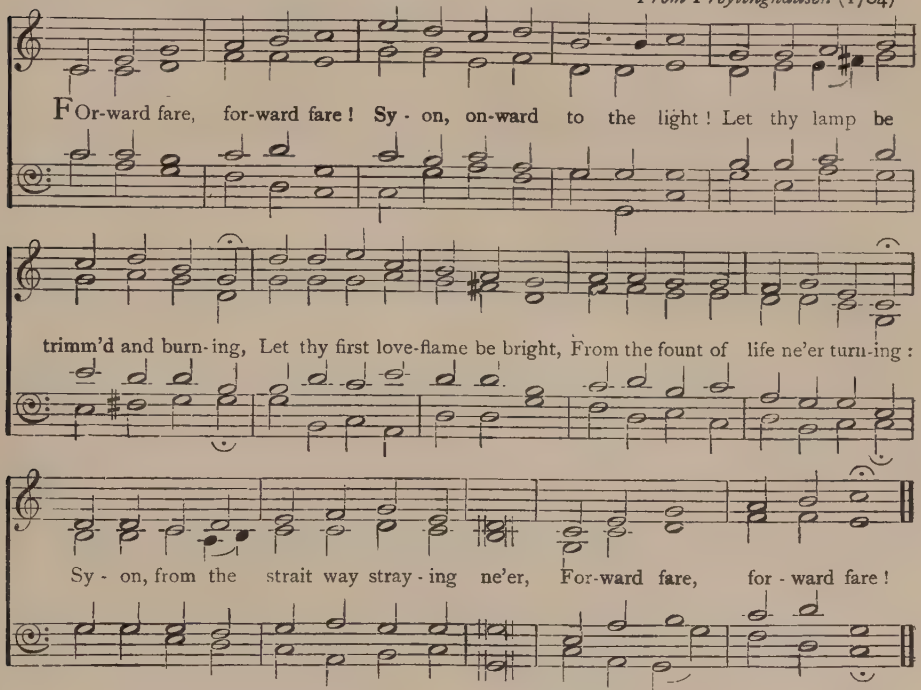
S. Peter Damian (xj cent.); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

¶ *For alternative Tune, see No 113*

323 Fahre fort

(Trochaic, 6.7.8.7.8.9.6.)

From Freylinghausen (1704)


FOr-ward fare, for-ward fare! Sy - on, on-ward to the light! Let thy lamp be
trimm'd and burn-ing, Let thy first love-flame be bright, From the fount of life ne'er turn-ing:
Sy - on, from the strait way stray - ing ne'er, For-ward fare, for - ward fare!

2 Be thou strong; yea, be strong;
Syon, be thou strong, nor shun
Scoff and scorn 'neath sorrow's burden,
Faithful till the setting sun:
See the crown of life thy guerdon;
Syon, spite of Babel's bondage long,
Be thou strong; yea, be strong.

3 Follow not, follow not;
Syon, follow not the world:
Spurn her honours and advances,
Goods and chattels, gilt and pearl'd,
Frowns, caresses, changes, chances:
Syon, ne'er with vanity complot;
Follow not, follow not.

4 Prove and try, prove and try,—
Syon, every spirit prove:
Would they from the path deflect thee,
Swerve not from the narrow groove;
Let thy Polar-Star direct thee:
Syon, test the spirits, right or wry;
Prove and try, prove and try.

5 Press within, press within;
Syon, press within to God:
Courage, life, and spirit muster;
Not like sapless branch and rod,
But as vine-spray fair with cluster:
Syon, not in word but deed begin;
Press within, press within.

6 Break thou forth, break thou forth;
Syon, break thou forth with might;
Mindful of his love and labour,
Keep thy Bridegroom's troth and plight;
Shew thy love toward thy neighbour:
Syon, east and west-ward, south and north,
Break thou forth, break thou forth.

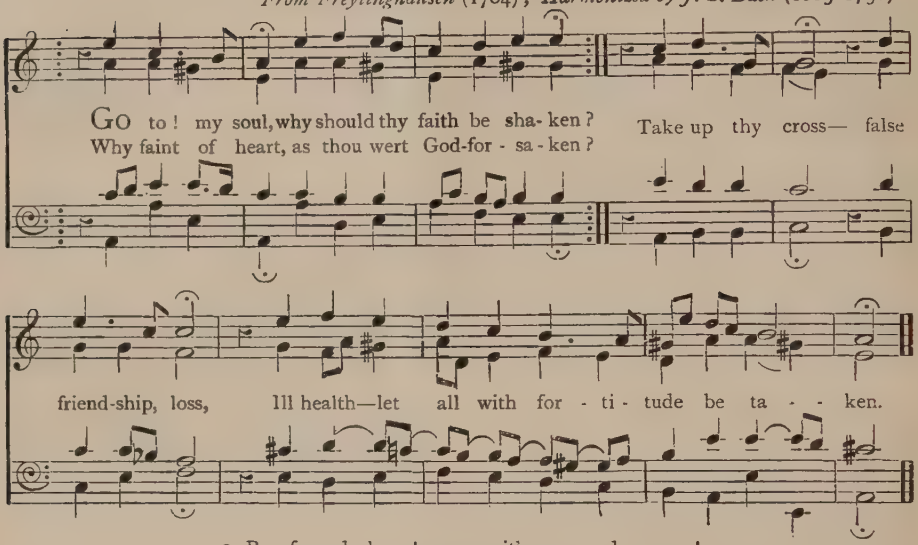
7 Persevere, persevere;
Syon, persevere; be true,
Lax and lukewarm lest he find thee;
Up! behold the prize in view;
Cast the sinful past behind thee:
Syon, in thy struggle last and drear,
Persevere, persevere.

Johann Eusebius Schmidt (1670–1745); *Tr. G. R. W.*

324 Was bist du doch, O Seele, so betrübet

PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 11.11.4.4.11.)

From Freylinghausen (1704); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


GO to! my soul, why should thy faith be sha-ken?
Why faint of heart, as thou wert God-for-sa-ken?
Take up thy cross— false
friend-ship, loss, Ill health—let all with for-ti-tude be ta-ken.

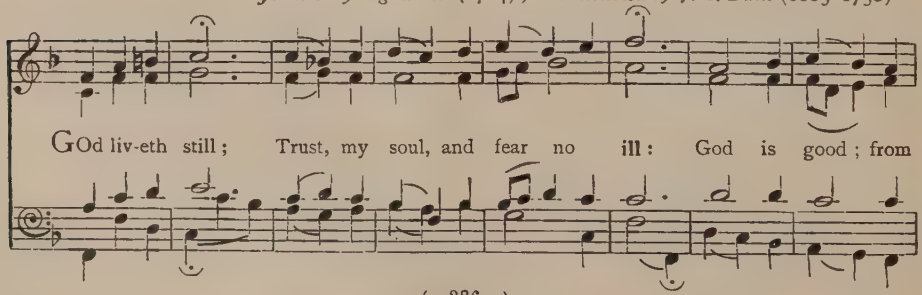
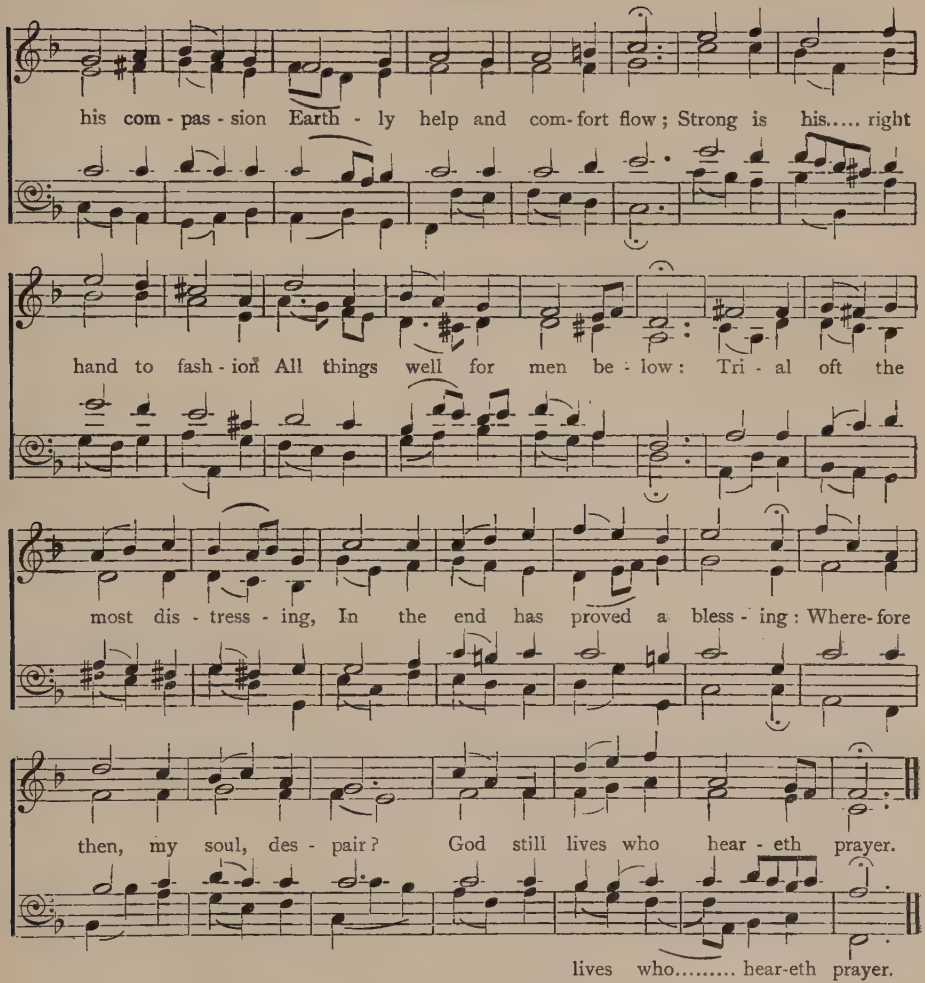
2 Be of good cheer! away with care and sorrow!
To Golgotha! faith, hope, and love to borrow:
Go bury gloom in Jesu's tomb;
Though sad the night, joy cometh with the morrow.

From J. A. Freylinghausen (1704); Tr. *G. R. W.*

325 Gott lebet noch

PROPER MELODY (Iambo-trochaic, 4.7.8.7.8.7.8.8.7.7.)

J. A. Freylinghausen (1704); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)



his com - pas - sion Earth - ly help and com - fort flow; Strong is his..... right
hand to fash - ion All things well for men be - low: Tri - al oft the
most dis - tress - ing, In the end has proved a bless - ing: Where - fore
then, my soul, des - pair? God still lives who hear - eth prayer.
lives who..... hear-eth prayer.

2 God liveth still;
Trust, my soul, and fear no ill:
He who gives the clouds their measure,
Stretching out the heav'ns alone:
He who stores the earth with treasure,
Is not far from every one:
God in hour of need defendeth
Him whose heart in love ascendeth:
Wherefore then, my soul, despair?
God still lives who heareth prayer.

3 God liveth still;
Trust, my soul, and fear no ill:
Be thy life, until its ending,
One long course of grief or need,
God, in love the trial sending,
Thus to heav'n thy soul would lead:
There will dawn, when cares are ended,
Joy and peace, for ever blended:
Wherefore then, my soul, despair?
God still lives who heareth prayer.

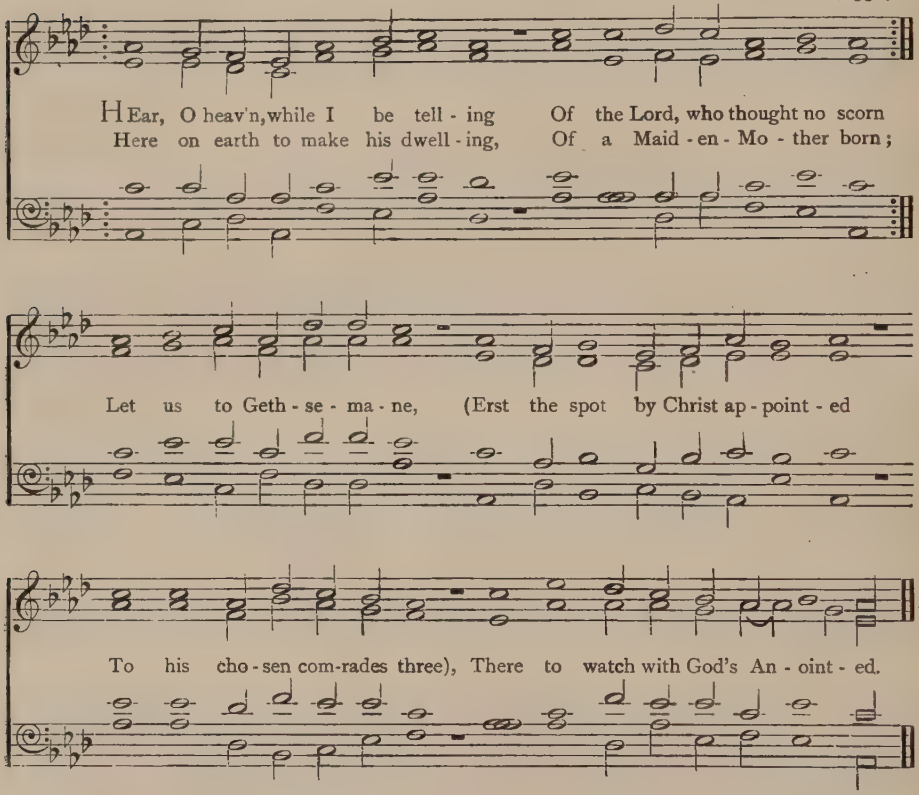
Johann Friedrich Zihn (1650–1719); Tr. *Frances Elizabeth Cox* (1812-1897)

326 A Πρόσεχε, οὐρανέ, καὶ λαλήσω

Tune—A TOY, MON DIEU, MON CŒUR MONTE (French Ps. XXV)

(Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.7.8.7.8.)

Old Flemish Air (1551)

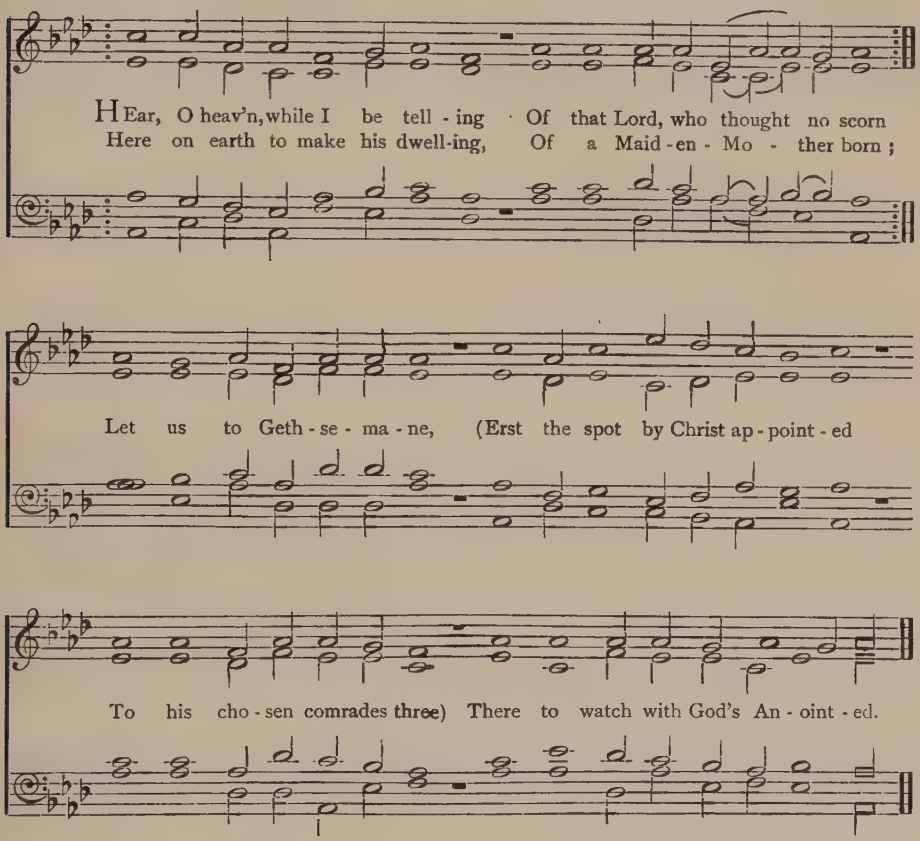

HEar, O heav'n, while I be tell - ing Of the Lord, who thought no scorn
Here on earth to make his dwell - ing, Of a Maid - en - Mo - ther born;
Let us to Geth - se - ma - ne, (Erst the spot by Christ ap - point - ed
To his cho - sen com-rades three), There to watch with God's An - oint - ed.

2 Soul, unto the truth awaken:
Of twain grinding at the mill
One is left, the other taken:
Jesus shall his word fulfil:
Ready therefore for the tomb
Make thee, O my soul immortal;
For the righteous Judge of doom
E'en now standeth at thy portal.

S. Andrew of Crete (*c.* 660–732); Tr. *G. R. IV*

326 B

The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor; Harmonized by Claude Goudimel († 1572)


HEar, O heav'n, while I be tell - ing Of that Lord, who thought no scorn
Here on earth to make his dwell-ing, Of a Maid - en - Mo - ther born;
Let us to Geth - se - ma - ne, (Erst the spot by Christ ap - point - ed
To his cho - sen comrades three) There to watch with God's An - oint - ed.

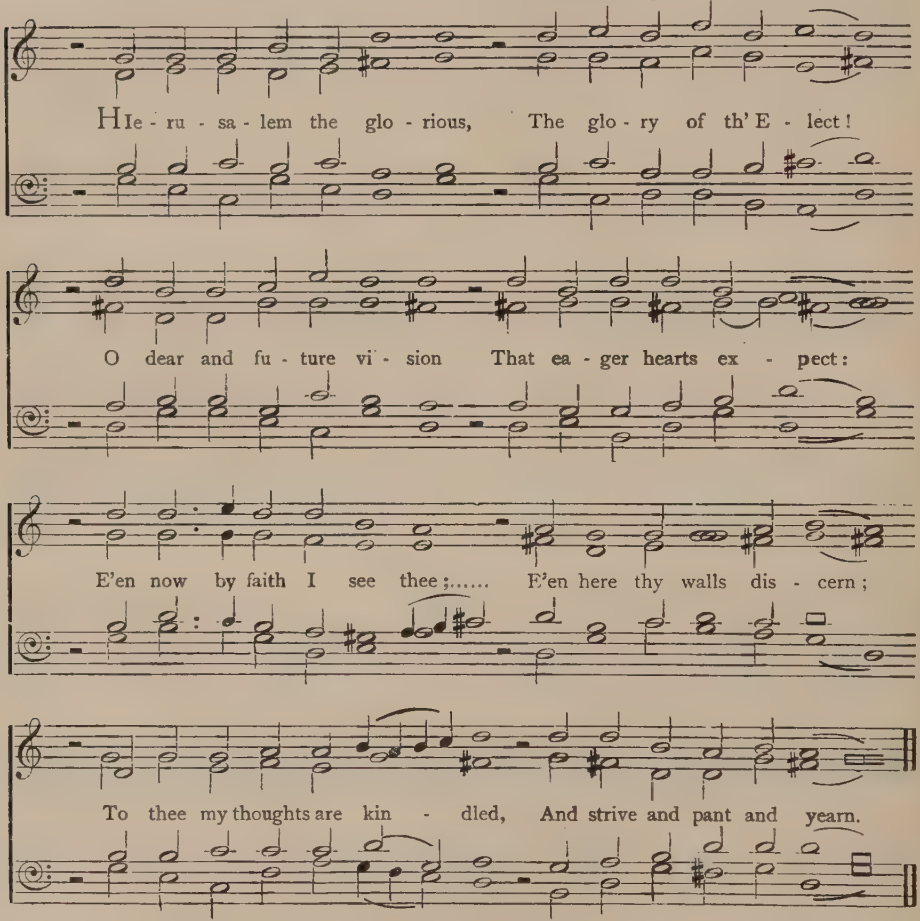
2 Soul, unto the truth awaken:
Of twain grinding at the mill
One is left, the other taken:
Jesus shall his word fulfil:
Ready therefore for the tomb
Make thee, O my soul immortal;
For the righteous Judge of doom
E'en now standeth at thy portal.

S. Andrew of Crete (*c.* 660–732); Tr. *G. R. W.*

327 A URBS SYON INCLITA

Tune—DER GRAF VON ROM (Iambic, 7.6.7.6.7.6.7 6.)

Old Volkslied; from M. Prætorius (1609)


HIe - ru - sa - lem the glo - rious, The glo - ry of th' E - lect!
O dear and fu - ture vi - sion That ea - ger hearts ex - pect:
E'en now by faith I see thee;..... E'en here thy walls dis - cern;
To thee my thoughts are kin - dled, And strive and pant and yearn.

2 Hierusalem, the onely,
That look'st from heav'n below,
In thee is all my glory,
In me is all my woe;
And though my body may not
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.

3 O none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise:
O none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device:
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart;
And none, O peace, O Syon,
Can sing thee as thou art.

4 New mansion or new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite :
Thou City of the Angels,
Thou City of the Lord,
Whose everlasting musick
Is the glorious decachord.

5 And there the band of Prophets
United praise ascribes ;
And there the twelve-fold chorus
Of Israel's ransom'd tribes :
The lily-beds of Virgins,
The roses' Martyr-glow,
The cohort of the Fathers
Who kept the Faith below.

6 And there the Sole-begotten
Is Lord in regal state ;
He, Juda's mystick Lion,
He, Lamb immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow
O state that fears no strife !
O princely bowers, O land of flowers,
O realm and home of life !

7 Hierusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore.
O mine, my golden Syon !
O lovelier far than gold !
With laurel-girt battalions
And safe victorious fold :

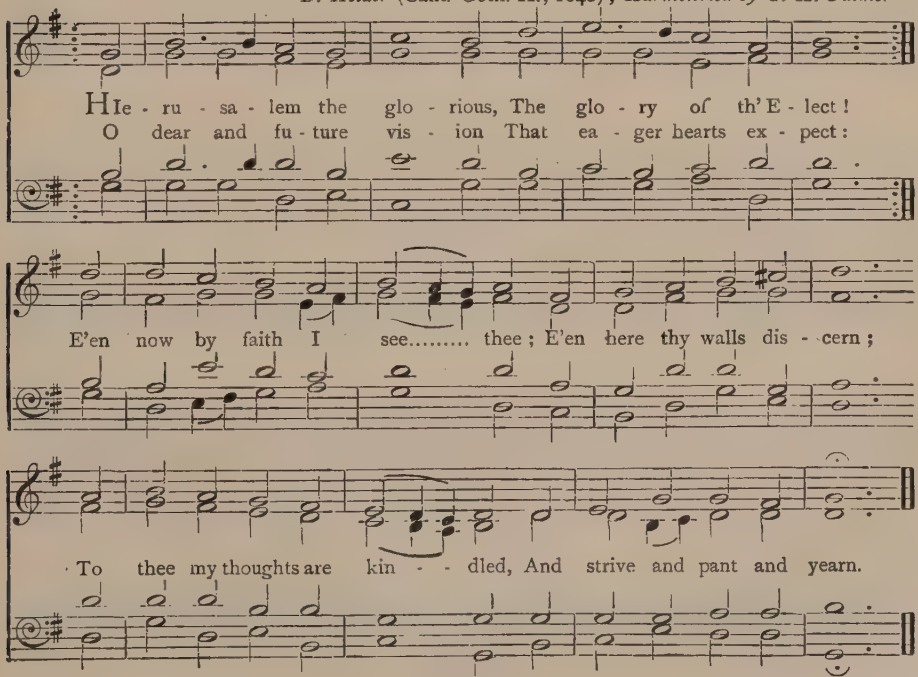
8 O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever see thy face ?
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever win thy grace ?
I have the hope within me,
To comfort and to bless :
Shall I ever win the prize itself ?
O tell me, tell me, Yes.

Bernard of Cluny (early xij cent.) ; Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

¶ *For two other Melodies, see Nos. 236 & 262*

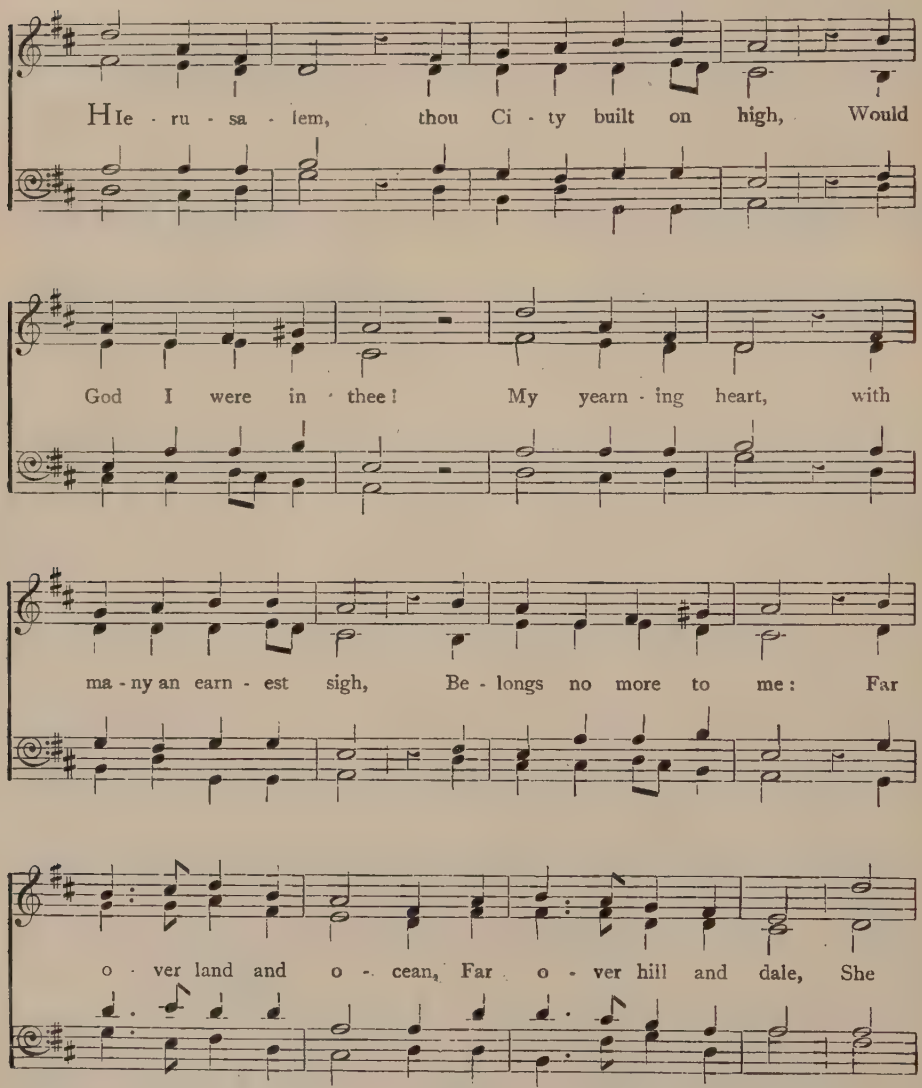
327 B *Another Tune*—WOHLAUF, THUT NICHT VERZAGEN

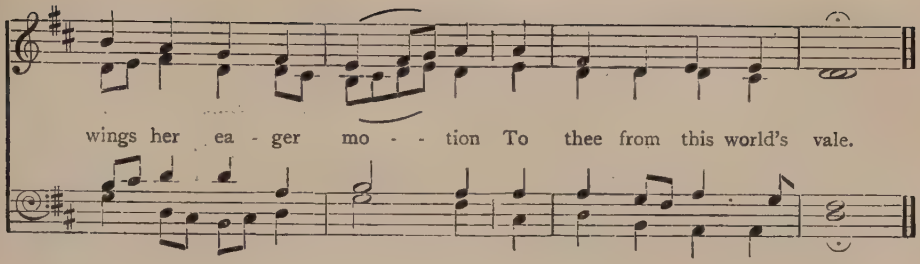
B. Helder (Cant. Goth. II., 1648) ; *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*


HIe - ru - sa - lem the glo - rious, The glo - ry of th' E - lect !
O dear and fu - ture vis - ion That ea - ger hearts ex - pect :
E'en now by faith I see..... thee ; E'en here thy walls dis - cern ;
To thee my thoughts are kin - - dled, And strive and pant and yearn.

328 Hierusalem, du hochgebaute Stadt

Melchior Franck (?) *Erfurt, G. B.* (1663); *Harmonized by Charles Wood*


Hie - ru - sa - lem, thou Ci - ty built on high, Would
God I were in thee! My yearn - ing heart, with
ma - ny an earn - est sigh, Be - longs no more to me: Far
o - ver land and o - cean, Far o - ver hill and dale, She



2 City of God, whose diamond line of fort
No storm of foe may dare;
No tyrant foe can waste,—no lordling's court
Vex the free burghers there:
But only truth and lightness
Build up the Monarch's throne;
And brightness beyond brightness
Invests the Royal Son.

3 City, whose streets are of transparent gold,
Whose marble walls stand sure;
The river clear, throughout thy broad-ways roll'd,
Still welleth silver-pure:
There streams of crystal, laving
Those happy meadows, glide:
The Tree of Life is waving
Her boughs on either side.

4 Thou, City fair, dost need no sun by day,
No paler moon by night:
The Lord himself is thine eternal ray,
So mildly, heav'nly, bright:
God's Self thy light,—thy glory,
The Lamb that once was slain,
Who wrought salvation's story
Upon the Tree of pain.

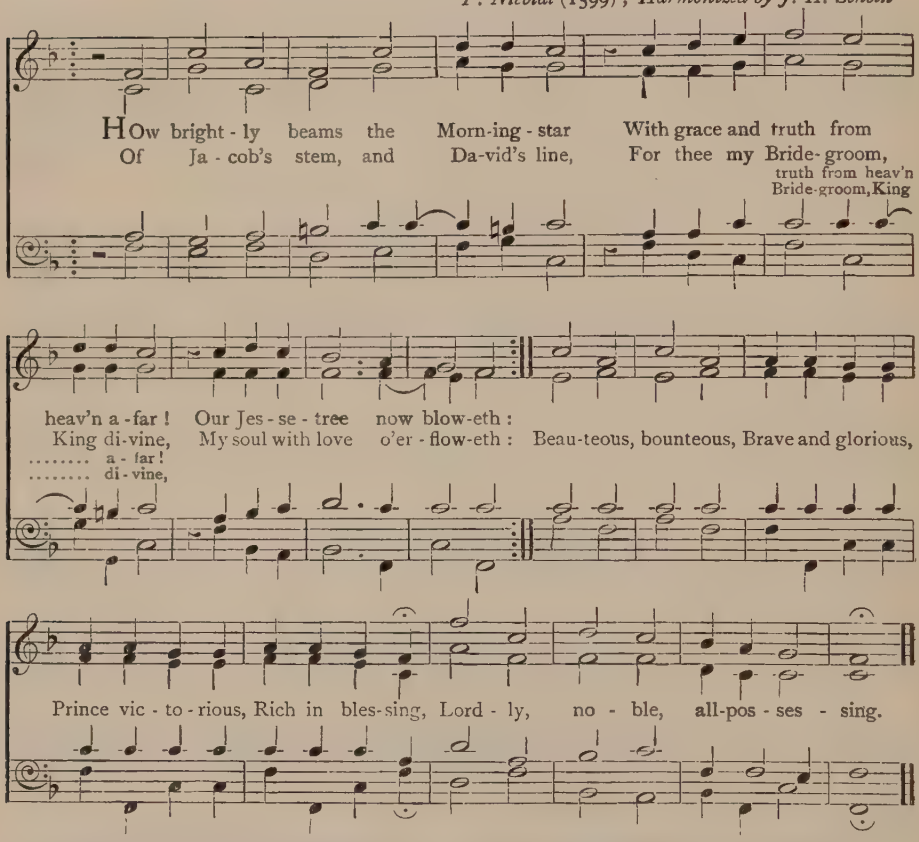
5 City of God! for thee we yearn and wait
With sighs that never cease;
When shall we pass within thy golden gate,
Still City of our peace?
What day shall end our sadness,
And, trampling Pharao's might,
Bid Israel sing with gladness,
'Egyptian hosts,—Good night!'

Ludwig Gotthard Kosegarten (1758–1818); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

329 A Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern

(Iambo-trochaic, 8.8.7.8.8.7.4.4.4.4.8.)

P. Nicolai (1599); *Harmonized by J. H. Schein*


How bright - ly beams the Morn-ing - star With grace and truth from
Of Ja - cob's stem, and Da-vid's line, For thee my Bride-groom,
truth from heav'n
Bride-groom, King
heav'n a - far! Our Jes - se - tree now blow-eth:
King di-vine, My soul with love o'er - flow-eth: Beau-teous, bounteous, Brave and glorious,
..... a - far!
..... di - vine,
Prince vic - to - rious, Rich in bles-sing, Lord - ly, no - ble, all-pos - ses - sing.

2 Hail! Son of Mary, Pearl and Crown,
True Son of God, of high renown,
Of kingly race descended:
My heart doth hail thee Lily-flower;
Thy doctrine droppeth sweet as shower;
'Tis milk and honey blended;
Eya! Eya!
Hail! Osanna!
Heav'nly Manna!
Food supernal,
Leading up to life eternal.

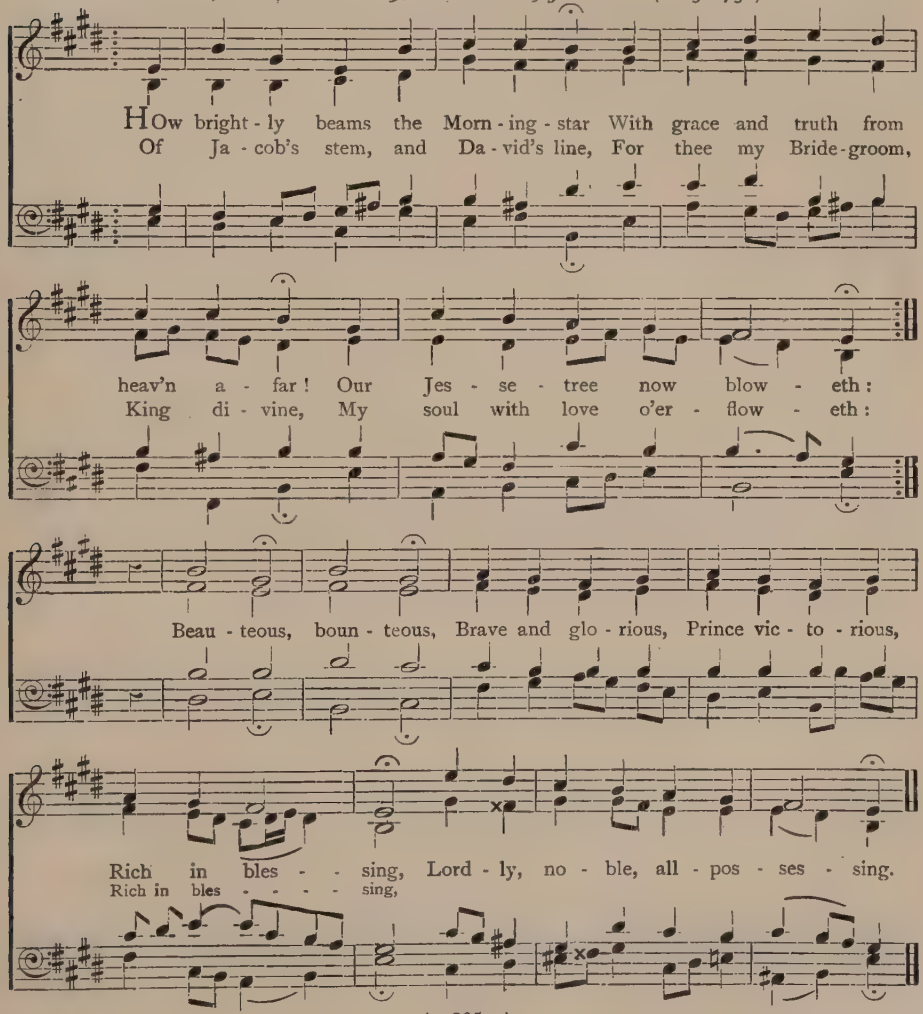
3 Shed deep within my heart thy light,
Thou Ruby red and Jasper bright;
Thy Charity will cheer me:
Head of the Body, in thy side
Thy living member let me bide
With thee, my Saviour, near me:
Wo's me for thee!
Graciosa
Celi rosa.
Here in anguish
For thy scent I pine and languish.

4 Awake the sound of harp and string,
And tuneful hymns of gladness sing,
Pure hearts with voices blending:
But let me sit at Jesu's feet,
My heav'nly Bridegroom, passing sweet,
In joyaunce never-ending:
Meetly, featly,
Sing *Cantate*,
Jubilate:
Spread the story;
Great is Christ, the King of glory.

P. Nicolai (1556–1608); Tr. *G. R. W.*

329 B

Later form of the Melody, harmonized by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)

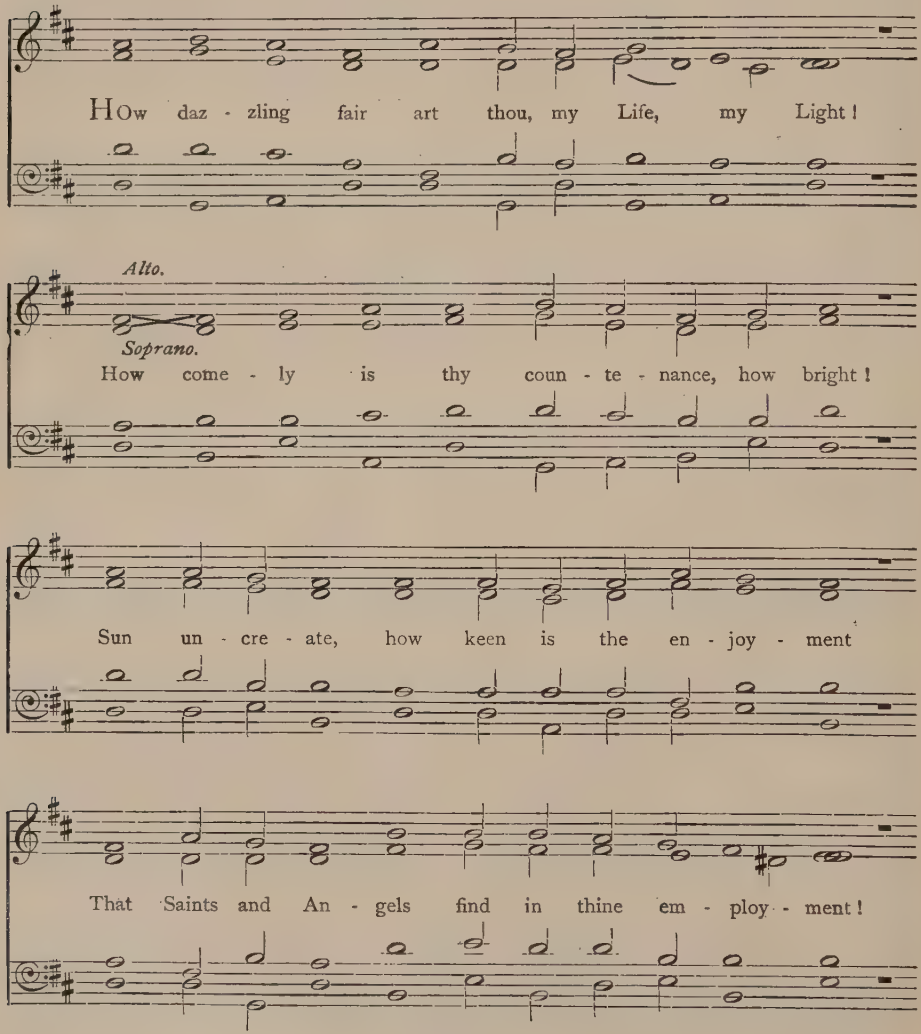

How bright-ly beams the Morn-ing-star With grace and truth from
Of Ja-cob's stem, and Da-vid's line, For thee my Bride-groom,
heav'n a-far! Our Jes-se-tree now blow-eth:
King di-vine, My soul with love o'er-flow-eth:
Beau-teous, boun-teous, Brave and glo-rious, Prince vic-to-rious,
Rich in bles-sing, Lord-ly, no-ble, all-pos-ses-sing.
Rich in bles-sing,

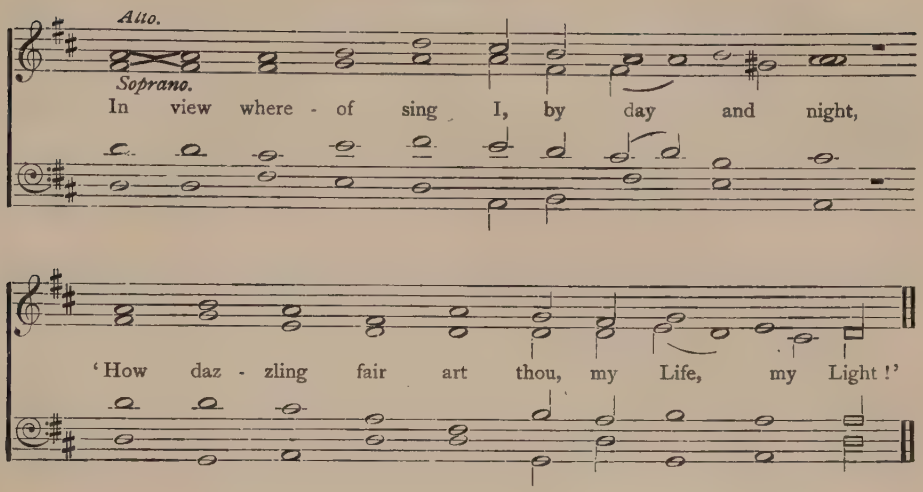
330A Wie ſchön biſt du, mein Leben und mein Licht

Tune—QUI AU CONSEIL DES MALINS N'A ESTÉ (Ps. i)

(Iambic, 10.10.11.11.10.10)

Strassburg Psalter (1539), *adapted by L. Bourgeois* (1542) — *Seth Calvisius* (1598)


How daz - zling fair art thou, my Life, my Light!
Alto.
Soprano.
How come - ly is thy coun - te - nance, how bright!
Sun un - cre - ate, how keen is the en - joy - ment
That Saints and An - gels find in thine em - ploy - ment!



2 My soul, O Lord, is sore athirst for thee:
My heart doth yearn thy seemly face to see:
Dim is my sight; but one ray of thy kindness
Should quickly skill to cure mine eyes of blindness:
Meanwhile my song and my complaint shall be,
'My soul, O Lord, is sore athirst for thee.'

3 How lordly are thy mansions, King of love!
How worshipful thy courts in realms above!
Say, Lord, when shall I come to stand before thee,
And in thy gallant gates and walls adore thee?
Meantime I mourn, as doth the plaintive dove,
'How lordly are thy mansions, King of love!'

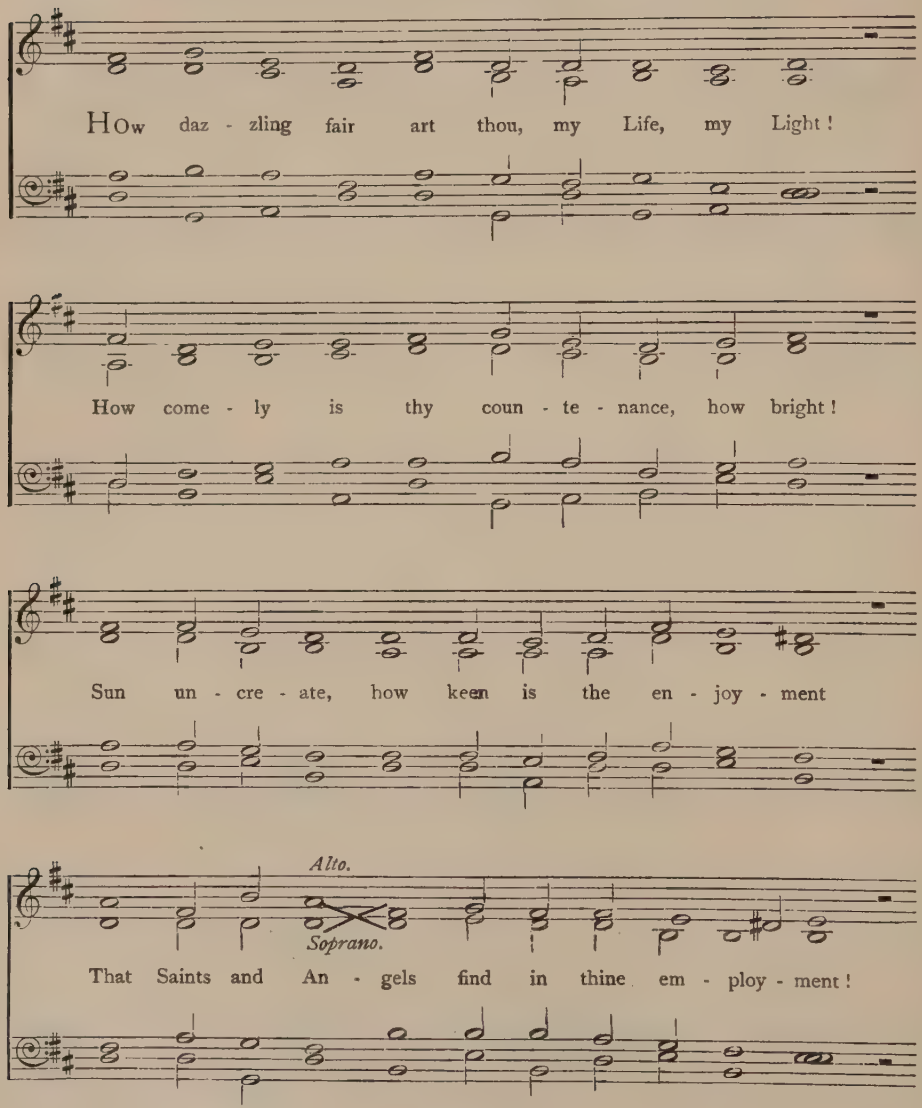
4 When shall I come to hear the Angel-song?
Nay, swell the chorus of the heav'nly throng?
When join the noble company of Sages,
Who chaunt thee Lauds through everlasting ages?
Now every day methinks, and all day long,
'When shall I come to hear that Angel-song?'

5 For songs of Syon, Lord, my soul prepare,
Part in that never-ending round to bear;
To cry, with men of humble heart and lowly,
To thy great glory, 'Holy, Holy, Holy':
Meanwhile shall be the tenor of mine air,
'For songs of Syon, Lord, my soul prepare.'

After *Johann Scheffler* (1624–1677); *G. R. W.*

330 B

The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor; Harmonized by C. Goudimel († 1572)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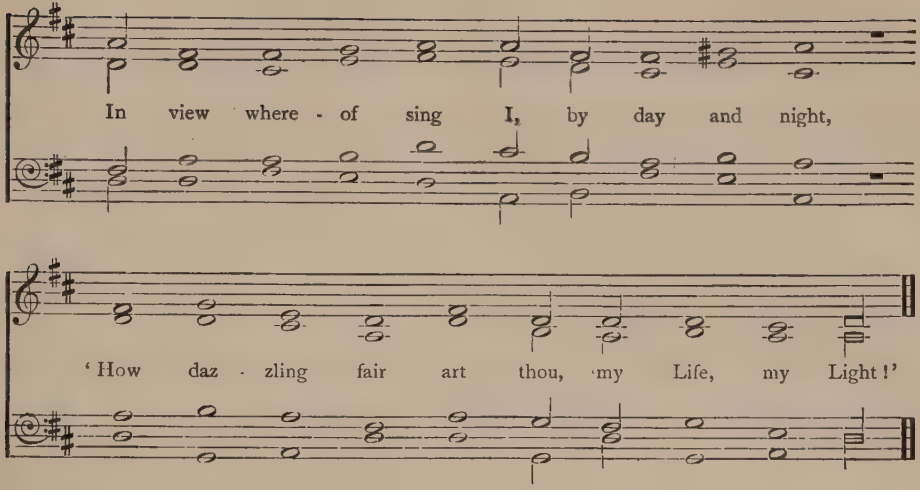
How come - ly is thy coun - te - nance, how bright!
Sun un - cre - ate, how keen is the en - joy - ment
Alto.
Soprano.
That Saints and An - gels find in thine em - ploy - ment!



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My heart doth yearn thy seemly face to see:
Dim is my sight; but one ray of thy kindness
Should quickly skill to cure mine eyes of blindness:
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Nay, swell the chorus of the heav'nly throng?
When join the noble company of Sages,
Who chaunt thee Lauds through everlasting ages?
Now every day methinks, and all day long,
'When shall I come to hear that Angel-song?'

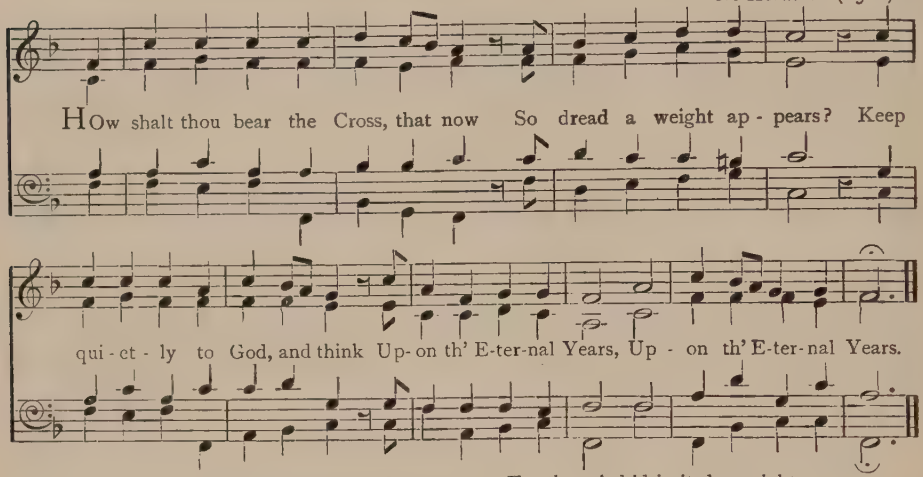
5 For songs of Syon, Lord, my soul prepare,
Part in that never-ending round to bear;
To cry, with men of humble heart and lowly,
To thy great glory, 'Holy, Holy, Holy':
Meanwhile shall be the tenor of mine air,
'For songs of Syon, Lord, my soul prepare.'

After *Johann Scheffler* (1624–1677); ***G. R. W.***

331 A HOW SHALT THOU BEAR THE CROSS

Tune—LOBT GOTT, IHR CHRISTEN ALLEGLEICH (Iambic, 8.6.8.6.)

N. Herman (1560)


How shalt thou bear the Cross, that now So dread a weight ap - pears? Keep
qui - et - ly to God, and think Up - on th' E-ter-nal Years, Up - on th' E-ter-nal Years.

2 Set hours and written rule are good,
Long prayer can lay our fears;
But it is better calm for thee
To count the Eternal Years.

3 Rites are as balm unto the eyes,
God's Word unto the ears;
But he will have thee rather brood
Upon the Eternal Years.

4 Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears;
But kiss the gracious Cross, and then
Sing of the Eternal Years.

5 Thy Cross is quite enough for thee,
Though little it appears;
For there is hid in it the weight
Of those Eternal Years.

6 One Cross can sanctify a soul;
Late Saints and ancient Seers
Were what they were, because they mused
Upon the Eternal Years.

7 A single practice long sustain'd
A soul to God endears:
This must be thine—to weigh the thought
Of those Eternal Years.

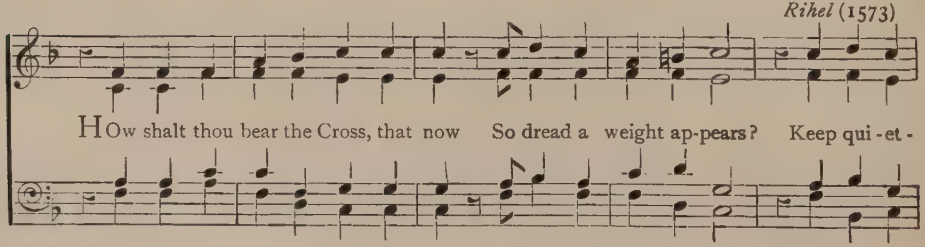
8 He practises all virtue well
Who his own Cross reveres;
And stores within his heart the thought
Of those Eternal Years.

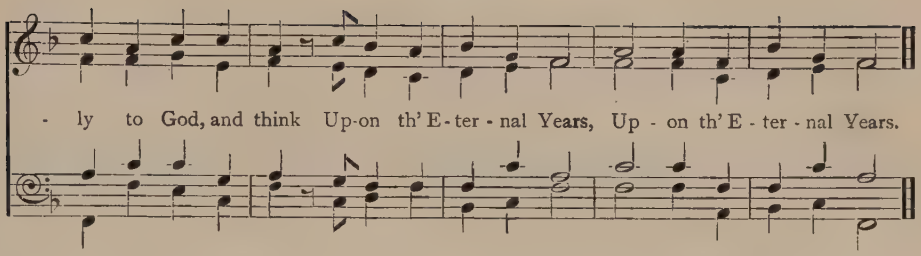
Frederick William Faber (1814–1863)

331 B

Tune—NUN SCHLAF, MEIN LIEBES KINDELEIN

Rihel (1573)

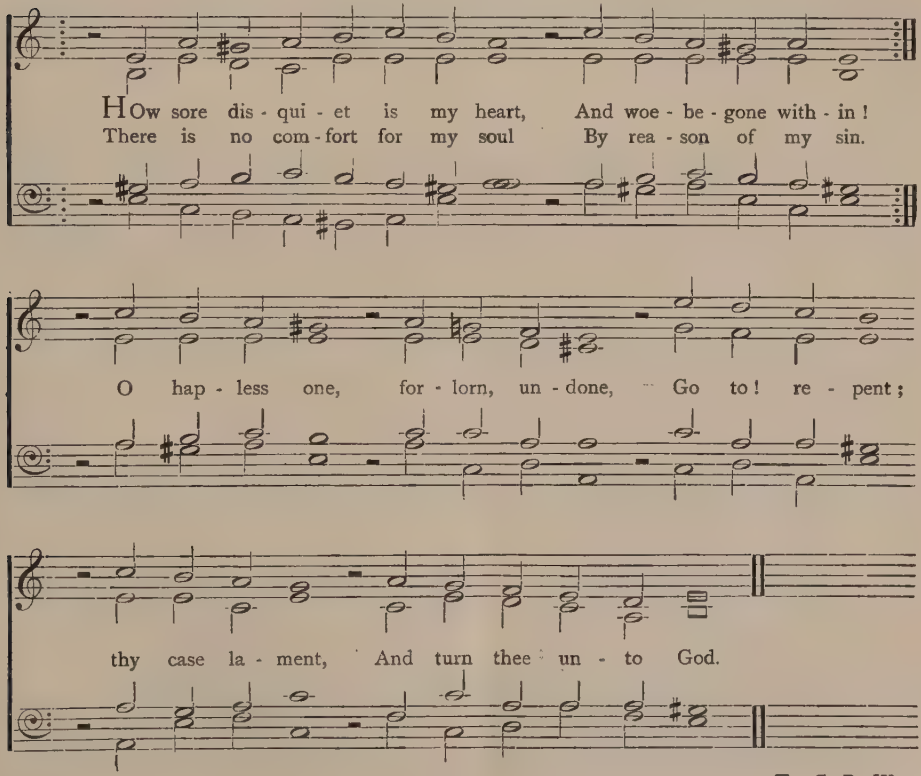




332 Wie sehr betrübt ist mir mein Hertz

PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 8.6.8.6.4.4.4.4.8.)

Neyss (1625), *D. G. Corner*; *Harmonized by G. R. W.*

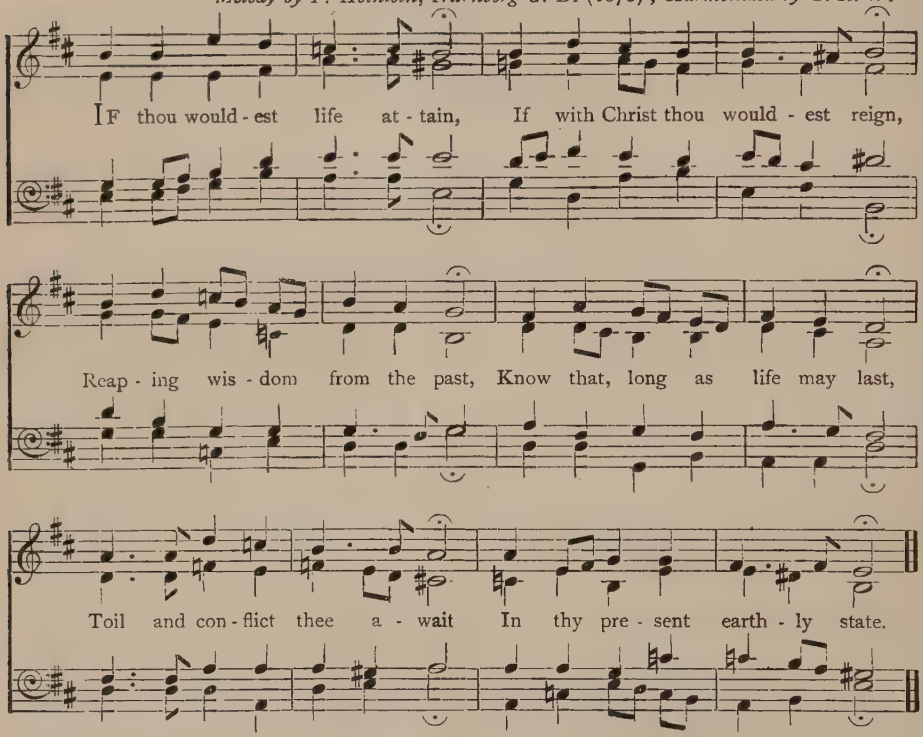

HOw sore dis - qui - et is my heart, And woe - be - gone with - in!
There is no com - fort for my soul By rea - son of my sin.
O hap - less one, for - lorn, un - done, Go to! re - pent;
thy case la - ment, And turn thee un - to God.

Tr. *G. R. W.*

333 IF THOU WOULDEST LIFE ATTAIN

Tune—JESU, JESU, DU MEIN HIRT (Trochaic, 7.7.7.7.7.7.)

Melody by P. Heinlein, Nürnberg G. B. (1676); *Harmonized by G. R. W.*


IF thou would-est life at-tain, If with Christ thou would-est reign,
Reap-ing wis-dom from the past, Know that, long as life may last,
Toil and con-flict thee a-wait In thy pre-sent earth-ly state.

2 Labour, while it yet is day;
Labour, while you labour may;
Labour, for the night is long;
Labour, for the foe is strong;
Labour, for the prize is great;
Labour, for the hour is late.

3 Soon the struggle will be past;
Calm and peace will come at last;
Soon, through death's transporting door,
All thy pains and labours o'er,
Thou shalt go to join the Blest
In the realms of endless rest:

4 Rest, from toil and anxious care;
Rest, from earthly wear and tear;
Rest, from ever-present sin;
Rest without, and rest within;
Rest, which no abatement knows;
Rest, and infinite repose.

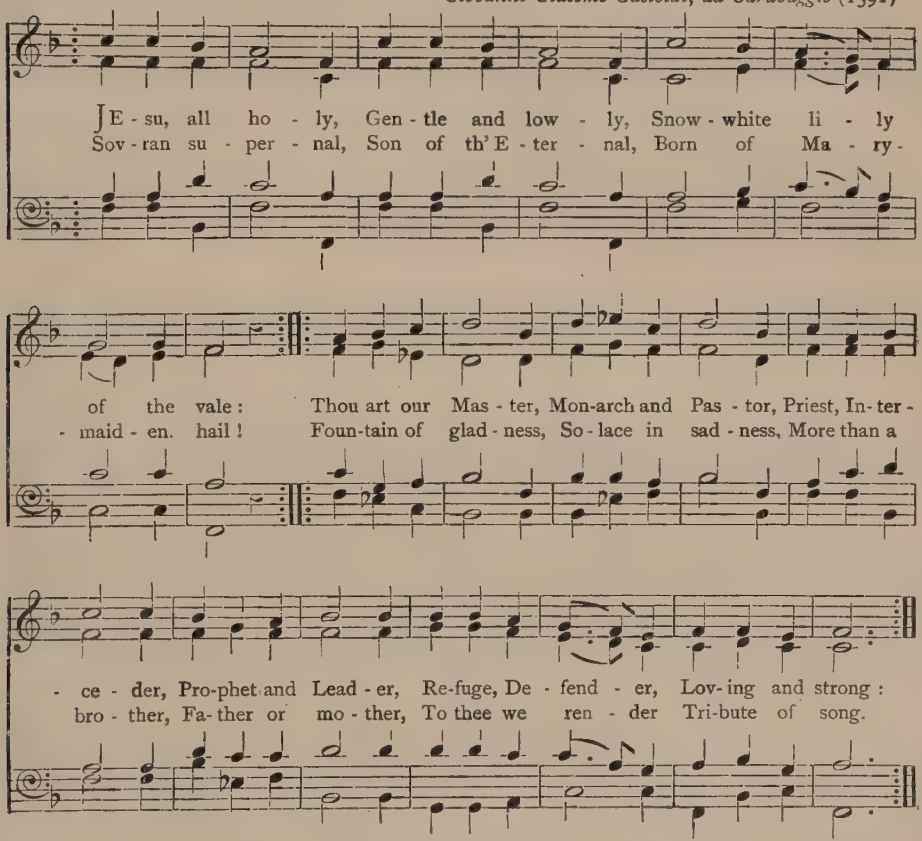
5 Jesu, who for me didst die
On the Cross of Calvary,
Not in aught that is my own,
But in thy true Blood alone
Do I put my trembling trust:
Spare, O spare a worm of dust.

Edward Caswall (1814–1878)

334 JESU, ALL HOLY

Tune—A LIETA VITA (IN DIR IST FREUDE) (Irregular, 5.5.7. 5.5.7. 5.5.5.5.9. 5.5.5.5.9.)

Giovanni Giacomo Gastoldi, da Caravaggio (1591)


JE - su, all ho - ly, Gen - tle and low - ly, Snow - white li - ly
Sov - ran su - per - nal, Son of th' E - ter - nal, Born of Ma - ry -
of the vale: Thou art our Mas - ter, Mon-arch and Pas - tor, Priest, In-ter -
- maid - en. hail! Foun-tain of glad - ness, So - lace in sad - ness, More than a
- ce - der, Pro-phet and Lead - er, Re-fuge, De - fend - er, Lov-ing and strong:
bro - ther, Fa-ther or mo - ther, To thee we ren - der Tri-bute of song.

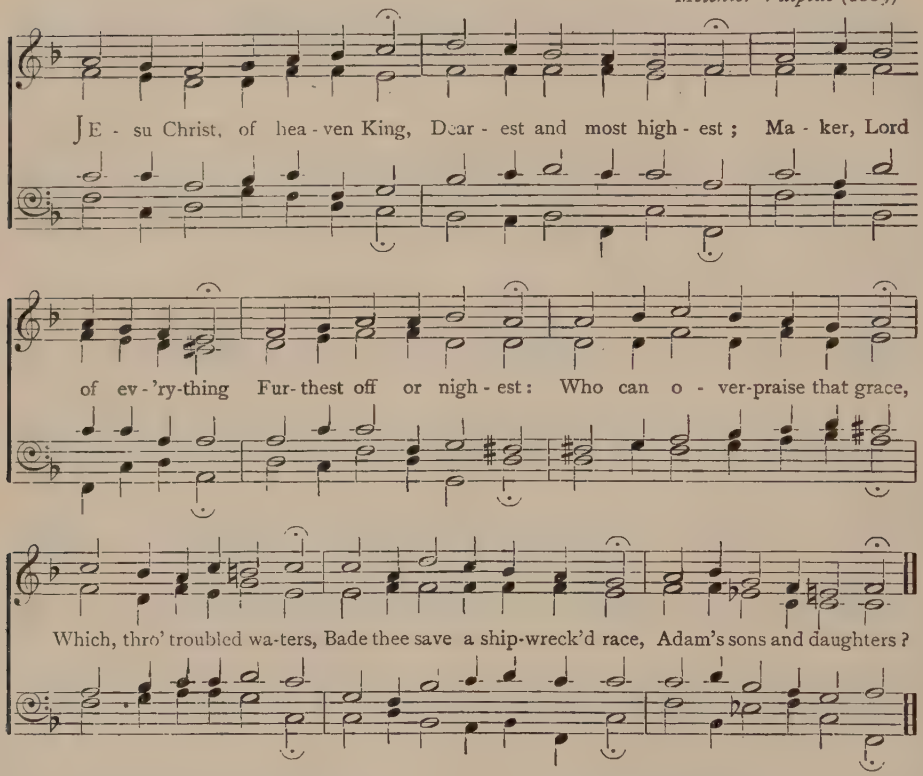
2 Jesu, we bless thee,
Worship, confess thee;
Shepherd of the sheep thou art:
Shelter, protect us.
Tend and direct us,
Strong of arm, and kind of heart:
Shadow and moon-light
Turn into noon-light;
Soften the scorner,
Comfort the mourner,
Rule our behaviour,
Order our way:
Bide with us, giving
Grace to the living,
Shrift to the dying
Freely supplying,
Be thou our Saviour
Ever and aye.

G. R. W.

335 A IESV MI DVLCISSIME

Tune—JESU KREUZ, LEIDEN UND PEIN (Trochaic, 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.)

Melchior Vulpius (1609)


JE - su Christ, of hea - ven King, Dear - est and most high - est ; Ma - ker, Lord
of ev - 'ry-thing Fur- thest off or nigh - est : Who can o - ver-praise that grace,
Which, thro' troubled wa-ters, Bade thee save a ship-wreck'd race, Adam's sons and daughters ?

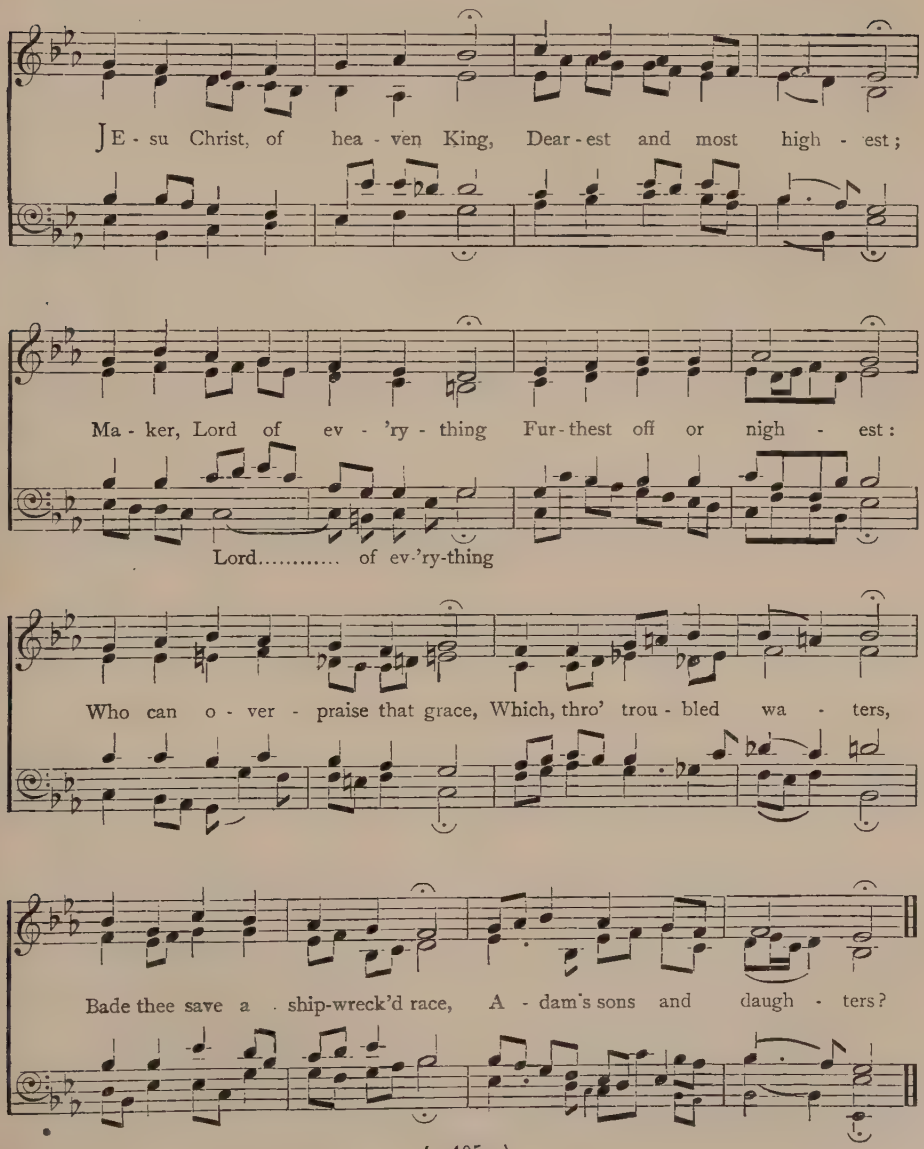
2 Thou to earthward camest down
From thy starry portals :
King, thou didst thyself discrown,
Moved with love of mortals :
Entering on our vale of woe,
Took'st a painful journey,
Bravely with our wily foe
Foughtest in the tourney.

3 O the great humility
Of my gentle Saviour !
O the wondrous charity !
O the meek behaviour !
Holy Jesu, Flower of grace,
I, by night and morrow,
And my sins, so foul and base,
Caused thy bitter sorrow.

4 Wo is me, that swell with pride,
While my Lord is humble !
While my God is crucified,
I repine and grumble :
While I drink the sweeten'd cup,
Gall thou hast for guerdon :
While off delicates I sup,
Hard thy fare, and burden.

S. Anselm of Lucca (xj cent.) ; Tr. *G. R. W.*

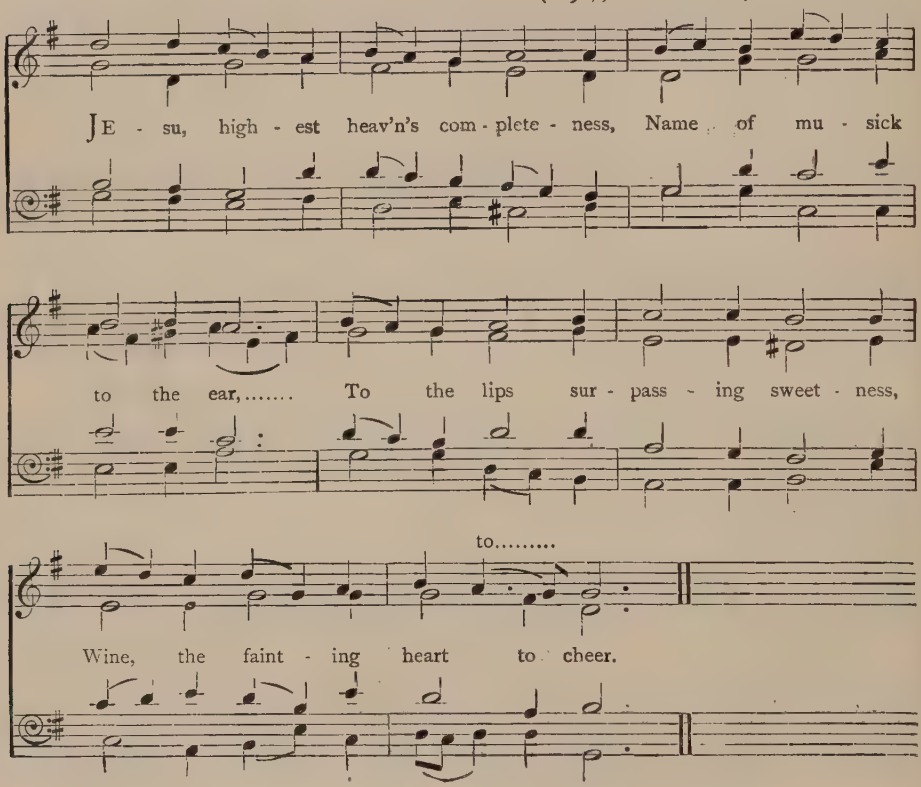
335 B *The foregoing, harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


JE - su Christ, of hea - ven King, Dear - est and most high - est;
Ma - ker, Lord of ev - 'ry - thing Fur - thest off or nigh - est:
Lord..... of ev-'ry-thing
Who can o - ver - praise that grace, Which, thro' trou - bled wa - ters,
Bade thee save a - ship-wreck'd race, A - dam's sons and daugh - ters?

336 JESV, DECVS ANGELICVM

Tune—GLÜCK ZU KREUZ VON GANZEM HERZEN (Trochaic, 8.7. 8.7.)

Darmstadt (1698); *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*


JE - su, high - est heav'n's com - plete - ness, Name of mu - sick
to the ear,..... To the lips sur - pass - ing sweet - ness,
to.....
Wine, the faint - ing heart to cheer.

2 Eating thee, the soul may hunger,
Drinking, still athirst may be;
But for earthly food no longer,
Nor for any stream but thee.

3 Jesu, all delights exceeding,
Only hope of hearts distrest,
Weeping eyes and spirits bleeding
Find in thee a place of rest.

4 Stay, O beauty uncreated,
Ever ancient, ever new;
Banish clouds of darkness hated;
With thy sweetness all bedew.

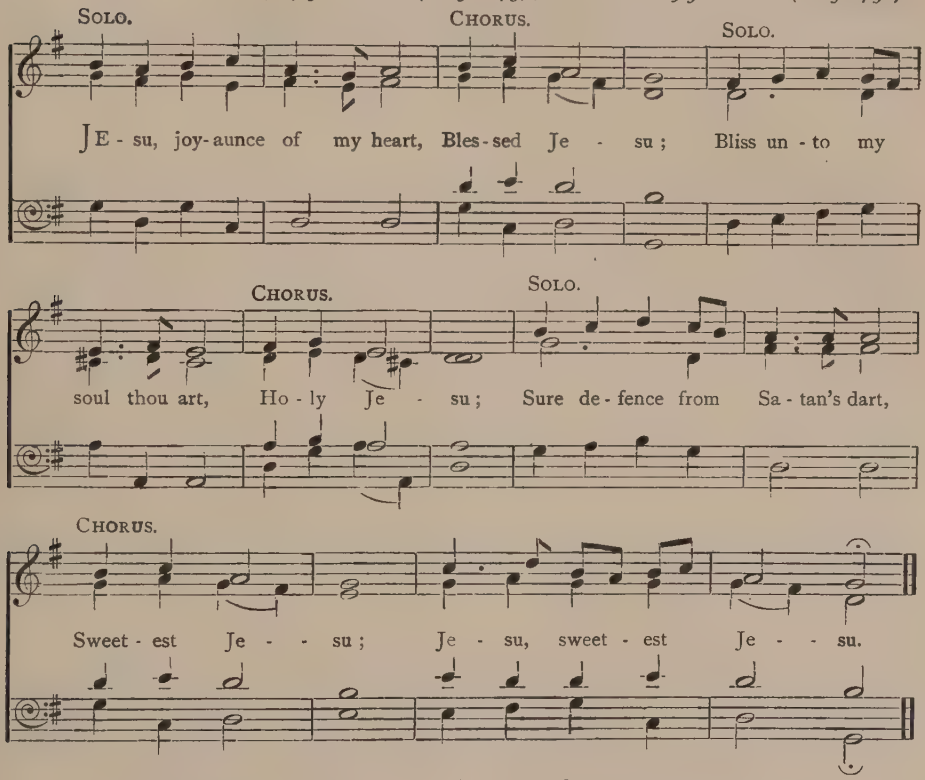
5 Jesu, fairest blossom, springing
From the womb of Virgin pure,
May our lips thy praise be singing
While eternal years endure.

(?) *S. Bernard* (1091–1153); Tr. *Robert Campbell* (1814–1868)

337 A Jesu, meines Herzens Freud'

(Trochaic, 7.4.7.4.7.4.6.)

Melody by J. R. Ahle (1625–1673); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


Solo.
Chorus.
Solo.
Je - su, joy-aunce of my heart, Bles-sed Je - su; Bliss un - to my
Chorus.
Solo.
soul thou art, Ho - ly Je - su; Sure de - fence from Sa - tan's dart,
Chorus.
Sweet - est Je - - su; Je - su, sweet - est Je - - su.

2 Thousand times I think of thee,
My Redeemer;
Only yearn thy face to see,
My Redeemer;
Longing for thy company,
My Redeemer; Jesu, my Redeemer.

3 Nought is lovelier than thou,
Dearest Jesu;
None is friendlier than thou,
Gentlest Jesu;
Nor is any sweet as thou,
Sweetest Jesu; Jesu, sweetest Jesu.

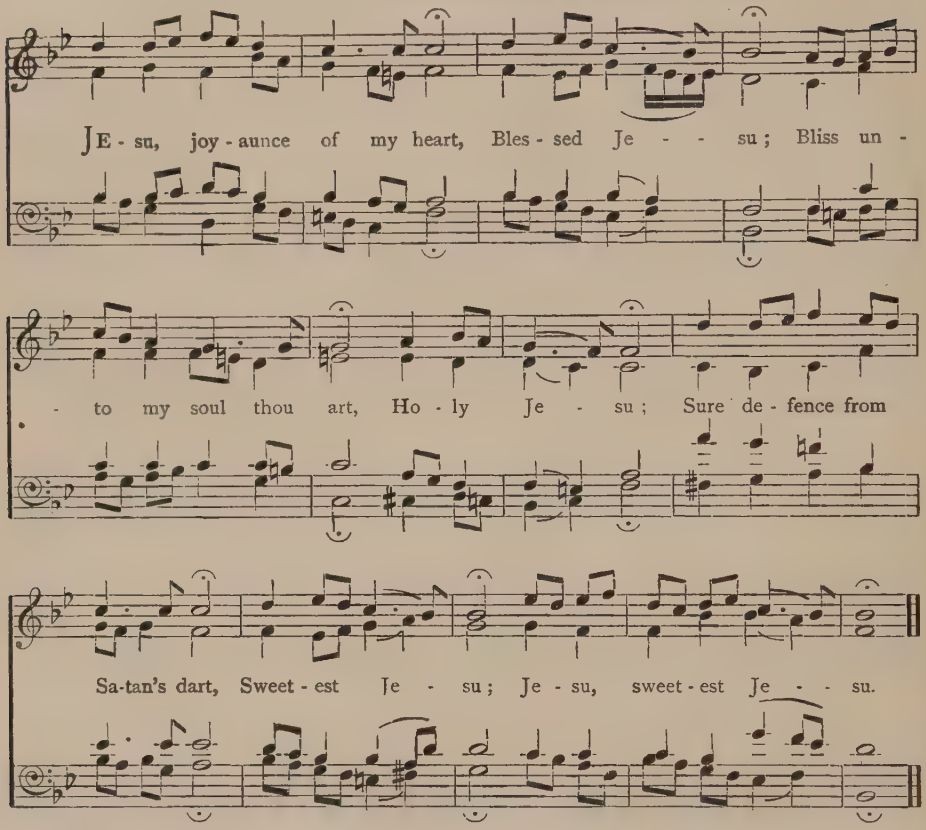
4 Feed me, every want supply,
Bread of heaven;
Slake my thirst, or else I die,
From thy fountain;
Let me on thy bosom lie,
Gentle Jesu; comfort of the weary.

5 I am sickly; make me whole,
Good physician;
Feeble, strengthen thou my soul,
Sweetest Jesu;
When my passing bell shall toll,
Be my solace; be my solace, Jesu.

Johann Flitner (1618–1678); Tr. *G. R. W.*

337 B

The foregoing, modified and harmonized again by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)


JE - su, joy - aunce of my heart, Bles - sed Je - - - su; Bliss un -
- to my soul thou art, Ho - ly Je - su; Sure de - fence from
Sa-tan's dart, Sweet - est Je - su; Je - su, sweet - est Je - - su.

2 Thousand times I think of thee,
My Redeemer;
Only yearn thy face to see,
My Redeemer;
Longing for thy company,
My Redeemer; Jesu, my Redeemer.

3 Nought is lovelier than thou,
Dearest Jesu;
None is friendlier than thou,
Gentlest Jesu;
Nor is any sweet as thou,
Sweetest Jesu; Jesu, sweetest Jesu.

4 Feed me, every want supply,
Bread of heaven;
Slake my thirst, or else I die,
From thy fountain;
Let me on thy bosom lie,
Gentle Jesu; comfort of the weary.

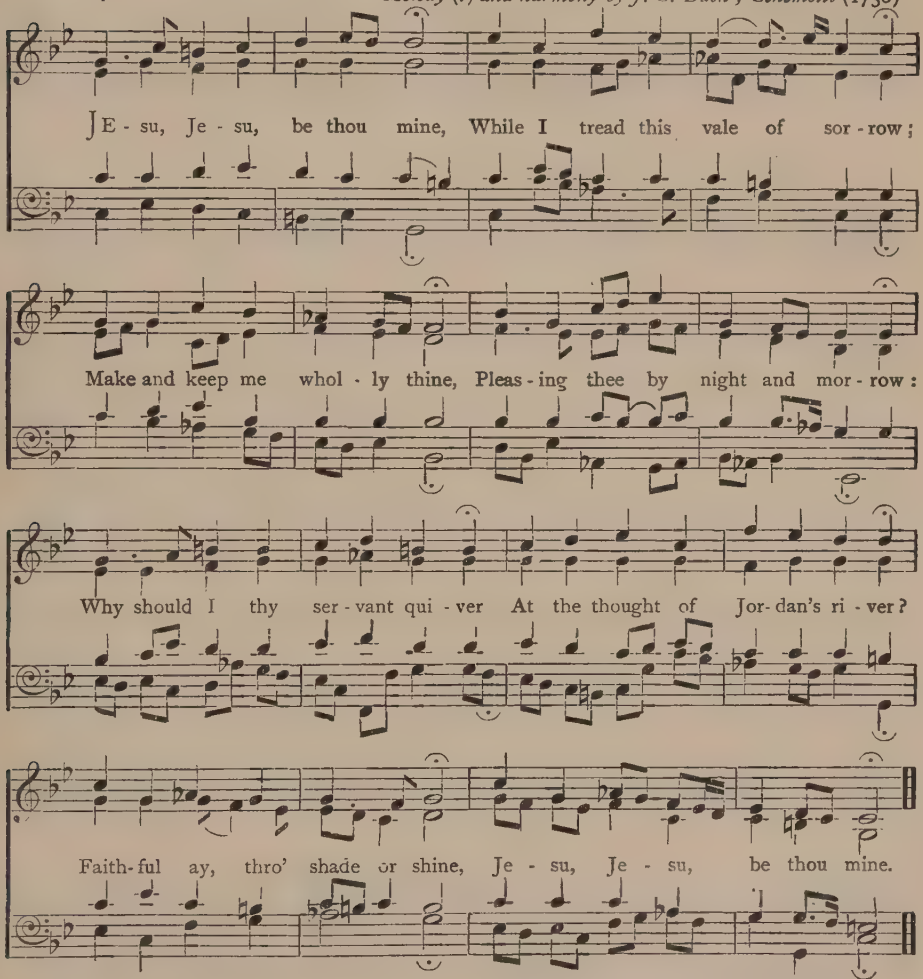
5 I am sickly; make me whole,
Good physician;
Feeble, strengthen thou my soul,
Sweetest Jesu;
When my passing bell shall toll,
Be my solace; be my solace, Jesu.

Johann Flitner (1618–1678); Tr. *G. R. W.*

338 Jeſu, Jeſu, du biſt mein

PROPER MELODY (Trochaic, 7.8.7.8.8.8.7.7.)

Melody (?) *and harmony by J. S. Bach ; Schemelli* (1736)


JE - su, Je - su, be thou mine, While I tread this vale of sor - row ;
Make and keep me whol - ly thine, Pleas - ing thee by night and mor - row :
Why should I thy ser - vant qui - ver At the thought of Jor - dan's ri - ver ?
Faith - ful ay, thro' shade or shine, Je - su, Je - su, be thou mine.

2 Jesu, Jesu, be thou mine :
Bid me one day come unto thee,
In the land for which I pine,
There with all thy saints to view thee :
Thee my guerdon, crown and treasure,
Sun of justice, sole my pleasure :
'Mid the heavenly court divine,
Jesu, Jesu, make me thine.

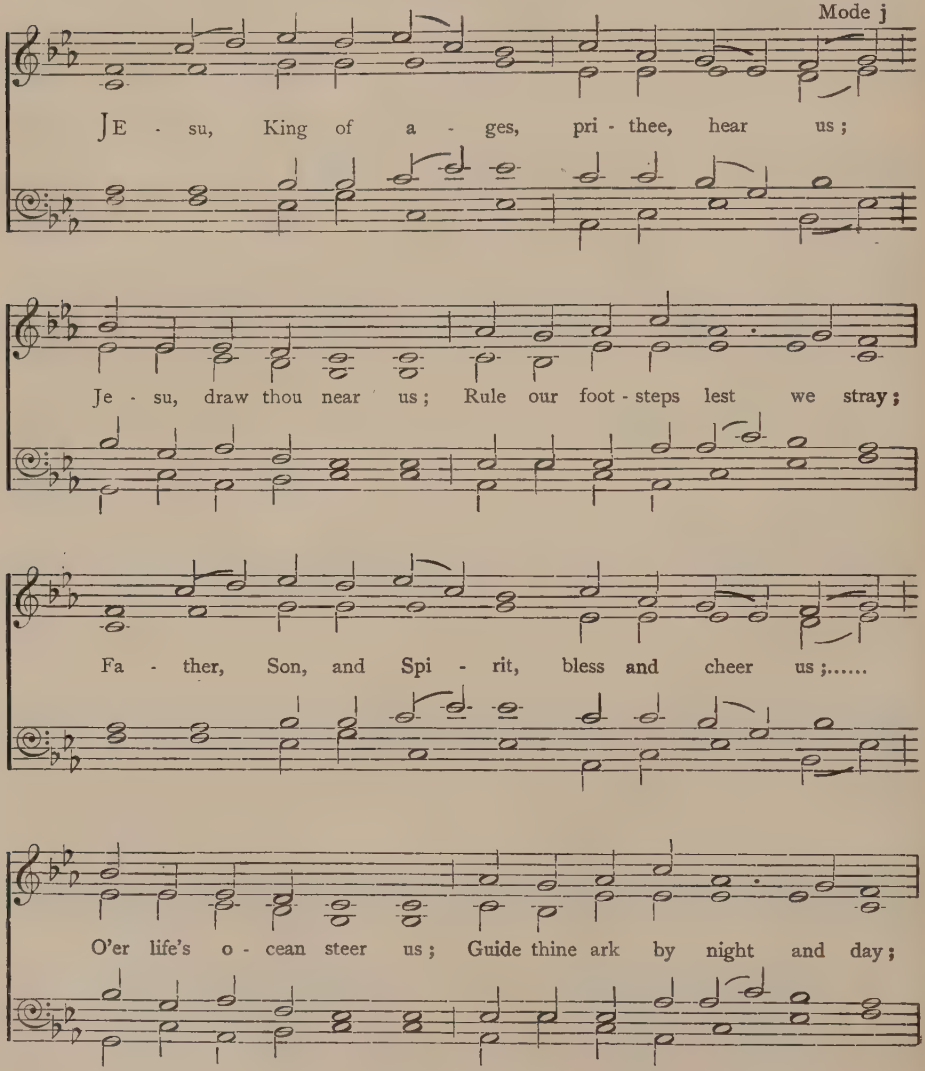
J. A. Freylinghausen (1670–1739) ; Tr. *G. R. W.*

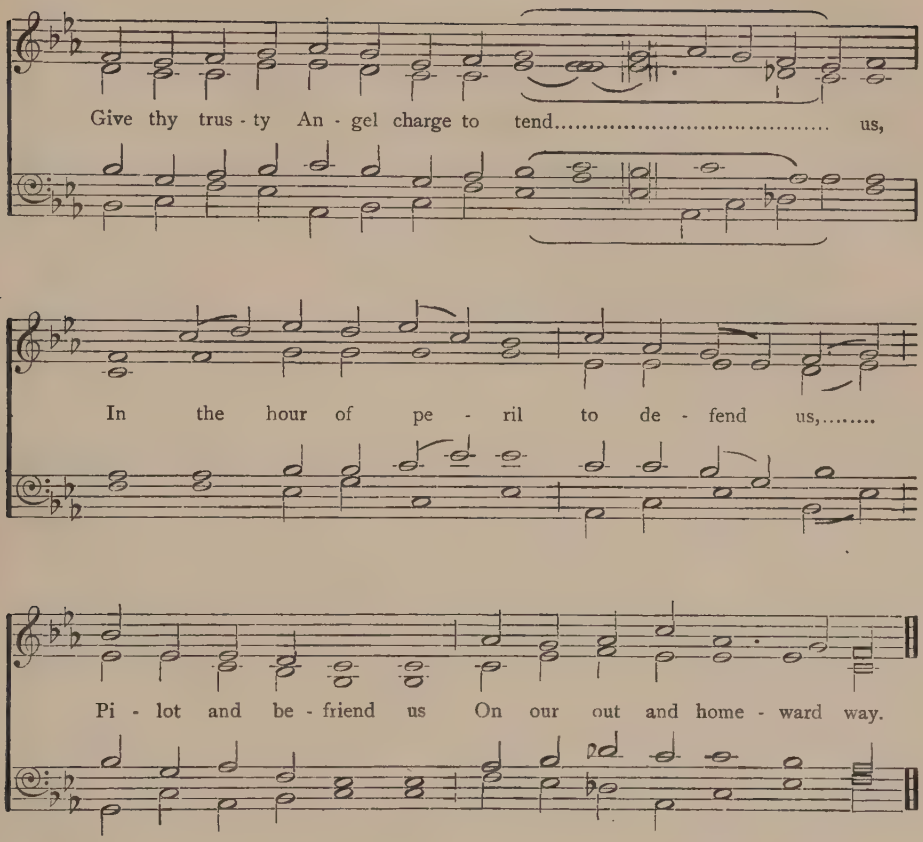
339 AVDI NOS, REX CHRISTE

Tune—SALVE FLOS ET DECOR ECCLESIÆ (Trochaic, 10.6.7. 10.6.7. 10.10.6.7.)

Piæ Cantiones (1582); *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*

Mode j


JE - su, King of a - ges, pri - thee, hear us;
Je - su, draw thou near us; Rule our foot - steps lest we stray;
Fa - ther, Son, and Spi - rit, bless and cheer us;.....
O'er life's o - cean steer us; Guide thine ark by night and day;



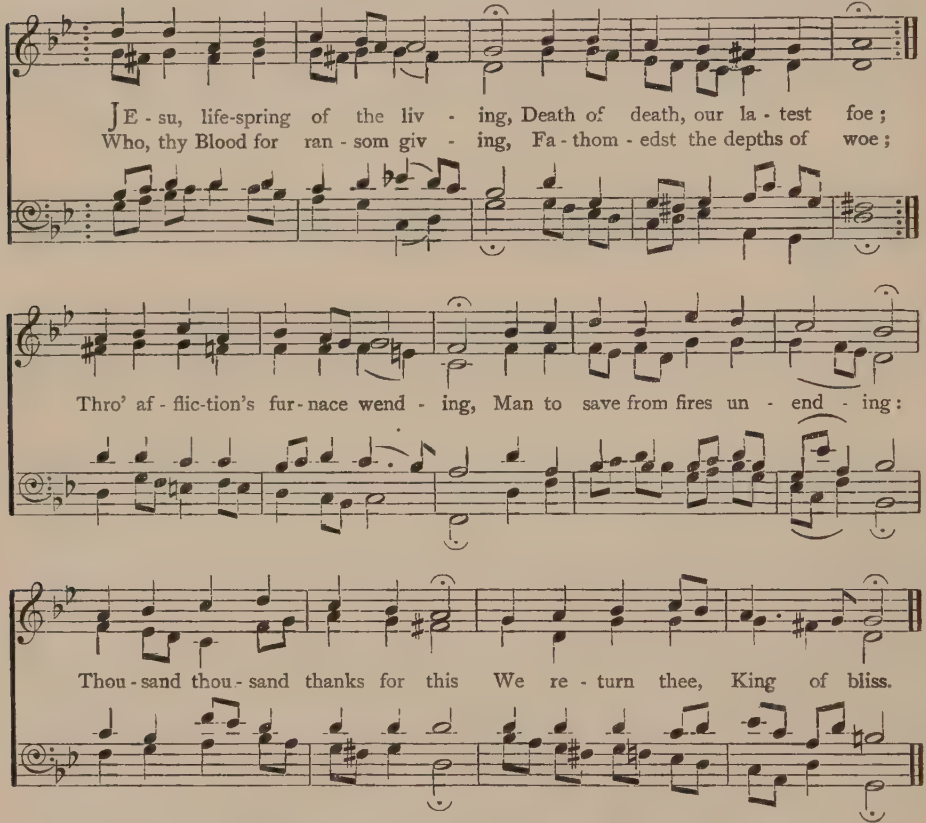
2 Saviour, with thy right hand here direct us.
With thy left protect us
From the crafty Evil One:
And for good hereafter recollect us,
Nor do thou reject us,
When our pilgrimage is done;
But in homes eternal set us nigh thee,
Where, good Lord, in glory we may eye thee,
Thank, and magnify thee,
While unending ages run.

Pilgrims' Litany, from a MS. at Clermont-Ferrand (circa 1000); Tr. ***G. R. W.***

340 A Jesu, meines Lebens Leben

Tune—JESU, DER DU MEINE SEELE (Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.7.)

Praxis pietatis, Frankfort (1662); *as given by J. S. Bach* (1685-1750)


JE - su, life-spring of the liv - ing, Death of death, our la - test foe;
Who, thy Blood for ran - som giv - ing, Fa - thom - edst the depths of woe;
Thro' af - flic-tion's fur - nace wend - ing, Man to save from fires un - end - ing:
Thou - sand thou - sand thanks for this We re - turn thee, King of bliss.

2 Thou enduredst contradiction,
Crown of thorn, the reed, the rod,
Shameful spitting, crucifixion,
Thou, the sinless Son of God:
All to rescue with thy bravery
Caitiff man from sin and slavery:
Thousand thousand thanks for this
We return thee, King of bliss.

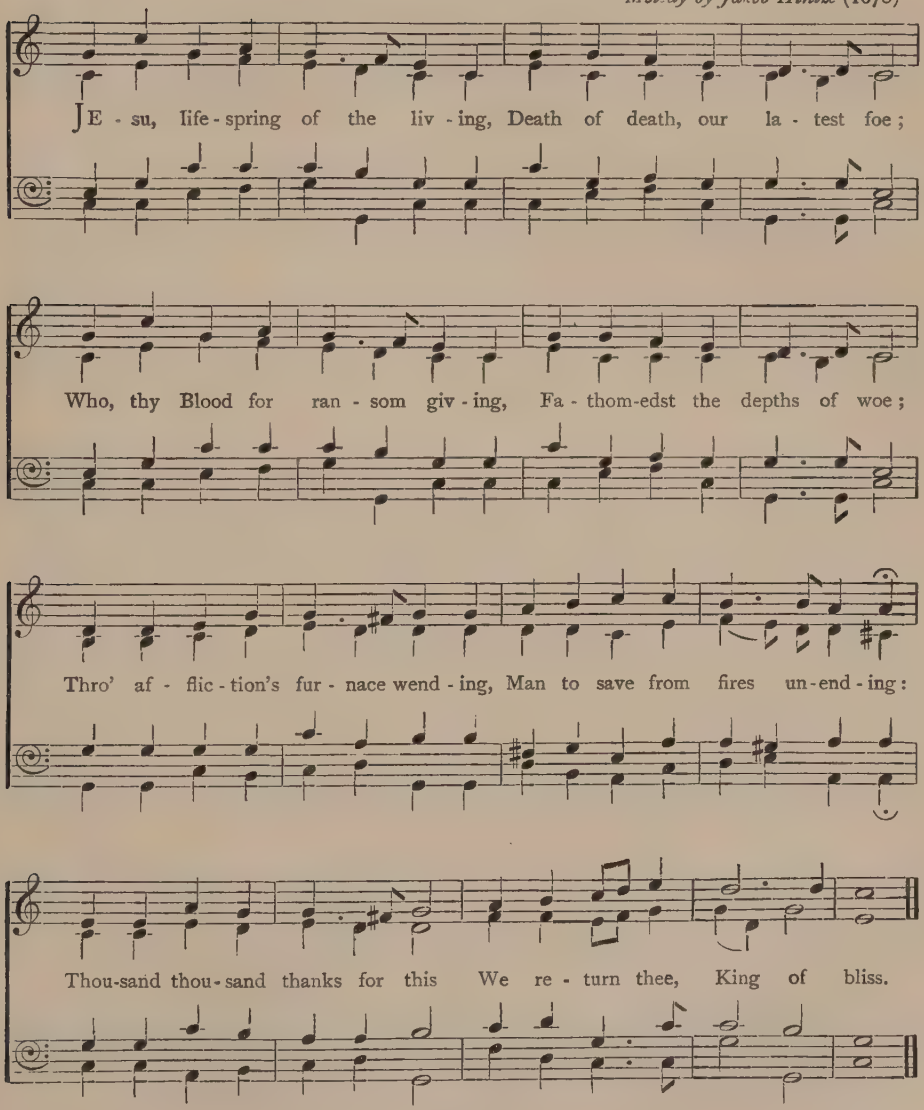
3 Shall our gratitude e'er languish,
Jesu Christ of Nazareth,
Telling of thy wounds, thine anguish,
And exceeding bitter death,
Iron, that thy soul did harrow,
Entering to the very marrow?
Nay, thy pangs of sorrow sore
Win our thanks for evermore.

E. C. Homburg (1605-1681); Tr. *G. R. W.*

340 B

Tune—ALLE MENSCHEN MÜSZEN STERBEN

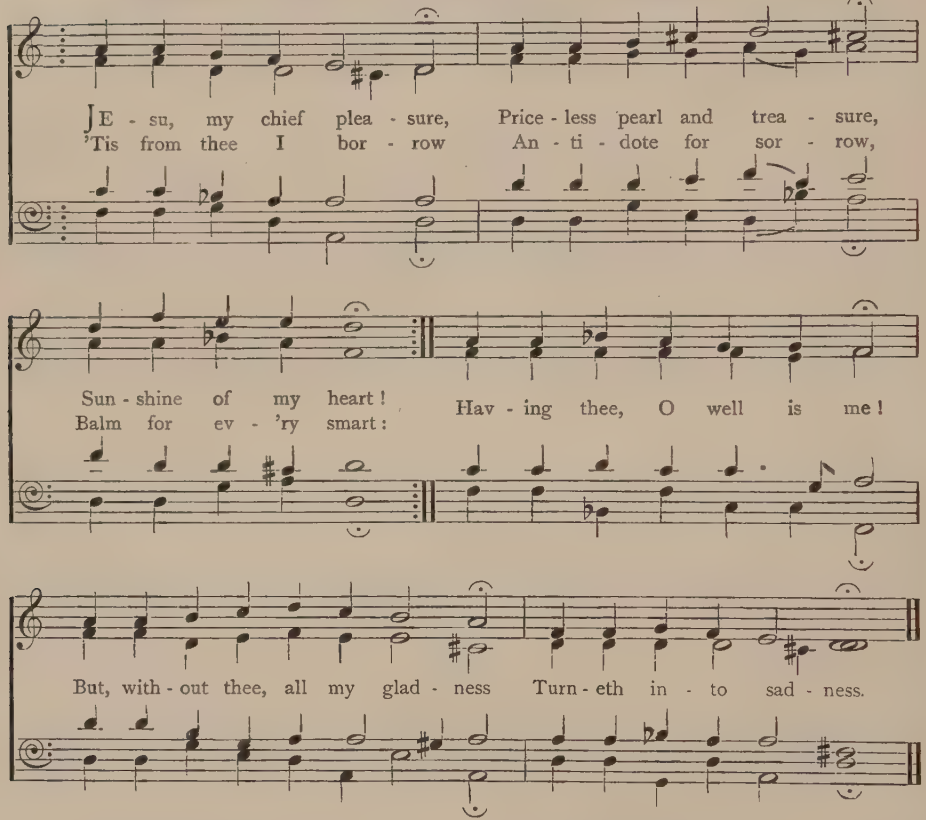
Melody by Jakob Hintze (1678)


JE - su, life - spring of the liv - ing, Death of death, our la - test foe;
Who, thy Blood for ran - som giv - ing, Fa - thom-edst the depths of woe;
Thro' af - flic - tion's fur - nace wend - ing, Man to save from fires un-end - ing:
Thou-sand thou-sand thanks for this We re - turn thee, King of bliss.

341 A Jesu, meine Freude

PROPER MELODY (Trochaic, 6.6.5.6.6.5.3.4.8.6.)

Originally a Secular Air, 'Flora, meine Freude'; *Harmonized by J. Crüger* (1649)

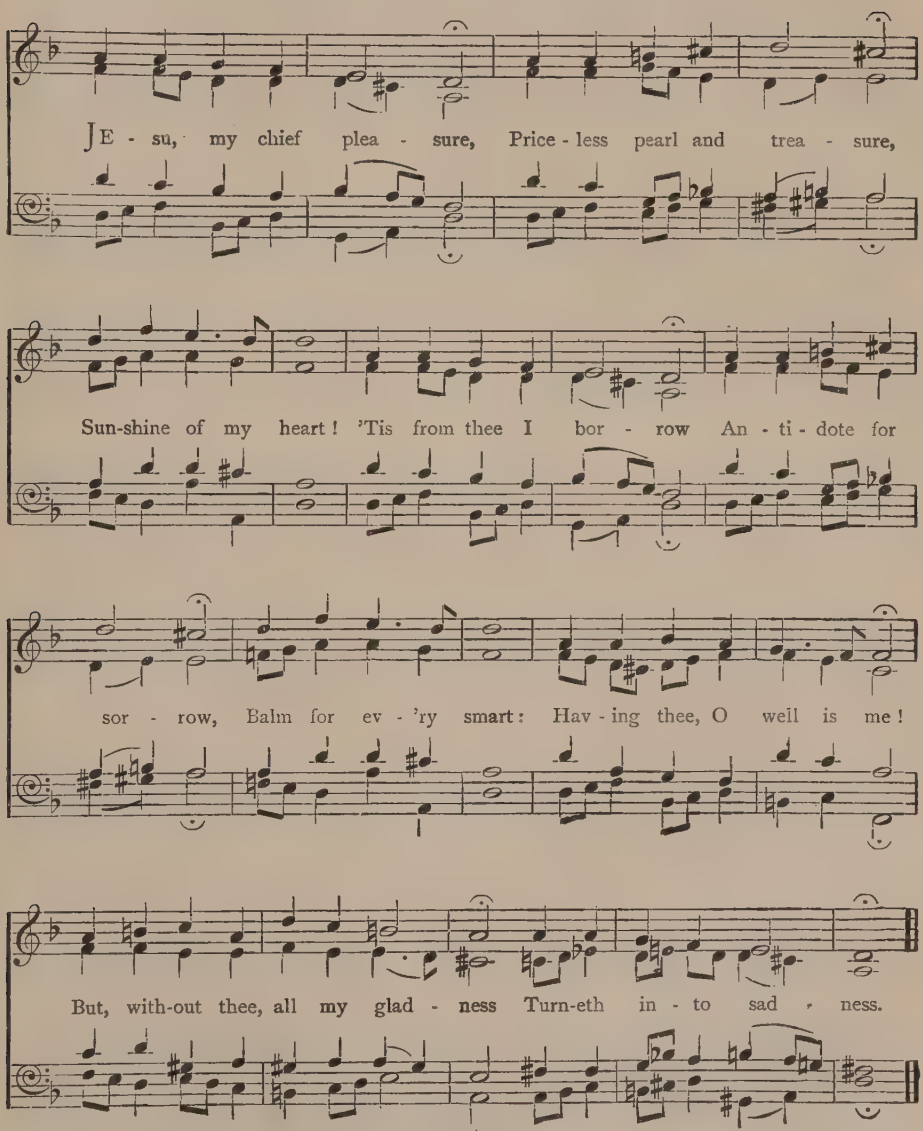

JE - su, my chief plea - sure, Price - less pearl and trea - sure,
'Tis from thee I bor - row An - ti - dote for sor - row,
Sun - shine of my heart! Hav - ing thee, O well is me!
Balm for ev - 'ry smart:
But, with - out thee, all my glad - ness Turn - eth in - to sad - ness.

2 When the tempest rages,
In the Rock of ages
I may surely hide:
When the earth is quaking,
Vale and mountain shaking,
Safe in thee I bide;
Thunder-crash and lightning-flash
Cannot in thine ark alarm me,
Nor the deluge harm me.

3 Sin, in thine employment
Brief is my enjoyment,
Death thy latter end:
Worldly pomps and glories,
To your specious stories
I no ear will lend:
Welcome! loss, death, sickness, cross:
Hap what may, alone 'twould grieve me,
Should my Jesus leave me.

J. Franck (1618–1677); Tr. *Cento*

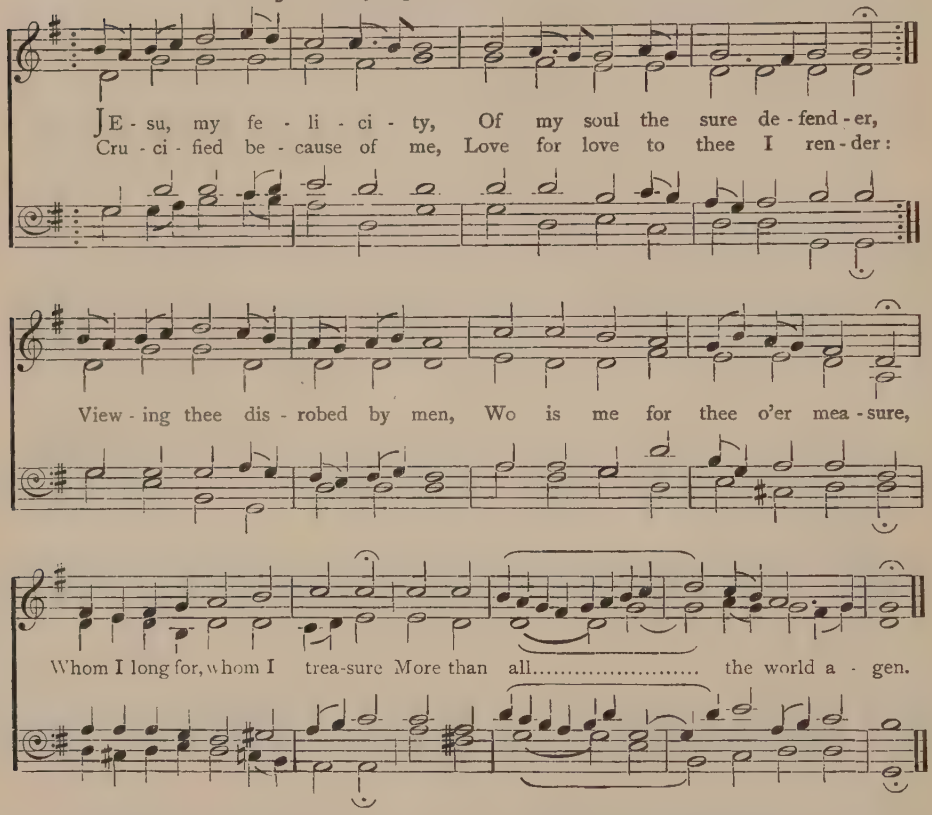
341 B *The foregoing, harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


JE - su, my chief plea - sure, Price - less pearl and trea - sure,
Sun-shine of my heart! 'Tis from thee I bor - row An - ti - dote for
sor - row, Balm for ev - 'ry smart: Hav - ing thee, O well is me!
But, with-out thee, all my glad - ness Turn-eth in - to sad - ness.

342 JESV, MEÆ DELICIÆ

Tune—MEINE LIEBE LEBET NOCH (Trochaic, 7.8.7.8. 7.8.8.7.)

J. A. Freylinghausen, Halle (1726); *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*


JE - su, my fe - li - ci - ty, Of my soul the sure de - fend - er,
Cru - ci - fied be - cause of me, Love for love to thee I ren - der:
View - ing thee dis - robed by men, Wo is me for thee o'er mea - sure,
Whom I long for, whom I trea-sure More than all..... the world a - gen.

2 Jesu, may thy bitter dole,
Tears, and fears, and cup of sadness,
Be the solace of my soul,
Gain me everlasting gladness:
Every nail that made thee smart
Is but Charity's pure arrow;
Let thine irons to the marrow
Sweetly, meetly pierce my heart.

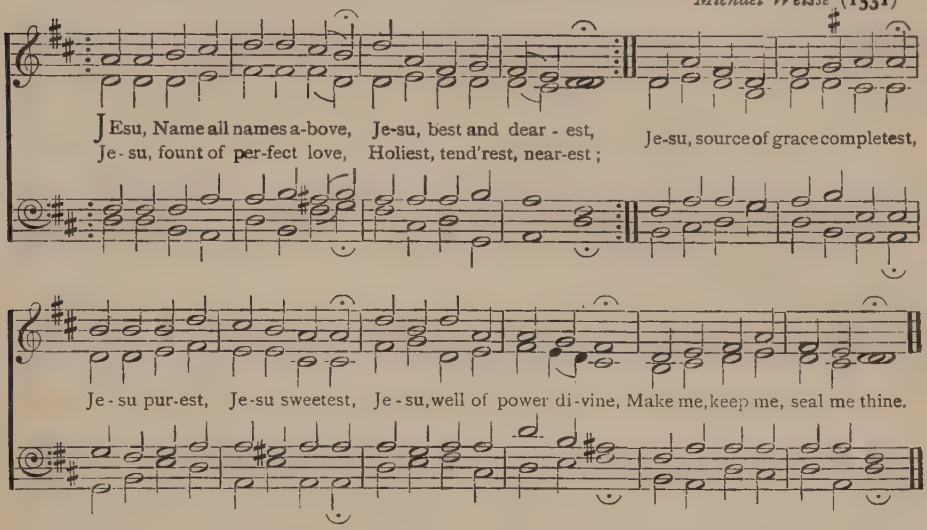
3 Jesu, be my strength supplied
By thy Body freely given:
Grant me refuge in thy side,
Once by spear of soldier riven:
Shrive me from my sins, O shrive:
And, on death-bed when I languish,
By thy wounds and by thine anguish,
Jesu, save my soul alive.

(xvij cent.); *From H. A. Daniel's* Thesaurus Hymnologicus; Tr. *G. R. W.*

343 Ἰησοῦ γλυκύτατε

Tune—VATER DER BARMHERZIGKEIT (Trochaic, 7.6.7.6. 8.8.7.7.)

Michael Weisse (1531)


JEsu, Name all names a-bove, Je-su, best and dear - est,
Je - su, fount of per-fect love, Holiest, tend'rest, near-est ;
Je-su, source of grace completest,
Je - su pur-est, Je-su sweetest, Je - su, well of power di-vine, Make me, keep me, seal me thine.

2 Jesu, open me the gate
That of old he enter'd,
Who, in that most lost estate,
Wholly on thee ventur'd :
Thou, whose wounds are ever pleading,
And thy Passion interceding,
From my misery bid me rise
To a home in Paradise.

3 Thou didst call the Prodigal ;
Thou didst pardon Mary :
Thou, whose words can never fall,
Love can never vary :
Lord, amidst my lost condition,
Give—for thou canst give—contrition :
Thou canst pardon all mine ill,
If thou wilt : O say 'I will.'

4 Wo that I have turn'd aside
After fleshly pleasure !
Wo that I have never tried
For the heavenly treasure !
Treasure, safe in home supernal,
Incorruptible, eternal ;
Treasure no less price hath won
Than the Passion of the Son.

5 Jesu, crown'd with thorns for me,
Scourged for my transgression,
Witnessing, through agony,
That thy good confession ;
Jesu, clad in purple raiment,
For my evils making payment ;
Let not all thy woe and pain,
Let not Calvary, be in pain.

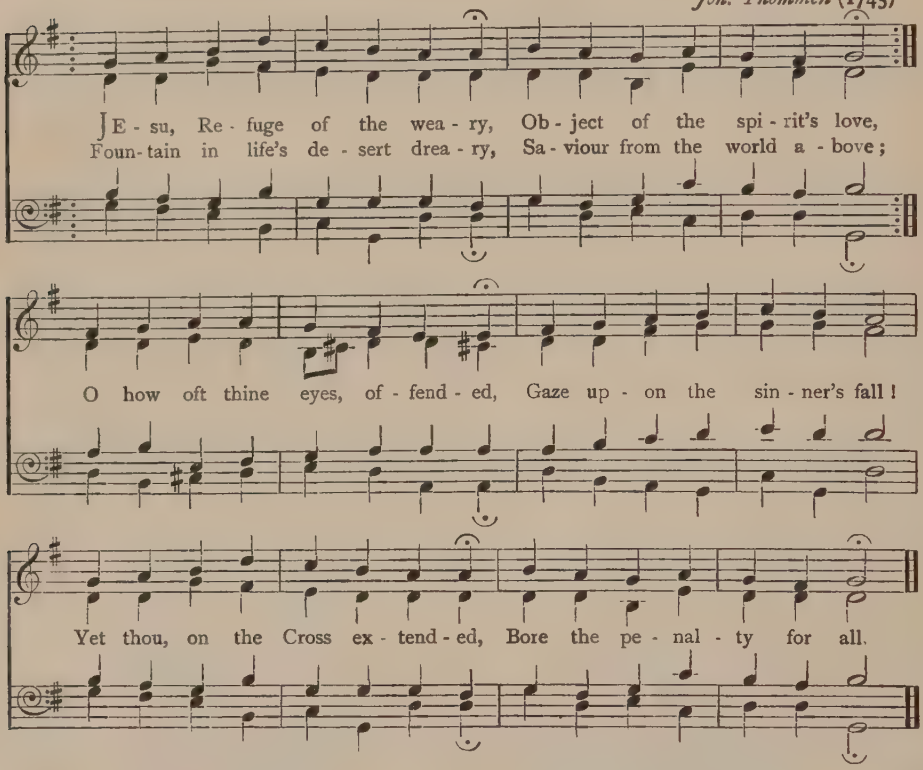
6 When I reach Death's bitter sea,
And its waves roll higher,
Help the more forsaking me
As the storm draws nigher :
Jesu, leave me not to languish,
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish ;
Tell me,—'Verily I say
Thou shalt be with me to-day.'

Theoctistus of the Studium († *circa* 890) ; Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

344 GIESÙ, SOMMO CONFORTO

Tune—O GESEGNETES REGIEREN (Trochaic, 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.)

Joh. Thommen (1745)


JE - su, Re - fuge of the wea - ry, Ob - ject of the spi - rit's love,
Foun - tain in life's de - sert drea - ry, Sa - viour from the world a - bove;
O how oft thine eyes, of - fend - ed, Gaze up - on the sin - ner's fall!
Yet thou, on the Cross ex - tend - ed, Bore the pe - nal - ty for all.

2 Yet, no vow repentant breathing,
Still we pass thy sacred Cross;
Though, 'neath thorns, thy forehead wreathing,
Dropt the bloody sweat for us:
Yet thy sinless death hath brought us
Life eternal, peace and rest;
What thy grace alone hath taught us
Calms the sinner's stormy breast.

3 Jesu, would our hearts were burning
With more burning love for thee!
Would our eyes were ever turning
To thy Cross of agony!
So, in pain and rapture blending,
Might our fading eyes grow dim,
While the freed heart rose ascending
To the circling Cherubym.

4 Then in glory, parted never
From the Saviour's sheltering side,
Graven on our hearts for ever
Be the Cross and Crucified:
Then the wounds, with which he bought us,
We shall worship evermore;
And the Shepherd good, who sought us,
With enraptured hearts adore.

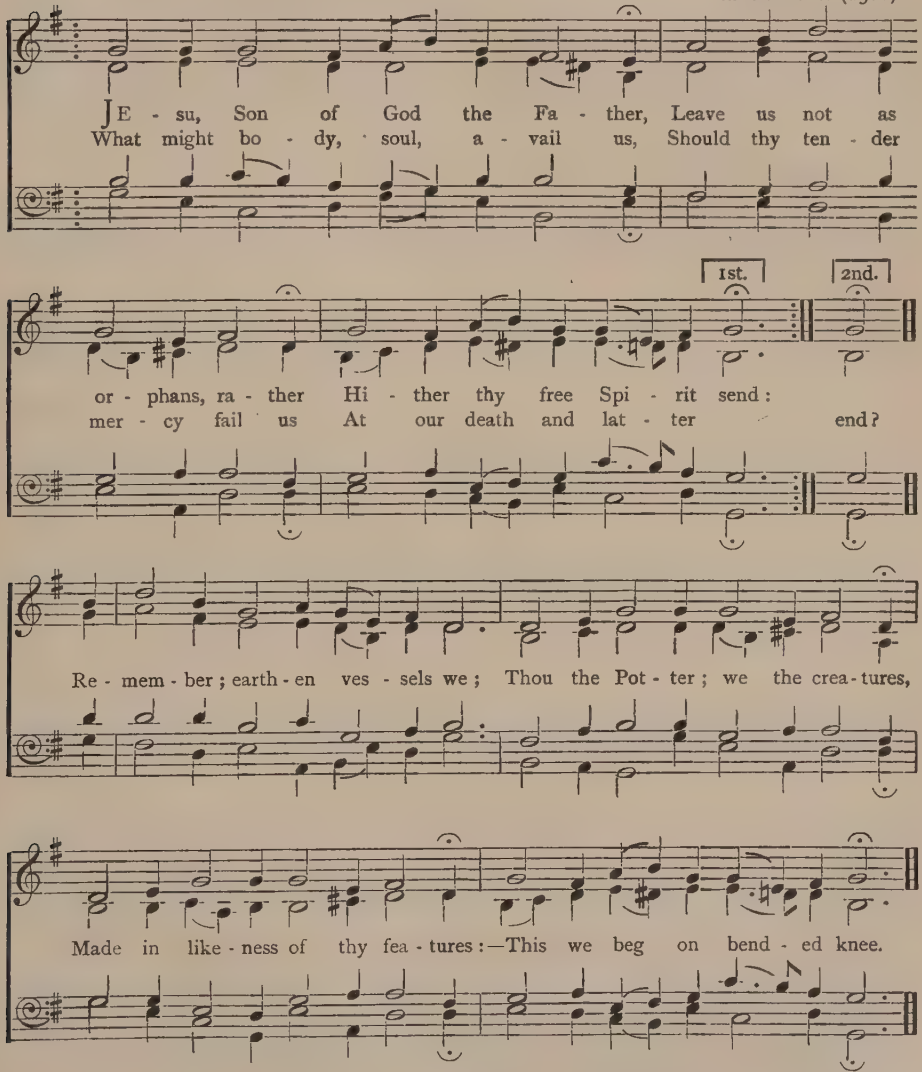
Girolamo Savonarola (1452–1498): Tr. *Jane Francesca Wilde* (1826–1896)

¶ *For another Melody, see No. 364*

345 JESV CHRISTE, FILI PATRIS

Tune—MARS PRÆCVRRIT IN PLANETIS (Trochaic-iambic, 8.8.7. 8.8.7. 8.8.8.7.)

Piæ Cantiones (1582)

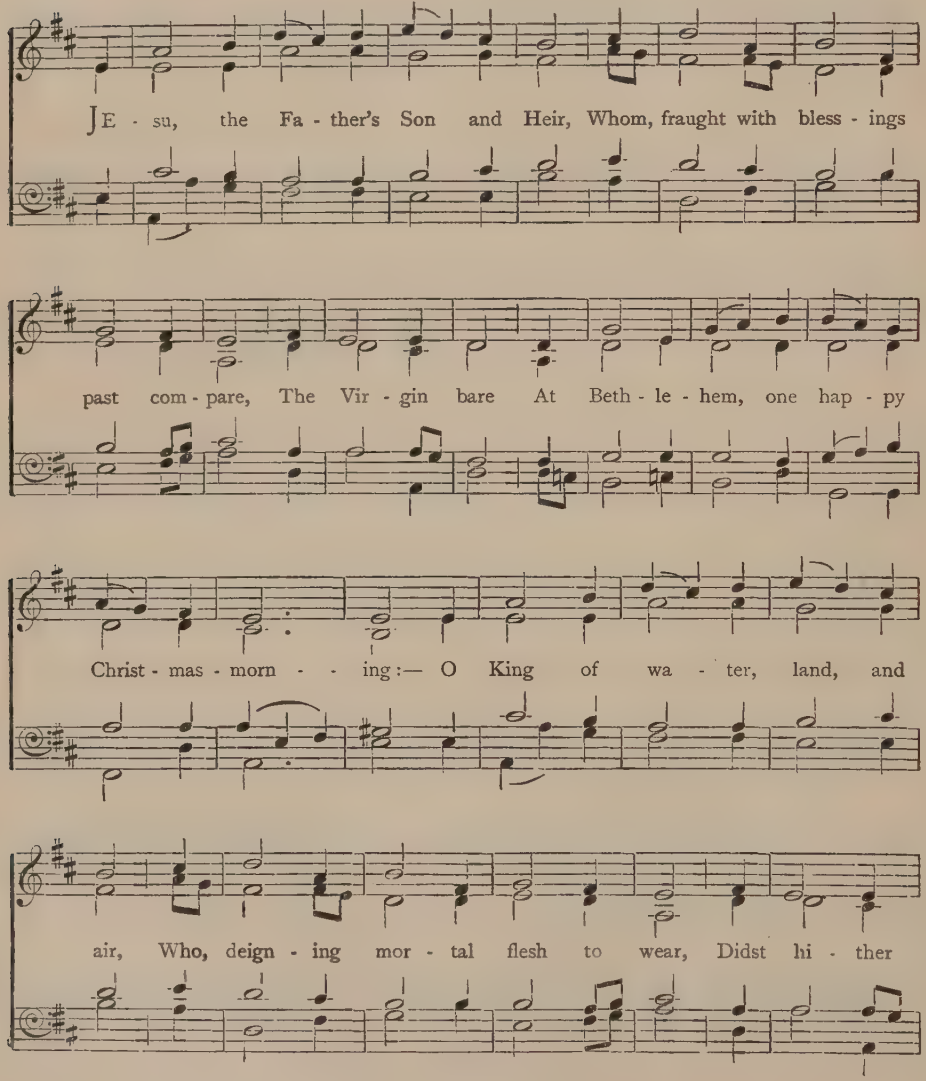

Je - su, Son of God the Fa - ther, Leave us not as
What might bo - dy, soul, a - vail us, Should thy ten - der
1st.
2nd.
or - phans, ra - ther Hi - ther thy free Spi - rit send:
mer - cy fail us At our death and lat - ter end?
Re - mem - ber; earth - en ves - sels we; Thou the Pot - ter; we the crea - tures,
Made in like - ness of thy fea - tures:—This we beg on bend - ed knee.

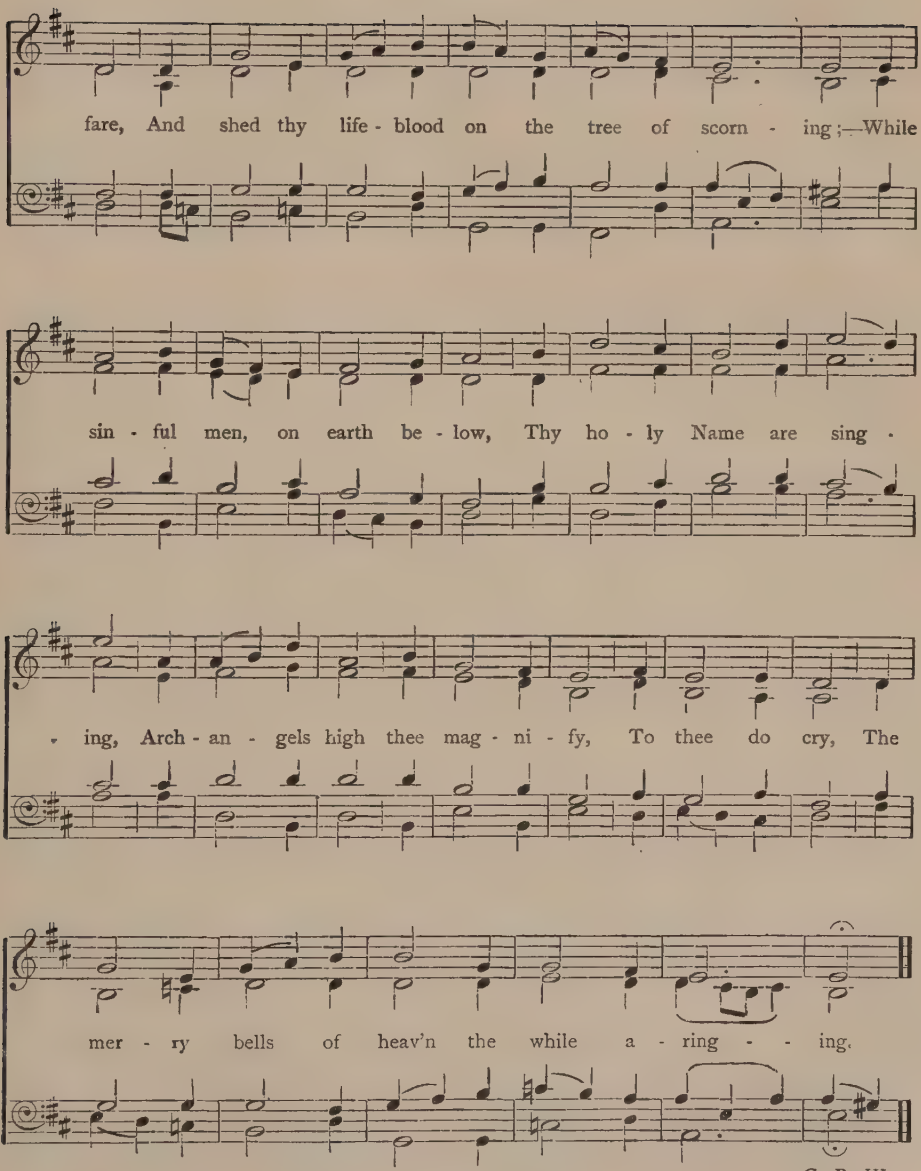
Piæ Cantiones (1582); Tr. *G. R. W.*

346 AVE REGINA OMNIVM

(Iambic, 8.8.4.11. 8.8.4.11. 8.7.4.4.4.11.)

Pia Cantiones (1582); *Harmonized by G. R. W.*


JE - su, the Fa - ther's Son and Heir, Whom, fraught with bless - ings
past com - pare, The Vir - gin bare At Beth - le - hem, one hap - py
Christ - mas - morn - - - ing:— O King of wa - ter, land, and
air, Who, deign - ing mor - tal flesh to wear, Didst hi - ther

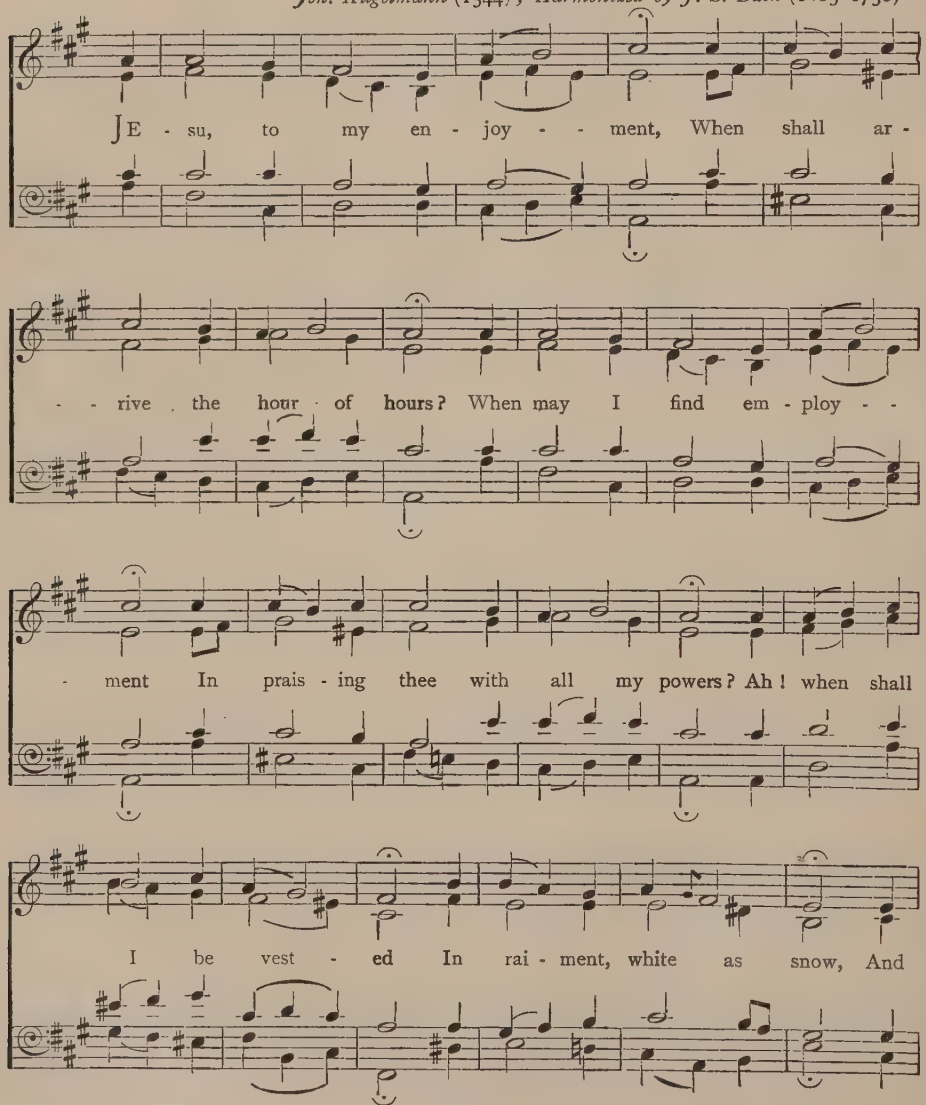

fare, And shed thy life - blood on the tree of scorn - ing;—While
sin - ful men, on earth be - low, Thy ho - ly Name are sing -
- ing, Arch - an - gels high thee mag - ni - fy, To thee do cry, The
mer - ry bells of heav'n the while a - ring - - ing.

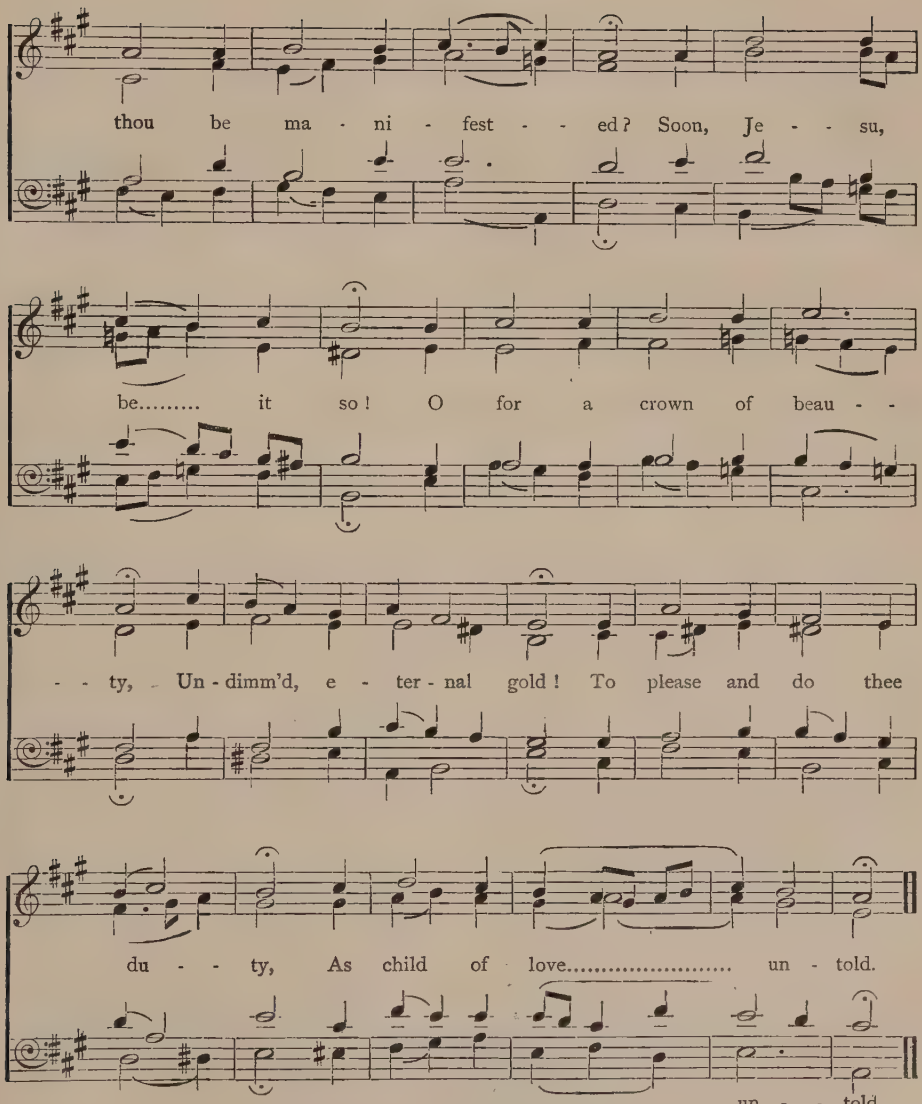
G. R. W.

347 O Jesu, meine Freude

Tune—NUN LOB, MEIN SEEL, DEN HERREN (Iambic, 7.8.7.8.7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.)

Joh. Kugelmann (1544); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


JE - su, to my en - joy - - ment, When shall ar -
- - rive the hour of hours? When may I find em - ploy - -
- ment In prais - ing thee with all my powers? Ah! when shall
I be vest - ed In rai - ment, white as snow, And


thou be ma - ni - fest - - ed? Soon, Je - - su,
be..... it so! O for a crown of beau - -
- - ty, Un - dimm'd, e - ter - nal gold! To please and do thee
du - - ty, As child of love..... un - told.
un - - told.

J. A. Freylinghausen (1670–1739); Tr. *G. R. W.*

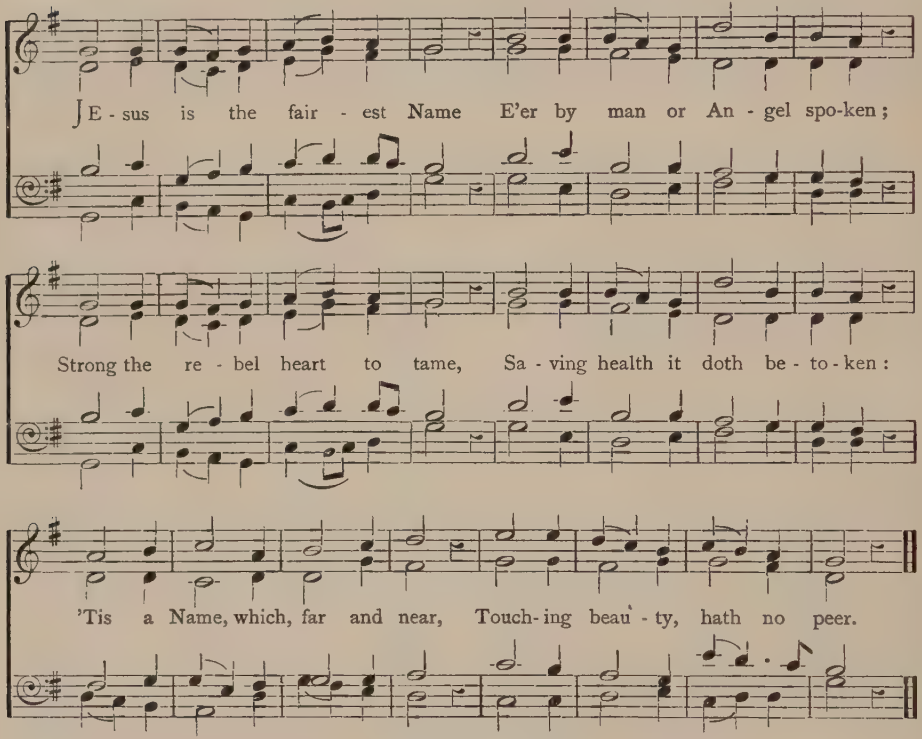
¶ *For an older and simpler Setting of this Melody, see No. 407*

348 A Jesus ist der schönste Nam'

Tune—GROSSER GOTT, WIR LOBEN DICH (Trochaic, 7.8. 7.8. 7.7.)

PART I

Melody (1774); *Bone's* Cantate (1852)


JE - sus is the fair - est Name E'er by man or An - gel spo-ken;
Strong the re - bel heart to tame, Sa - ving health it doth be - to - ken:
'Tis a Name, which, far and near, Touch - ing beau - ty, hath no peer.

2 Jesu's Name is cure for guilt,
Jesus pardoning grace bestoweth;
Jesu's Blood, in battle spilt,
Satan's fiendish host o'erthroweth:
Name this Name, and toll the knell
Of the ancient prince of hell.

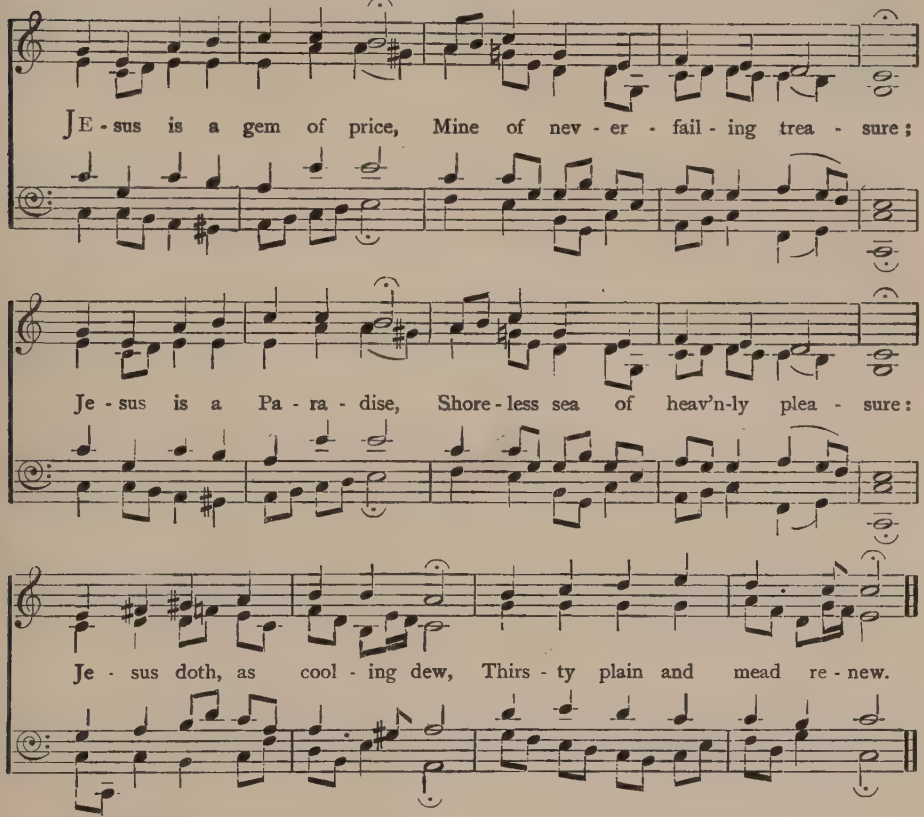
3 Jesus is as magick stone,
Nerve and verve to sick supplying:
Jesus stilleth groan and moan
Of the desolate and dying:
Lay but Jesus to thine heart,
And thy wound shall cease to smart.

4 Jesus is a fountain sweet,
Quenching thirst, of water lavish;
Jesus is the Sun, whose heat
With delight the world doth ravish:
Would'st thou joy in Jesus win?
Ope the door and let him in.

348 B

Tune—JESUS, MEINE ZUVERSICHT (Trochaic, 7.8. 7.8. 7.7.)

PART II *Joh. Crüger, Praxis pietatis* (1653); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


JE - sus is a gem of price, Mine of nev - er - fail - ing trea - sure;
Je - sus is a Pa - ra - dise, Shore - less sea of heav'n-ly plea - sure:
Je - sus doth, as cool - ing dew, Thirs - ty plain and mead re - new.

2 Jesus is of songs the best
Ear hath heard or tongue hath sounded;
Name it, and of heav'n possest
Thrills my soul with joy unbounded:
Jesus is my heart's delight,
Pride and glory, day and night.

3 Jesus is my prize, my goal;
Name, in heav'n and earth, of gladness:
Jesus, solace of my soul,
Chaseth far despair and sadness:
Therefore Jesu's Name shall be
Dearest, best of names, to me.

Johann Scheffler (1624–1677); Tr. *G. R. W.*

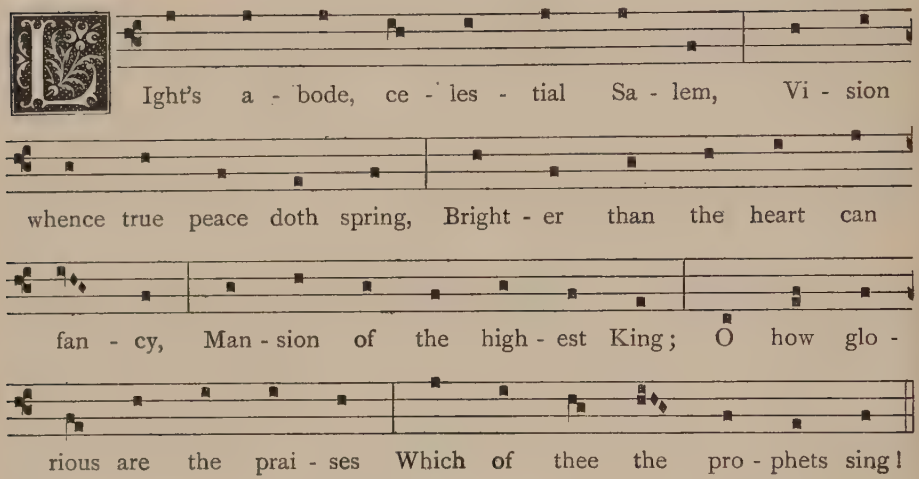
¶ *For an earlier form of this Tune, see No. 103*

¶ *Tune 348 A may also be sung for Part II of this Hymn*

349 HIERVSALEM LVMINOSA

SARVM MELODY (Trochaic, 8.7. 8.7. 8.7.)

Mode ij


Ight's a - bode, ce - les - tial Sa - lem, Vi - sion
whence true peace doth spring, Bright - er than the heart can
fan - cy, Man - sion of the high - est King; O how glo -
rious are the prai - ses Which of thee the pro - phets sing!

2 Thou with beauteous stones, and polish'd,
Wondrously art raised on high;
Thou with precious gems and crystal
Decorated gloriously;
And with pearls thy portals glitter,
And with gold thy high-ways vie.

3 There for ever and for ever
Alleluya is out-pour'd;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure, and all is holy
That within thy walls is stored.

4 There no cloud nor passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There night needs not rest from labour,
For unknown are toil and care.

5 There the everlasting spring-tide
Sheds its dewy, green repose;
There the summer, in its glory,
Cloudless and eternal glows;
For that Country never knoweth
Autumn's storms nor winter's snows.

6 Whatsoever trills of gladness
From the sweet birds' sweetest throat,—
Whatsoe'er delicious concord
Drops from musick's tenderest note,—
Strains a thousand times more lovely
Round the heav'nly City float.

7 Youth with all its freshest vigour
Into age there cannot wane,
There the old man shall not sorrow
For departed years again:
Nothing past, and nothing future,—
Time doth present still remain.

8 O how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong and free,
Full of vigour, full of pleasure,
That shall last eternally!

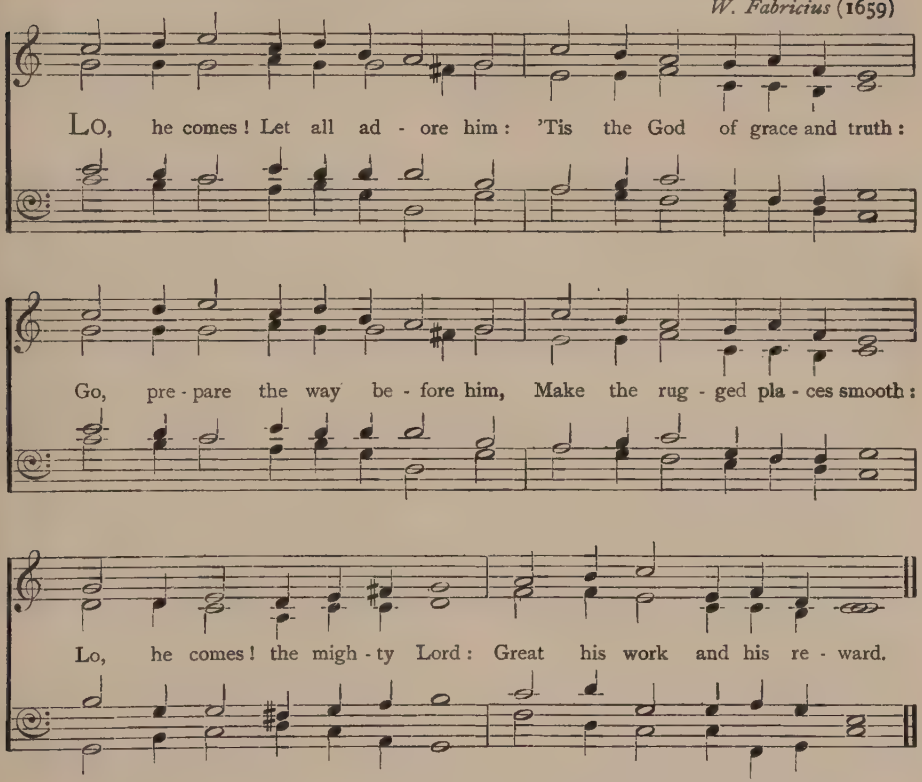
9 Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burthen on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labours
May with endless gifts be paid;
And in everlasting glory
Thou with joy may'st stand array'd.

Thomas of Kempen (1379–1471); Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

350 LO, HE COMES! LET ALL ADORE HIM

Tune—JESU, DU, DU BIST MEIN LEBEN (Trochaic, 8.7. 8.7. 7.7.)

W. Fabricius (1659)


Lo, he comes! Let all ad - ore him: 'Tis the God of grace and truth:
Go, pre - pare the way be - fore him, Make the rug - ged pla - ces smooth:
Lo, he comes! the migh - ty Lord: Great his work and his re - ward.

2 Let the valleys all be raisèd,
Go and make the crooked straight:
Let the mountains be abasèd,
Let all nature change its state:
Through the desert mark a road,
Make a high-way for our God.

3 Through the desert God is going,
Through the desert waste and wild,
Where no goodly plant is growing,
Where no verdure ever smiled:
But the desert shall be glad,
And with verdure soon be clad.

4 Where the thorn and brier flourish'd,
Trees shall there be seen to grow;
Planted by the Lord, and nourish'd,
Stately, fair, and fruitful too:
They shall rise on every side;
They shall spread their branches wide.

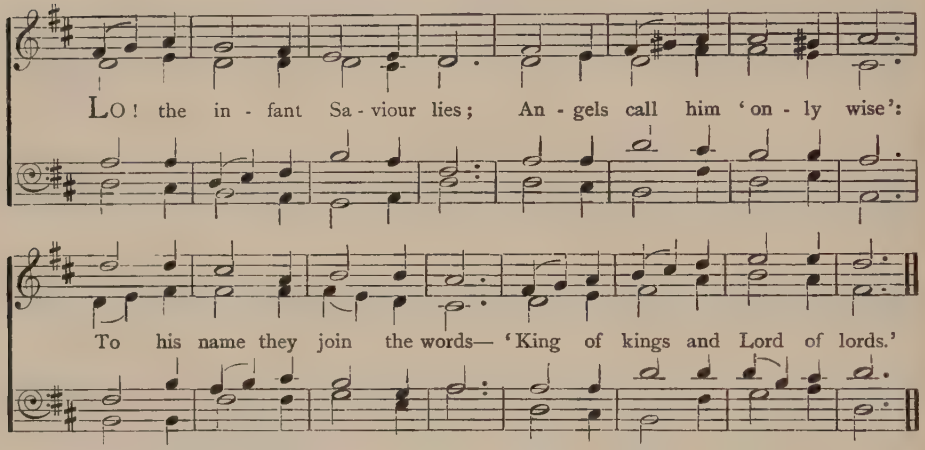
5 From the hills and lofty mountains
Rivers shall be seen to flow;
There the Lord will open fountains,
Hence supply the plains below:
As he passes, every land
Shall confess his powerful hand.

Thomas Kelly (1769–1854)

351 LO! THE INFANT SAVIOUR LIES

Tune—KEINE SCHÖNHEIT HAT DIE WELT (Trochaic, 7.7.7.7.)

Melody from Joseph's Seelenlust (1657,); *Harmonized by Charles Wood*



2 See, he stands at Pilate's bar,
Most despised of all by far;
Still to him belong the words—
'King of kings and Lord of lords.'

3 He who wears the crown of thorns,
He whom man reviles and scorns,
Claims exclusively the words—
'King of kings and Lord of lords.'

4 On the Cross 'tis still the same;
Never does he yield his claim:
Clear his title to the words—
'King of kings and Lord of lords.'

5 Past the conflict of his love,
See, he takes his place above:
On his vesture shine the words—
'King of kings and Lord of lords.'

6 O ye bright Seraphick quires,
Strike anew your golden lyres:
While ye gaze, proclaim the words—
'King of kings and Lord of lords.'

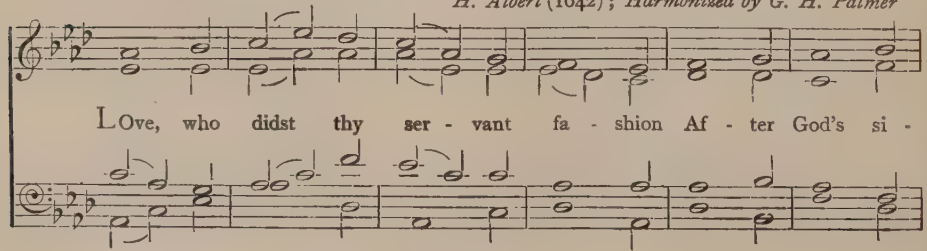
7 Join, ye Saints, with heav'n agree;
Let the Name of Jesus be
Still united to the words—
'King of kings and Lord of lords.'

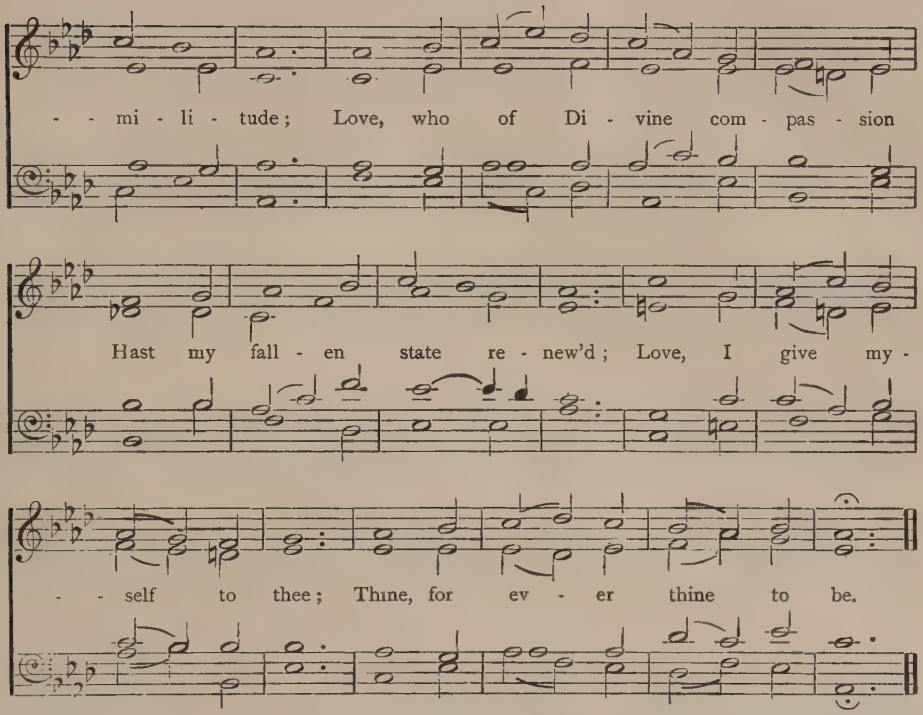
Thomas Kelly (1769–1854)

352 Liebe, die du mich zum Bilde

Tune—GOTT DES HIMMELS UND DER ERDEN (Trochaic, 8.7. 8.7. 7.7.)

H. Albert (1642); *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*





2 Love, before the world's foundation,
Who didst choose me of thy grace;
Love, who broughtest me salvation,
Didst restore me to my place;
Love, I give myself to thee;
Thine, for ever thine to be.

3 Love, who for my sake enduredst
Pangs of death upon the Tree;
Love, who therewithal procuredst
Joy and endless bliss for me;
Love, I give myself to thee;
Thine, for ever thine to be.

4 Love, who gav'st me life and power,
Holy Spirit, Sacred Writ,
Sacraments and other dower,
In this life, and after it;
Love, I give myself to thee;
Thine, for ever thine to be.

5 Love, around me who hast wound thee,
Take my heart, myself and mine;
Love, aye constant, have I found thee,
Make me altogether thine;
Love, I give myself to thee;
Thine, for ever thine to be.

6 Love, who for my soul art pleading,
Loving me by night and day,
With the Father interceding,
Love, my ransom who didst pay;
Love, I give myself to thee;
Thine, for ever thine to be.

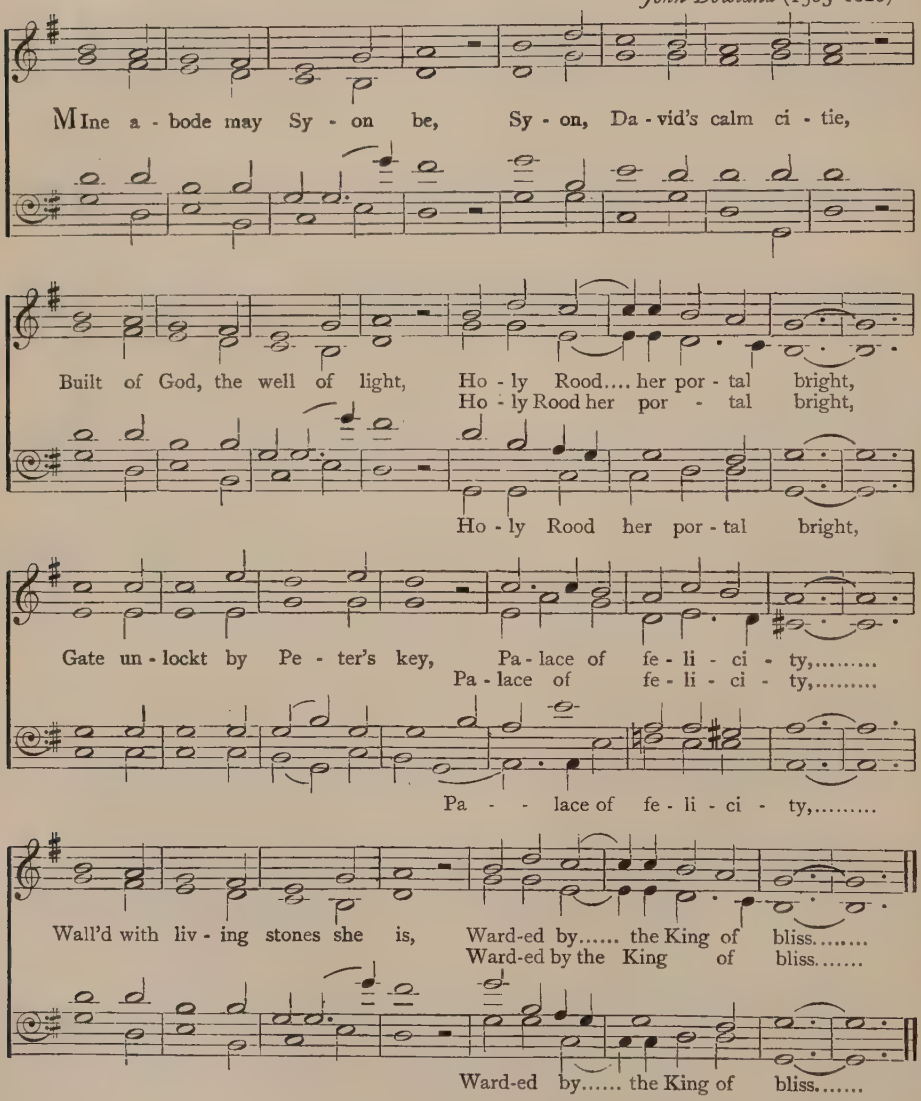
7 Love, who wilt on doomsday-morning
From the grave awaken me,
To array me in the adorning
Robe of immortality;
Love, I give myself to thee;
Thine, for ever thine to be.

Johann Scheffler (1624–1677): Tr. *G. R. W.*

¶ *For another Setting, see No. 366*

353 ME RECEPTET SYON ILLA

Tune—NOW, O NOW, I NEEDS MUST PART (Trochaic, 7·7·7·7· 7·7·7·7·)

John Dowland (1563–1626)

MIne a - bode may Sy - on be, Sy - on, Da - vid's calm ci - tie,
Built of God, the well of light, Ho - ly Rood.... her por - tal bright,
Ho - ly Rood her por - tal bright,
Ho - ly Rood her por - tal bright,
Gate un - lockt by Pe - ter's key, Pa - lace of fe - li - ci - ty,.....
Pa - lace of fe - li - ci - ty,.....
Pa - - lace of fe - li - ci - ty,.....
Wall'd with liv - ing stones she is, Ward-ed by..... the King of bliss.....
Ward-ed by the King of bliss.....
Ward-ed by..... the King of bliss.....

2 In yon courts 'tis ever day,
Endless spring-time, peace for aye;
There the air is sweet as balm,
Ceaseless song, unending psalm:
There no sickness, there no taint,
No defect and no complaint;
Dwarf or child is there unknown;
All to Christ's full stature grown.

3 Heav'nly Salem, City blest,
Thou upon the Rock dost rest;
Haven safe, across the bar,
Well I greet thee from afar:
Hail! for thee I sorely yearn,
Home-sick, oft to thee I turn,
Where thy people, one and all,
Chaunt and keep high festival.

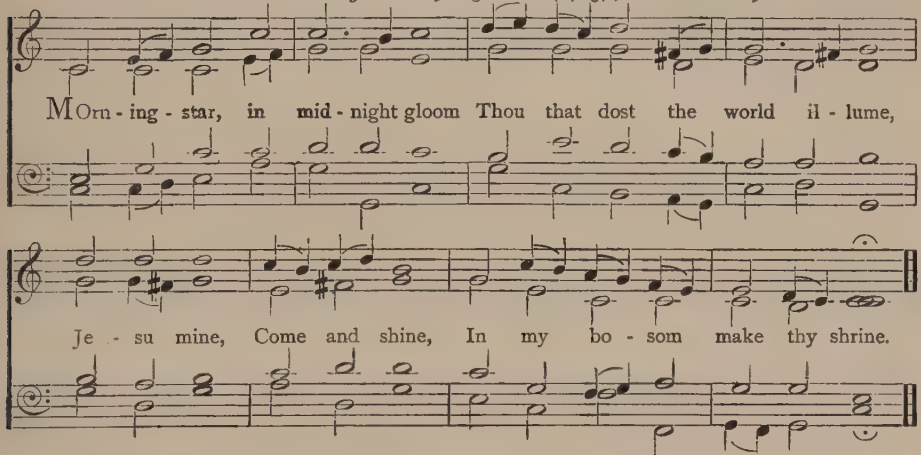
4 All thy joy, Hierusalem,
(City built of many a gem,
Jacinth and chalcedon-stone)
This outside thee is unknown:
Through the streets of this citie
In that goodly company,
O that I might help prolong
Moses and Elias' song!

Hildebert of Tours (xj–xij cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

354 Morgenstern der finstern Nacht

PROPER MELODY (Trochaic, 7.7.3.3.7.)

J. A. Freylinghausen (1705); *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*



2 Beam, and straight 'tis heav'n for me:
Priceless pearl, I covet thee:
Blissful ray,
Shine, I pray;
Sparkle ere the break of day.

3 Lord, thy splendour doth out-run,
Nay, eclipse the noon-day sun:
Jesu, thine
Orb divine
Doth ten thousand suns out-shine.

4 O'er the present, future, past,
Streams of lustre dost thou cast:
Dazzling bright
Is the night
In the joyaunce of thy light.

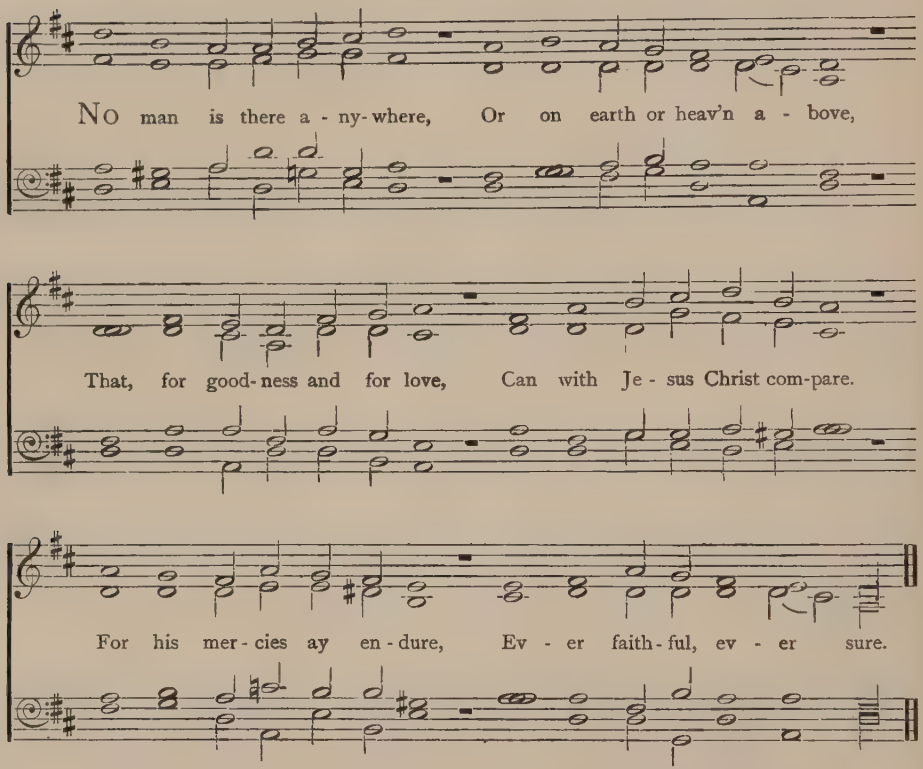
5 To thy beatifick ray
Everything doth worship pay:
Star, most clear,
Far and near,
Christ, thy Godhead we revere.

6 Come then, golden Light, from far
Speed the axles of thy car:
Jesu mine,
Come and shine,
In my bosom make thy shrine.

Johann Scheffler (1624–1677); Tr. *G. R. W.*

355 A Niemand iſt zu jeder Friſt

Tune—CHANTEZ DE DIEU LE RENOM (Ps. CXXXV) (Trochaic, 7.7.7.7.7.7.)


NO man is there a - ny-where, Or on earth or heav'n a - bove,
That, for good-ness and for love, Can with Je - sus Christ com-pare.
For his mer-cies ay en-dure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure.

2 His the Sun, whose welcome light
Day by day doth cheer the land,
His the Angel-guards that stand
Round our couches night by night.
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 His the garner, his the stall,
Valley meadow, field and plain,
Pearly dew and fruitful rain,
Showers that late or early fall.
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 Of our sins and Adam's guilt,
He the price, as surety, paid,
Peace with God the Father made,
By his life-blood freely spilt.
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

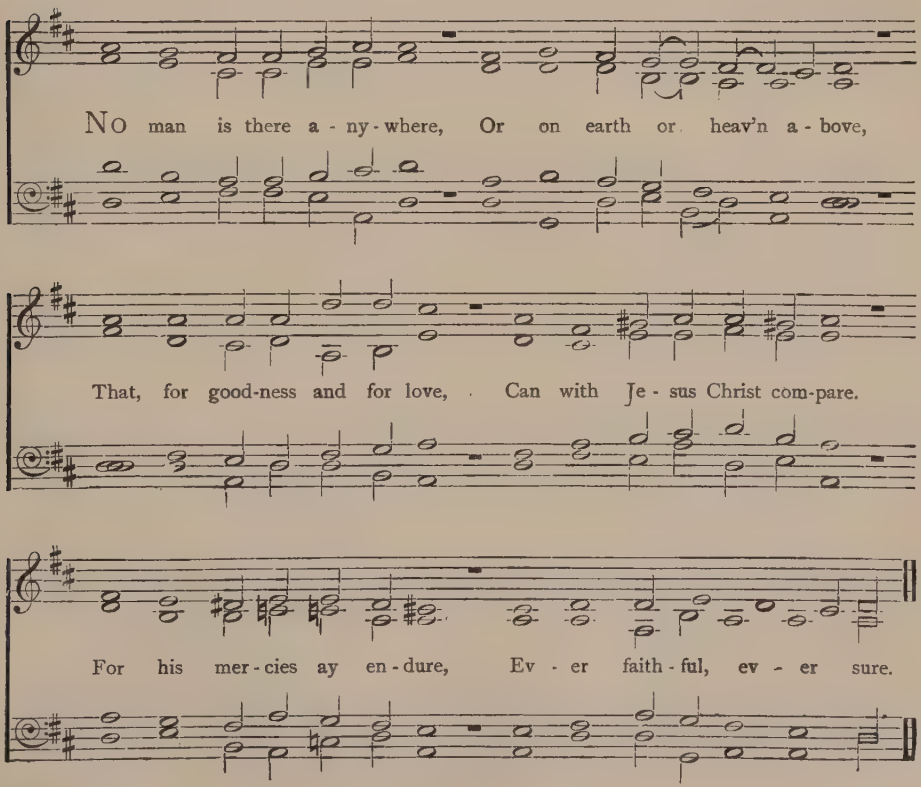
5 Yea, his Blood, that drink divine,
He doth give us, and to eat
Of his Body, heav'nly meat,
Till we enter death's confine.
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 He will at the latter day
Seat his own in realms of light,
Each in wedding-garment dight,
Number'd with his Saints for ay.
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Johann Scheffler (1624–1677); **Tr.** ***G. R. W.***

355 B

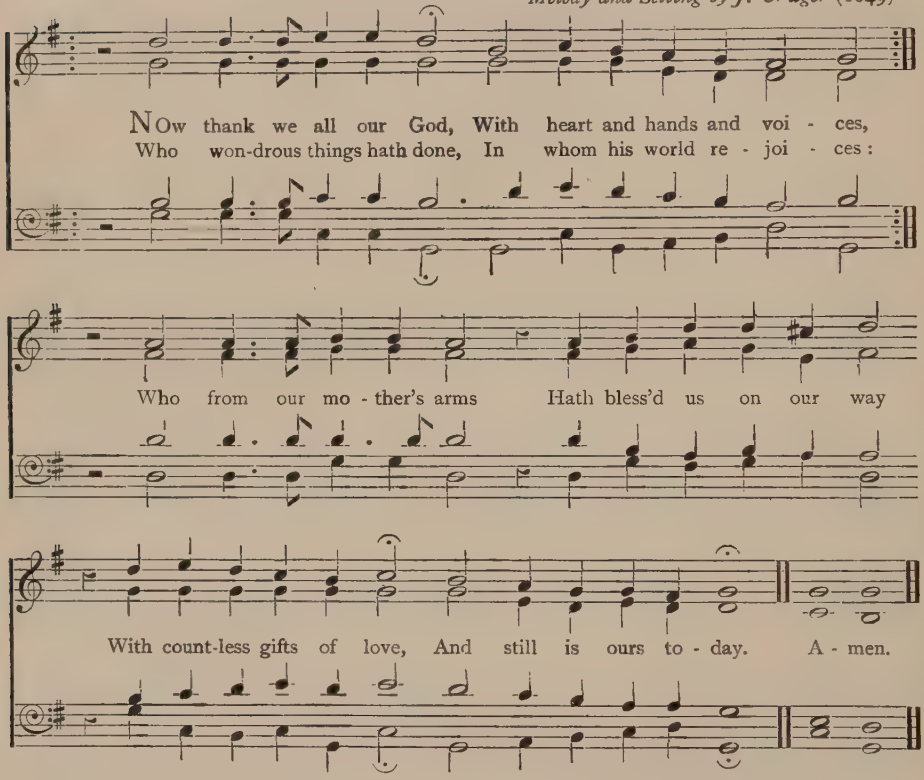
The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor; Harmonized by Claude Goudimel († 1572)


No man is there a - ny - where, Or on earth or heav'n a - bove,
That, for good-ness and for love, Can with Je - sus Christ com-pare.
For his mer - cies ay en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

356 Nun danket alle Gott [Ecclesiasticus L. 22]

PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 6.7.6.7. 6.6.6.6.)

Melody and Setting by J. Crüger (1649)


NOw thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voi - ces,
Who won-drous things hath done, In whom his world re - joi - ces:
Who from our mo - ther's arms Hath bless'd us on our way
With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. A - men.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us;
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplext,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heav'n adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

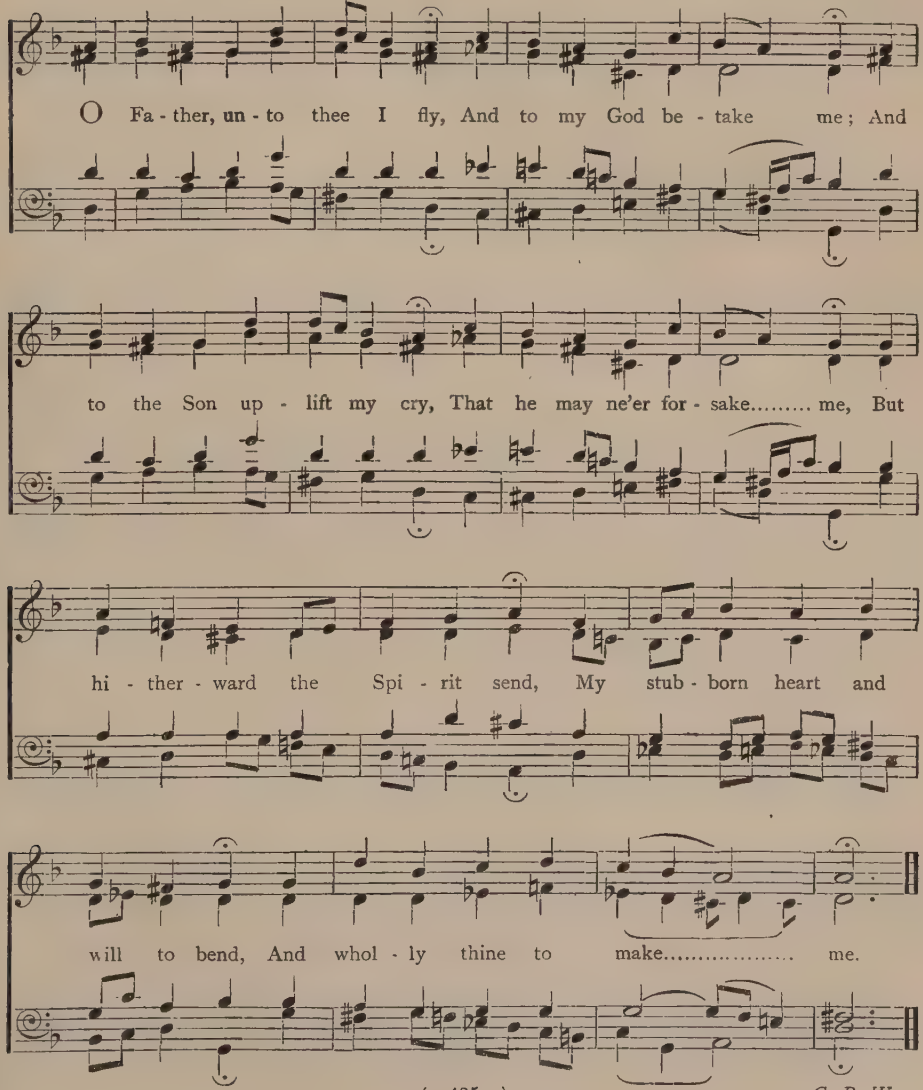
Martin Rinkart (1586–1649); Tr. *Catherine Winkworth* (1829-1878)

¶ *For another Setting, by J. S. Bach, see No. 418*

357 A O FATHER, UNTO THEE I FLY

Tune—ACH GOTT, VON HIMMEL SIEH' DAREIN (Iambic, 8.7.8.7. 8.8.7.)

Erfurter Enchiridion (1524); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685-1750)

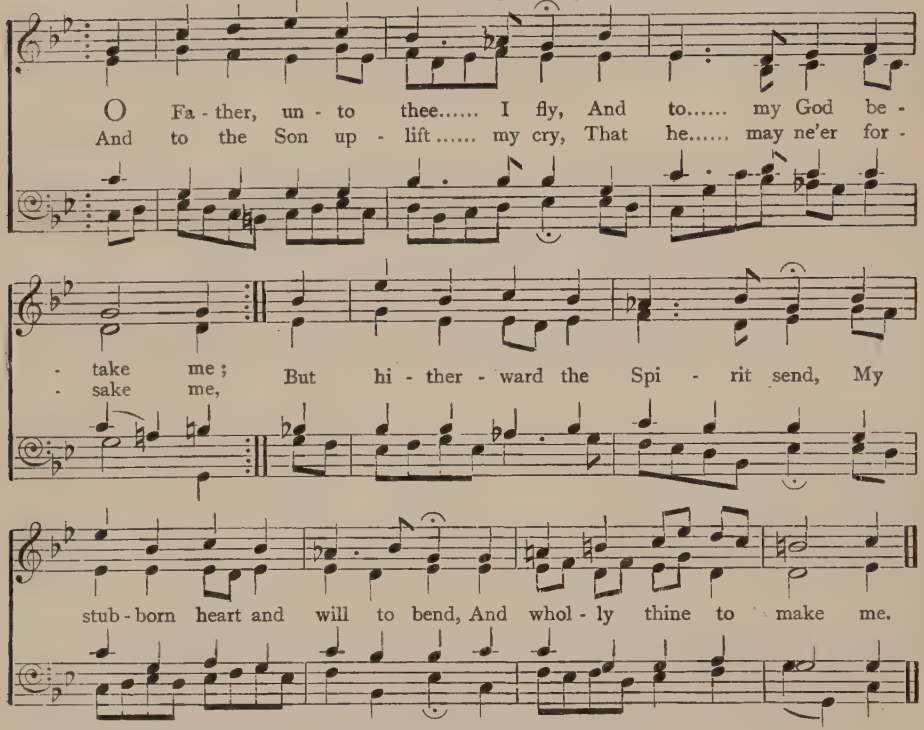

O Fa - ther, un - to thee I fly, And to my God be - take me; And
to the Son up - lift my cry, That he may ne'er for - sake..... me, But
hi - ther - ward the Spi - rit send, My stub - born heart and
will to bend, And whol - ly thine to make..... me.

G. R. W.

357 B

Tune—ICH STEH' AN DEINER KRIPPEN HIER

Melody and figured bass by J. S. Bach ; [Schemelli's Gesangbuch (1736)]
Mean parts by J. A. Langdon

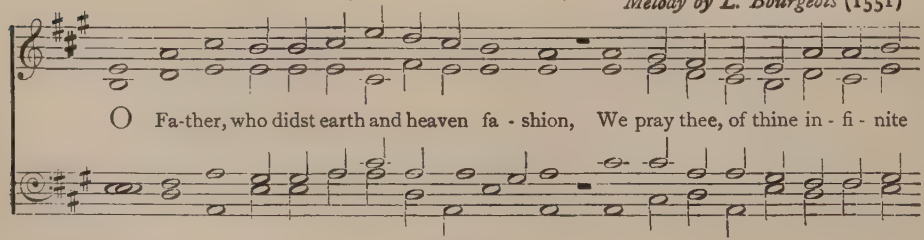

O Fa - ther, un - to thee..... I fly, And to..... my God be -
And to the Son up - lift..... my cry, That he..... may ne'er for -
- take me ;
- sake me,
But hi - ther - ward the Spi - rit send, My
stub - born heart and will to bend, And whol - ly thine to make me.

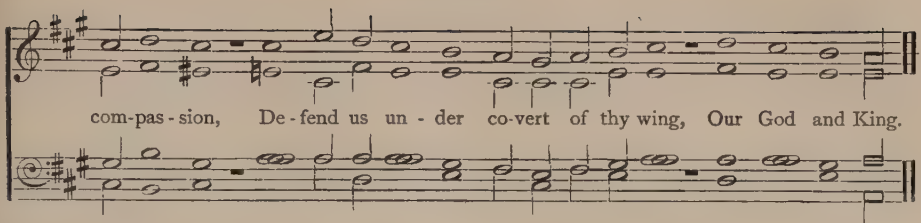
358 A Du bist ein Schöpfer des Himmels

Tune— VOULOIR M'EST PRIS DE METTRE EN ESCRITURE (French Ps. ci)

(Iambic, 11.11.10.4.)

Melody by L. Bourgeois (1551)





2 Jesu, Redeemer, Son of Mary maiden,
Friend of the sinner, weary, heavy-laden:
Bring all the heathen, with us Christen folk,
Beneath thy yoke.

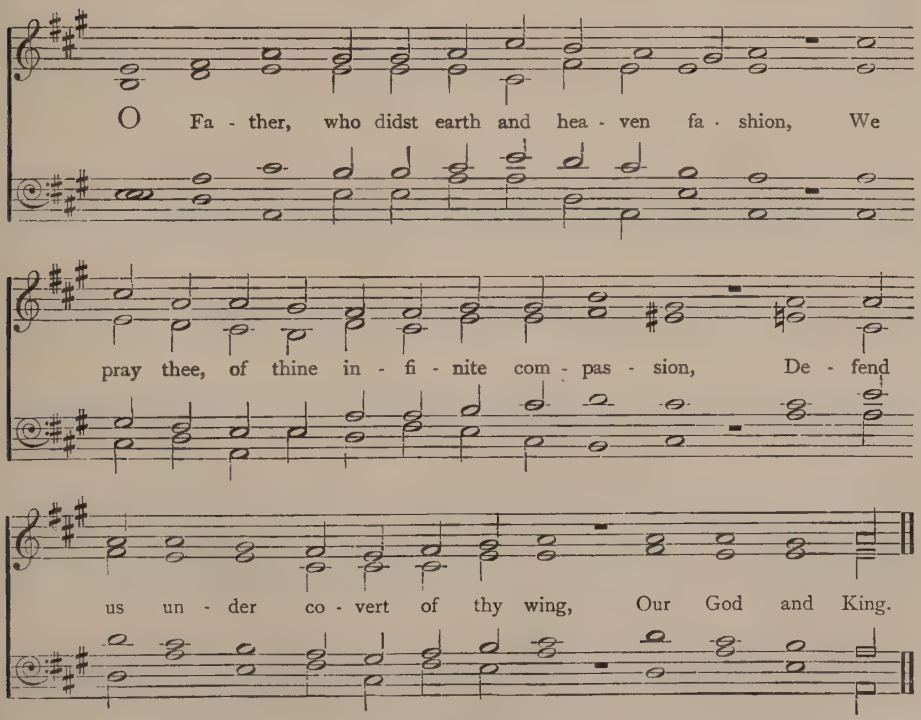
3 Most Holy Spirit, Fount of loving-kindness,
Lighten our darkness, giving sight for blindness,
Comfort the mourner, visit hearth and hall,
And cheer us all.

From *Drey gaystliche und catholische Lobgesang* (Augsburg, 1584); Tr. *G. R. W.*

¶ *For another Setting, see No. 274*

358 B

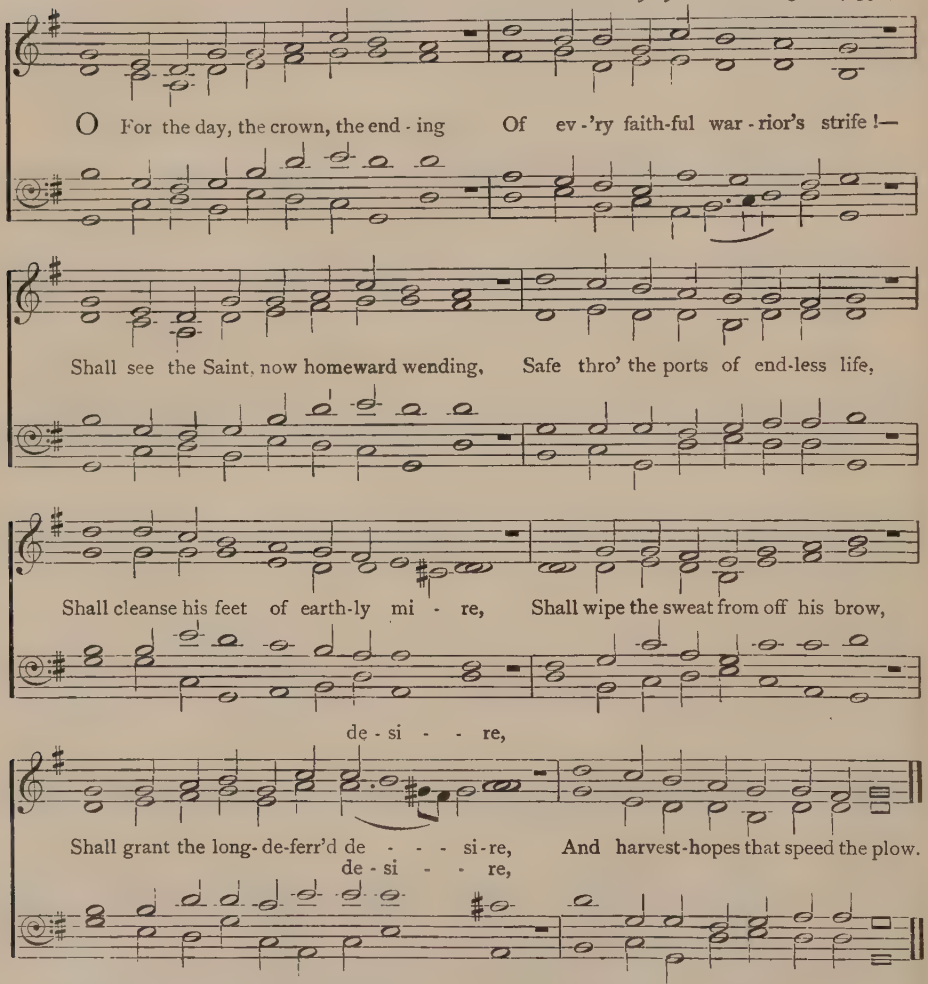
The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor; Harmonized by C. Goudimel († 1572)


O Fa-ther, who didst earth and hea-ven fa-shion, We
pray thee, of thine in-fi-nite com-pas-sion, De-fend
us un-der co-vert of thy wing, Our God and King.

359A Wie wird uns sein begehren

Tune—RENDEZ À DIEU LOUANGE ET GLOIRE (French Pss. lxvj, xcviij, & cxviij)
(Iambic, 9.8. 9.8. 9.8. 9.8.)

Melody by Louis Bourgeois (1551)


O For the day, the crown, the end - ing Of ev -'ry faith-ful war - rior's strife!—
Shall see the Saint, now homeward wending, Safe thro' the ports of end-less life,
Shall cleanse his feet of earth-ly mi - re, Shall wipe the sweat from off his brow,
de - si - - re,
Shall grant the long-de-ferr'd de - - - si-re, And harvest-hopes that speed the plow.
de - si - - re,

2 O for the day, whose dawn with splendour
Shall flood the heav'ns and all therein!
Day, wondrous day, the which shall render
The Saints of God ay free from sin.

What joyaunce, pure from worldly leaven,
Could we, as friends of God, along
With all the company of heaven,
Have right to swell that blissful throng!

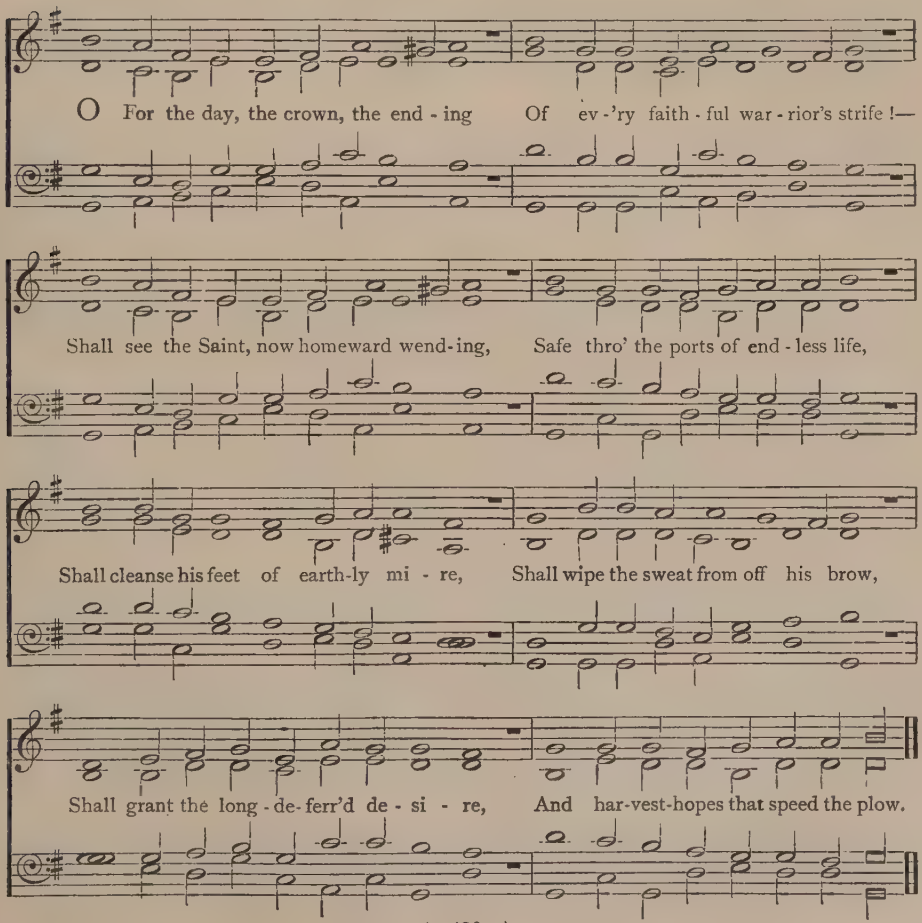
3 Could we but hear those Angel-quires!
And awe-struck catch their tuneful strain,
His praises harp'd on golden wires,
The Lamb of God for sinners slain!
While through the city, farrest, nighest,
Glad Alleluyas cleave the skies,
And, 'fore the throne of God most highest,
The prayers of Saints, as incense, rise.

4 The bounds of heav'n exceed dimension;
No ear hath heard, no eye hath scann'd,
No human mind hath comprehension,
What for his people God hath plann'd.
Toil, therefore, man; 'tis worth thy trouble:
Go climb the steep and narrow way;
Strive, that thou may'st possess the double
In yonder land, thine own for ay.

Karl Joh. Philipp Spitta (1801–1859); Tr. *G. R. W.*

359 B

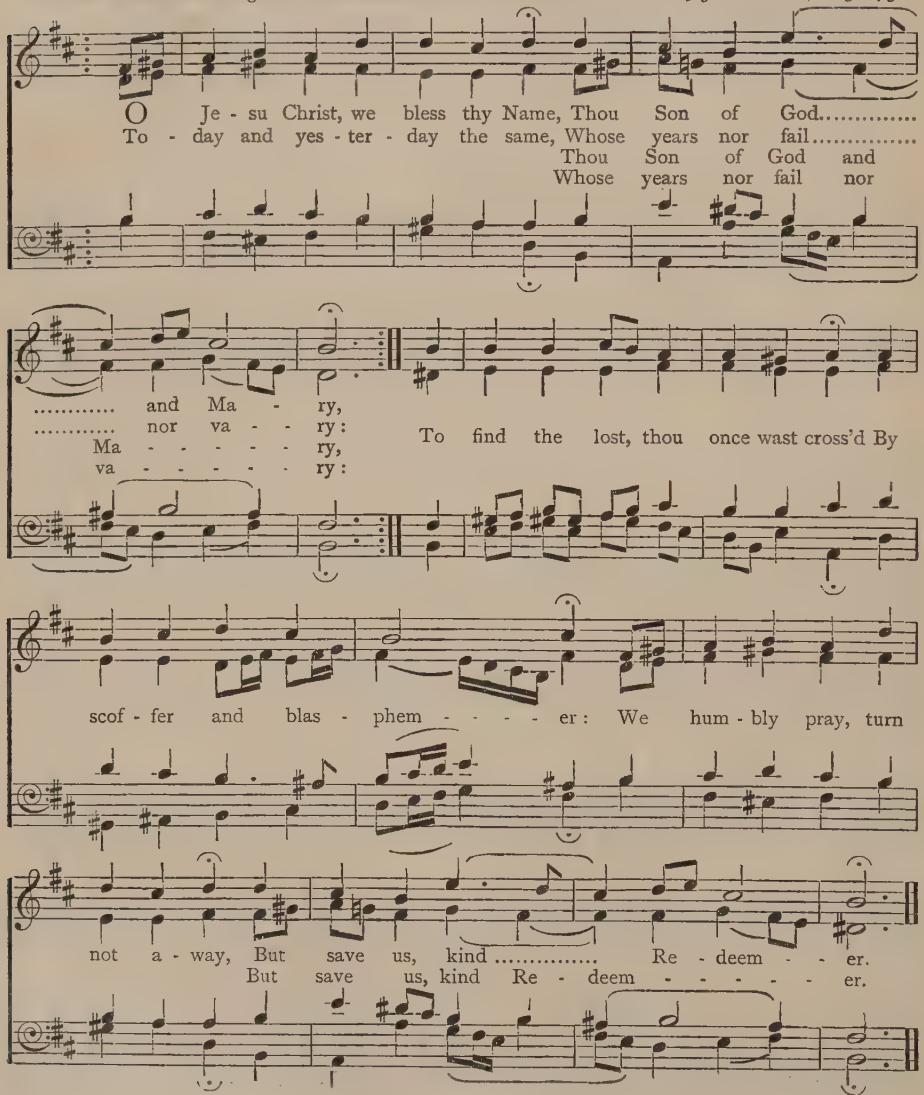
The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor; Harmonized by Claude Goudimel († 1572)


O For the day, the crown, the end - ing Of ev - 'ry faith - ful war - rior's strife!—
Shall see the Saint, now homeward wend - ing, Safe thro' the ports of end - less life,
Shall cleanse his feet of earth-ly mi - re, Shall wipe the sweat from off his brow,
Shall grant the long - de - ferr'd de - si - re, And har-vest-hopes that speed the plow.

360 O JESU CHRIST, WE BLESS THY NAME

Tune—WAS MEIN GOTT WILL, DAS G'SCHEH ALLZEIT (Iambic, 8.7.8.7. 4.4.7. 4.4.7.)

An old French Folk-song—Il me souffit de touts mes maulx *As set by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750

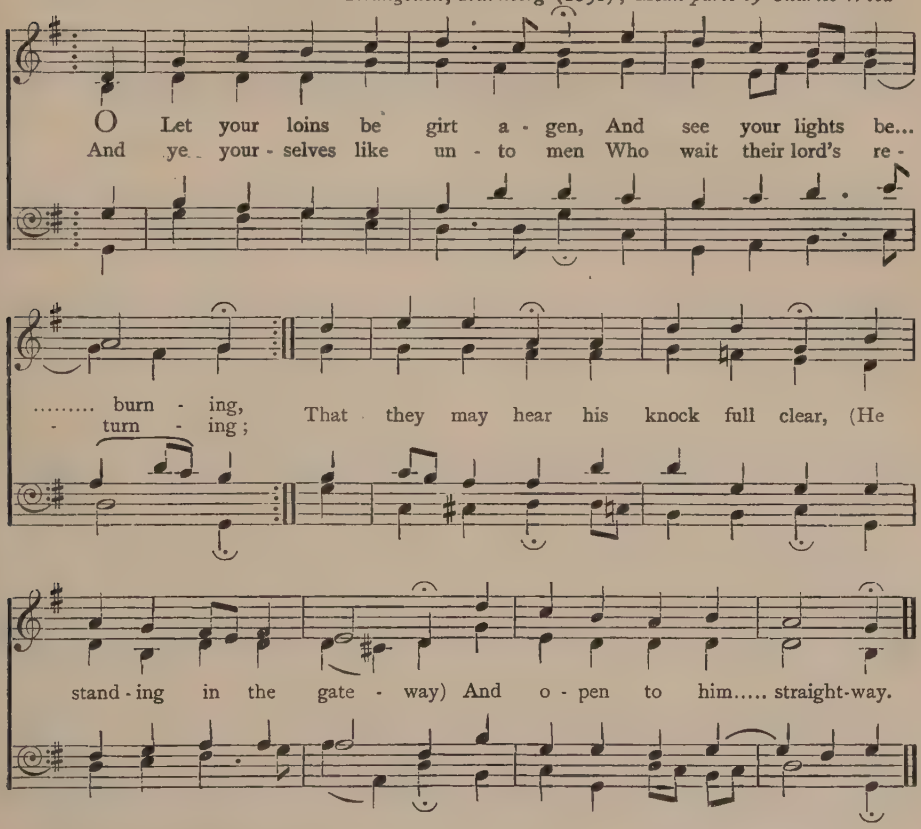

O Je - su Christ, we bless thy Name, Thou Son of God.....
To - day and yes - ter - day the same, Whose years nor fail.....
Thou Son of God and
Whose years nor fail nor
..... and Ma - ry,
..... nor va - - ry:
Ma - - - - - ry,
va - - - - - ry:
To find the lost, thou once wast cross'd By
scof - fer and blas - phem - - - - er: We hum - bly pray, turn
not a - way, But save us, kind ..... Re - deem - - er.
But save us, kind Re - deem - - - - - er.

¶ *For other Settings, see No. 281*, A & B *G. R. W.*

361 Ἔστωσαν ὑμῶν αἱ ὀσφύες

Tune—WAS GOTT THUT DAS IST WOLGETHAN (Iambic, 8.7.8.7. 4.4.7.7.)

Gesangbuch, Nürnberg (1690); *Mean parts by Charles Wood*


O Let your loins be girt a - gen, And see your lights be...
And ye your - selves like un - to men Who wait their lord's re -
..... burn - ing,
- turn - ing;
That they may hear his knock full clear, (He
stand - ing in the gate - way) And o - pen to him..... straight-way.

2 If from the wedding, ere day-break,
In third watch or in second,
The Master find his slaves awake,
Thrice blest shall they be reckon'd;
Fair fall them all, or great or small,
Found watch and vigil keeping,
But wo to knaves a-sleeping!

3 In very sooth, that self-same day,
For recompense and payment,
The Master shall himself array
In servile form and raiment:
Will forth, and seat his men at meat,
Before the lowest bending,
To every want attending.

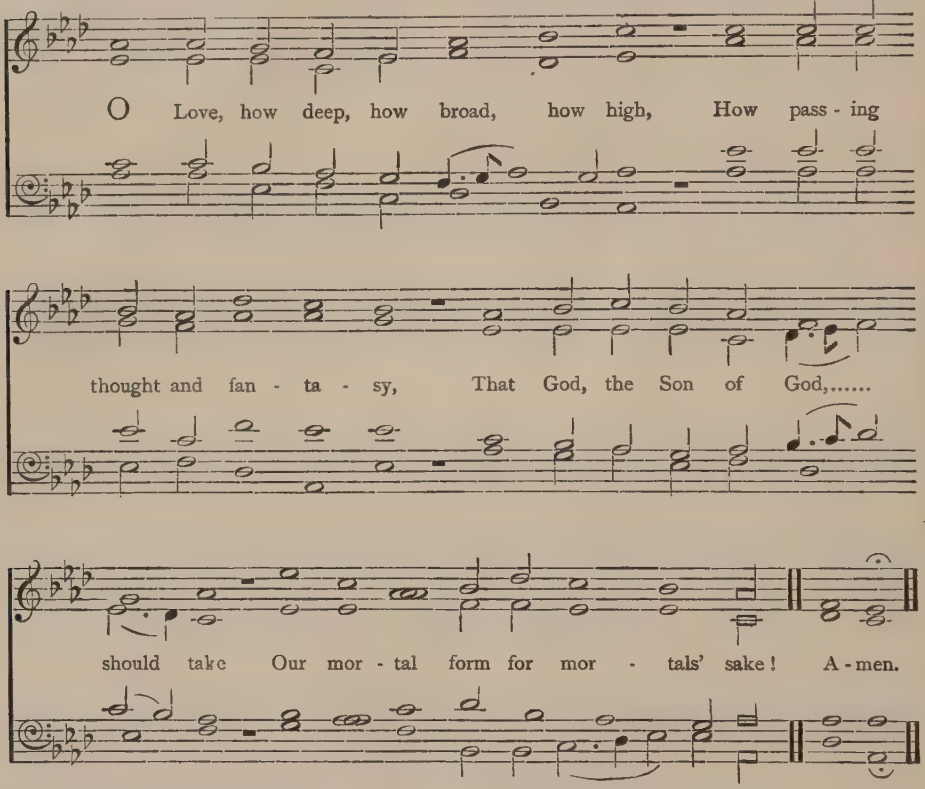
4 The goodman, had he known what hour
The thief might be expected,
Had warded well both tower and bower,
And kept his goods protected:
So likewise ye must ready be;
The Son of Man is nearing,
Who knows how soon appearing?

S. Luke xij. 35-40; Tr. *G. R. W.*

362 A O AMOR QVAM EXTATICVS

Tune—OR SUS, SERVITEURS DU SEIGNEUR (Ps. cxxxiv) (Iambic, 8.8. 8.8.)

'THE OLD HUNDREDTH.' *L. Bourgeois* (1551); *after a popular Chanson.*


O Love, how deep, how broad, how high, How pass - ing
thought and fan - ta - sy, That God, the Son of God,.....
should take Our mor - tal form for mor - tals' sake! A - men.

2 He sent no angel to our race
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame,
And he himself to this world came.

3 Nor will'd he only to appear;
His pleasure was to tarry here;
And God and Man with man would be
The space of thirty years and three.

4 For us baptized, for us he bore
His holy fast, and hunger'd sore;
For us temptation sharp he knew,
For us the tempter overthrew.

5 For us he preaches and he prays,
Would do all things, would try all ways;
By words, and signs, and actions thus
Still seeking not himself, but us.

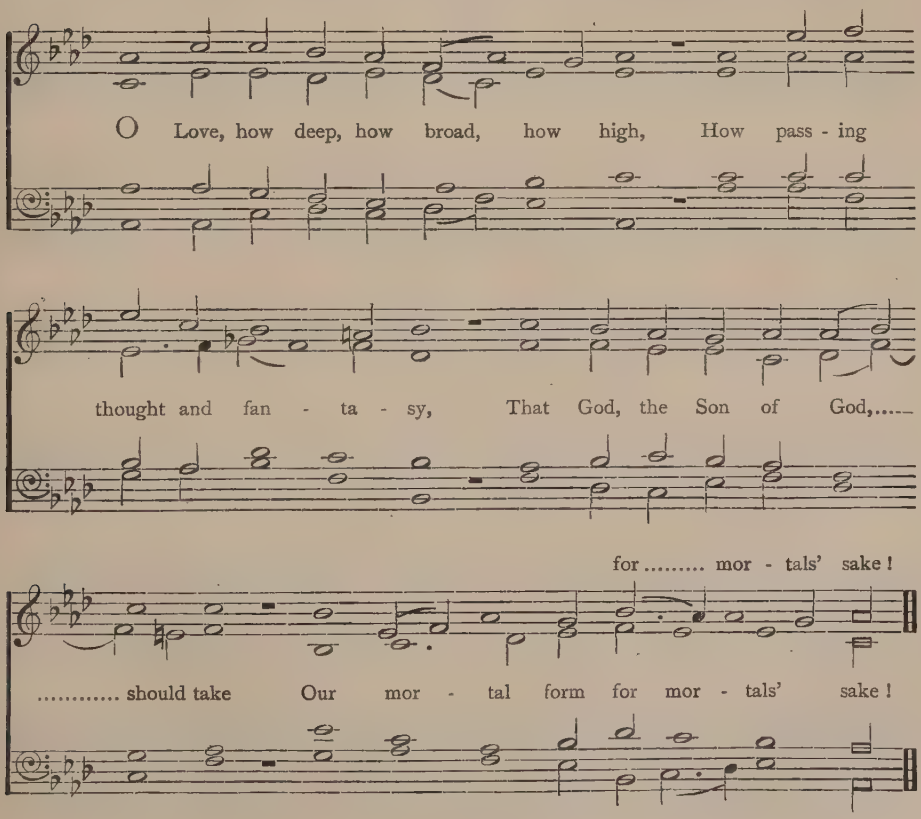
6 For us to wicked men betray'd,
Scourged, mock'd, in Crown of thorn array'd;
For us he bore the Cross's death,
For us at length gave up his breath.

7 For us he rose from death again,
For us he went on high to reign,
For us he sent his Spirit here,
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

8 All honour, laud and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee:
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

Thomas of Kempen (1379–1471); Tr. *Benjamin Webb* (1820–1885)

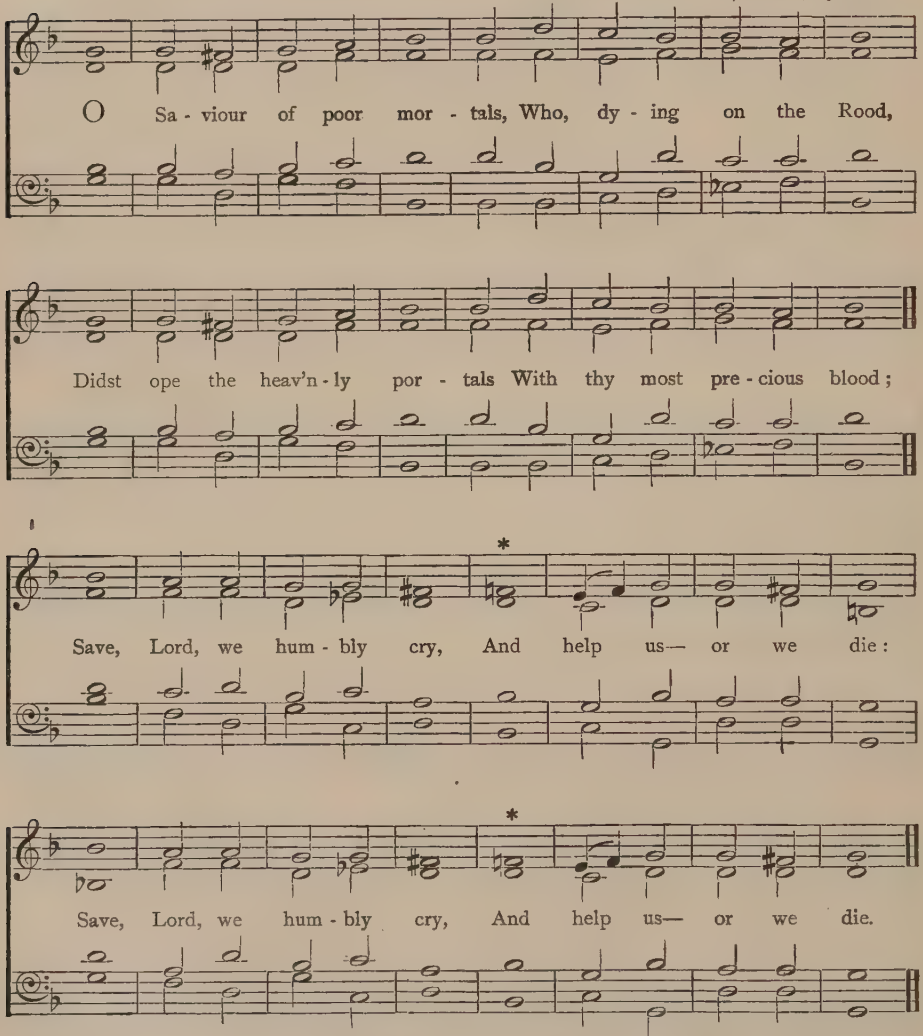
362 B *The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor; Harmonized by Charles Wood*


O Love, how deep, how broad, how high, How pass - ing
thought and fan - ta - sy, That God, the Son of God,.....
for ..... mor - tals' sake!
..... should take Our mor - tal form for mor - tals' sake!

363 SALVATOR MVNDI, SALVA NOS

Tune—BELLE, QUI TIENS MA VIE (Iambic, 7.6. 7.6. 6.6.)

Pavan (xvj cent.)


O Sa - viour of poor mor - tals, Who, dy - ing on the Rood,
Didst ope the heav'n - ly por - tals With thy most pre - cious blood;
Save, Lord, we hum - bly cry, And help us— or we die:
Save, Lord, we hum - bly cry, And help us— or we die.

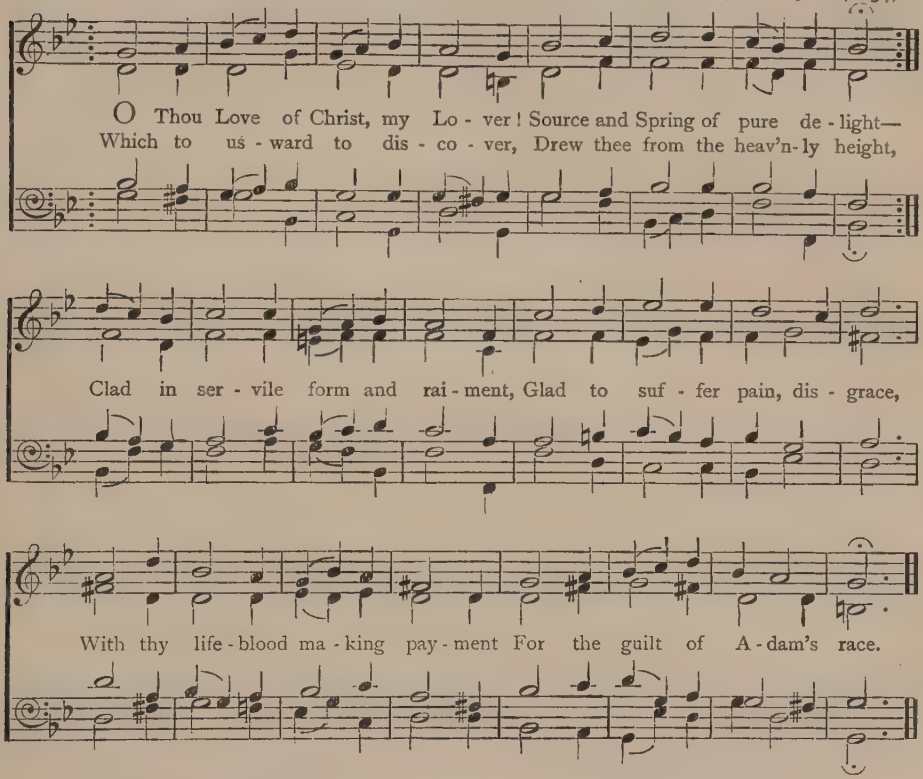
* Alto sings F; Treble D.

Antiphon; Tr. *G. R. W.*

364 A O du Liebe meiner Liebe

PROPER MELODY (Trochaic, 8.7. 8.7. 8.7. 8.7.)

Darmstadt (1698); *Setting by F. Layriz* (1854)


O Thou Love of Christ, my Lo - ver! Source and Spring of pure de - light—
Which to us - ward to dis - co - ver, Drew thee from the heav'n-ly height,
Clad in ser - vile form and rai - ment, Glad to suf - fer pain, dis - grace,
With thy life - blood ma - king pay - ment For the guilt of A - dam's race.

2 Love, that wept and interceded
On the Mount of Olivet;
Matchless love, that strongly pleaded,
Shedding drops of bloody sweat:
Love, to self and pleasure stranger,
Lief to work the Father's will,
On the Tree, as in the manger,
Taught to suffer and be still.

3 Love, unknown to flag or languish
Under load of scorn and shame;
Love, that neither ache nor anguish,
No, nor tyrant Death might tame:
Love, forgiving, tender-hearted,
Patient to the uttermost,
E'en till soul and body parted,
And thou gavest up the ghost.

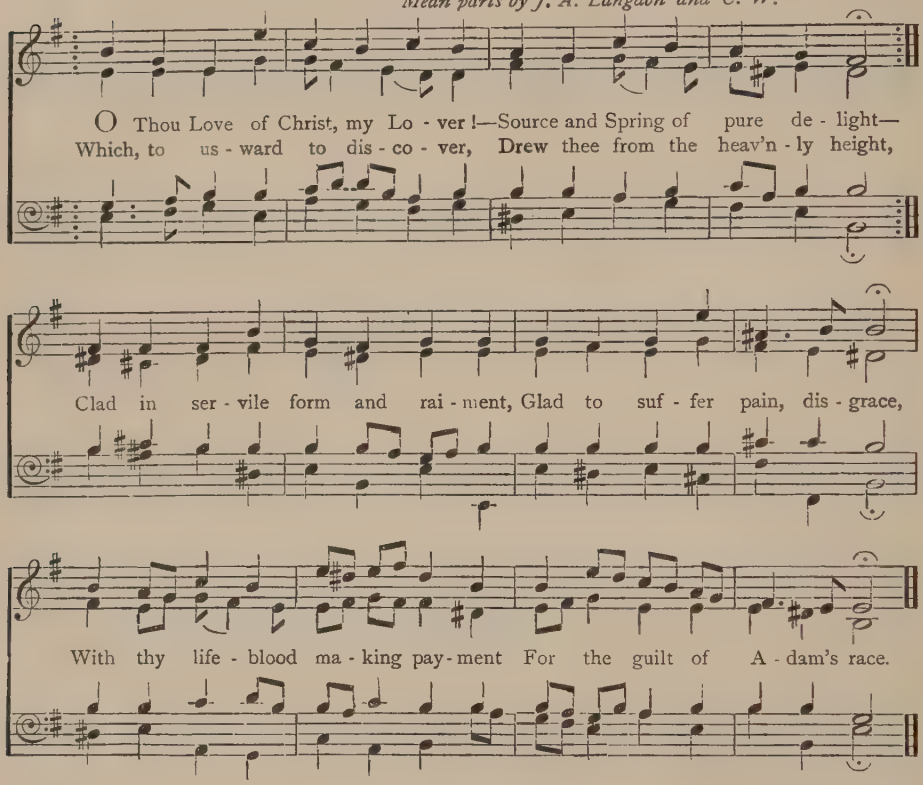
4 Love, for my salvation dying,
All but thee I reckon dross;
Love, eternal life supplying,
Fain I contemplate thy Cross:
Thanks be thine, beyond all number,
Love, for sinners crucified;
Jesu, when I fall on slumber,
Gently rest me in thy side.

E. von Senitz (1629–1679); Tr. *G. R. W.*

364 B

Tune—ACH! DASS NICHT DIE LETZTE STUNDE

[*Schemelli's G. B.*, 1736]; *Melody probably, figured Bass certainly, by J. S. Bach; Mean parts by J. A. Langdon and C. W.*


O Thou Love of Christ, my Lo - ver!—Source and Spring of pure de - light—
Which, to us - ward to dis - co - ver, Drew thee from the heav'n - ly height,
Clad in ser - vile form and rai - ment, Glad to suf - fer pain, dis - grace,
With thy life - blood ma - king pay - ment For the guilt of A - dam's race.

2 Love, that wept and interceded
On the Mount of Olivet;
Matchless love, that strongly pleaded,
Shedding drops of bloody sweat:
Love, to self and pleasure stranger,
Lief to work the Father's will,
On the Tree, as in the manger,
Taught to suffer and be still.

3 Love, unknown to flag or languish
Under load of scorn and shame;
Love, that neither ache nor anguish,
No, nor tyrant Death might tame:
Love, forgiving, tender-hearted,
Patient to the uttermost,
E'en till soul and body parted,
And thou gavest up the ghost.

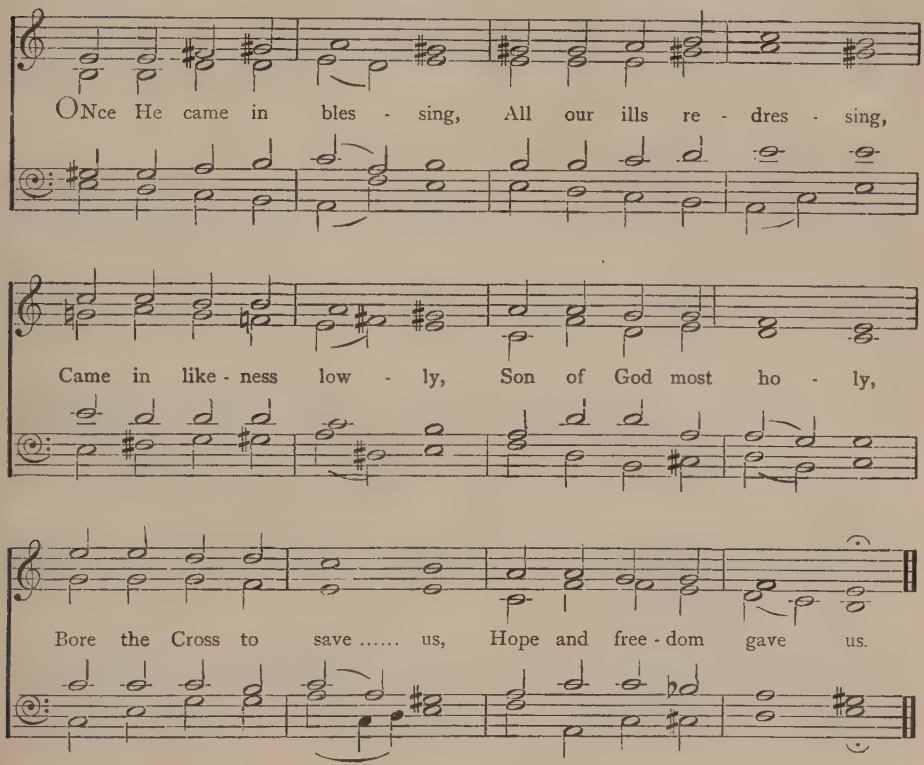
4 Love, for my salvation dying,
All but thee I reckon dross;
Love, eternal life supplying,
Fain I contemplate thy Cross:
Thanks be thine, beyond all number,
Love, for sinners crucified;
Jesu, when I fall on slumber,
Gently rest me in thy side.

E. von Senitz (1629–1679); Tr. *G. R. W.*

365 Gottes Sohn ist kommen

Tune—HERR, NUN LASS IN FRIEDE (Trochaic, 6.6. 6.6. 6.6.)

Melody by J. S. Bach (1685–1750); *Bach's Setting, simplified by Charles Wood*


ONce He came in bles - sing, All our ills re - dres - sing,
Came in like - ness low - ly, Son of God most ho - ly,
Bore the Cross to save ..... us, Hope and free - dom gave us.

2

Still he comes within us,
Still his voice would win us
From the sins that hurt us,
Would to truth convert us
From our foolish errors,
Ere he comes in terrors.

3

Thus if thou hast known him,
Not ashamed to own him,
Nor dost love him coldly,
But wilt trust him boldly,
He will now receive thee,
Heal thee, and forgive thee.

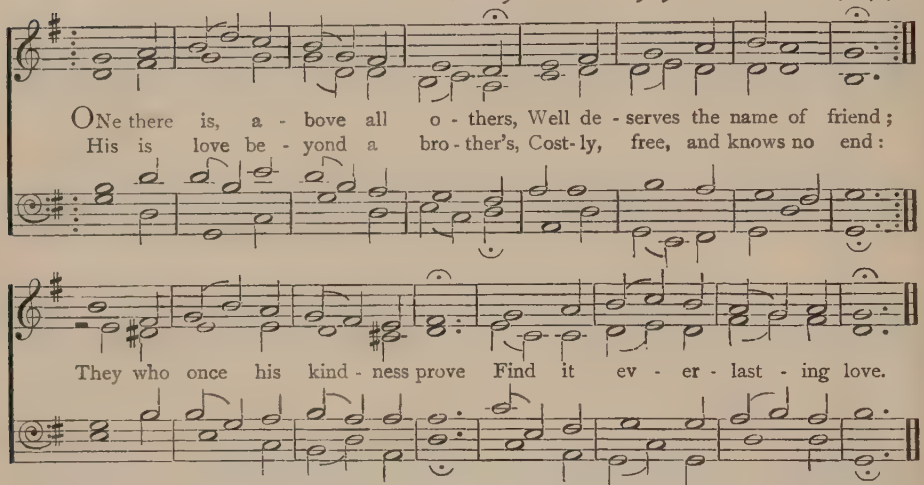
Joh. Roh (alias *Horn*, † 1547); Tr. *C. Winkworth* (1829–1878)

¶ *For Bach's original Harmonies, see No. 312* B; *and for another Melody, No. 312* A

366 ONE THERE IS, ABOVE ALL OTHERS

Tune—GOTT DES HIMMELS UND DER ERDEN (Trochaic, 8.7. 8.7. 7.7.)

Melody and Harmony by Heinrich Albert (1646)


ONe there is, a - bove all o - thers, Well de - serves the name of friend;
His is love be - yond a bro - ther's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kind - ness prove Find it ev - er - last - ing love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us
Could or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God:
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When he lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was his Name;
Now, above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Could we bear from one another
What he daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious friend and brother
Loves us, though we treat him thus:
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

5 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love:
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

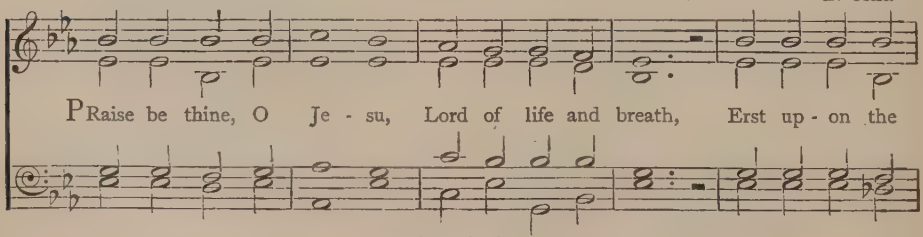
John Newton (1725–1807)

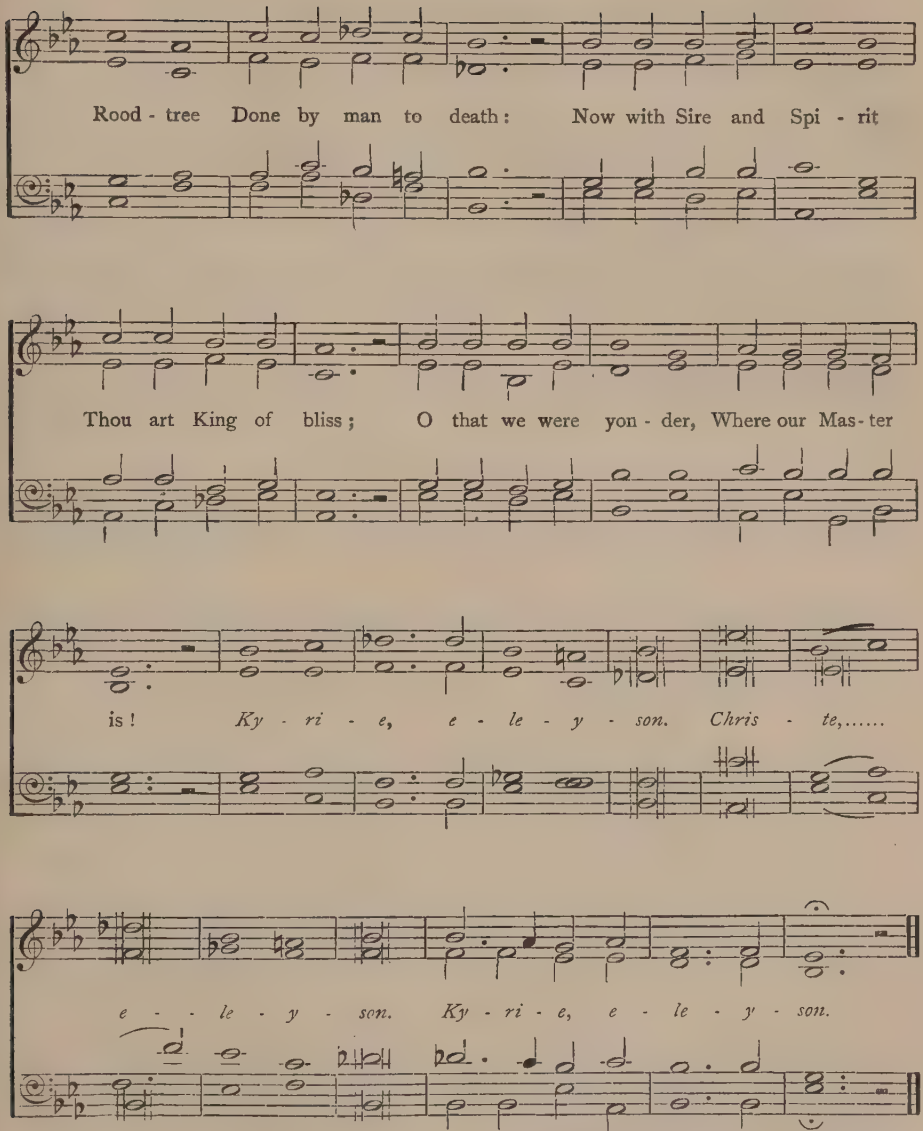
¶ *For another Setting, see No. 352*

367 LAVS TIBI CHRISTE

PROPER MELODY (Trochaic, 6.5. 6.5. 6.5. 6.5. 7.6.7.)

xv cent.



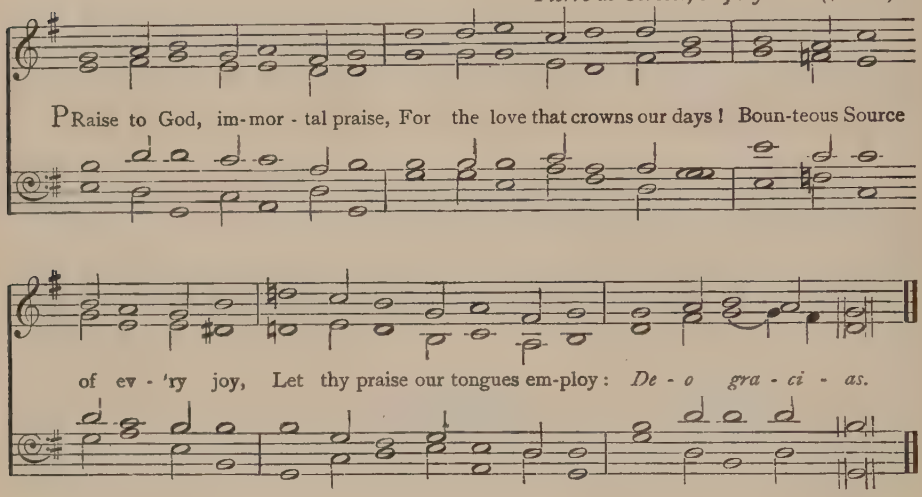

Rood - tree Done by man to death: Now with Sire and Spi - rit
Thou art King of bliss; O that we were yon - der, Where our Mas - ter
is! *Ky - ri - e, e - le - y - son. Chris - te,.....*
e - le - y - son. Ky - ri - e, e - le - y - son.

Notker Balbulus (†912); Tr. *G. R. W.*

368 PRAISE TO GOD, IMMORTAL PRAISE

Tune—ORIENTIS PARTIBVS (Trochaic, 7.7. 7.7. 5.)

Pierre de Corbeil, Abp. of Sens († 1222)


PRaise to God, im-mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days! Boun-teous Source
of ev - 'ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues em-ploy: De - o gra - ci - as.

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use:
Deo gracias.

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:
Deo gracias.

4 All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:
Deo gracias.

5 These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
Deo gracias.

6 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From the stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;
Deo gracias.

7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;
Deo gracias.

8 Should thine alter'd hand restrain
Th' early and the latter rain;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;
Deo gracias.

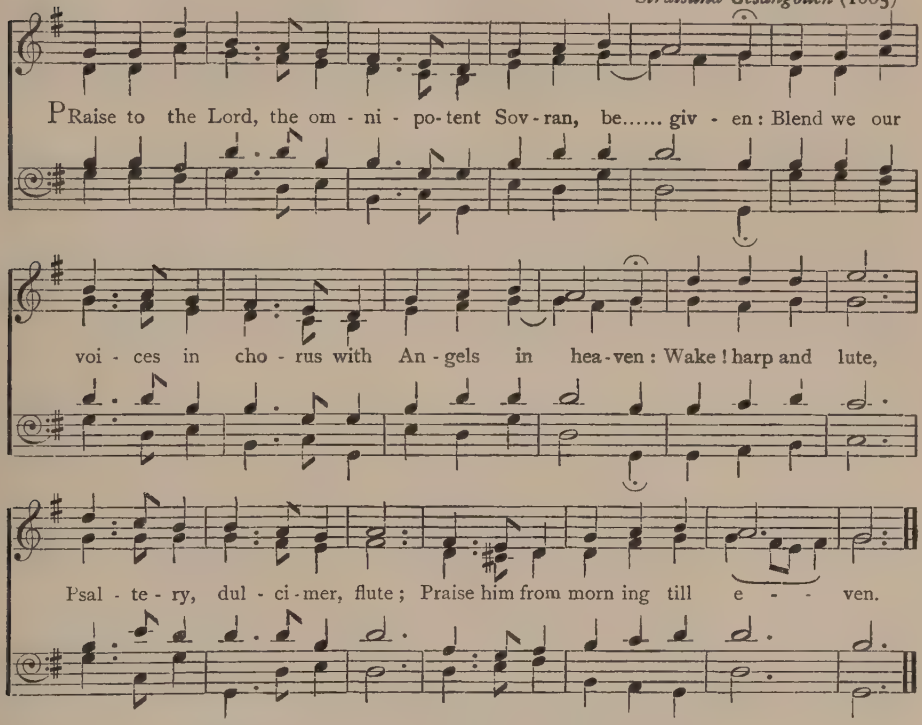
9 Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone!
Deo gracias.

Anna Lætitia Barbauld (1743–1825)

369 Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen König

Tune—HAST DU DENN, LIEBSTER (Dactylic, 14. 14. 4.7. 8.)

Stralsund Gesangbuch (1665)


PRaise to the Lord, the om - ni - po-tent Sov-ran, be..... giv - en: Blend we our
voi - ces in cho - rus with An - gels in hea-ven: Wake! harp and lute,
Psal - te - ry, dul - ci-mer, flute; Praise him from morn ing till e - - ven.

2 Praise to the Lord, who creation so lordly directeth;
Who, as on eagle-wing, beareth thy soul, and protecteth:
Canst thou not trace
How that his goodness and grace
Alway thy welfare effecteth?

3 Praise to the Lord in the highest, thy Maker and Warder:
Fountain of mercy and love, giving peace in thy border:
Ponder and scan
How the Omnipotent can
Bless thee in manifold order.

4 Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore him!
Father, Son, Holy Ghost—honour, confess and implore him!
He is thy Light:
O my soul, keep him in sight,
Worshipping ever before him.

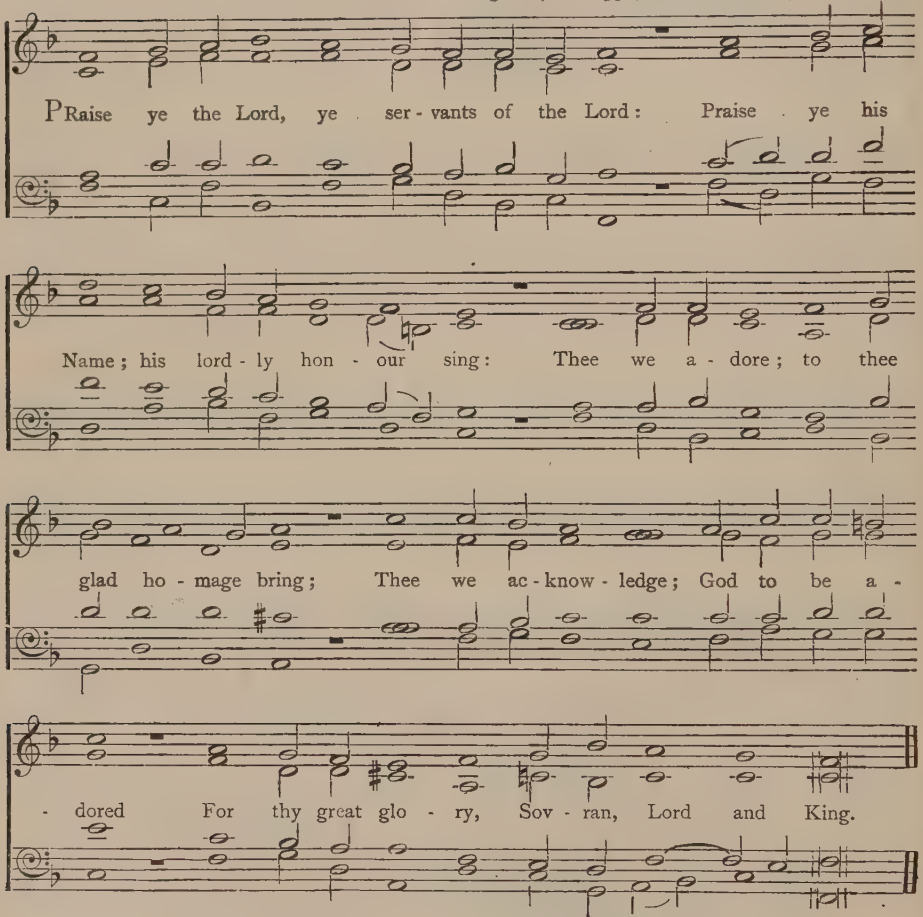
Joachim Neander (1650–1680): Tr. *G. R. W.*

370 A Αἰνεῖτε, παῖδες, Κύριον

Tune—OR PEUT BIEN DIRE ISRAEL MAINTENANT (Ps. cxxiv)

(Iambic, 10.10.10.10.10.)

L. Bourgeois (after 1551); *Harmonized by G. R. W.*

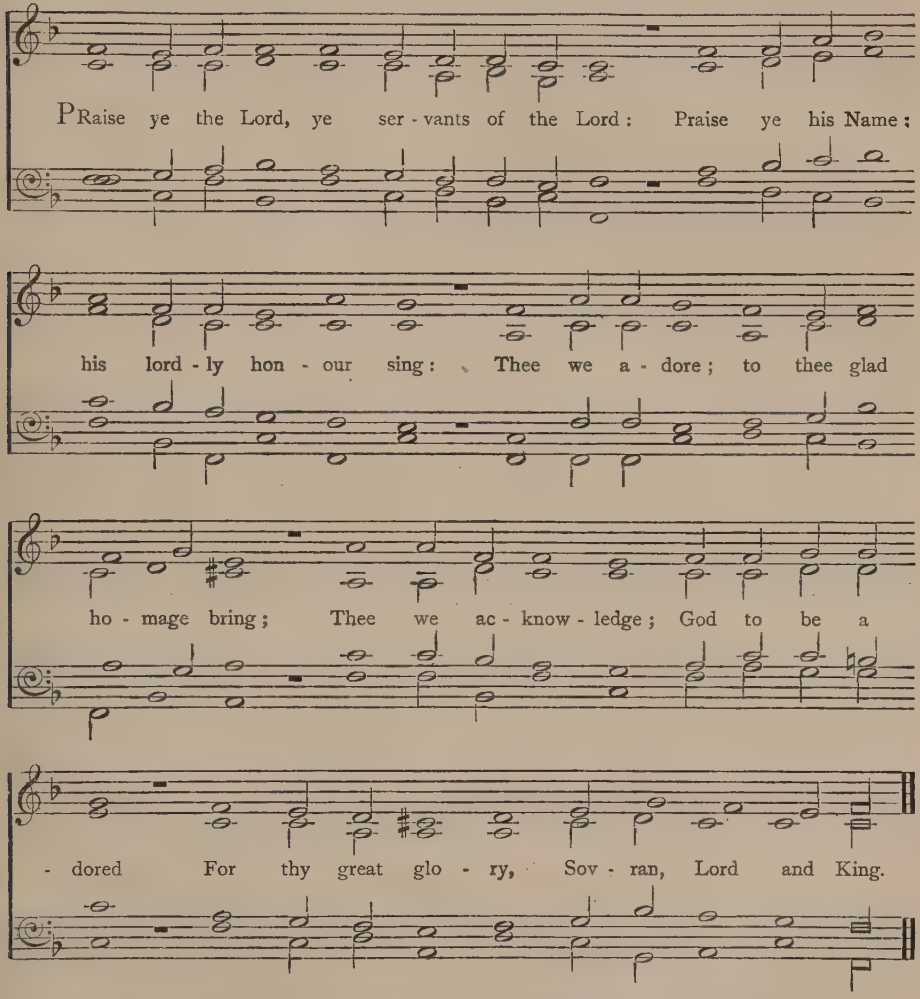

PRaise ye the Lord, ye ser - vants of the Lord: Praise ye his
Name; his lord - ly hon - our sing: Thee we a - dore; to thee
glad ho - mage bring; Thee we ac - know - ledge; God to be a -
- dored For thy great glo - ry, Sov - ran, Lord and King.

2 Father of Christ—that Lamb with blemish none,
That took the sins of all mankind away—
To thee belongeth worship, day by day:
Yea, Holy Father, Everlasting Son,
And Holy Ghost, all praise be thine for aye!

Apostolick Constitutions (iij cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

¶ *See also No. 382*

The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor: Harmonized by C. Goudimel († 1572)


PRaise ye the Lord, ye ser - vants of the Lord: Praise ye his Name;
his lord - ly hon - our sing: Thee we a - dore; to thee glad
ho - mage bring; Thee we ac - know - ledge; God to be a
- dored For thy great glo - ry, Sov - ran, Lord and King.

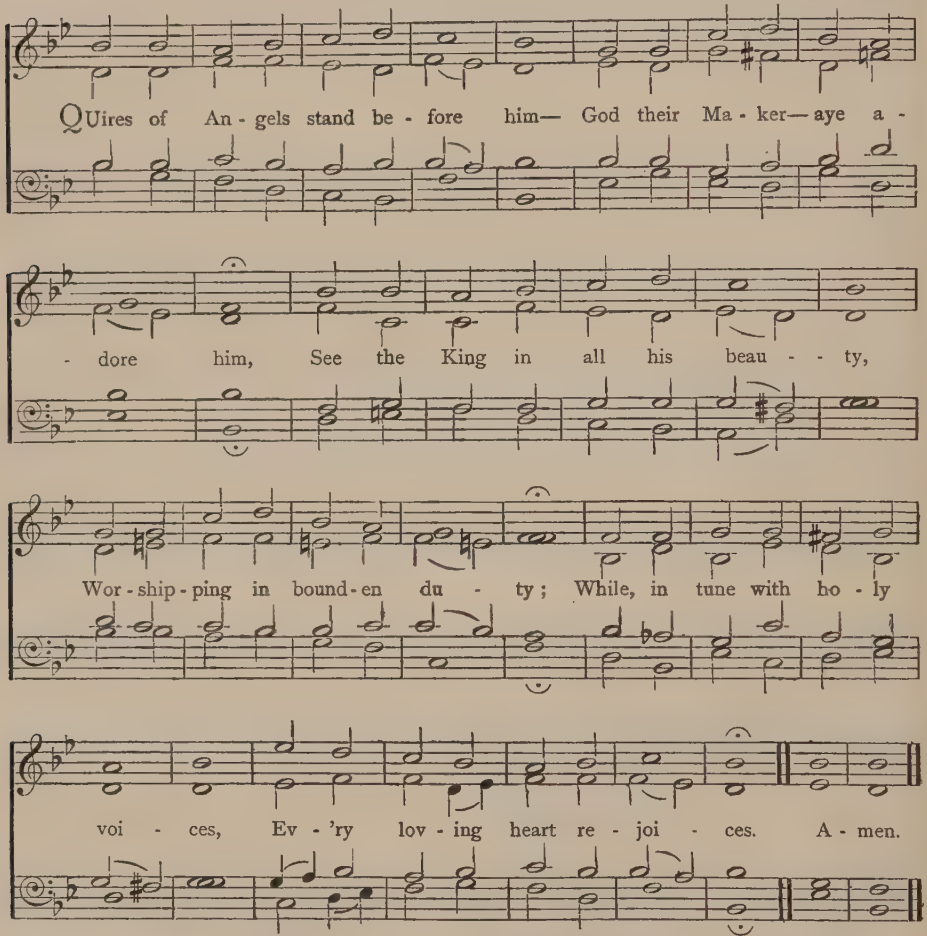
2 Father of Christ—that Lamb with blemish none,
That took the sins of all mankind away—
To thee belongeth worship, day by day:
Yea, Holy Father, Everlasting Son,
And Holy Ghost, all praise be thine for aye!

Apostolick Constitutions (iij cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

371 ASTANT ANGELORVM CHORI

Tune—HIERVSALEM LVMINOSA (Trochaic, 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.)

C. Powell (1889)


QUires of An - gels stand be - fore him— God their Ma - ker— aye a -
- dore him, See the King in all his beau - - ty,
Wor - ship - ping in bound - en du - ty; While, in tune with ho - ly
voi - ces, Ev - 'ry lov - ing heart re - joi - ces. A - men.

2 Some there be sweet musick making,
Bells a-ringing, harps awaking,
Some the golden stair ascending,
Other some through ether wending,
Robed in white, both high and lowly,
Crying 'Holy, Holy, Holy.'

3 In yon City all is gladness,
There unknown is pain or sadness,
All proclaim the self-same story—
Glory to the King of glory!
God in Persons Three, whom clearly
All behold, and love right dearly.

4 Seraphyn, with hearts a-fire,
Sound his praise nor ever tire ; . . .
Cherubyn, in worship bending,
Honour him with laud unending ;
Thrones in wonder homage render,
Awed with such exceeding splendour.

5 O that bright and goodly region !
O that leal and comely legion !
Band of Angels, one with mortals !
Salem City, heav'nly portals !
City, home of love and order,
Peace in one and every border !

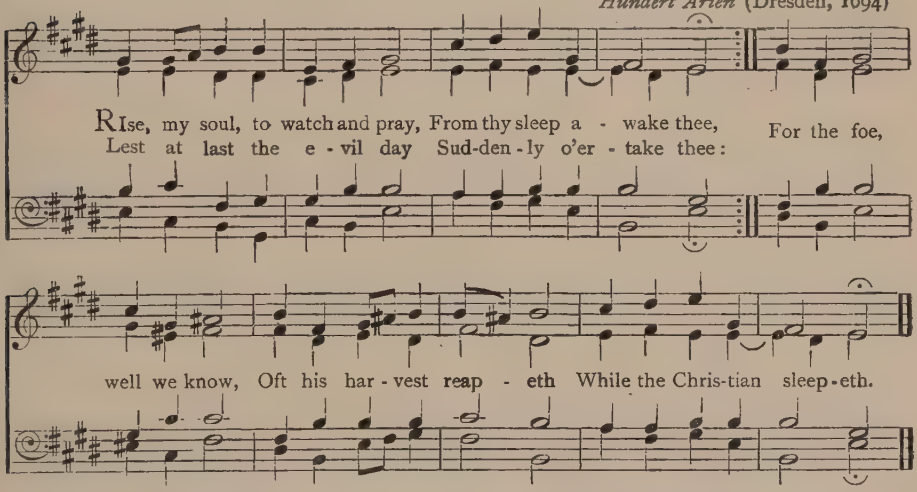
6 There fair folk in white apparel
Love as brethren, seek no quarrel :
There is knowledge, no temptation,
No more toil and no vexation ;
There is health, but sickness never ;
Fulness there of joy for ever.

Thomas of Kempen (1379–1471) ; Tr. ***G. R. W.***

372 Mache dich, mein Geiſt, bereit

Tune—STRAF' MICH NICHT IN DEINEM ZORN (Trochaic, 7.6. 7.6. 3.3. 6.6.)

Hundert Arien (Dresden, 1694)


RIse, my soul, to watch and pray, From thy sleep a - wake thee, For the foe,
Lest at last the e - vil day Sud-den - ly o'er - take thee :
well we know, Oft his har - vest reap - eth While the Chris-tian sleep - eth.

2 Watch against thyself, my soul ;
See thou do not stifle
Grace, that should thy thoughts control,
Nor with mercy trifle :
Pride and sin lurk within,
All thy hopes to scatter :
List not when they flatter.

3 But while watching, also see
That thou pray unceasing,
For the Lord must make thee free,
Strength and faith increasing ;
So to do service true ;
Let not sloth enslave thee ;
Pray and he will save thee.

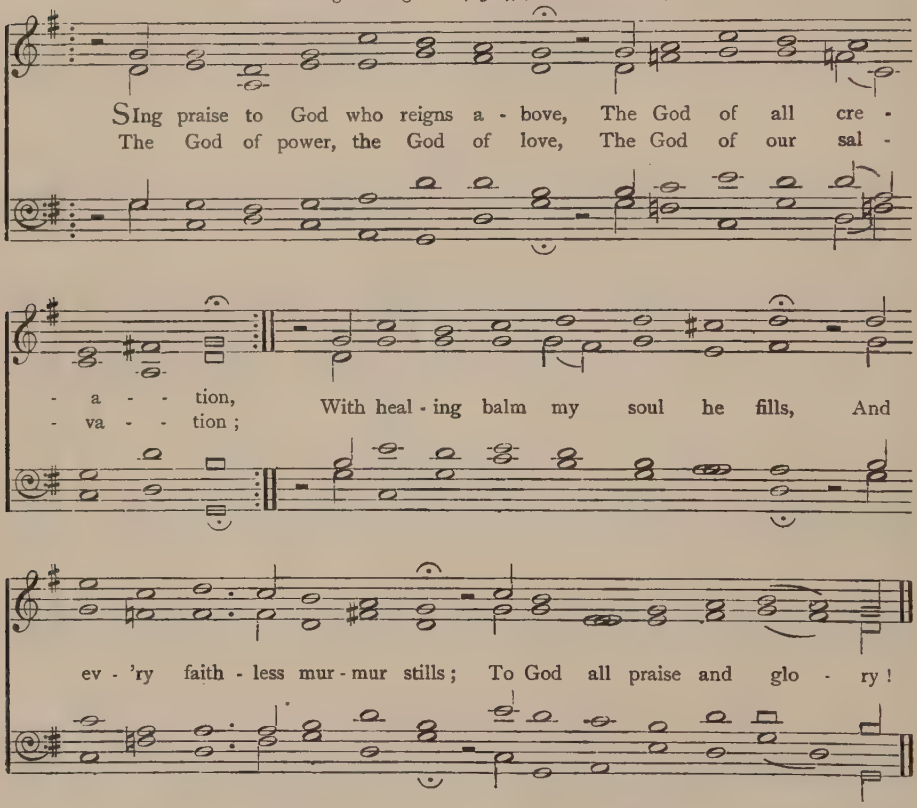
4 Courage then, for he will give
All that we are needing,
Through the Son, in whom we live,
Who for us is pleading :
Day by day watch and pray,
While the tempests lower,
Till he come with power.

Joh. Burchard Freystein (1671–1718) ; Tr. *C. Winkworth* (1829–1878)

373 A Sei Lob und Ehr' dem höchsten Gut

Tune—NUN FREUT EUCH, LIEBEN CHRISTEN G'MEIN (Iambic, 8.7. 8.7. 8.8.7.)

PART I *Wittenberg Gesangbuch* (1524); *Harmonized by Lucas Osiander* (1586)


SIng praise to God who reigns a - bove, The God of all cre -
The God of power, the God of love, The God of our sal -
- a - - tion,
- va - - tion;
With heal - ing balm my soul he fills, And
ev - 'ry faith - less mur - mur stills; To God all praise and glo - ry!

2 The Angel host O King of kings,
Thy praise for ever telling,
In earth and sky all living things,
Beneath thy shadow dwelling,
Adore the wisdom which could span,
And power which form'd creation's plan;
To God all praise and glory!

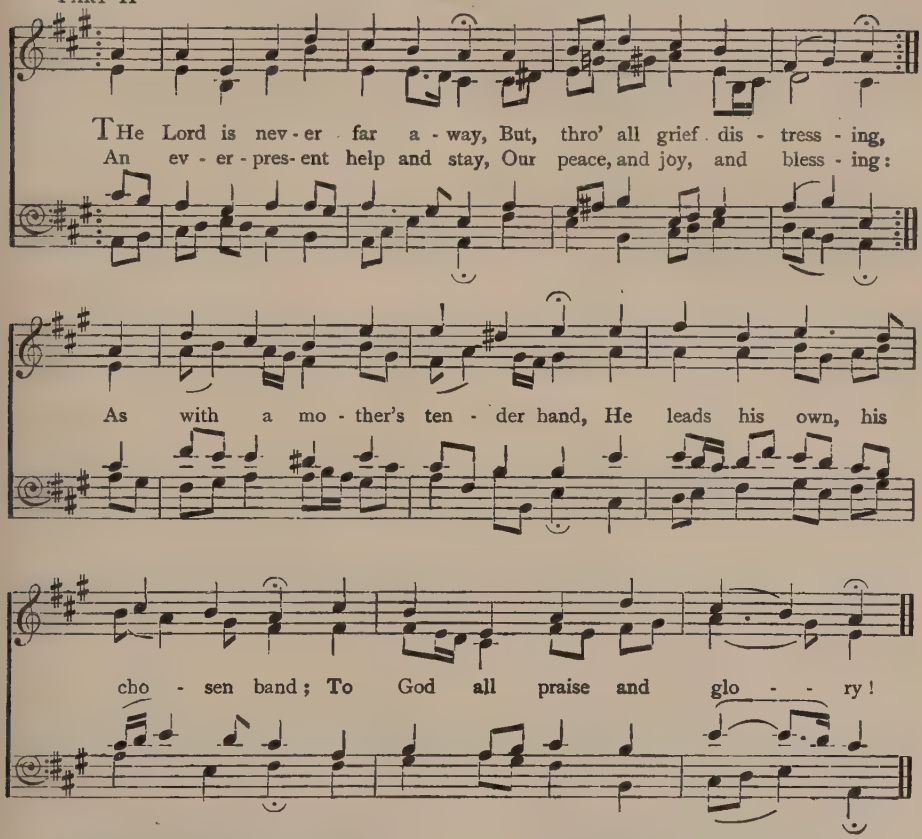
3 What God's almighty power hath made,
His gracious mercy keepeth;
By morning-glow or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth:
Within the kingdom of his might
Lo! all is just, and all is right;
To God all praise and glory!

4 I cried to God in my distress,
'In mercy hear my calling;'
My Saviour saw my helplessness,
And kept my feet from falling;
For this, Lord, thanks and praise to thee!
Praise God, I say, praise God with me!
To God all praise and glory!

373 B

PART II

The foregoing, as given by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)


THe Lord is nev - er far a - way, But, thro' all grief dis - tress - ing,
An ev - er - pres- ent help and stay, Our peace, and joy, and bless - ing:
As with a mo - ther's ten - der hand, He leads his own, his
cho - sen band; To God all praise and glo - - ry!

2 When every earthly hope has flown
From sorrow's sons and daughters,
Our Father from his heav'nly throne
Beholds the troubled waters;
And at his word the storm is stay'd
Which made his children's hearts afraid;
To God all praise and glory!

3 Thus, all my gladsome way along,
I sing aloud thy praises,
That men may hear the grateful song
My voice unwearied raises:
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart!
Both soul and body, bear your part!
To God all praise and glory!

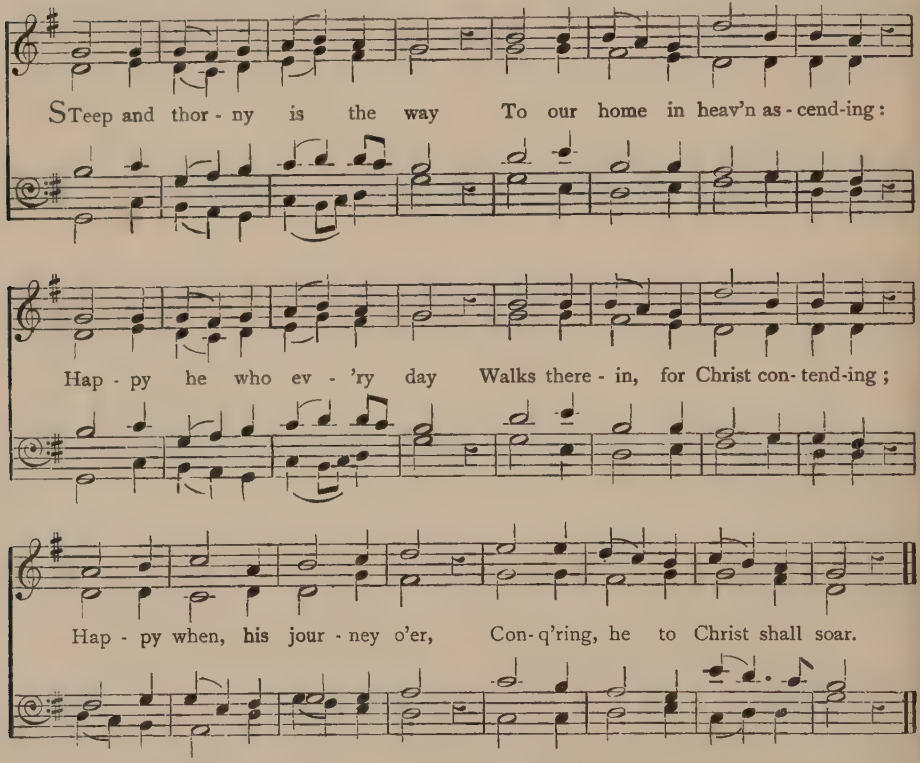
4 O ye who name Christ's holy Name,
Give God all praise and glory:
All ye, who own his power, proclaim
Aloud the wondrous story:
Cast each false idol from his throne;
The Lord is God, and he alone;
To God all praise and glory!

Joh. Jakob Schütz (1640–1690); Tr. *Frances Elizabeth Cox* (1812–1897)

374 Steil und dornig ist der Pfad

Tune—GROSSER GOTT, WIR LOBEN DICH (Trochaic, 7.8. 7.8. 7.7.)

Melody (1774); Bone's *Cantate* (1852)


STeep and thor - ny is the way To our home in heav'n as - cend-ing:
Hap - py he who ev - 'ry day Walks there - in, for Christ con- tend-ing;
Hap - py when, his jour - ney o'er, Con- q'ring, he to Christ shall soar.

2 Great shall be his recompense,
True to death on God who waited,
Who renounced the joys of sense,
To his Saviour consecrated;
Who has gazed with steadfast eye
On the crown of victory.

3 On the Cross our dying Lord
Bled for man who had offended;
Purchased us the great reward,
Then from earth to heav'n ascended:
Victor e'en in death, he said,
'Father, it is finishèd.'

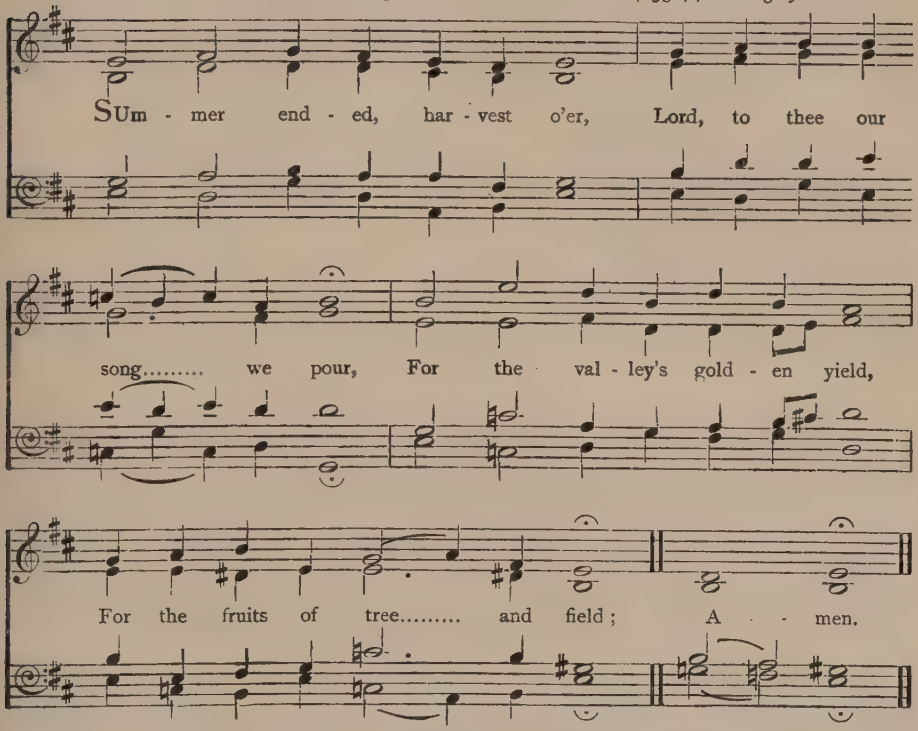
4 On then, comrades, wend your way;
Let not life's drear waste alarm you:
Look to Jesus, watch and pray,
For the fight that God would arm you:
God, the weak who strong canst make,
Victory give for Jesu's sake.

Sam. Gottlieb Bürde (1753–1831); Tr. *Frances Elizabeth Cox* (1812–1897)

375 SUMMER ENDED, HARVEST O'ER

Tune—FREUEN WIR UNS ALL IN EIN (Trochaic, 7.7. 7.7.)

Bohemian Melody (1457); *From Michael Weisse* (1531); *Setting by G. R. W.*



2 For the promise ever sure
That, while heaven and earth endure,
Seed-time, harvest, cold and heat,
Shall their yearly round complete.

3 For the care which, while we slept,
Watch o'er field and furrow kept,
Watch o'er all the buried grain,
Soon to burst to life again.

4 When all earthly gifts must fail,
And our years have told their tale,
When in death our flesh is sown,
Watch, Lord Jesu, o'er thine own.

5 When the unknown hour is come,
And the last great harvest-home,
And the reaping angels bring
Tares and wheat before the King;

6 When the tribes of earth shall weep,
And the goats shall leave the sheep,
Jesu, may we gather'd be
In the heavenly barn to thee.

7 Then the Angel-cry shall sound,
'Praise the Lamb; the lost are found:
And the answering song shall be,
'Alleluya, praise to thee;'

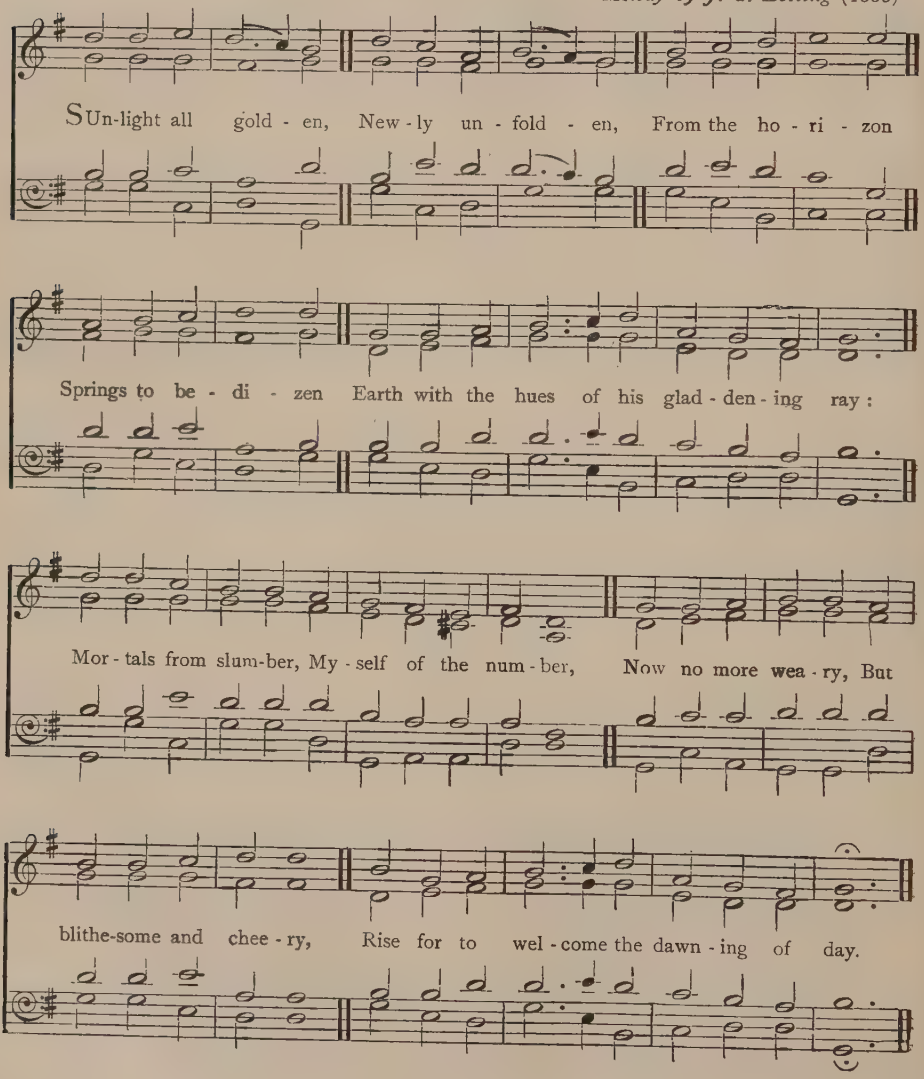
8 Praise to thee! the toil is o'er;
Blight and curse shall be no more:
Lo! the mighty work is done;
Glory to the Three in One. Amen.

Greville Phillimore (1821–1884)

376 Die güldne Sonne

PROPER MELODY (Iambic, amphibrachic-dactylic, 5.5. 5.5. 10. 5.6. 5.6. 10.)

Melody by J. G. Ebeling (1666)


SUn-light all gold - en, New - ly un - fold - en, From the ho - ri - zon
Springs to be - di - zen Earth with the hues of his glad - den - ing ray:
Mor - tals from slum-ber, My - self of the num - ber, Now no more wea - ry, But
blithe-some and chee - ry, Rise for to wel - come the dawn - ing of day.

2 Sons of the quire,
Wake lute and lyre!
Gifts let us offer;
Gold let us proffer,
Tithe, and the firstling of all that we own:
Myrrh and the spices
Of self-sacrifices,
Praise and thanksgiving,
With pureness of living,
These, as frankincense, ascend to his throne.

3 Come pain or sorrow,
Even or morrow,
God us directeth,
Blesseth, protecteth,
Such is his office; hereby is he known:
While we lie sleeping,
He vigil is keeping;
When we awaken,
His care is unshaken;
Hence the sure proof of his goodness is shown.

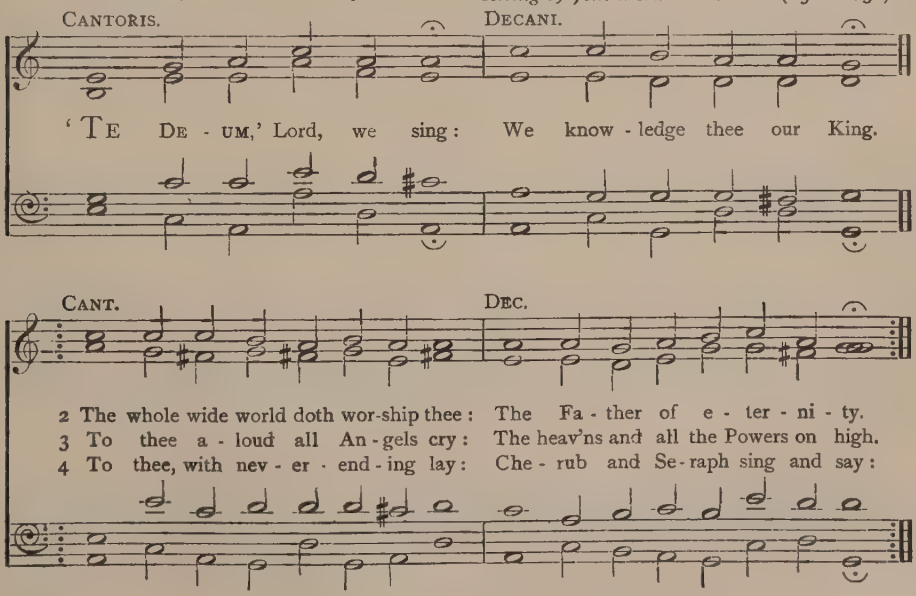
4 Jesu, my guerdon,
Ease my sore burden:
All mine offences,
Sins and pretences,
Put them in mercy away from thy face:
Furthermore, rule me,
Admonish, and school me
After thy pleasure,
In work and at leisure;
All in thy hand, loving Father, I place.

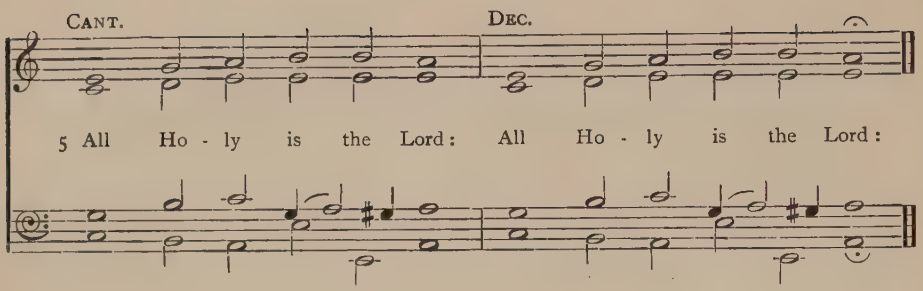
Paul Gerhardt (1607–1676); Tr. *G. R. W.*

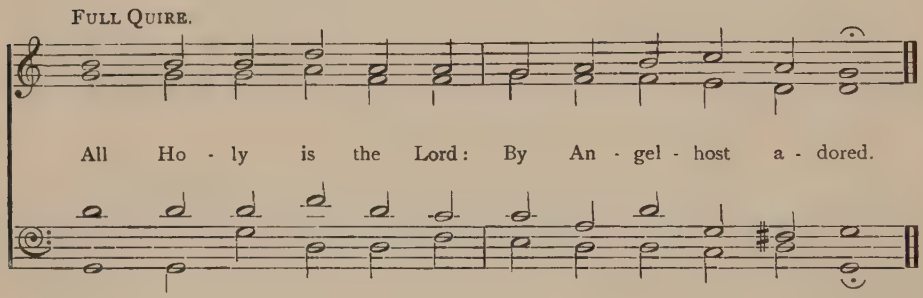
377 A TE DEVM LAVDAMVS

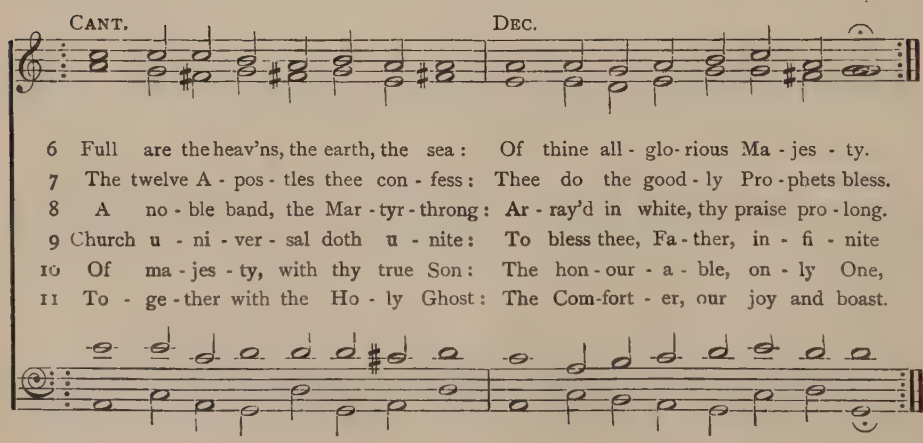
PROPER AMBROSIAN CHANT [German Metrical Form]

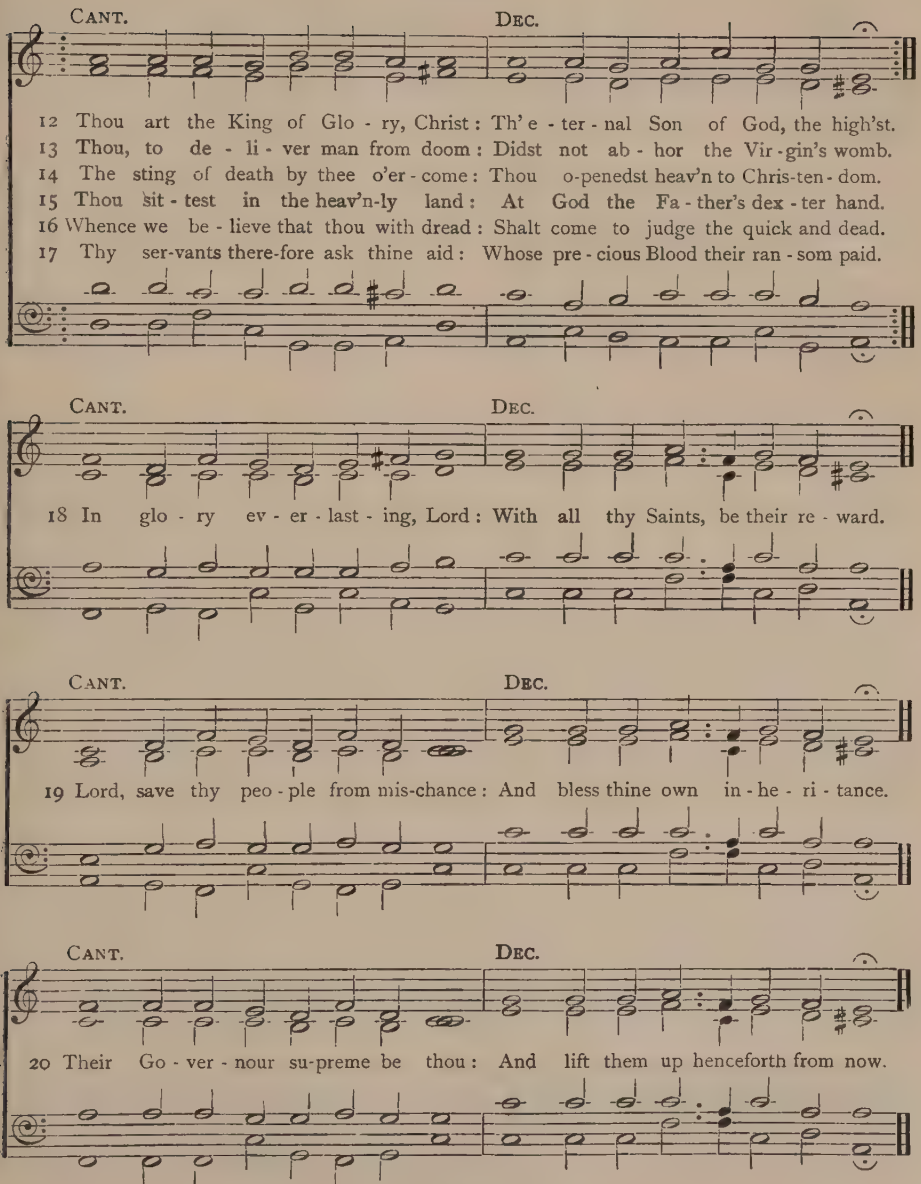
IN FOUR-PART HARMONY. *Setting by Joh. Hermann Schein* (1586–1630)

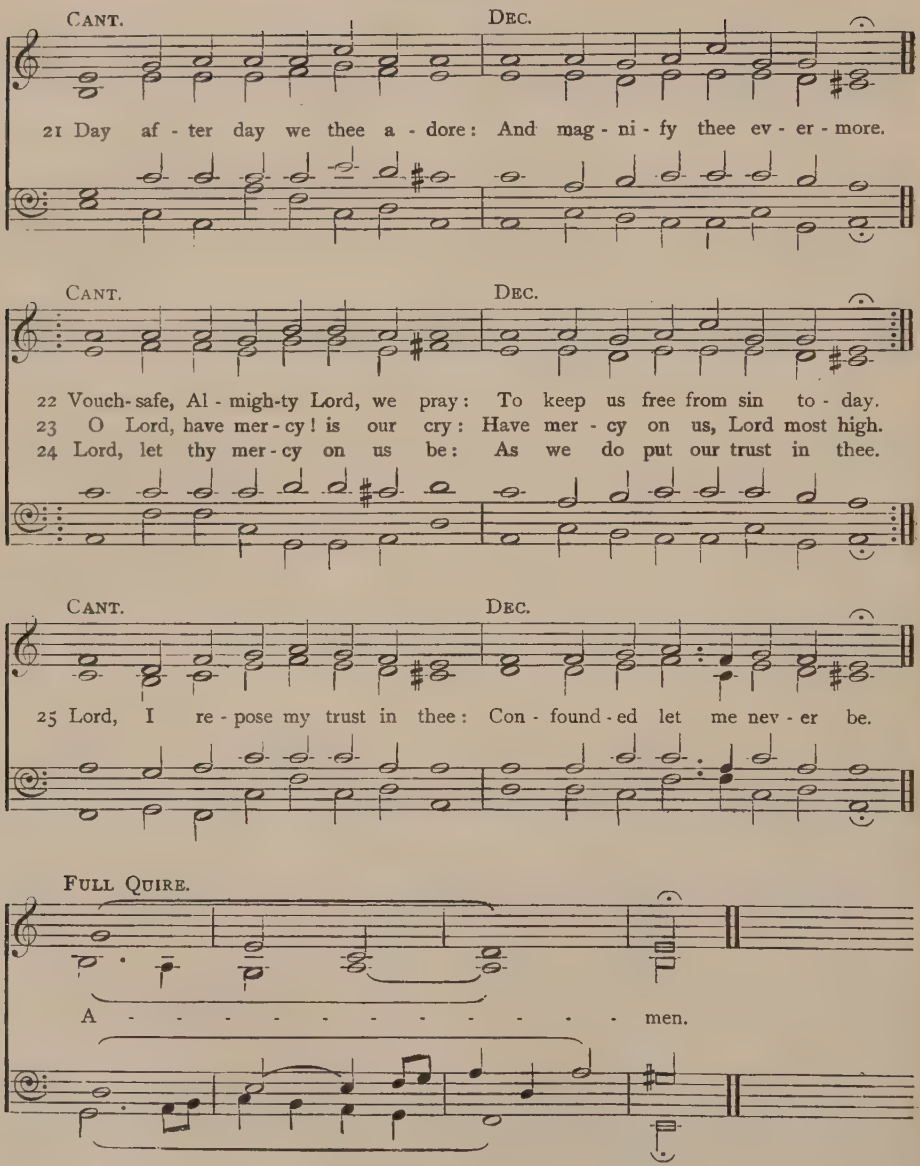

CANTORIS.
DECANI.
'TE DE - UM,' Lord, we sing: We know - ledge thee our King.
CANT.
DEC.
2 The whole wide world doth wor-ship thee: The Fa - ther of e - ter - ni - ty.
3 To thee a - loud all An - gels cry: The heav'ns and all the Powers on high.
4 To thee, with nev - er - end - ing lay: Che - rub and Se - raph sing and say:


CANT.
DEC.
5 All Ho - ly is the Lord: All Ho - ly is the Lord:


FULL QUIRE.
All Ho - ly is the Lord: By An - gel - host a - dored.


CANT.
DEC.
6 Full are the heav'ns, the earth, the sea: Of thine all - glo - rious Ma - jes - ty.
7 The twelve A - pos - tles thee con - fess: Thee do the good - ly Pro - phets bless.
8 A no - ble band, the Mar - tyr - throng: Ar - ray'd in white, thy praise pro - long.
9 Church u - ni - ver - sal doth u - nite: To bless thee, Fa - ther, in - fi - nite
10 Of ma - jes - ty, with thy true Son: The hon - our - a - ble, on - ly One,
11 To - ge - ther with the Ho - ly Ghost: The Com - fort - er, our joy and boast.


CANT.
DEC.
12 Thou art the King of Glo - ry, Christ: Th' e - ter - nal Son of God, the high'st.
13 Thou, to de - li - ver man from doom: Didst not ab - hor the Vir - gin's womb.
14 The sting of death by thee o'er - come: Thou o-penedst heav'n to Chris-ten - dom.
15 Thou sit - test in the heav'n-ly land: At God the Fa - ther's dex - ter hand.
16 Whence we be - lieve that thou with dread: Shalt come to judge the quick and dead.
17 Thy ser-vants there-fore ask thine aid: Whose pre - cious Blood their ran - som paid.
CANT.
DEC.
18 In glo - ry ev - er - last - ing, Lord: With all thy Saints, be their re - ward.
CANT.
DEC.
19 Lord, save thy peo - ple from mis-chance: And bless thine own in - he - ri - tance.
CANT.
DEC.
20 Their Go - ver - nour su-preme be thou: And lift them up henceforth from now.


CANT.
DEC.
21 Day af - ter day we thee a - dore: And mag - ni - fy thee ev - er - more.
CANT.
DEC.
22 Vouch - safe, Al - migh-ty Lord, we pray: To keep us free from sin to - day.
23 O Lord, have mer - cy! is our cry: Have mer - cy on us, Lord most high.
24 Lord, let thy mer - cy on us be: As we do put our trust in thee.
CANT.
DEC.
25 Lord, I re - pose my trust in thee: Con - found - ed let me nev - er be.
FULL QUIRE.
A - - - - - - men.

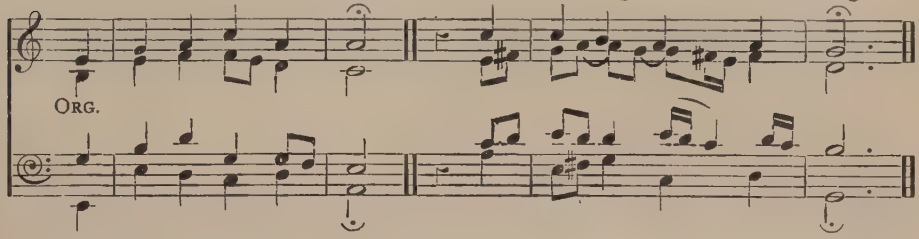
S. Ambrose & S. Austin (iv cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

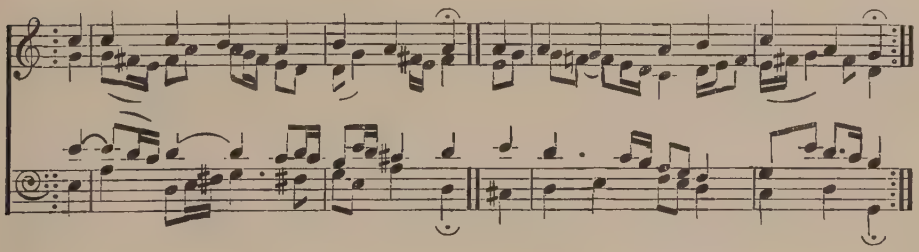
377 B TE DEVM LAVDAMVS

PROPER AMBROSIAN MELODY [German Metrical Form]

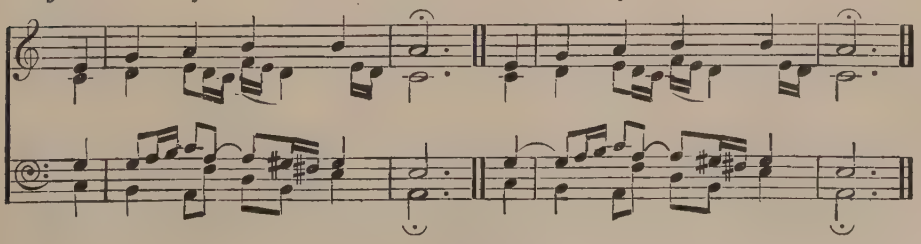
UNISON THROUGHOUT. *Setting by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)

MEN. BOYS.

'TE DE-UM,' Lord, we sing: We know-ledge thee our King.

MEN. BOYS.

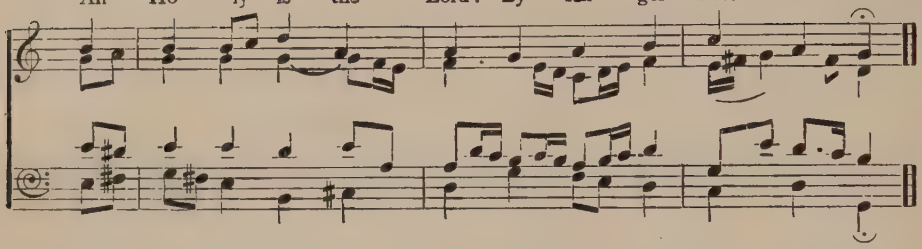
2 The whole wide world doth wor-ship thee: The Fa-ther of e-ter-ni-ty.
3 To thee a-loud all An-gels cry: The heav'ns and all the Pow'rs on high.
4 To thee, with nev-er-end-ing lay: Che-rub and Se-raph sing and say:

MEN. BOYS.

5 All Ho-ly is the Lord: All Ho-ly is the Lord:



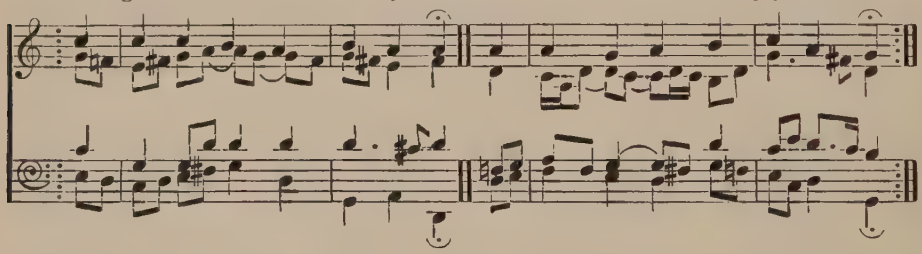
FULL.

All Ho - ly is the Lord: By An - gel - host a dored.

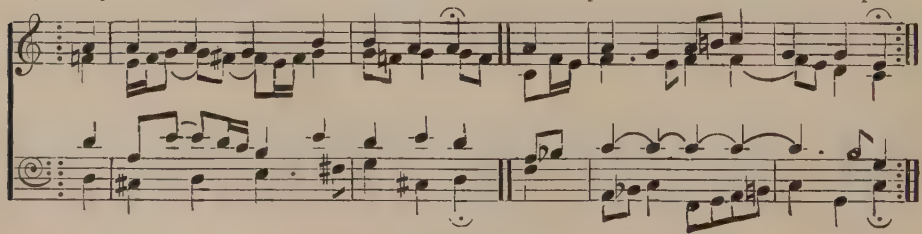


MEN. BOYS.

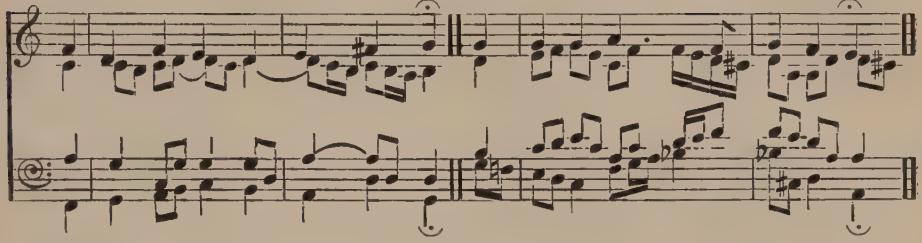
6 Full are the heav'ns, the earth, the sea: Of thine all - glo - rious Ma - jes - ty.
7 The twelve A - pos - tles thee con - fess: Thee do the good - ly Pro - phets bless.
8 A no - ble band, the Mar - tyr - throng: Ar - ray'd in white, thy praise pro - long.
9 Church u - ni - ver - sal doth u - nite: To bless thee, Fa - ther in - fi - nite
10 Of ma - jes - ty, with thy true Son: The hon - our - a - ble, on - ly One.
11 To - ge - ther with the Ho - ly Ghost: The Com - fort - er, our joy and boast.



MEN. BOYS.

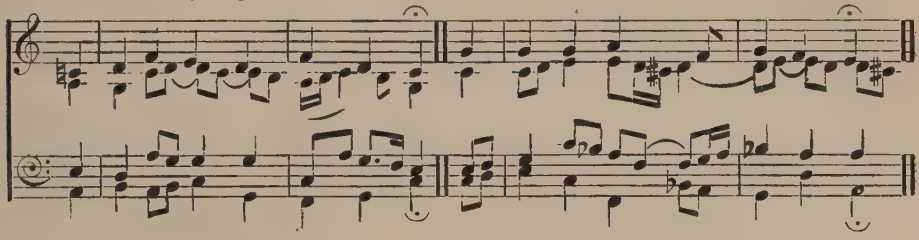
12 Thou art the King of Glo - ry, Christ: Th'e - ter - nal Son of God, the high'st.
13 Thou, to de - liv - er man from doom: Didst not ab - hor the Vir - gin's womb.
14 The sting of death by thee o'er - come: Thou openedst heav'n to Chris - ten - dom.
15 Thou sit - test in the heav'n - ly land: At God the Fa - ther's dex - ter hand.
16 Whence we be - lieve that thou with dread: Shalt come to judge the quick and dead.
17 Thy ser - vants there - fore ask thine aid: Whose pre - cious Blood their ran - som paid.

MEN. BOYS.

18 In glo - ry ev - er - last - ing, Lord: With all thy Saints, be their re - ward.



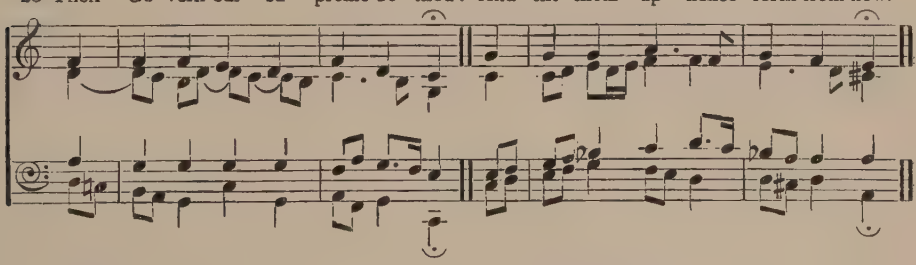
MEN. BOYS.

19 Lord, save thy peo - ple from mis-chance: And bless thine own in - he - ri - tance.

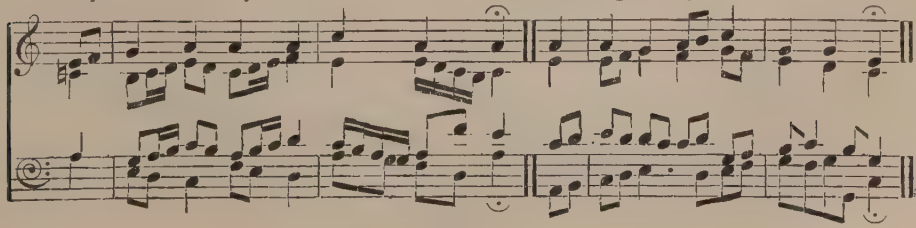


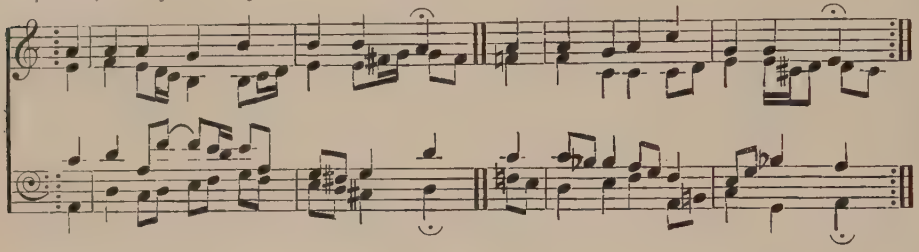
MEN. BOYS.

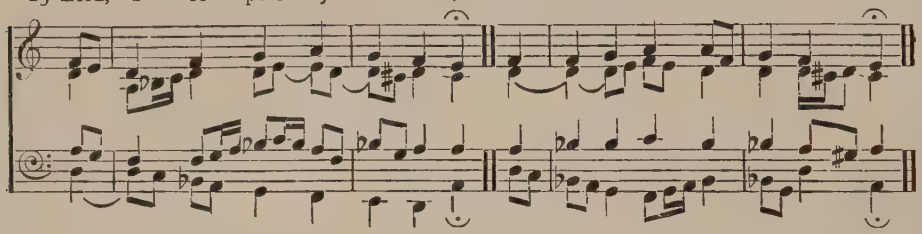
20 Their Go - vern-our su - preme be thou: And lift them up hence - forth from now.

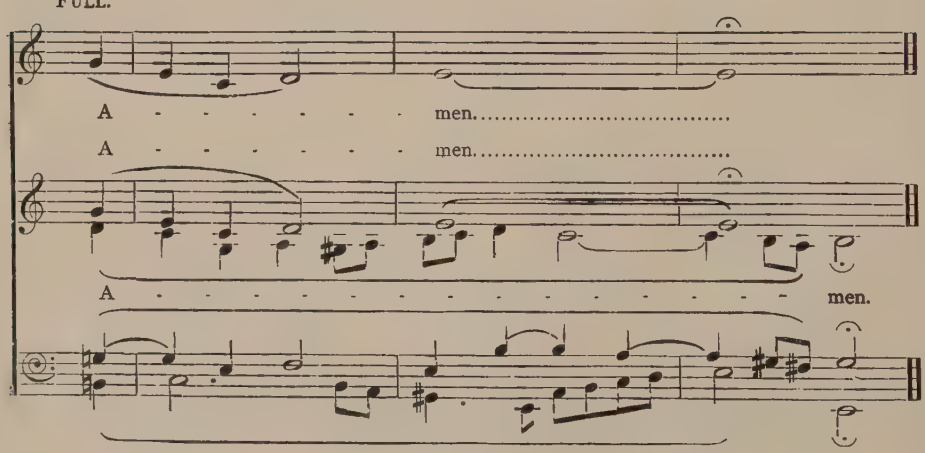


MEN. BOYS.

21 Day af - ter day we thee a - dore: And mag - ni - fy thee ev - er-more.

MEN. BOYS.

22 Vouchsafe, Al-migh-ty Lord, we pray: To keep us free from sin to-day.
23 O Lord, have mer-cy! is our cry: Have mer-cy on us, Lord most high.
24 Lord, let thy mer-cy on us be: As we do put our trust in thee.

MEN. BOYS.

25 Lord, I re-pose my trust in thee: Con-found-ed let me nev-er be.

FULL.

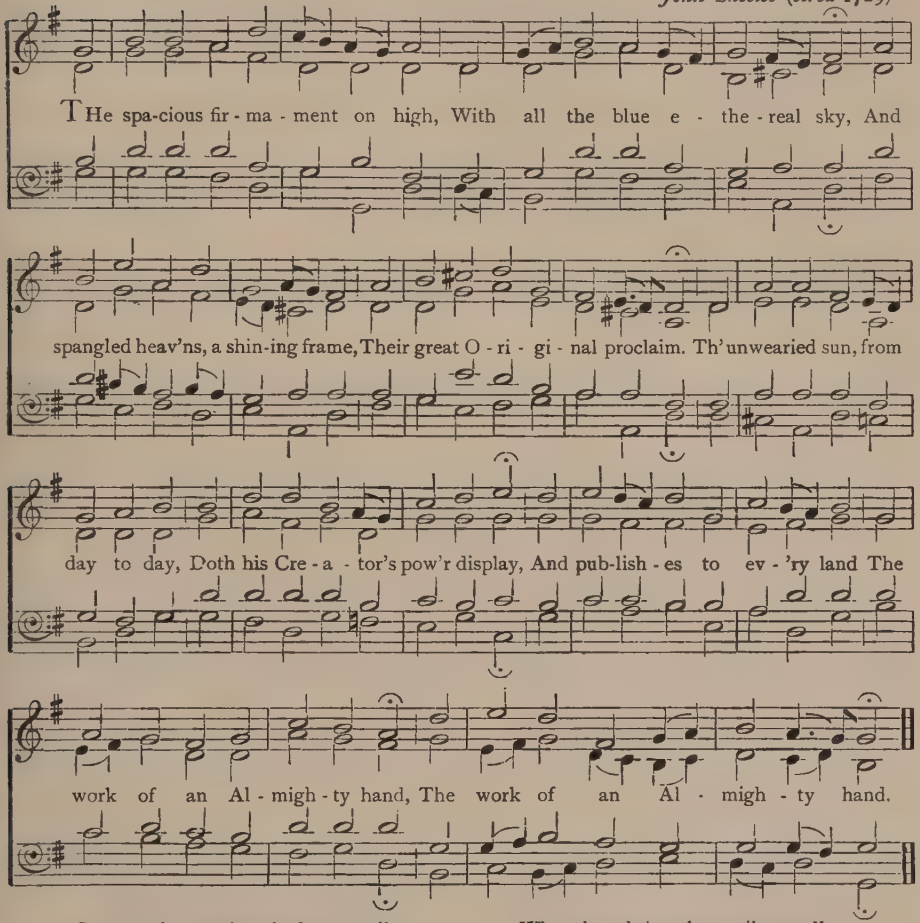


S. Ambrose & S. Austin (iv cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

378 THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH

PROPER TUNE—ADDISON (Iambic, 8.8. 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.)

John Sheeles (*circa* 1729)


THe spa-cious fir-ma-ment on high, With all the blue e-the-real sky, And
spangled heav'ns, a shin-ing frame, Their great O-ri-gi-nal proclaim. Th' unwearied sun, from
day to day, Doth his Cre-a-tor's pow'r display, And pub-lish-es to ev-'ry land The
work of an Al-migh-ty hand, The work of an Al-migh-ty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

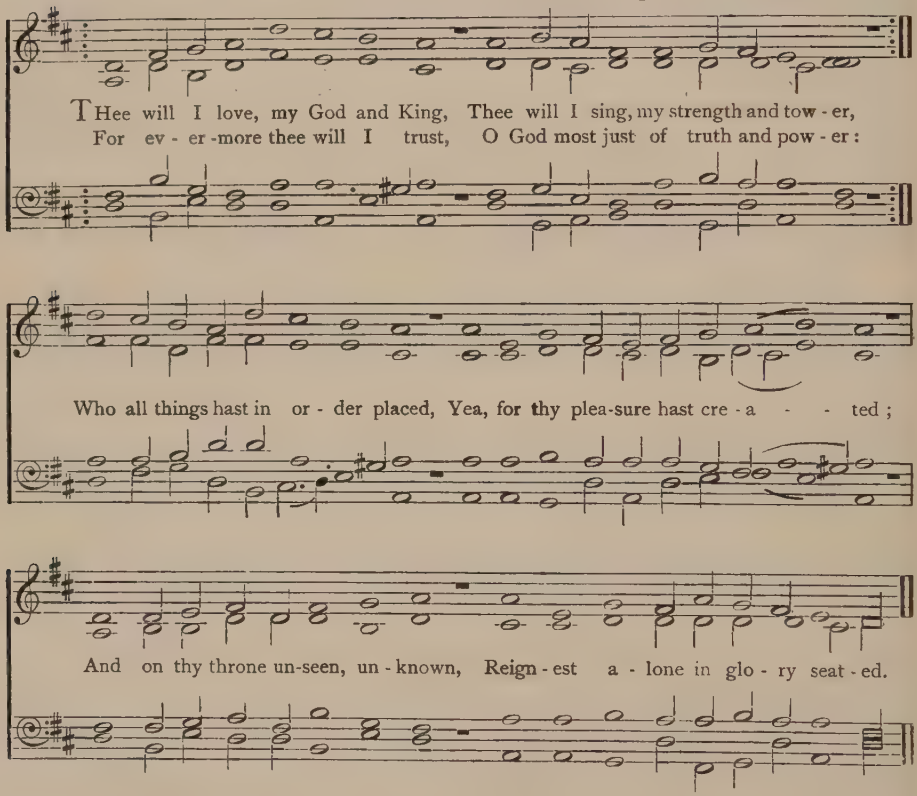
Joseph Addison (1672–1719)

379A THEE WILL I LOVE

Tune—IL FAUT QUE DE TOUS MES ESPRITS (French Ps. cxxxviii)

(Iambic, 8.4.5. 8.4.5. 4.4.9. 4.4.4.5.)

Secular Air, adapted by L. Bourgeois (1543)


THee will I love, my God and King, Thee will I sing, my strength and tow - er,
For ev - er -more thee will I trust, O God most just of truth and pow - er:
Who all things hast in or - der placed, Yea, for thy plea-sure hast cre - a - - ted;
And on thy throne un-seen, un - known, Reign - est a - lone in glo - ry seat - ed.

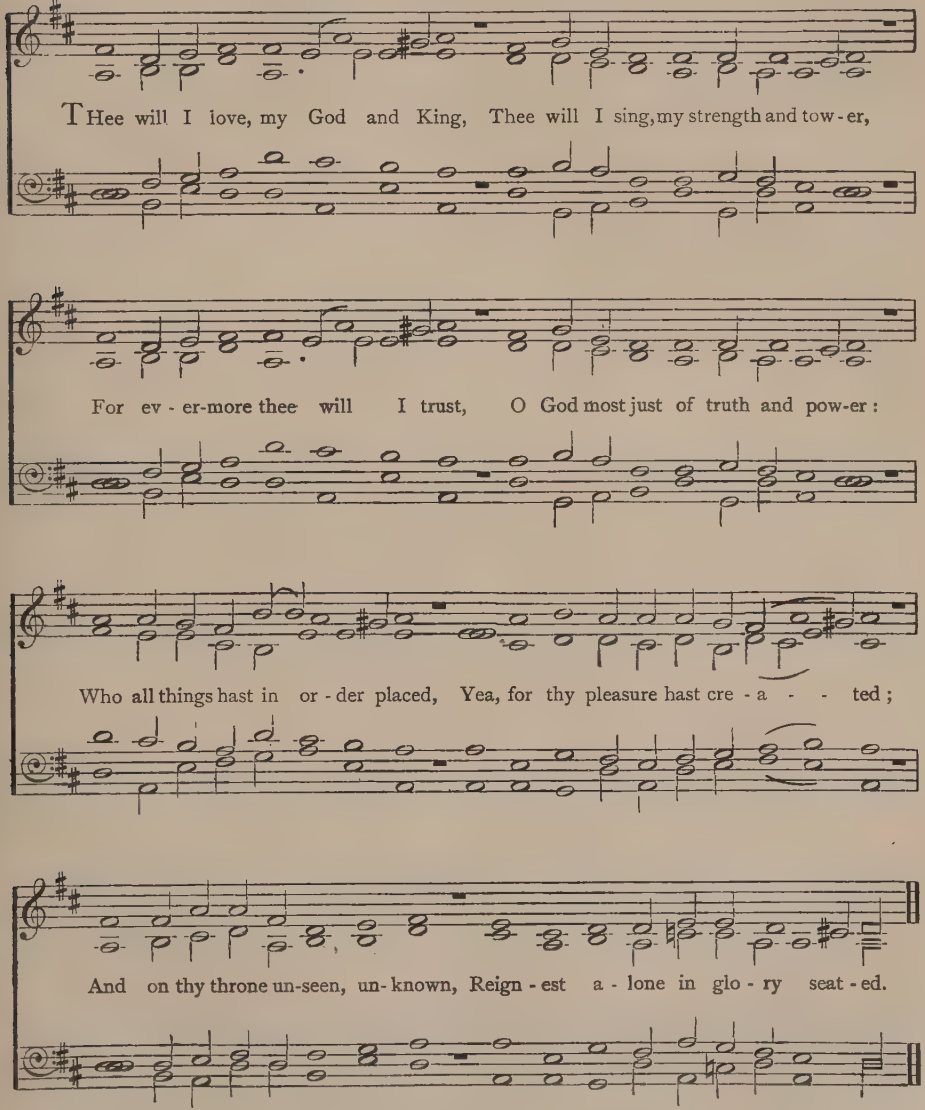
2 Set in my heart thy love I find,
My wandering mind to thee thou leadest;
My trembling hope, my strong desire
With heavenly fire thou kindly feedest.
Lo, all things fair thy path prepare,
Thy beauty to my spirit calleth,
Thine to remain in joy or pain,
And count it gain, whate'er befalleth.

3 O more and more thy love extend,
My life befriend with heav'nly pleasure;
That I may win thy Paradise,
Thy pearl of price, thy countless treasure.
Since but in thee I can go free
From earthly care and vain oppression,
This prayer I make, for Jesu's sake,
That thou me take in thy possession.

R. B. Yattendon Hymnal (1899)

379 B

The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor; Harmonized by Claude Goudimel († 1572)

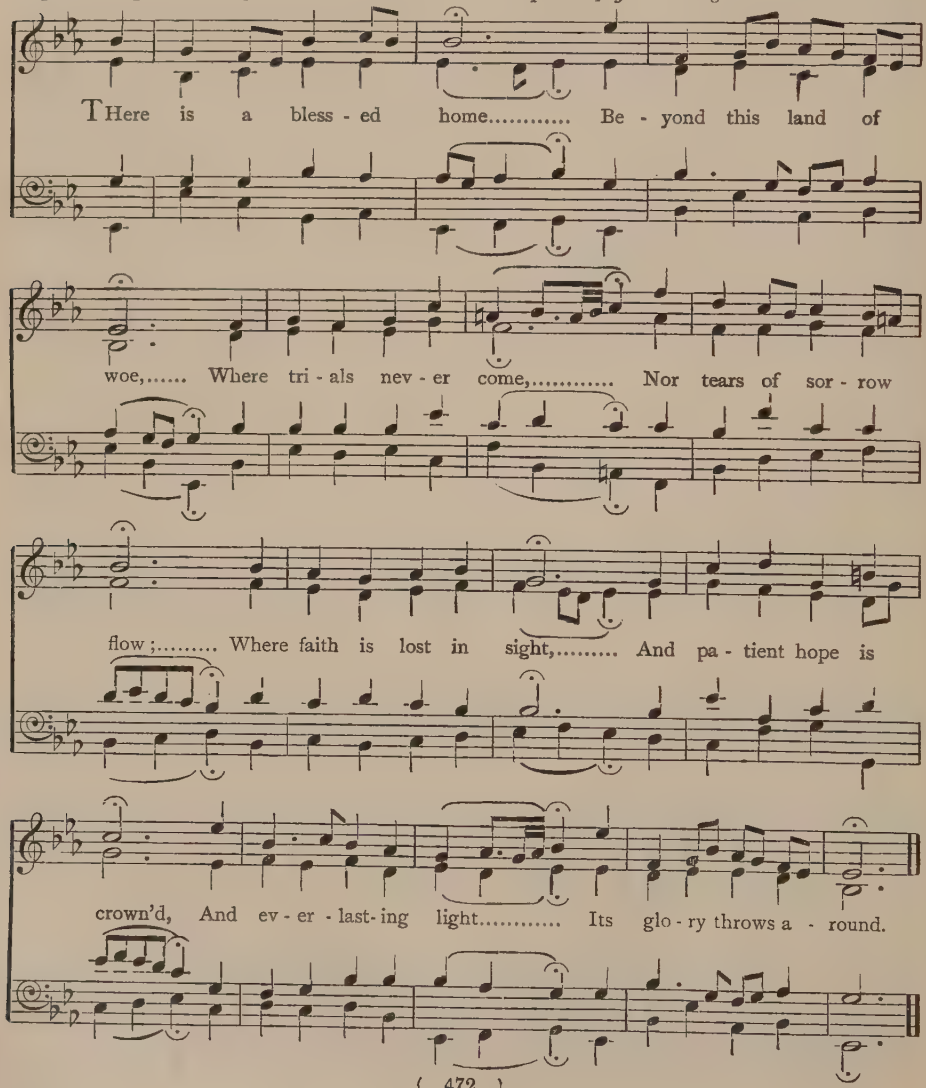

THee will I love, my God and King, Thee will I sing, my strength and tow-er,
For ev-er-more thee will I trust, O God most just of truth and pow-er:
Who all things hast in or-der placed, Yea, for thy pleasure hast cre-a-ted;
And on thy throne un-seen, un-known, Reign-est a-lone in glo-ry seat-ed.

380 THERE IS A BLESSED HOME

Tune—ICH HALTE TREULICH STILL (Iambic, 6.6. 6.6. 6.6. 6.6.)

Melody and Bass by J. S. Bach (Schemelli's Gesangbuch, 1736);
Mean parts by J. A. Langdon

[*To be sung in Unison*]


THere is a bless - ed home..... Be - yond this land of
woe,..... Where tri - als nev - er come,..... Nor tears of sor - row
flow;..... Where faith is lost in sight,..... And pa - tient hope is
crown'd, And ev - er - last - ing light..... Its glo - ry throws a - round.

2 There is a land of peace ;
Good Angels know it well :
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell :
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand Saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy, all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side !
To give to him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things he hath done.

4 Look up, ye Saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe :
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love ;
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

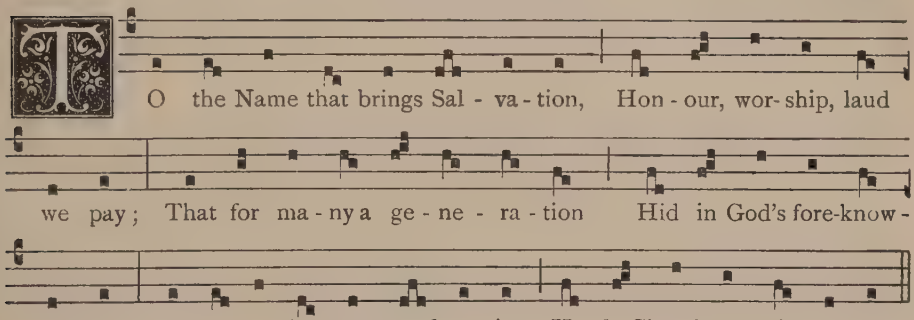
Henry Williams Baker (1821–1877)

¶ *For other Tunes, see Nos. 218 & 256*

381 GLORIOSI SALVATORIS

Tune—From the Karlsruhe Bibliothek, MS. 368 (xv cent.)

(Trochaic, 8.7. 8.7. 8.7.) Mode iv


O the Name that brings Sal - va - tion, Hon - our, wor - ship, laud
we pay ; That for ma - ny a ge - ne - ra - tion Hid in God's fore-know -
- ledge lay ; But to ev - 'ry tongue and na - tion Ho - ly Church proclaims to - day.

2 Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
By the tongue ineffable,
Name of sweetness passing measure,
To the ear delectable ;
'Tis our safeguard and our treasure,
'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.

3 'Tis the Name for adoration,
'Tis the Name of victory ;
'Tis the Name for meditation
In the vale of misery :
'Tis the Name for veneration
By the citizens on high.

4 'Tis the Name that whoso preaches
Finds it musick in his ear :
'Tis the Name that whoso teaches
Finds more sweet than honey's cheer :
Who its perfect wisdom reaches
Makes his ghostly vision clear.

5 'Tis the Name by right exalted
Over every other name :
That, when we are sore assaulted,
Puts our enemies to shame :
Strength to them that else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

6 Jesu ! we, thy Name adoring,
Long to see thee as thou art :
Of thy clemency imploring,
So to write it in our heart,
That hereafter, upward soaring,
We with Angels may have part.

Meissen Breviary (1510) ; Tr. *J. M. Neale* (1818–1866)

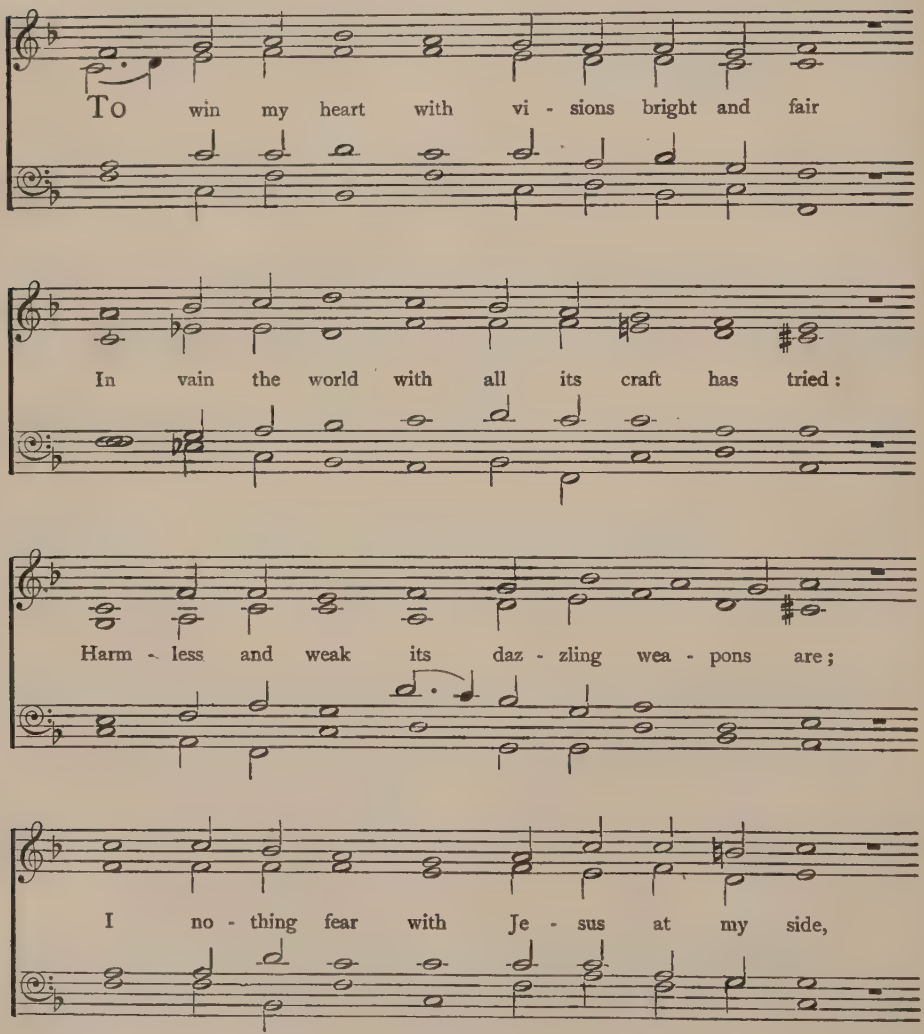
¶ *For another Melody, see No. 235*

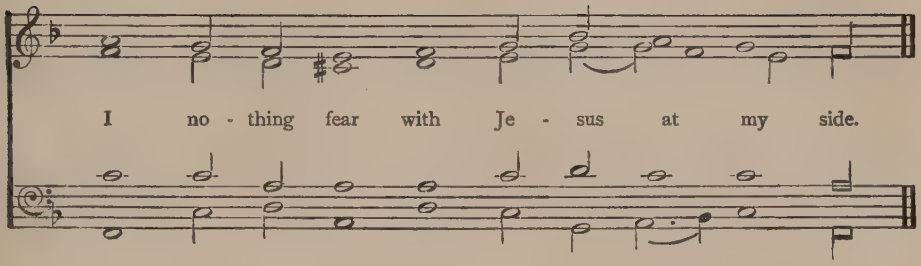
382 LE MONDE EN VAIN, PAR SES BIENS

Tune—OR PEUT BIEN DIRE ISRAEL MAINTENANT (Ps. cxxiv)

(Iambic, 10.10.10.10.10.)

L. Bourgeois (after 1551)


To win my heart with vi - sions bright and fair
In vain the world with all its craft has tried:
Harm - less and weak its daz - zling wea - pons are;
I no - thing fear with Je - sus at my side,



2

Come all ye proud ones of the earth, array
Your gathering hosts around me far and wide:
My heart is calm amid the loud affray;
I nothing fear with Jesus at my side.

3

Death hath for me no fears; its bitter pains
Shall never from my King my heart divide:
Faithful to death, to him my will remains;
I nothing fear with Jesus at my side.

4

Though all the terrors of the last dread day,
With earth and hell together were allied;
Though heaven and earth before me fled away,
I nothing fear with Jesus at my side.

5

Jesu my Lord, my only hope and shield,
No powers of ill before thee can abide;
My trust in thee upon the battle-field,
I nothing fear with Jesus at my side.

L. M. Grignon de Montfort (1673–1716); Tr. *H. E. Manning* (1808–1892)

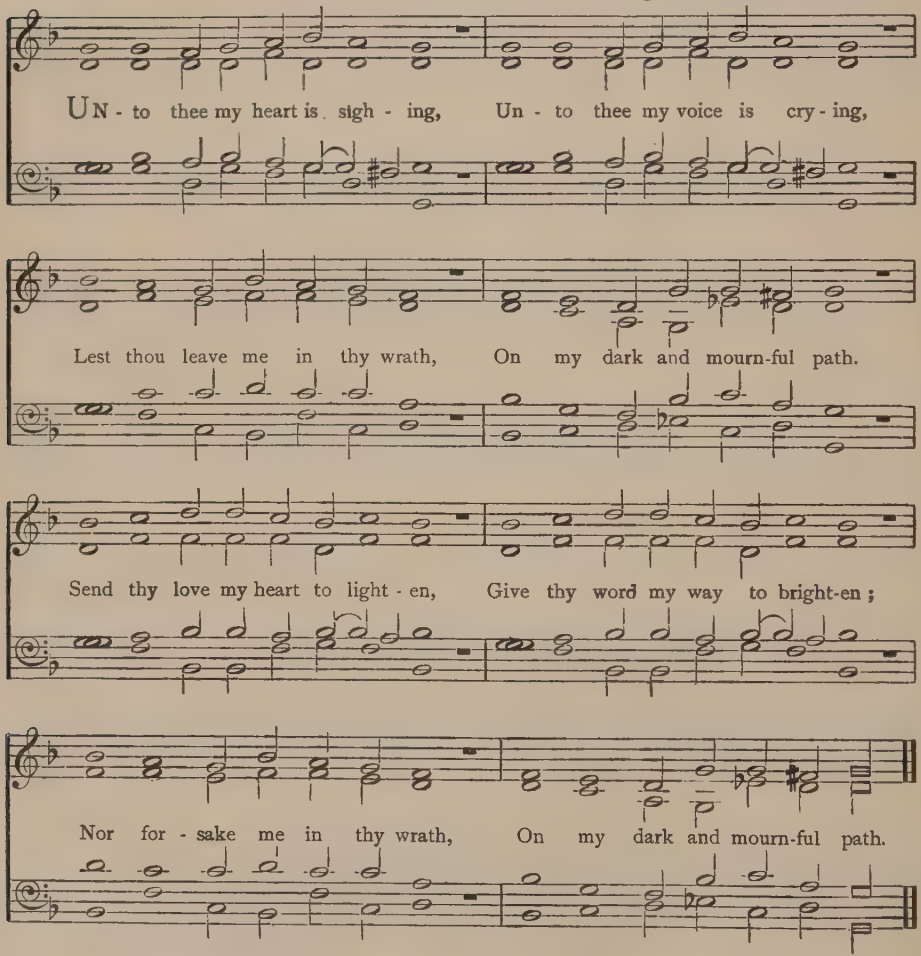
¶ *For two other Settings, see No. 370* A & B

383A UNTO THEE MY HEART IS SIGHING

Tune—MON DIEU, PRESTE MOY L'AUREILLE (Pss. lxxvii & lxxxvi)

(Trochaic, 8.8.7.7. 8.8.7.7.)

Secular Air, adapted by L. Bourgeois (1542)


UN - to thee my heart is sigh - ing, Un - to thee my voice is cry - ing,
Lest thou leave me in thy wrath, On my dark and mourn-ful path.
Send thy love my heart to light - en, Give thy word my way to bright-en;
Nor for - sake me in thy wrath, On my dark and mourn-ful path.

2 Foolish was I and unworthy,
Senseless as a beast before thee,
Heark'ning not to thy command,
Heeding not thy guiding hand.

Yet wert thou alway beside me,
Strong to lead me and to guide me,
Me rebellious to command,
With thy kind and guiding hand.

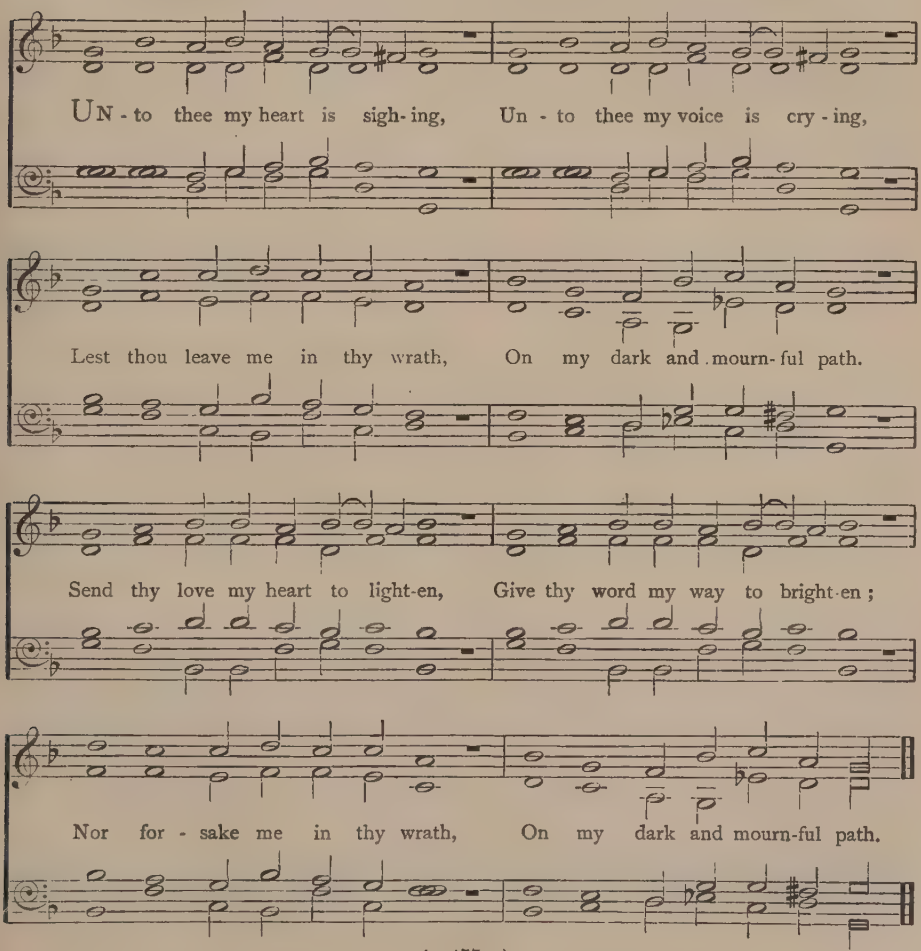
3 Nought my labour hath attainèd,
Nought my anxious care hath gainèd,
All my pride found no reward
In the light of thy regard.
Yet if thou, O Master truest,
All my handiwork renewest,
I shall find my full reward
In the light of thy regard.

4 Soon this mortal being endeth,
To the grave my flesh descendeth;
Faileth now my lamp of faith
At the gloomy gate of death.
Thee I pray, who ever livest,
Thee I pray, who all forgivest,
Comfort me, that I by faith
Pass in peace the gate of death.

R. B. *Yattendon Hymnal* (1899)

383 B

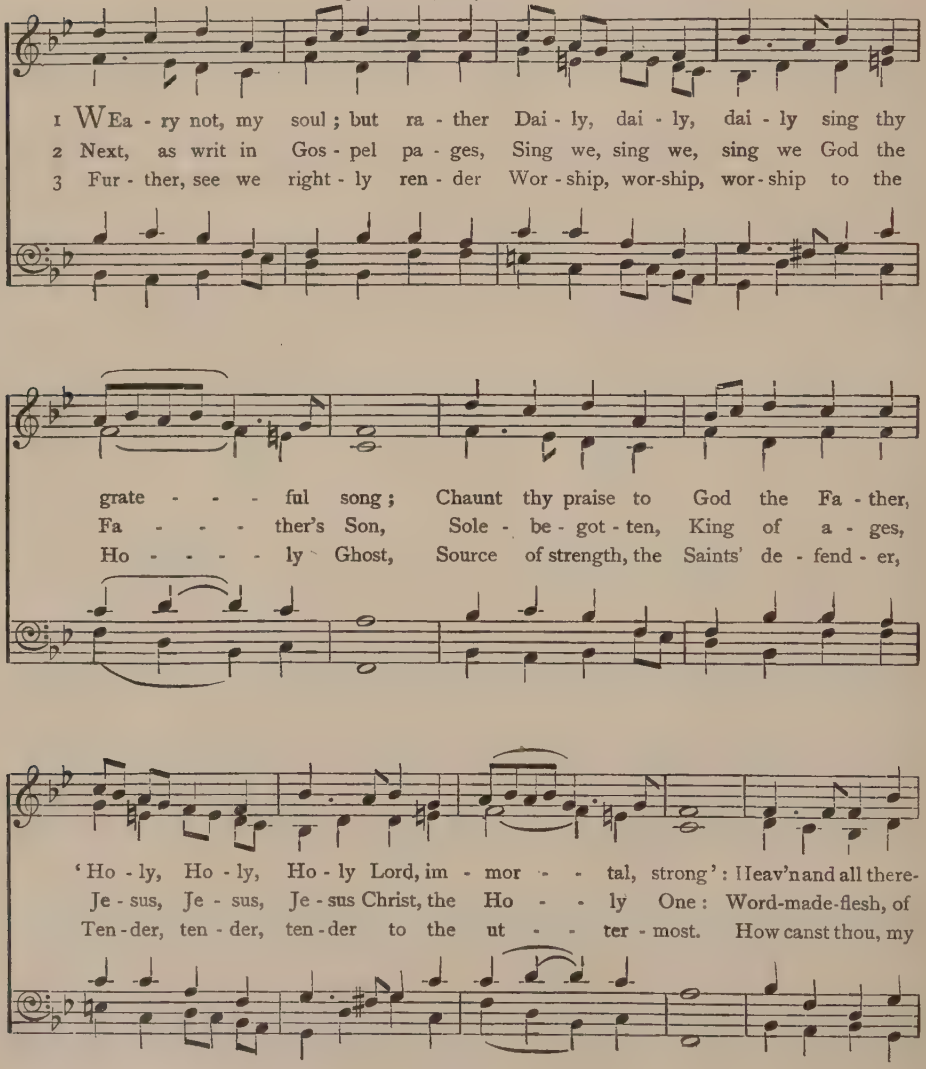
The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor; Harmonized by C. Goudimel († 1572)

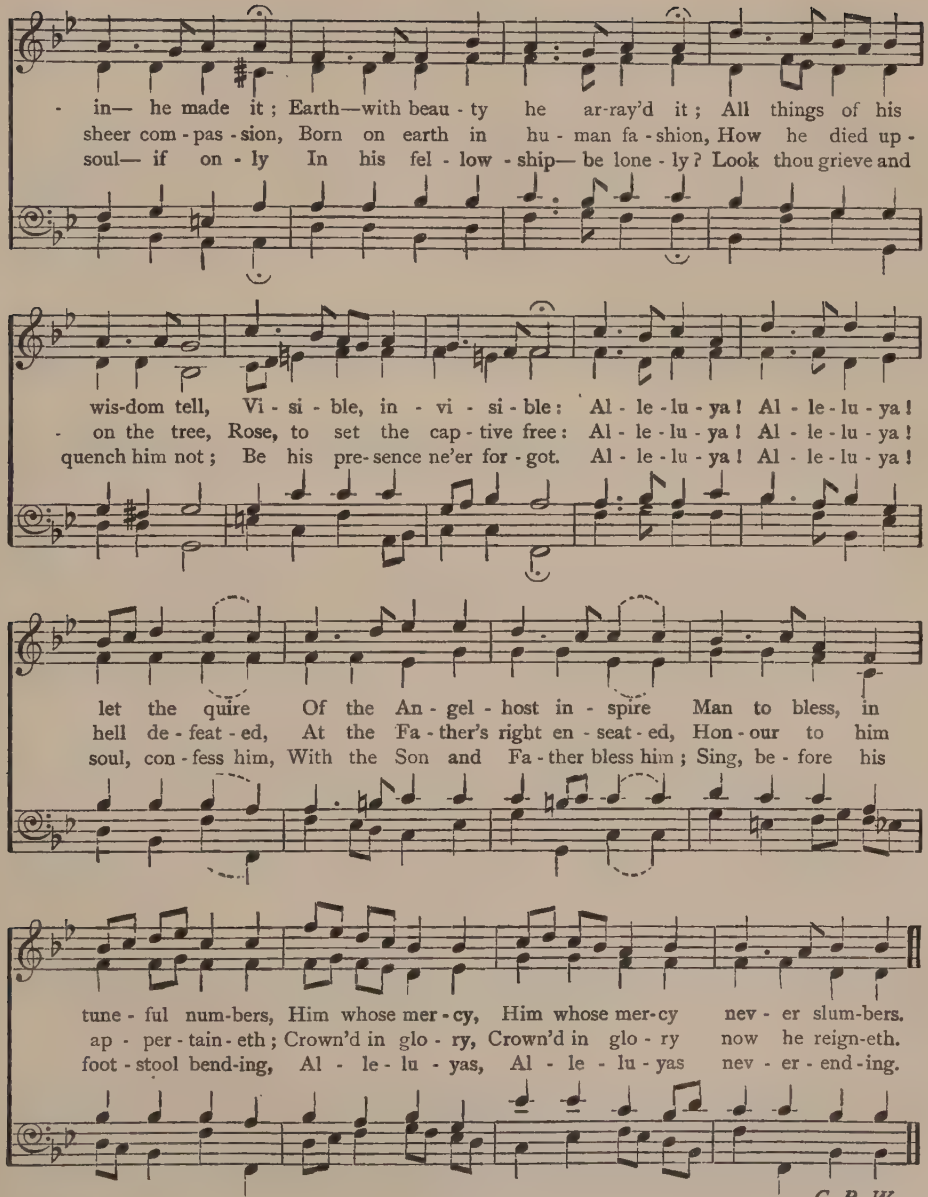

UN - to thee my heart is sigh-ing, Un - to thee my voice is cry - ing,
Lest thou leave me in thy wrath, On my dark and mourn-ful path.
Send thy love my heart to light-en, Give thy word my way to bright-en;
Nor for - sake me in thy wrath, On my dark and mourn-ful path.

384 WEARY NOT, MY SOUL

Tune—JAUCHZET ALL' MIT MACHT (Trochaic, 8.7. 8.7. 8.8. 7.7. 8.8. 8.8.)

J. A. Freylinghausen (1706); *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*


1 WEa - ry not, my soul; but ra - ther Dai - ly, dai - ly, dai - ly sing thy
2 Next, as writ in Gos - pel pa - ges, Sing we, sing we, sing we God the
3 Fur - ther, see we right - ly ren - der Wor - ship, wor-ship, wor - ship to the
grate - - - ful song; Chaunt thy praise to God the Fa - ther,
Fa - - - - ther's Son, Sole - be - got - ten, King of a - ges,
Ho - - - - ly Ghost, Source of strength, the Saints' de - fend - er,
'Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord, im - mor - - tal, strong': Heav'n and all there-
Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus Christ, the Ho - - ly One: Word-made-flesh, of
Ten - der, ten - der, ten - der to the ut - - ter - most. How canst thou, my

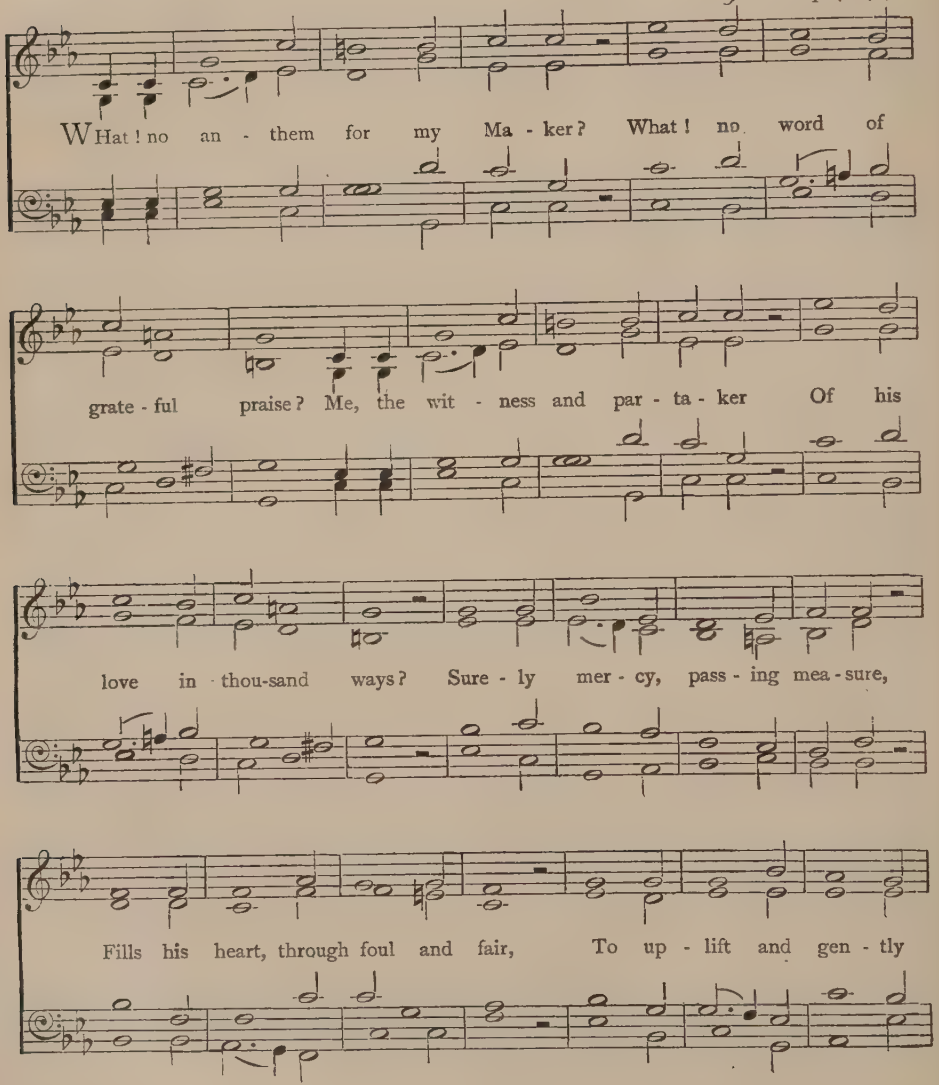

- in— he made it ; Earth—with beau - ty he ar-ray'd it ; All things of his
sheer com - pas - sion, Born on earth in hu - man fa - shion, How he died up -
soul— if on - ly In his fel - low - ship— be lone - ly? Look thou grieve and
wis-dom tell, Vi - si - ble, in - vi - si - ble : Al - le - lu - ya ! Al - le - lu - ya !
- on the tree, Rose, to set the cap - tive free : Al - le - lu - ya ! Al - le - lu - ya !
quench him not ; Be his pre - sence ne'er for - got. Al - le - lu - ya ! Al - le - lu - ya !
let the quire Of the An - gel - host in - spire Man to bless, in
hell de - feat - ed, At the Fa - ther's right en - seat - ed, Hon - our to him
soul, con - fess him, With the Son and Fa - ther bless him ; Sing, be - fore his
tune - ful num-bers, Him whose mer - cy, Him whose mer - cy nev - er slum-bers.
ap - per - tain - eth ; Crown'd in glo - ry, Crown'd in glo - ry now he reign-eth.
foot - stool bend-ing, Al - le - lu - yas, Al - le - lu - yas nev - er - end - ing.

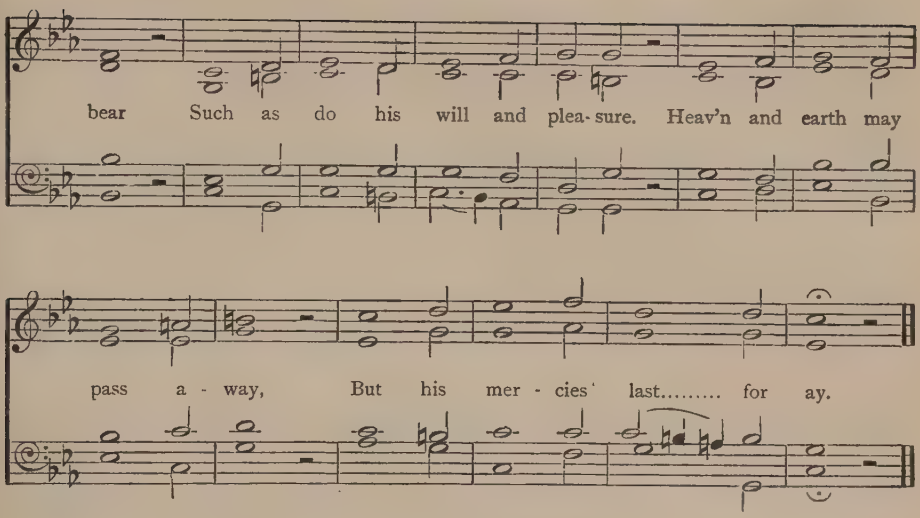
G. R. W.

385 Sollt ich meinem Gott nicht singen

PROPER MELODY (Trochaic, 8.7. 8.7. 8.7.7. 8.7.7.)

Joh. Schop (1641)


WHat! no an - them for my Ma - ker? What! no word of
grate - ful praise? Me, the wit - ness and par - ta - ker Of his
love in thou-sand ways? Sure - ly mer - cy, pass - ing mea - sure,
Fills his heart, through foul and fair, To up - lift and gen - tly



2

As an eagle wing and feather
O'er her callow brood doth spread,
So in clear or cloudy weather
God on high hath screen'd my head:
From my mother's womb he took me,
Fashion'd darkly 'neath the earth,
Gave me being, life and birth:
Never once hath he forsook me.
Heav'n and earth may pass away,
But his mercies last for ay.

3

Well he loved his Son eternal,
Yet that only Son he gave,
Me, like brand from fire infernal,
With his precious Blood to save.
O what love beyond dimension!
Fails my spirit, fain but weak,
Fitly of such love to speak,
Baffling human comprehension.
Heav'n and earth may pass away,
But his mercies last for ay.

4

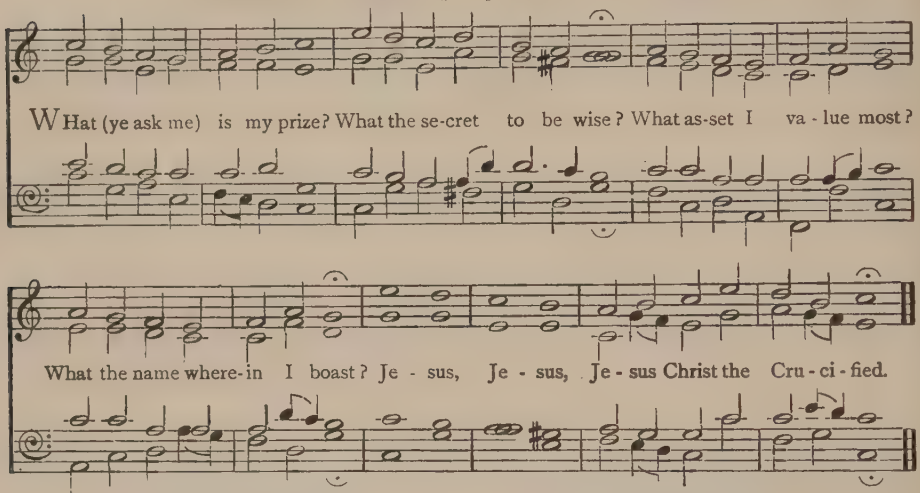
Holy Ghost, that noble pleader,
Mine in Holy Scripture is;
Through the world my constant leader
Upward to the ports of bliss.
He, within my heart enseated,
Shall illume mine eyes with faith,
Till thou be dethroned, O Death,
And thy craft, O Grave, defeated.
Heav'n and earth may pass away,
But his mercies last for ay.

Paul Gerhardt (1607–1676); Tr. *G. R. W*

386 Wollt ihr wissen, was mein Preis

PROPER TUNE (Trochaic, 7.7. 7.7. 7.)

Melodienbuch v. Rautenburg, v. J. Cammin ; Harmonized by G. H. Palmer


WHat (ye ask me) is my prize? What the se-cret to be wise? What as-set I va - lue most?
What the name where-in I boast? Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus Christ the Cru - ci - fied.

2 Who the ground of my belief?
Who in song my minstrel chief?
Who forgiveth all my sin?
Who my succour, grace to win?
Jesus Christ the Crucified.

3 Who doth comfort me in woe?
Who protect me from my foe?
Who revives my fainting heart?
Who doth heal the wounded part?
Jesus Christ the Crucified.

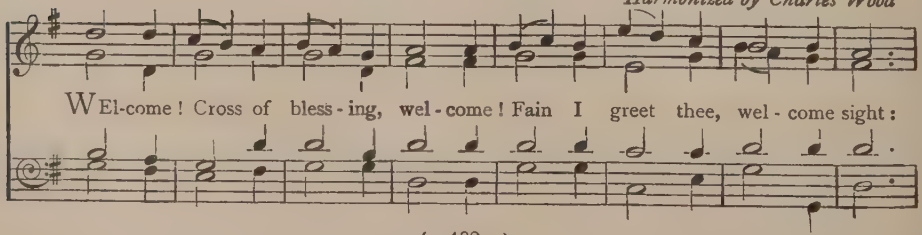
4 Who by death hath conquer'd Death?
Who receives my parting breath?
Who can grant me endless rest?
Who enrol me 'mid the Blest?
Jesus Christ the Crucified.

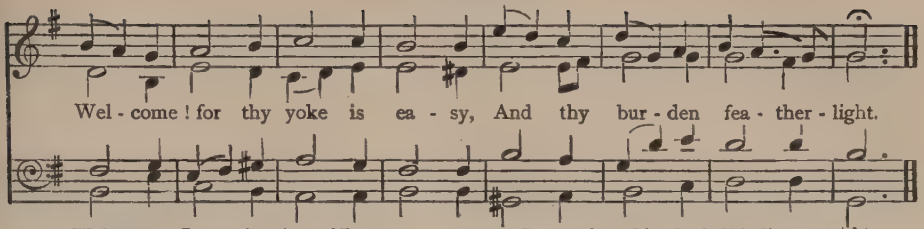
Joh. Christoph Schwedler (1672–1730); Tr. *G. R. W.*

387 Glück zu Kreuz von ganzem Herzen

PROPER MELODY (Trochaic, 8.7. 8.7.)

Harmonized by Charles Wood





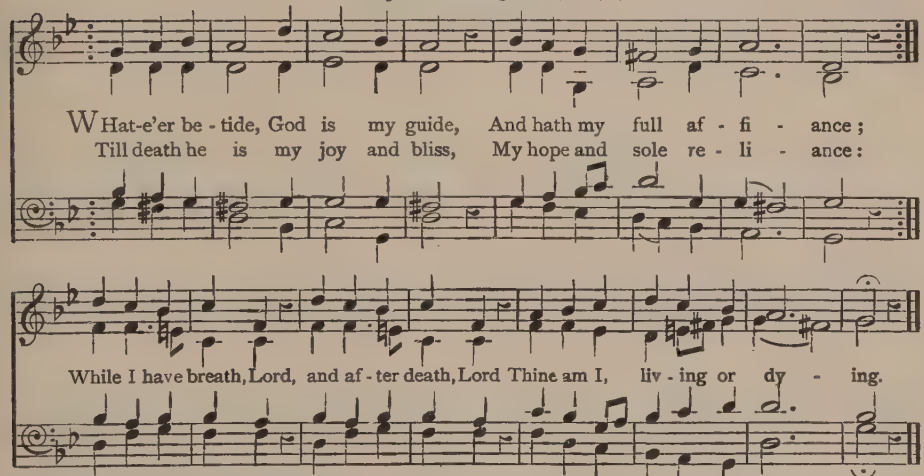
2 Welcome ! Cross, the sign of Jesus,
Of his second Advent mark :
Staff in death to guide the pilgrim
Through the valley lone and dark.

3 Come, thou friend of all believers !
Thou art alway in my sight :
Come ! I give thee triple welcome,
And embrace thee with delight.

Ludwig Andreas Gotter (1661–1735) ; Tr. *G. R. W.*

388 Ich glaub' an Gott

PROPER MELODY (Iambic-dactylic, 4.4.7. 4.4.7. 5.5.8.)

Eichsfelder Gesangbuch (1724) ; *Harmonized by Charles Wood*

WHat-e'er be - tide, God is my guide, And hath my full af - fi - ance ;
Till death he is my joy and bliss, My hope and sole re - li - ance :
While I have breath, Lord, and af - ter death, Lord Thine am I, liv - ing or dy - ing.

2 The sinner's sure and only cure
From Jesu's side outfloweth ;
Thou Shepherd good, 'tis thy Blood
Man life eternal oweth :
While I have breath, Lord, and after death,
Lord,
Thine am I, living or dying.

3 A contrite heart with bitter smart,
This Jesus ne'er despiseth :
With sorrow true my sins I rue,
Yet glad my song ariseth :
While I have breath, Lord, and after death,
Lord,
Thine am I, living or dying.

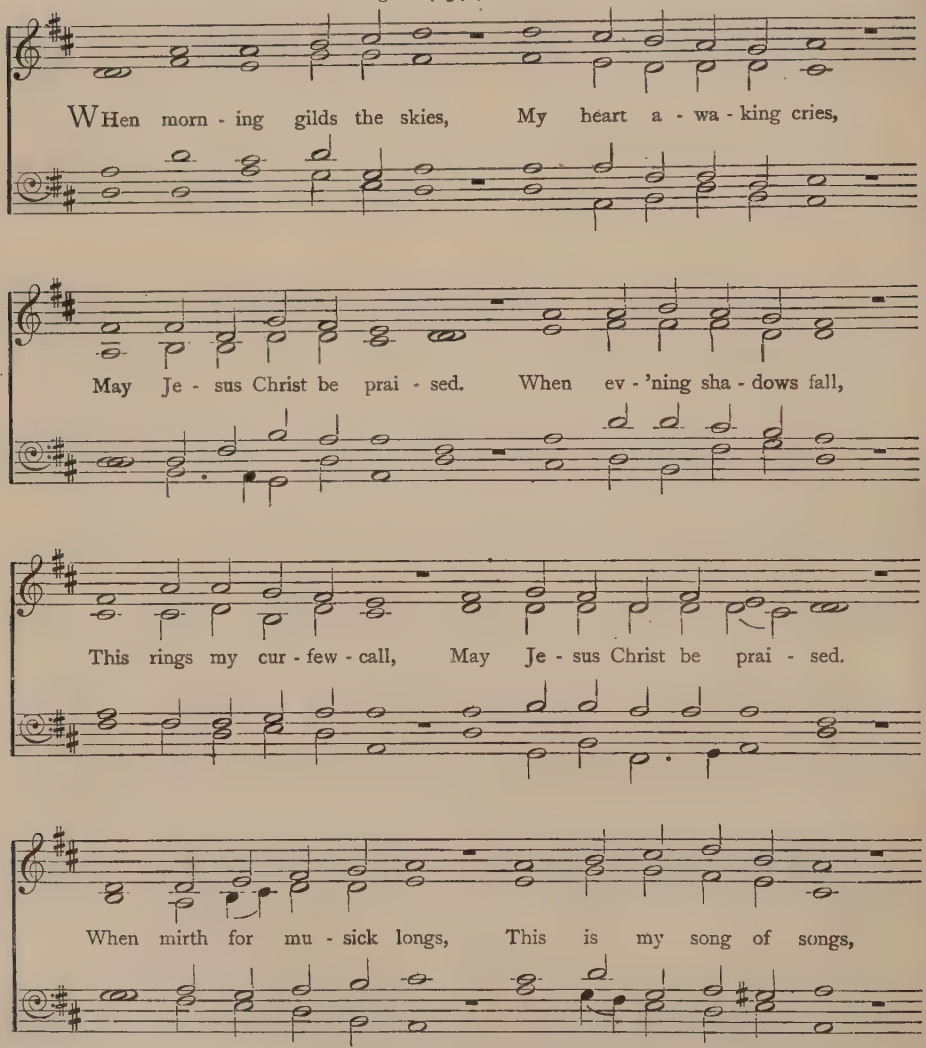
4 At my last end I would commend
My spirit to thy keeping ;
And fain would be at peace with thee,
Alway, awake or sleeping :
While I have breath, Lord, and after death,
Lord,
Thine am I, living or dying.

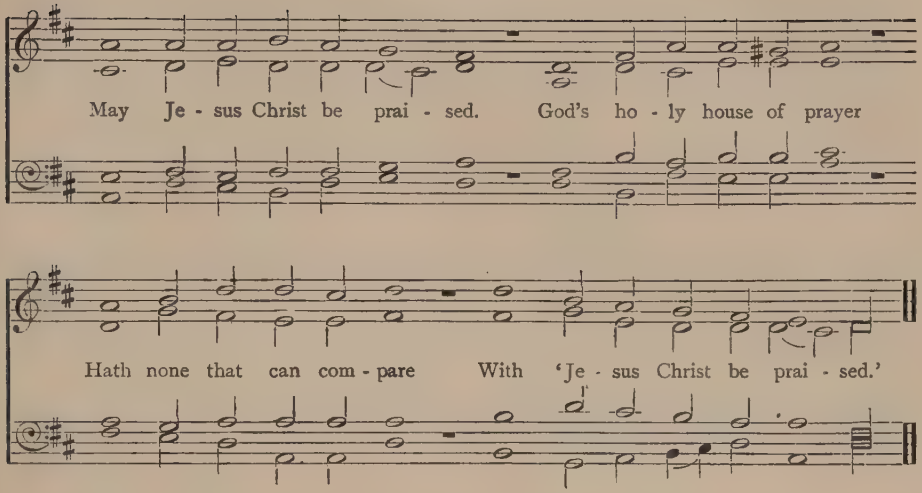
Duderstadt Gesangbuch (1724) ; Tr. *G. R. W.*

389 A Beim frühen Morgenlicht

Tune—O SEIGNEUR, QUE DE GENS (Ps. iii) (Iambic, 6.6.7. 6.6.7. 6.6.7. 6.6.7.)

Louis Bourgeois (1542); *Harmonized by M. B., Yattendon Hymnal*


WHen morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wa - king cries,
May Je - sus Christ be prai - sed. When ev - 'ning sha - dows fall,
This rings my cur - few - call, May Je - sus Christ be prai - sed.
When mirth for mu - sick longs, This is my song of songs,



2 To him, my high'st and best,
Sing I, when love-possest,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Whate'er my hands begin,
This blessing breaketh in,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
By night my heart will sigh,
If sleepless then I lie,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Yea, e'en if heart should break,
The soul for heart would speak,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 This greeting of great joy,
I ne'er have found it cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
When sorrow would molest,
Then sing I undistrest,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
When worldly things I rue,
This hymn doth hope renew,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Through sickness, pain and want,
'Tis still my happy chaunt,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

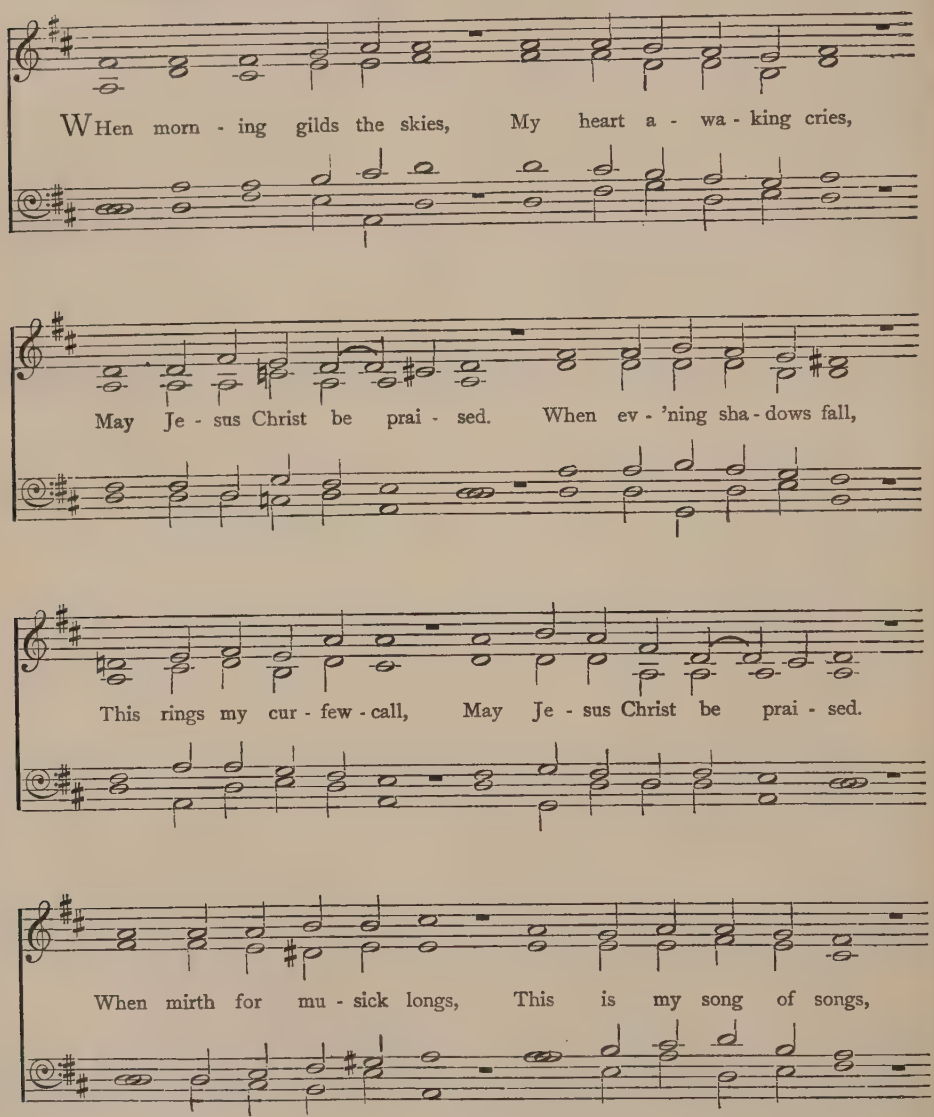
4 Hell's night doth flee away
For dread of this fair lay,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
My sin casts off its shame,
Call I on Jesu's Name,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
No lovelier antiphon
In all high heav'n is known,
Than 'Jesus Christ be praised.'
There to th' Eternal Word,
Th' eternal psalm is heard,
'O Jesu Christ, be praised.'

5 Ye nations of mankind,
In this your concord find,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Let all the earth around
Ring joyous with the sound,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Sing, suns and stars of space,
Sing, ye that see his face
Sing, 'Jesus Christ be praised.'
God's whole creation o'er,
For aye and evermore
Shall Jesus Christ be praised.

c. 1800; Tr. *Yattendon Hymnal* (1899)

389 B

The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor; Harmonized by Claude Goudimel († 1572)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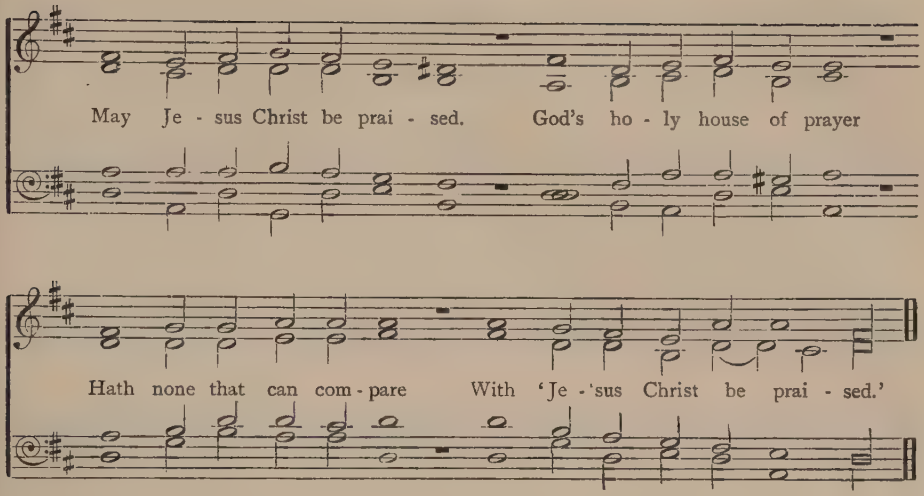
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Whate'er my hands begin,
This blessing breaketh in,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
By night my heart will sigh,
If sleepless then I lie,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Yea, e'en if heart should break,
The soul for heart would speak,
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May Jesus Christ be praised.
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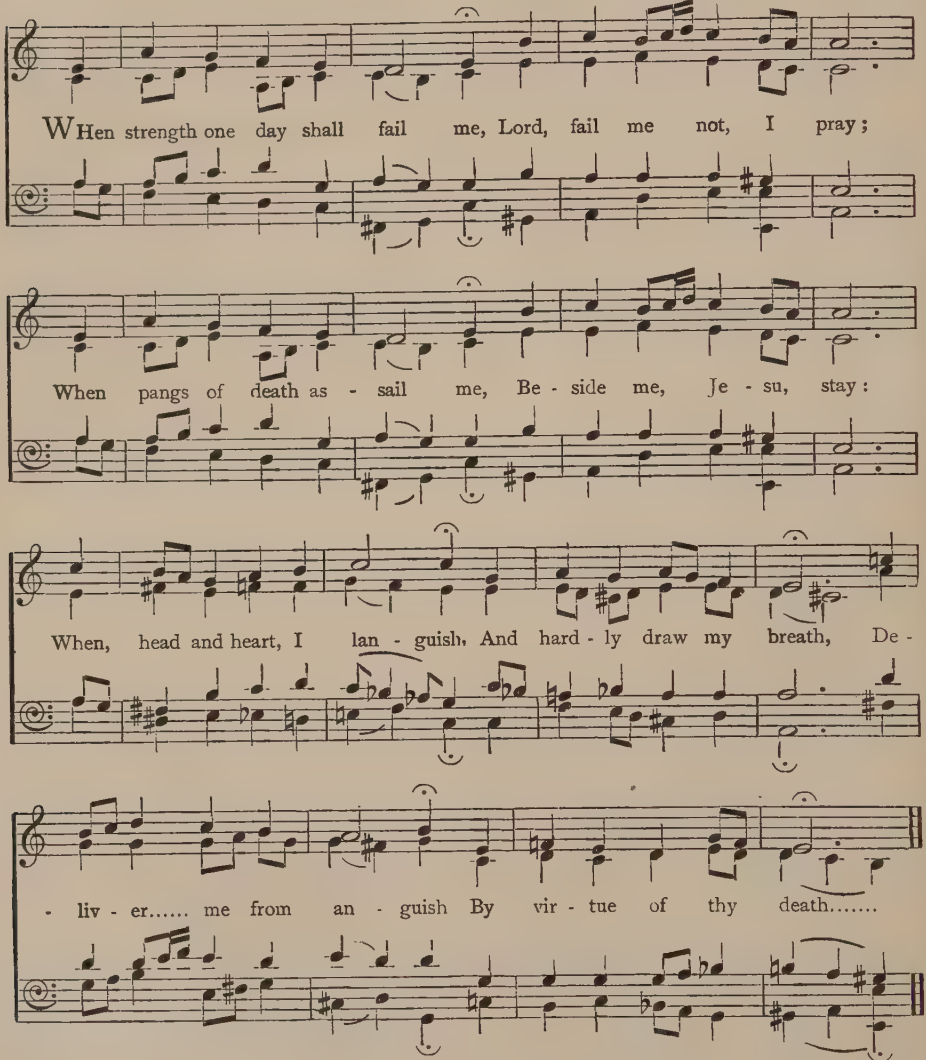
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Sing, suns and stars of space,
Sing, ye that see his face,
Sing, 'Jesus Christ be praised.'
God's whole creation o'er,
For aye and evermore
Shall Jesus Christ be praised.

c. 1800 ; Tr. *Yattendon Hymnal* (1899)

390 Wenn ich einmal soll scheiden

Tune—MEIN G'MUT IST MIR VERWIRRET (Iambic, 7.6. 7.6. 7.6. 7.6.)

Harmonized by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)

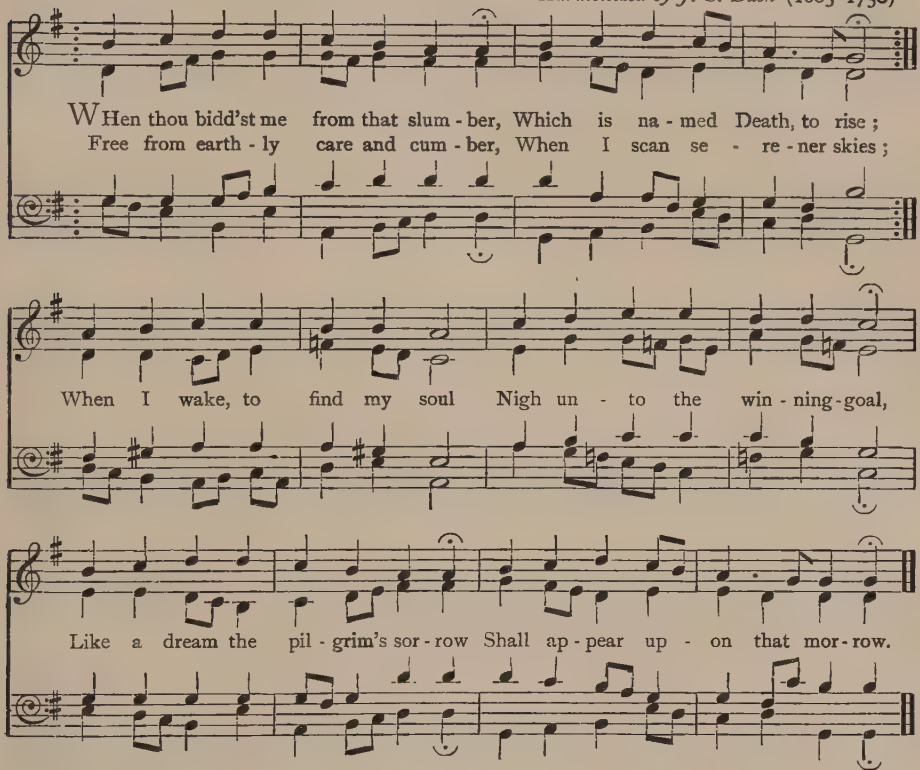

WHen strength one day shall fail me, Lord, fail me not, I pray;
When pangs of death as - sail me, Be - side me, Je - su, stay:
When, head and heart, I lan - guish, And hard - ly draw my breath, De -
- liv - er..... me from an - guish By vir - tue of thy death.....

Paul Gerhardt (1607–1676); Tr. *G. R. W.*

391 Wenn ich einst von jenem Schlummer

Tune—WERDE MUNTER, MEIN GEMÜTHE (Trochaic, 8.7. 8.7. 7.7. 8.8.)

Harmonized by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)


WHen thou bidd'st me from that slum - ber, Which is na - med Death, to rise ;
Free from earth - ly care and cum - ber, When I scan se - re - ner skies ;
When I wake, to find my soul Nigh un - to the win - ning - goal,
Like a dream the pil - grim's sor - row Shall ap - pear up - on that mor - row.

2

Day by day, at every season,
King of immortality,
Give me, dreadful Judge, good reason
Not to fear 'Depart from me :'
Every day for thee I long,
Thee, the burthen of my song :
Be my Guide through days of gladness,
Lode-star in the hours of sadness.

3

At the bitter day of dooming,
Let me fain thy presence view ;
When the vale of death is looming,
And my friends make much ado,
Mitigate the pains of death,
Strengthen thou my failing breath ;
Heav'nward, I beseech thee, raise me,
Lord of death, in glory place me.

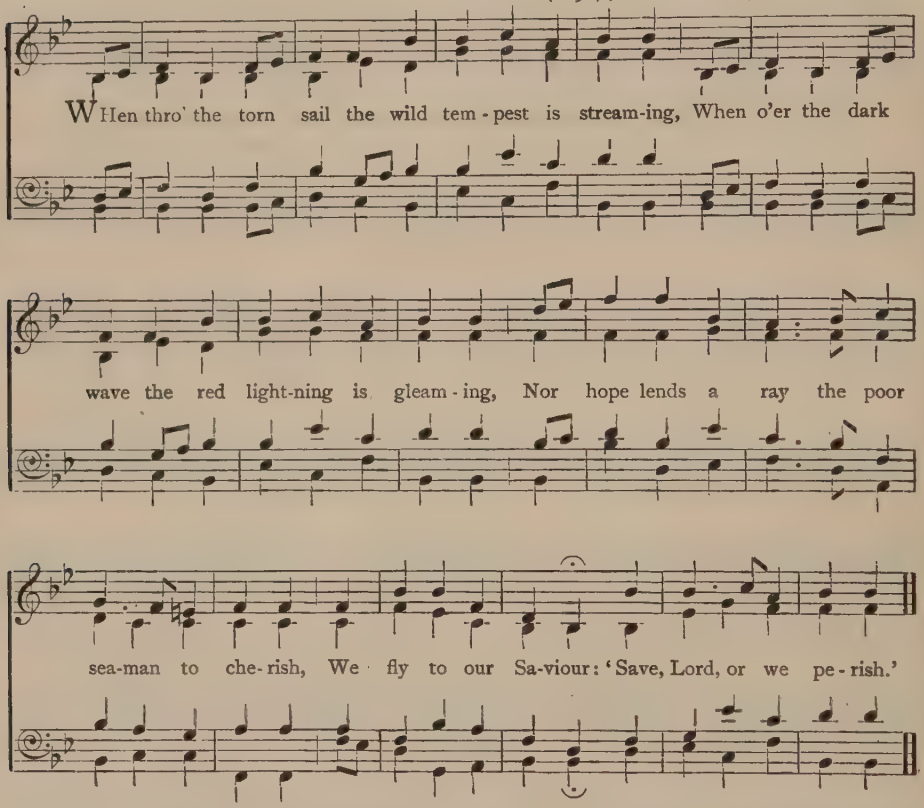
Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock (1724–1803) ; Tr. *G. R. W.*

¶ *For another Harmony, see No. 200*

392 WHEN THROUGH THE TORN SAIL

Tune—ACH ALLES, WAS HIMMEL (Amphibrachic, 12.12. 12.12.)

Darmstadt (1698); *Harmonized by Charles Wood*


WHen thro' the torn sail the wild tem-pest is stream-ing, When o'er the dark
wave the red light-ning is gleam-ing, Nor hope lends a ray the poor
sea-man to che-rish, We fly to our Sa-viour: 'Save, Lord, or we pe-rish.'

2 O Jesu, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish: 'Save, Lord, or we perish.'

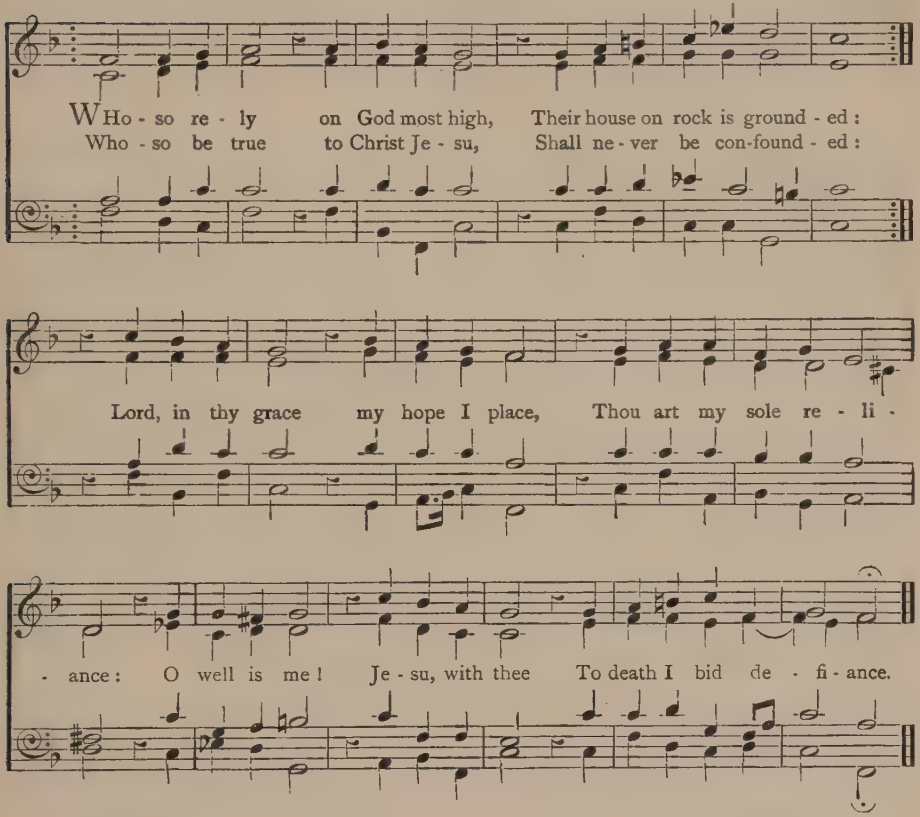
3 And O when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
And sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemèd to cherish:
Rebuke the destroyer: 'Save, Lord, or we perish.'

Reginald Heber (1783–1826).

393 Wer Gott vertraut hat wohl gebaut

PROPER MELODY (Iambic, 4.4.7. 4.4.7. 4.4.7. 4.4.7. 4.4.7.)

J. Crüger (1640); *Harmonies from F. Layriz* (1854)


Who - so re - ly on God most high, Their house on rock is ground - ed:
Who - so be true to Christ Je - su, Shall ne - ver be con-found - ed:
Lord, in thy grace my hope I place, Thou art my sole re - li -
- ance: O well is me! Je - su, with thee To death I bid de - fi - ance.

2 In thee I breathe, to thee bequeathe,
As to their rightful owner,
My substance, wife, child, self, dear life,
All back to thee, the donor:
Let, day and night, thine Angel bright
Be present to befriend me;
For, be it so, my ghostly foe
Is powerless to rend me.

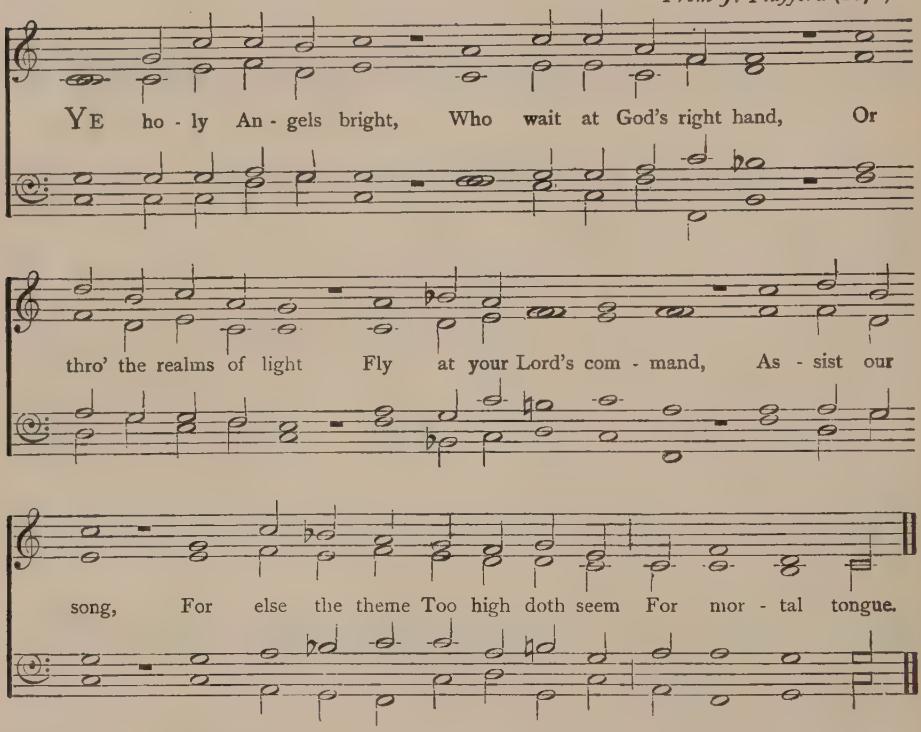
3 Meanwhile, O God, withdraw thy rod,
Nor judge me in thine ire;
Jesu, I pray, say me not Nay,
But grant my heart's desire:
So I the more shall thee adore,
And stint thy praises never;
But sing thy Name, and ring thy fame,
For ever and for ever.

Joachim Magdeburg (xvj cent.); Tr. *G. R. W.*

394 A YE HOLY ANGELS BRIGHT

Ps. cxlviii (Iambic, 6.6.6.6. 4.4.4.4.)

From J. Playford (1671)


Ye ho - ly An - gels bright, Who wait at God's right hand, Or
thro' the realms of light Fly at your Lord's com - mand, As - sist our
song, For else the theme Too high doth seem For mor - tal tongue.

2 Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold the Saviour's face,
God's praises sound,
As in his light
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

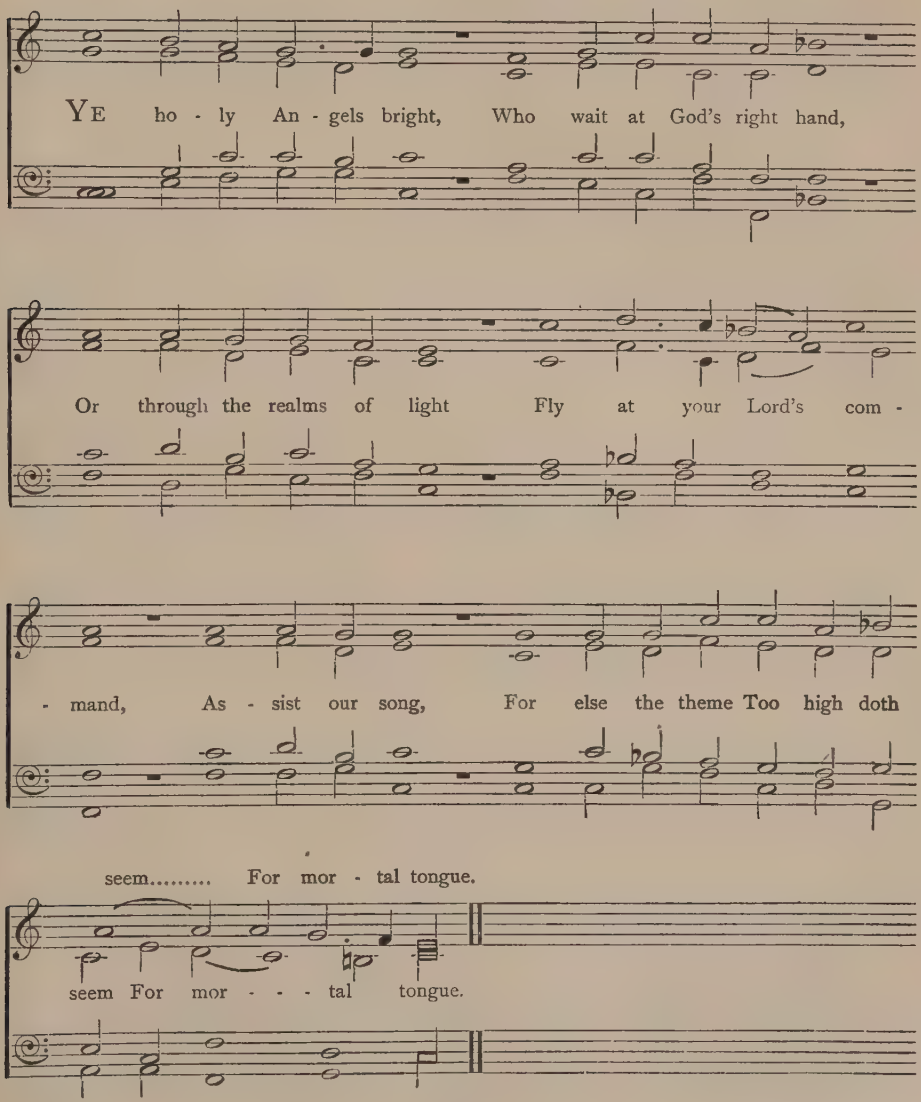
3 Ye Saints who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King;
And, onward as ye go,
Some joyful anthem sing;
Take what he gives,
And praise him still,
Through good or ill,
Who ever lives.

4 My soul, bear thou thy part;
Triumph in God above:
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love:
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er he send,
Be fill'd with praise.

Richard Baxter (1615–1691), *somewhat altered*

394 B *The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor.*

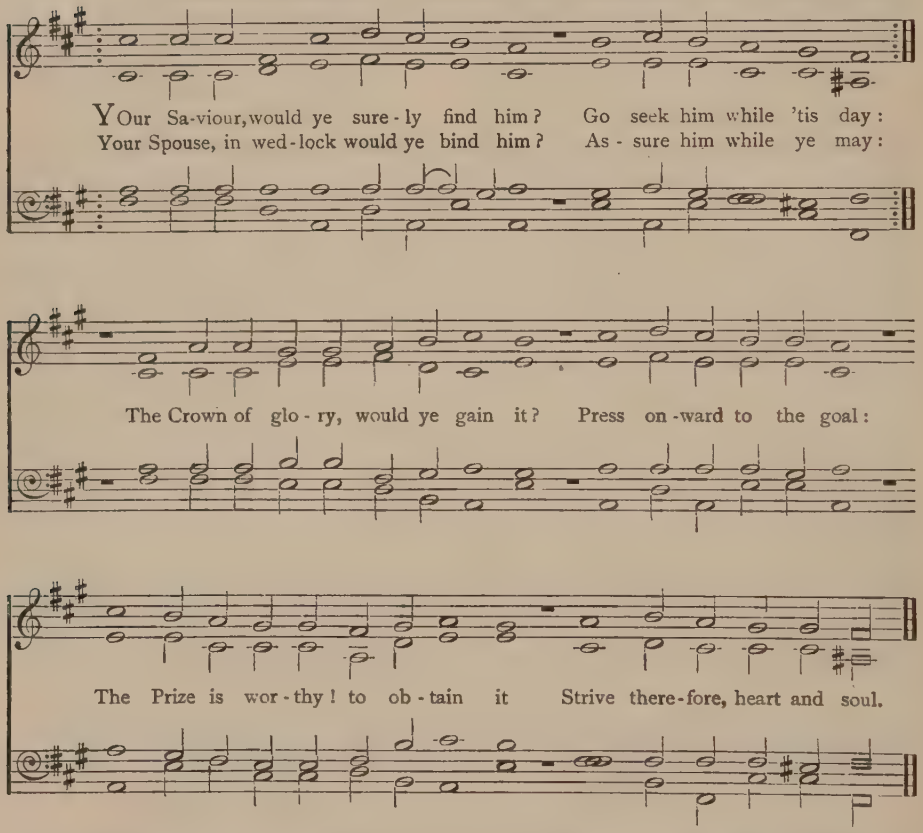
Harmonized by G. Kirby (1592); *T. Este's Psalter*


Ye ho - ly An - gels bright, Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light Fly at your Lord's com -
- mand, As - sist our song, For else the theme Too high doth
seem..... For mor - tal tongue.
seem For mor - - - tal tongue.

395 A Woll't ihr den Herren finden

Tune—TES JUGEMENS DIEU (Ps. lxxii) (Iambic, 9.6. 9.6. 9.6. 9.6.)

Secular Air, adapted by L. Bourgeois (1554); *Harmonies from F. Layriz* (1854)


YOur Sa-viour, would ye sure-ly find him? Go seek him while 'tis day:
Your Spouse, in wed-lock would ye bind him? As-sure him while ye may:
The Crown of glo-ry, would ye gain it? Press on-ward to the goal:
The Prize is wor-thy! to ob-tain it Strive there-fore, heart and soul.

2 Go seek him cradled in the manger;
Stand ox and ass beside;
Be child-like, for that Child is stranger
To every son of pride:
Go seek Babe Jesus, pure and holy,
Rock'd on the Virgin's knee:
To win this golden meed, be lowly
And pure in heart as he.

3 Go seek, and ye shall find your Saviour
Upon the King's high-way:
Your self-control, your meek behaviour
With grace he will repay:
Go seek him, cloister'd in retirement;
Swift to the desert fly:
What profit in the world's acquirement,
If Christ be lost thereby?

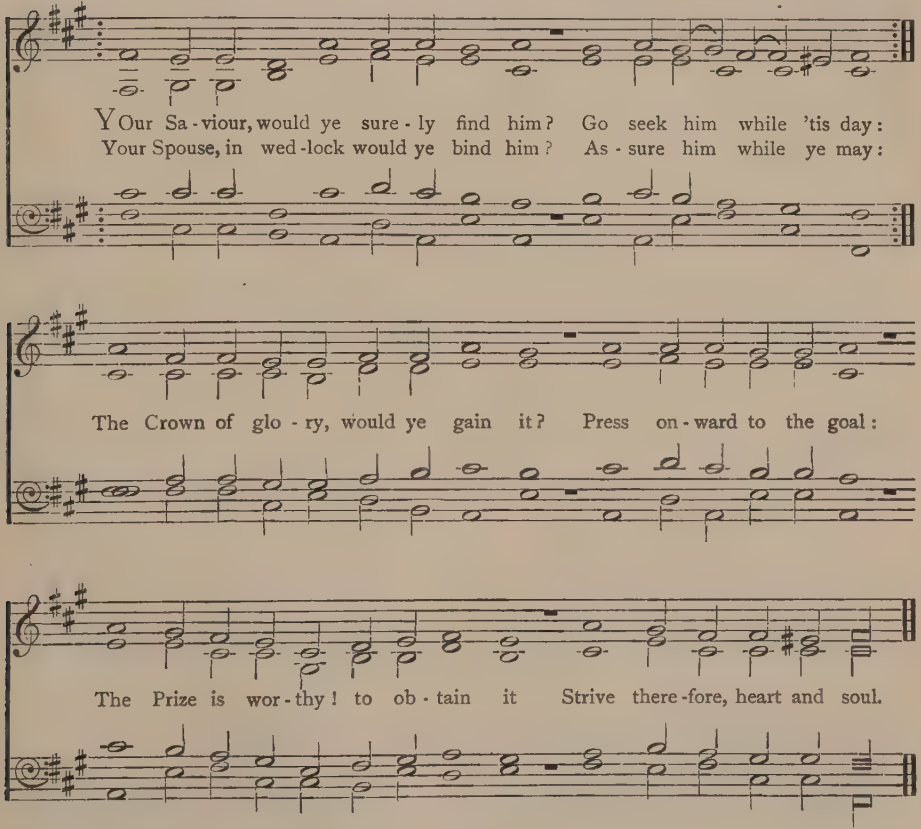
4 Go seek him ! bear the Cross—annoyment,
Pain, sorrow—kiss the rod :
The world, its friendship and enjoyment,
Is enmity with God :
Go seek him, where, in death's dim prison,
Dead to the world he lies ;
Thus only, with your Lord arisen,
May ye too hope to rise.

5 Seek him in heav'n above ; before him
Where Seraphs raise the lay ;
For such as lovingly adore him
Are never far away :
Seek ye his face, by eve and morrow,
With inward zeal and zest ;
So shall ye be acquit of sorrow,
And win eternal rest.

Johann Scheffler (1624–1677) : Tr. *G. R. W.*

395 B

The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor ; Harmonized by Claude Goudimel († 1572)

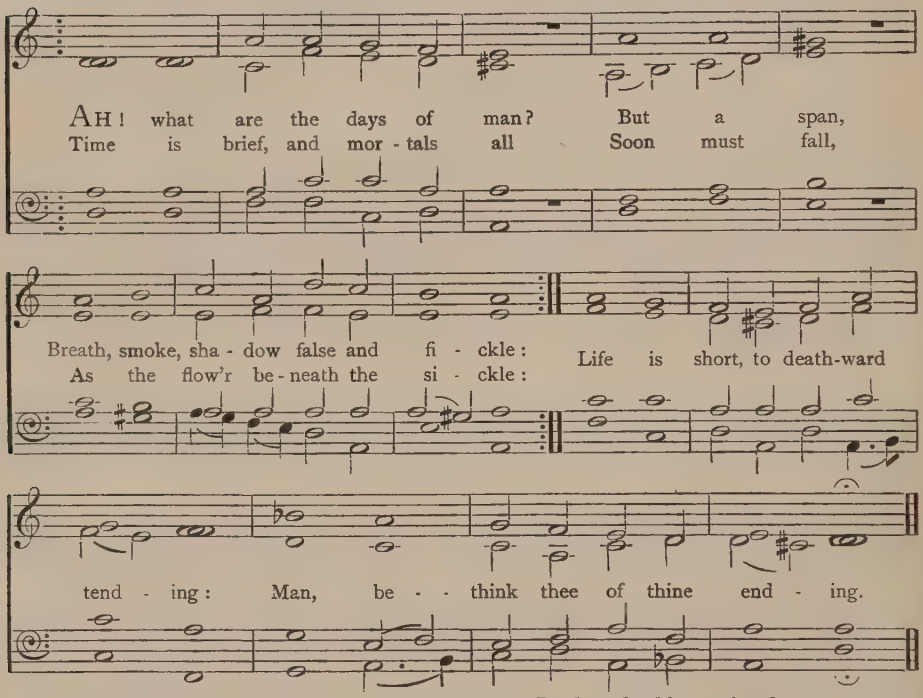

YOur Sa - viour, would ye sure - ly find him? Go seek him while 'tis day :
Your Spouse, in wed - lock would ye bind him? As - sure him while ye may :
The Crown of glo - ry, would ye gain it? Press on - ward to the goal :
The Prize is wor - thy ! to ob - tain it Strive there - fore, heart and soul.

SPIRITUAL SONGS

396 Ach! was iſt doch unſ're Zeit

Tune—HERR, WIE LANGE WILLST DU NOCH (Trochaic, 7.3. 8.7. 3.8. 8.8.)

Melody and Harmony after J. Crüger (1653)


AH! what are the days of man? But a span,
Time is brief, and mor - tals all Soon must fall,
Breath, smoke, sha - dow false and fi - ckle:
As the flow'r be - neath the si - ckle:
Life is short, to death-ward
tend - ing: Man, be - - think thee of thine end - ing.

2 Man resembleth brittle glass
Meadow-grass,
Which the mower fells before him:
No man may his days prolong,
Weak or strong,
Once the blast of death blow o'er him:
Life is short, to death-ward tending;
Man, bethink thee of thine ending.

3 Youth, no less than bloom in May,
Hath his day;
Grace and beauty quickly perish:
Mighty death doth over-ride
Pomp and pride,
All that mortals fondly cherish:
Life is short, to death-ward tending;
Man, bethink thee of thine ending.

4 Brother, death's appointed prey,
Put away
Wickedness and malice-leaven:
Keep eternity in sight
Day and night,
An thou would'st attain to heaven;
Life is short, to death-ward tending;
Man, bethink thee of thine ending.

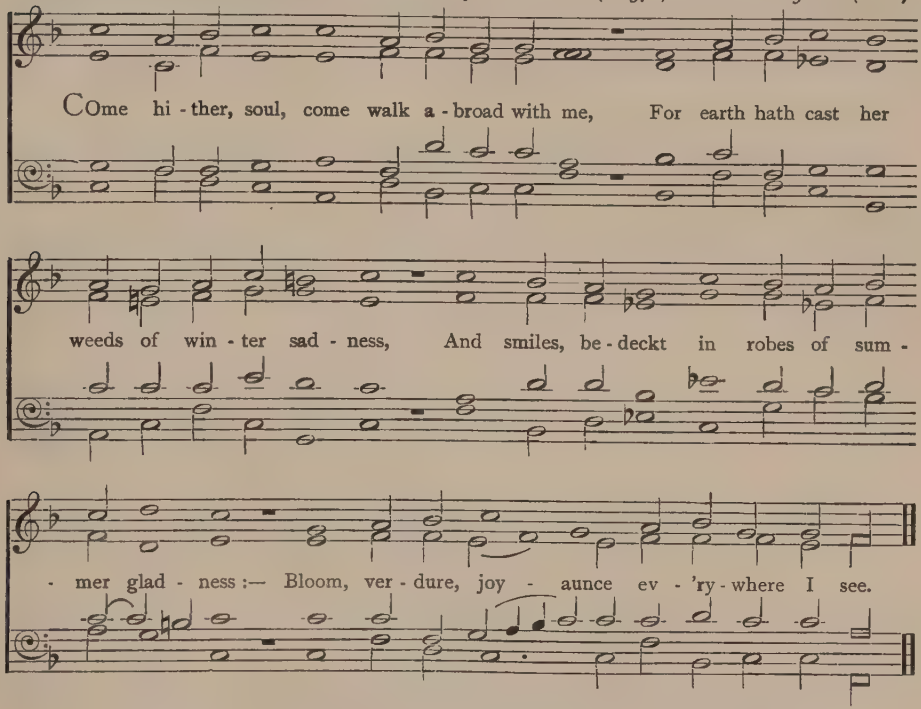
5 Lift thine heart and soul on high
To the sky,
Where unknown is death and sadness:
Contemplate the life of bliss
After this;
Sow in tears, and reap in gladness:
Life is short, to death-ward tending;
Man, bethink thee of thine ending.

Nürnberg Gesangbuch (1692); Tr. *G. R. W.*

397 A Komm, laſs uns geh'n, mein Herz

Tune—D'où VIENT SEIGNEUR (Ps. lxxiv) J'AIME MON DIEU (Ps. cxvi)

Melody by Pierre Dagues (1562) ; *Harmonized by C. Goudimel* († 1572) *or Claudin le Jeune* (1611)


COme hi - ther, soul, come walk a - broad with me, For earth hath cast her
weeds of win - ter sad - ness, And smiles, be - deckt in robes of sum -
- mer glad - ness :— Bloom, ver - dure, joy - aunce ev - 'ry - where I see.

2

By night and day the birds make melody ;
How neat those bow'rs ! the day how fair and sunny !
How sweet those flow'rs, whence bees are hiving [honey !—
Sun of my soul ! 'tis thanks alone to thee.

3

Forget thee ? Nay ! here Nature's Monarch stands ;
I love the scene depainted by thy fingers ;
Thereon with child-like joy my fancy lingers ;—
How goodly are the works of thine own hands !

4

The tiniest leaf, the smallest herb on sod,
And every living creature, heav'nward raises
The duteous soul to sing her Maker's praises,
And cry, 'How goodly are thy works, O God !'

5

Consider well the lilies of the field,
Or flow'rs in blossom on the garden border,
Of divers colours, shape, perfume and order,—
To these e'en Solomon the prize must yield.

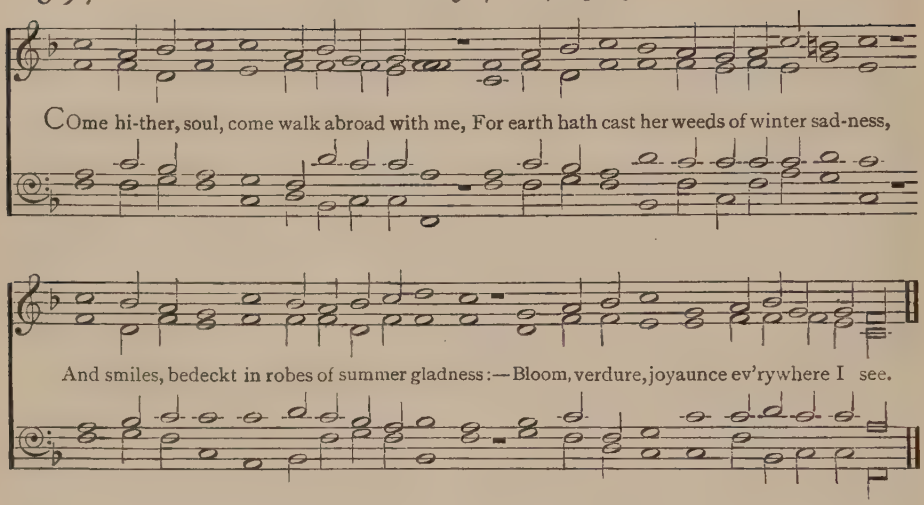
6

High as he may, the warbling lark doth soar ;
So let me climb to thy pure empyrëan,
There to exalt thy Name in joyful pæan ;—
Yet fails my speech : I sink, and thus adore.

Gerhard Tersteegen (1697–1769) ; **Tr.** ***G. R. W.***

397 B

Another Setting of the foregoing


COme hi-ther, soul, come walk abroad with me, For earth hath cast her weeds of winter sad-ness,
And smiles, bedeckt in robes of summer gladness:—Bloom, verdure, joyaunce ev'rywhere I see.

2 By night and day the birds make melody;
How neat those bow'rs! the day how fair and sunny!
How sweet those flow'rs, whence bees are hiving honey!—
Sun of my soul! 'tis thanks alone to thee.

3 Forget thee? Nay! here Nature's Monarch stands;
I love the scene depainted by thy fingers;
Thereon with child-like joy my fancy lingers;—
How goodly are the works of thine own hands!

4 The tiniest leaf, the smallest herb on sod,
And every living creature, heav'nward raises
The duteous soul to sing her Maker's praises,
And cry, 'How goodly are thy works, O God!'

5 Consider well the lilies of the field,
Or flowers in blossom on the garden border,
Of divers colours, shape, perfume and order,—
To these e'en Solomon the prize must yield.

6 High as he may, the warbling lark doth soar;
So let me climb to thy pure empyrëan,
There to exalt thy Name in joyful pæan;—
Yet fails my speech: I sink, and thus adore.

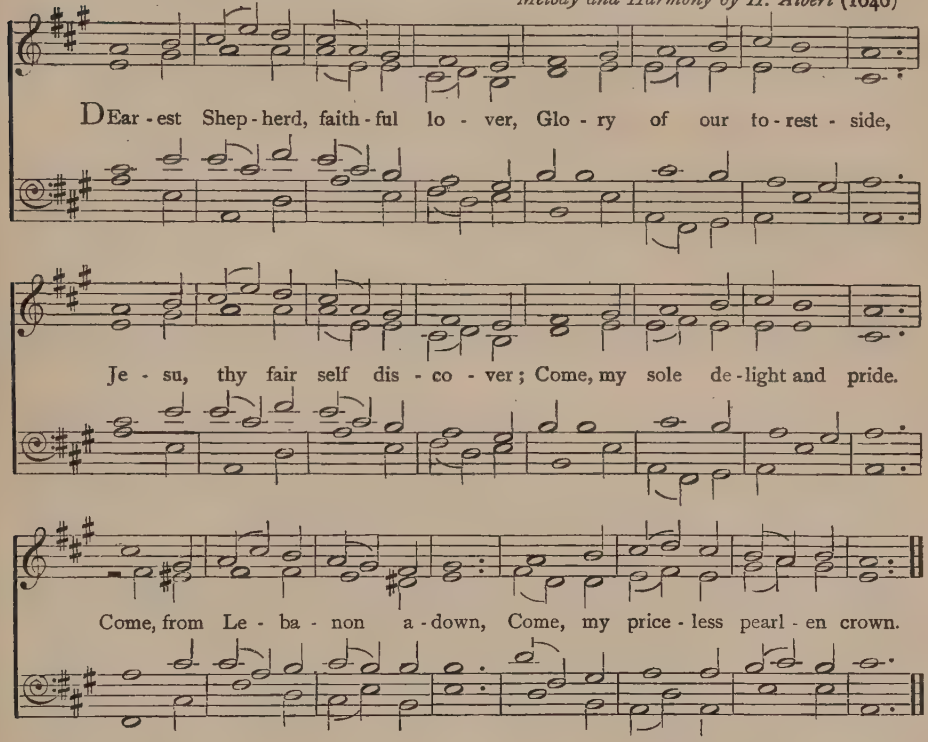
Gerhard Tersteegen (1697–1769); Tr. *G. R. W.*

¶ *For another Setting, with the Melody in the Tenor, see No. 199* B

398 Liebster Schäfer, mein Verlangen

Tune—GOTT DES HIMMELS UND DER ERDEN (Trochaic, 8.7. 8.7. 7.7.)

Melody and Harmony by H. Albert (1646)


DEar - est Shep - herd, faith - ful lo - ver, Glo - ry of our to - rest - side,
Je - su, thy fair self dis - co - ver; Come, my sole de - light and pride.
Come, from Le - ba - non a - down, Come, my price - less pearl - en crown.

2 Downward come with sunbeam golden;
To the hills mine eyes I rear;
Thence for help am I beholden;
Thence redemption draweth near.
Lordly Shepherd, to my side!
Hold sweet converse with thy bride.

3 My complaint, my voice of sorrow,
Moan and groan, with frequent tear,
Have this many a night and morrow
Fill'd the valley far and near.
Jesu, thou, alone thou art
Causer of my homesick heart.

4 Others, let them reap their pleasure
From the field with lilies gay;
Others, let them heap their treasure,
Silver, gold—be what it may.
Me, away with all of these!
Jesus only works mine ease.

5 Meanwhile thus I cry in sadness,
Come, my priceless pearlen crown;
Downward speed on wings of gladness;
Come, from Lebanon adown.
Look upon me, grant me bliss,
And revive me with thy kiss.

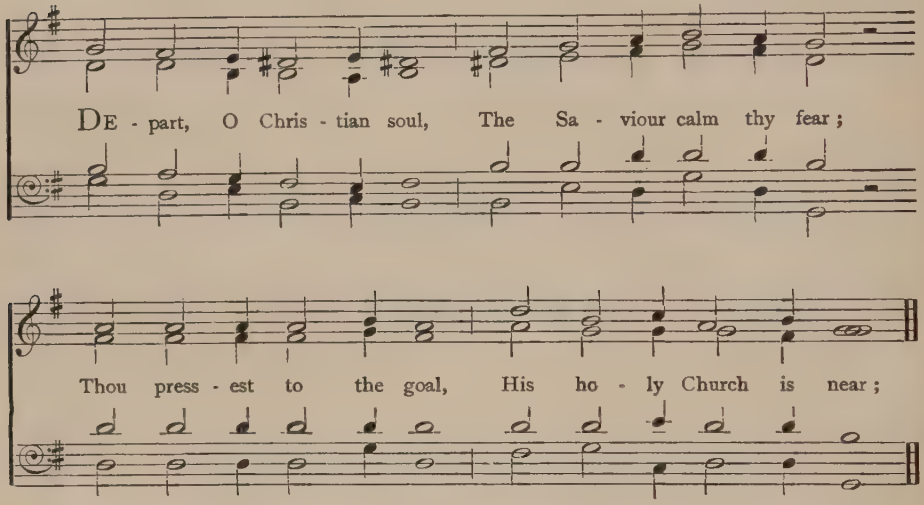
Joh. Scheffler (1624–1677); Tr. *G. R. W.*

¶ *For another Setting, see No. 352*

399 DEPART, O CHRISTIAN SOUL

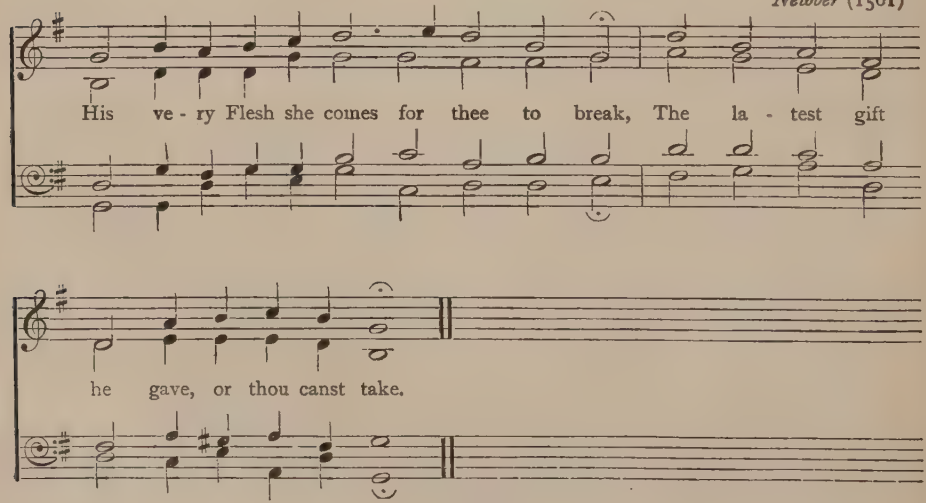
Tune—SAG, WAS HILFT ALLE WELT (Iambic, 6.6. 6.6.)

Caspar Cramer (1641)



Tune—WIE STEHT IHR ALLE HIE (Iambic, 10.10.)

Newber (1561)



2 Yea, thou must pass this sea,
Though trembling at its surge;
His Church goes down with thee
Unto the very verge:
And when the cold dark waters touch thy feet,
Her prayers attend thee to the judgement-seat.

3 Think yet, while thou canst think,
Of all for thee he bore:
The cup that he would drink,
The crown of thorns he wore:
The garden, the betrayal, and the gloom,
The pavement, and the mountain, and the tomb.

4 Be this his Flesh thy cure,
His bloody Sweat thy balm,
His Blood thy soul assure,
His Agony thy calm;
To-day thy fears and anguish pass away!
Thy habitation be in peace to-day!

5 Christ, that endured the fear
And agony for thee,
Have mercy on thee here
In this thine agony!
Christ, that arose the third day from the dead,
To everlasting joy lift up thine head!

6 Go, Christian soul, to him
That did at first create,
That did thy soul redeem,
And did regenerate;
Go, as the Saints and Martyrs went before;
Go to that strife, which ended, strife is o'er.

7 Let God the Lord arise,
And let him judge the right,
And let his enemies
And thine be put to flight:
Saviour of souls, O hear our cry, that *he*,
Now dying to the world, may live to thee:

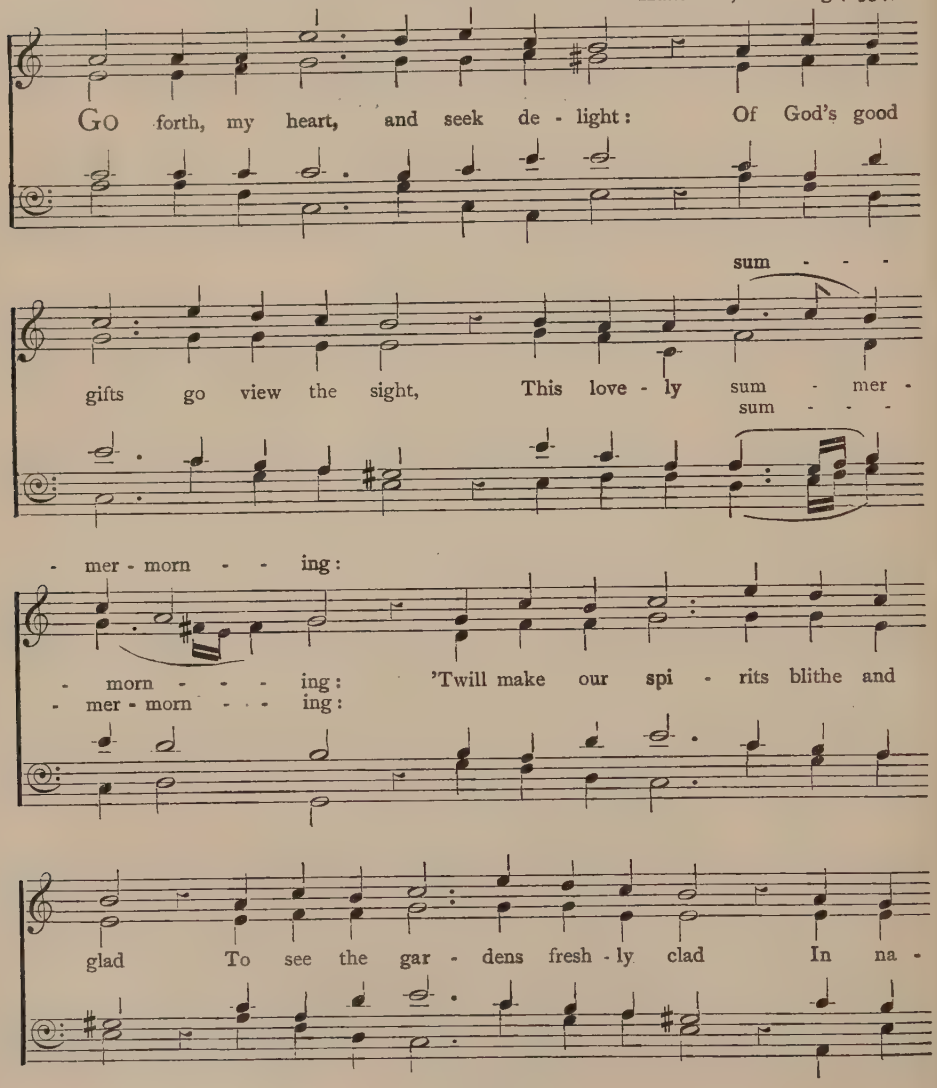
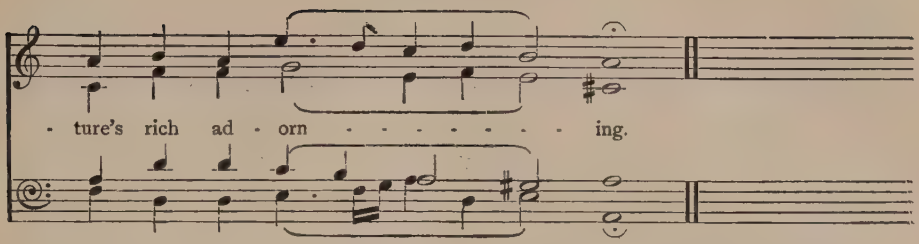
8 With tender love behold,
In this *his* latest shock,
A sheep of thine own fold,
A lamb of thine own flock:
A sinner of thine own redeeming save;
A trembling servant ransom from the grave.

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

400 Geh' aus, mein Herz und suche Freud'

Tune—KOMMT HER ZU MIR, SPRICHT GOTTES SOHN

Hans Ottl, Nürnberg (1534)


Go forth, my heart, and seek de - light: Of God's good
sum - - -
gifts go view the sight, This love - ly sum - mer -
sum - - -
- mer - morn - - ing:
- morn - - - ing: 'Twill make our spi - rits blithe and
- mer - morn - - - ing:
glad To see the gar - dens fresh - ly clad In na -

2 The greenwood tree hath leafage new,
The fields are deck'd in emerald hue,
May-blossoms thickly cluster :
Not Solomon in rich array
With lily white or tulip gay
Could vie, for grace and lustre.

3 The lark doth sing and soar aloft ;
From rocky cleft the turtle oft
To wood-ward forth doth sally :
That songster-king, the nightingale,
With warbling throat doth fill the dale,
And holt, and heath, and valley.

4 Swift streamlets prattle o'er the strand,
And paint the brink on either hand
With myrtle-shadows pleasant :
The meads hard by resound agen
With songs of merry shepherd-men,
And bleating sheep incessant.

5 The busy bees they come and go
In countless numbers to and fro
In quest of honey-treasure :
Sweet vine-sap in the month of May
Fresh virtue gaineth day by day
In slow but certain measure.

6 The growing crops upon the land
Make young and old to clap the hand,
The goodness great confessing
Of him who feedeth flock and pen,
And showereth on the sons of men
Full many a priceless blessing.

7 Myself, I cannot silence keep :
God's works, so manifold and deep,
My soul doth inly ponder :
In chorus with the rest I sing,
And, while o'er earth his praises ring,
I praise him too in wonder.

8 Methinks, if here thou art so fair,
So kind to man and debonair
In these poor earthly bowers,
What then hereafter wilt thou be
In heav'n itself, that rich citie
Of golden streets and towers ?

9 What pleasure high, what sunshine bright
In Christ's own garden, day and night,
To hear the bells a-ringing !
Where all unite to swell the hymn
Of Cherubym and Seraphym,
Sweet Alleluyas singing.

10 Would God that I were there, to stand
With palm-branch in my happy hand,
Before thy Presence bending !
So then would I in Angel-wise
Extol thy Name above the skies
In antiphons unending.

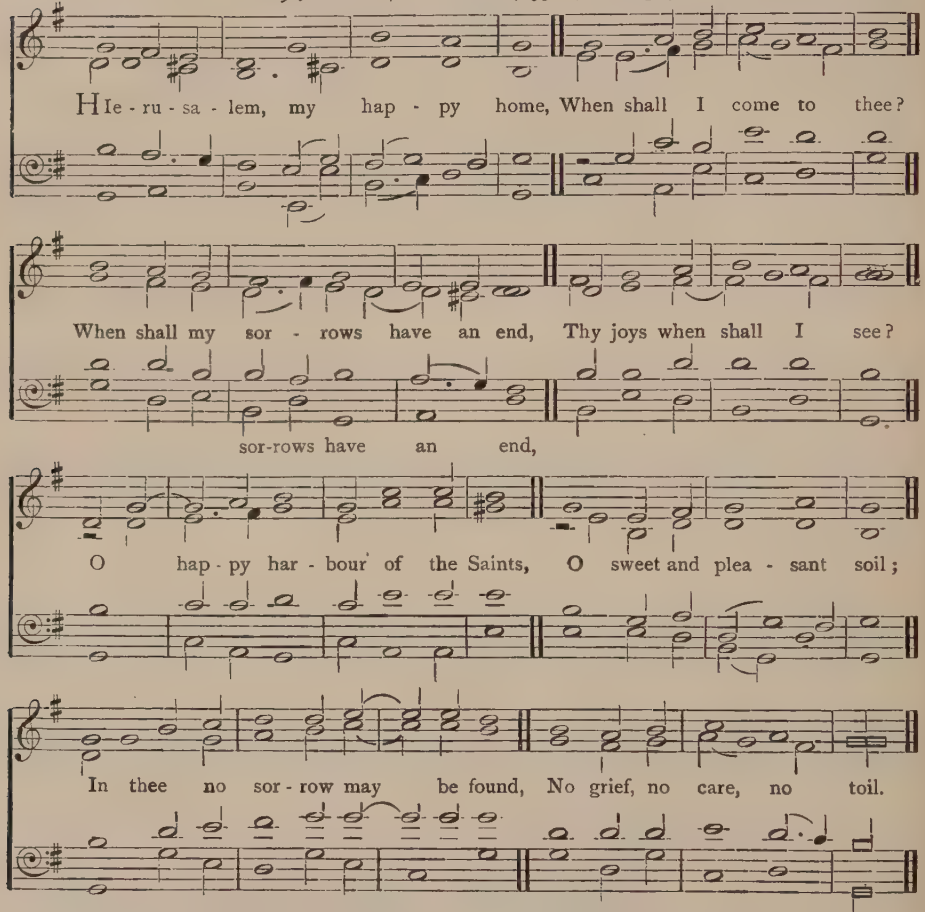
Paul Gerhardt (1607–1676) ; **Tr.** ***G. R. W.***

¶ *For two other Melodies, see Nos. 33 & 118*

401 A HIERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME

Tune—OLD CXXXVIIth PSALM

PART I *Melody from Crespin's Psalter* (1556); *Setting by Richard Allison* (1599)

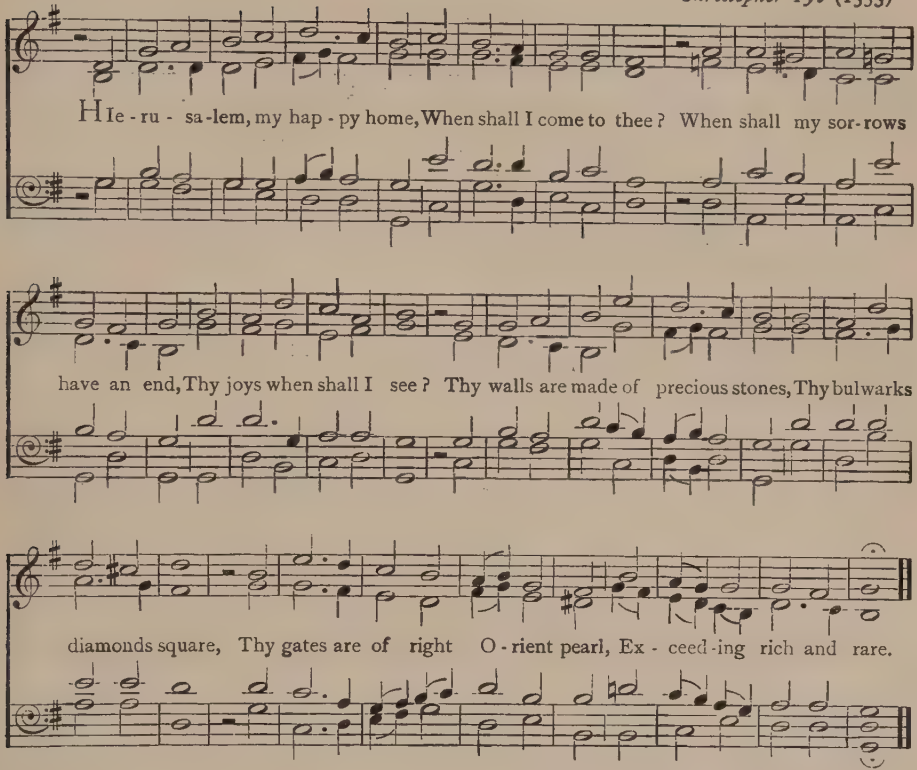

HIe - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sor - rows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see?
sor-rows have an end,
O hap - py har - bour of the Saints, O sweet and plea - sant soil;
In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.

2 In thee no sickness may be seen,
No hurt, no ache, no sore;
In thee there is no dread of death,
But life for evermore.
No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold, nor darksome night:
There every soul shines as the sun,
There God himself gives light.

3 There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway:
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.
Hierusalem, Hierusalem,
God grant I once may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same
Partaker aye to be.

PART II

Christopher Tye (1553)


Hie - ru - sa-lem, my hap - py home, When shall I come to thee? When shall my sor-rows
have an end, Thy joys when shall I see? Thy walls are made of precious stones, Thy bulwarks
diamonds square, Thy gates are of right O - rient pearl, Ex - ceed-ing rich and rare.

2 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold
Surpassing clear and fine.
Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold—
O God, that I were there!

3 Thy Saints are crown'd with glory great;
They see God face to face,
They triumph still, they still rejoice,
Most happy is their case.
We, that are here in banishment,
Continually do moan;
We sigh and sob, we weep and wail,
Perpetually we groan.

4 Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain;
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.
But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

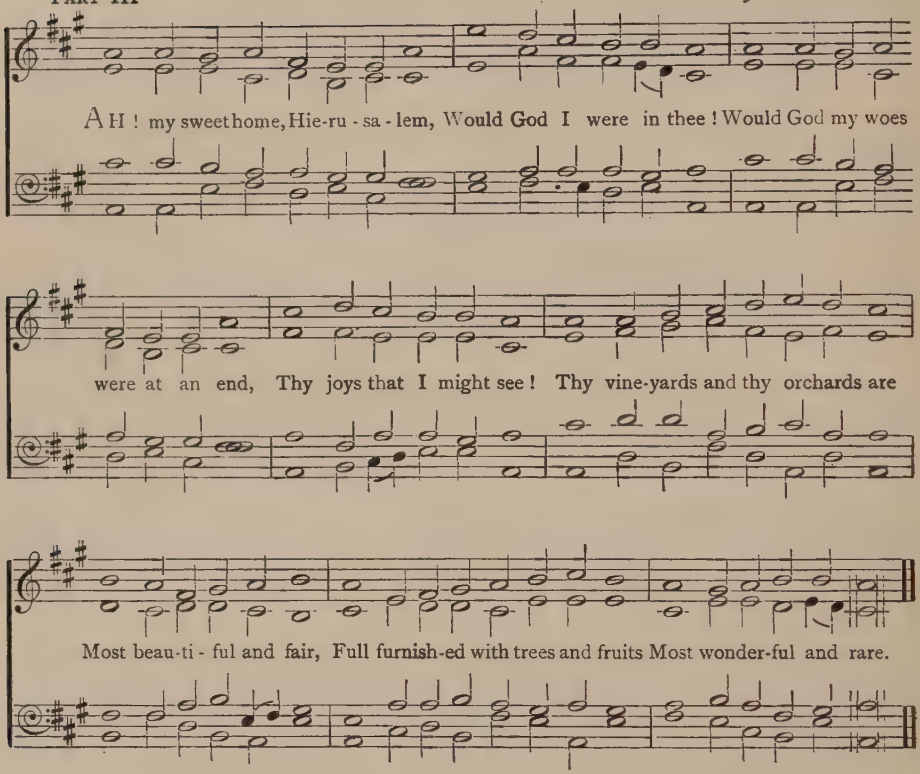
¶ *For other Melodies, see No. 294* A & B

401c

Old XLIVth Psalm

Part III

Harmonized by Charles Wood


AH! my sweet home, Hie-ru-sa-lem, Would God I were in thee! Would God my woes
were at an end, Thy joys that I might see! Thy vine-yards and thy orchards are
Most beau-ti-ful and fair, Full furnish-ed with trees and fruits Most wonder-ful and rare.

2 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grows such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
There's nectar and ambrosia made,
There's musk and civet sweet:
There many a fair and dainty drug
Are trodden under feet.

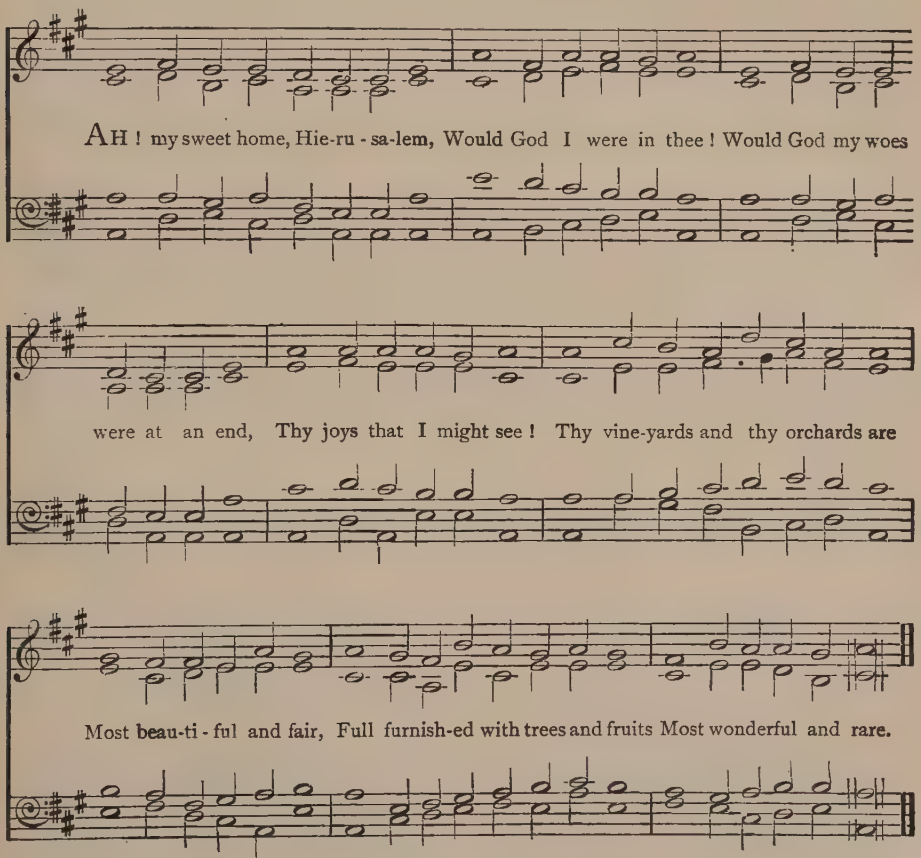
3 There cinnamon, there sugar grows,
There nard and balm abound—
What tongue can tell, or heart conceive
The joys that there are found?
Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of Life doth flow,
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of Life doth grow.

4 There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore the Angels sit,
And evermore do sing.
There David stands with harp in hands,
As Master of the quire;
Ten thousand times that man were blest
That might this musick hear.

5 Our Lady sings *Magnificat*
With tune surpassing sweet ;
And all the Virgins bear their parts,
Sitting about her feet :
Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose sing,
Saint Austin doth the like ;
Old Symëon and Zacharie
Have not their songs to seek.

6 There Magdalene hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing
With blessed Saints, whose harmony
In every street doth ring.
Hierusalem, Hierusalem,
Would God I were in thee !
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see !

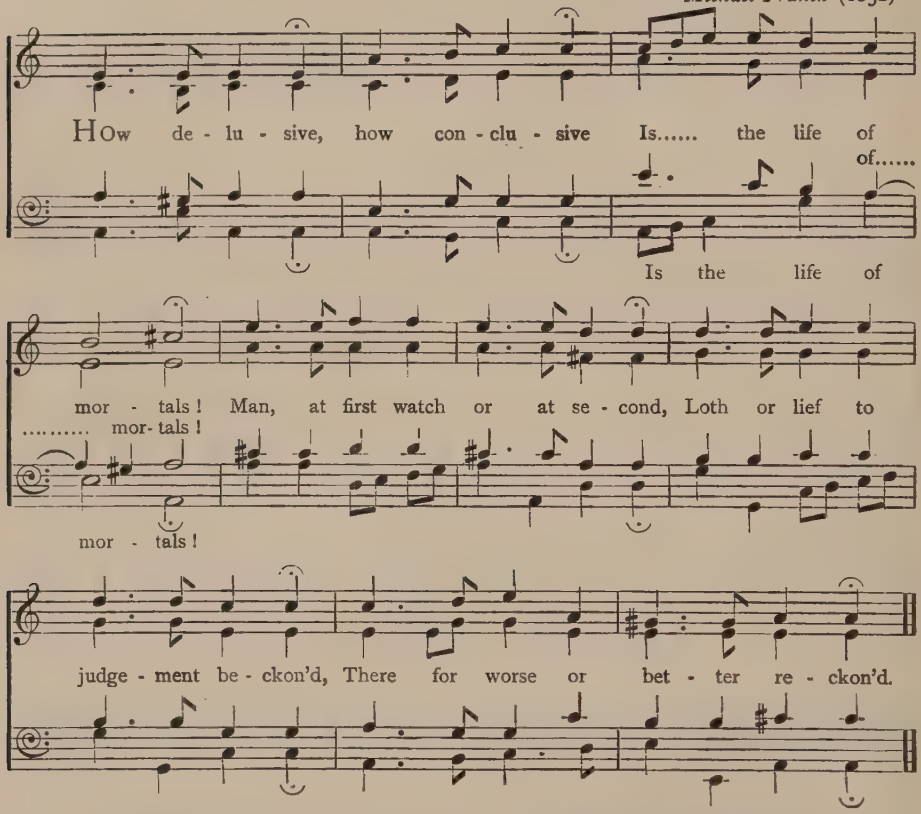
401 D *The same, with the Melody in the Tenor; Harmonized by E. Blancks* (1598)


AH ! my sweet home, Hie-ru - sa-lem, Would God I were in thee ! Would God my woes
were at an end, Thy joys that I might see ! Thy vine-yards and thy orchards are
Most beau-ti - ful and fair, Full furnish-ed with trees and fruits Most wonderful and rare.

402 A Ach wie flüchtig

PROPER MELODY (Trochaic, 4.4.6. 8.8.8.)

Michael Franck (1652)


How de - lu - sive, how con - clu - sive Is..... the life of
of.....
Is the life of
mor - tals! Man, at first watch or at se - cond, Loth or lief to
..... mor- tals!
mor - tals!
judge - ment be - ckon'd, There for worse or bet - ter re - ckon'd.

2 How delusive, how conclusive
Are the thoughts of mortals!
As the river onward floweth
Sea-ward, and no respite knoweth,
So man to his long home goeth.

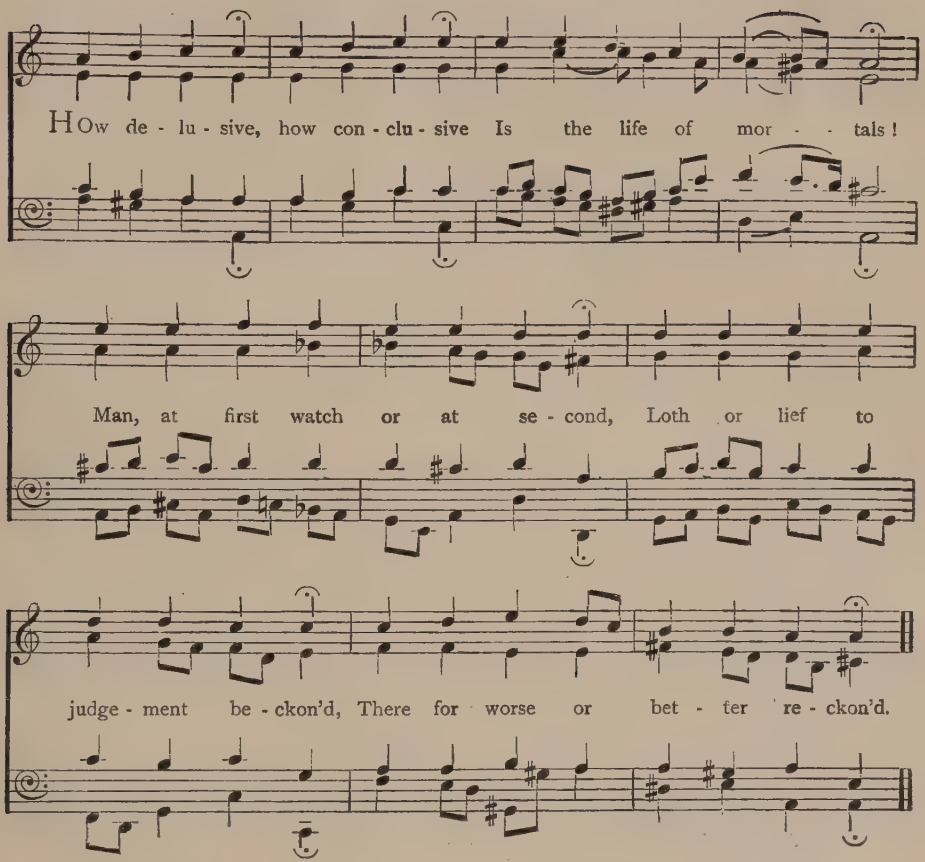
3 How delusive, how conclusive
Are the times of mortals!
As the sun doth over-power,
Soon or late, the lily-flower,
Fadeth beauty hour by hour.

4 How delusive, how conclusive
Is the praise of mortals!
As the shadow on the dial,
As the sand within the phial,
Passeth mortals' time of trial.

5 How delusive, how conclusive
Is the life of mortals!
Wherefore, worldlings rash and heady,
Saints or sinners, be ye steady,
And for doomsday make you ready.

Michael Franck (1609–1677); Tr. *G. R. W.*

402 B *The foregoing, as given by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


How de - lu - sive, how con - clu - sive Is the life of mor - - tals!
Man, at first watch or at se - cond, Loth or lief to
judge - ment be - ckon'd, There for worse or bet - ter re - ckon'd.

2 How delusive, how conclusive
Are the thoughts of mortals!
As the river onward floweth
Seaward, and no respite knoweth,
So man to his long home goeth.

3 How delusive, how conclusive
Are the times of mortals!
As the sun doth over-power,
Soon or late, the lily-flower,
Fadeth beauty hour by hour.

4 How delusive, how conclusive
Is the praise of mortals!
As the shadow on the dial,
As the sand within the phial,
Passeth mortals' time of trial.

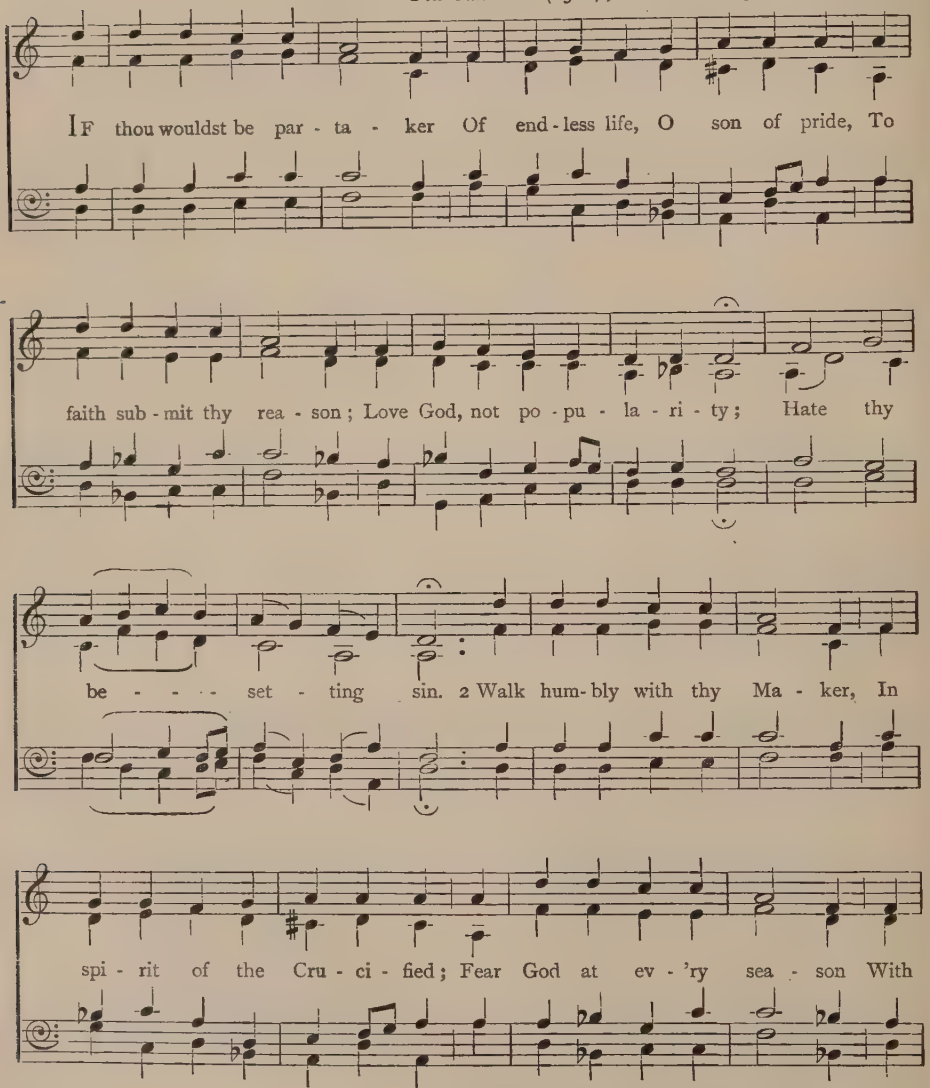
5 How delusive, how conclusive
Is the life of mortals!
Wherefore, worldlings rash and heady,
Saints or sinners, be ye steady,
And for doomsday make you ready.

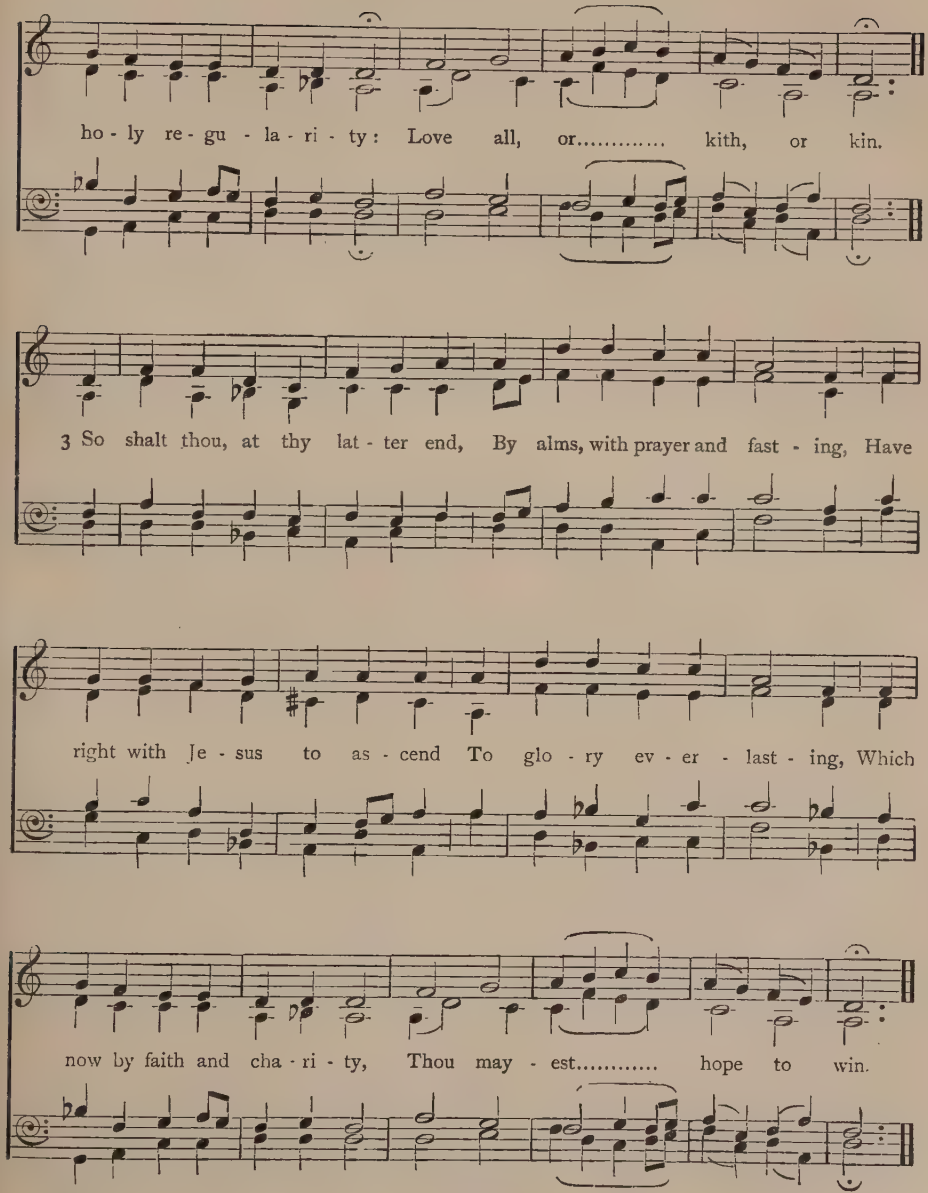
Michael Franck (1609–1677); Tr. *G. R. W.*

403 IF THOU WOULDST BE PARTAKER

Tune—INSIGNIS EST FIGVRA (Iambic, 7.8. 7.8. 6. ///: 8.7. 8.7. 8.6.)

Piæ Cantiones (1582); *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*

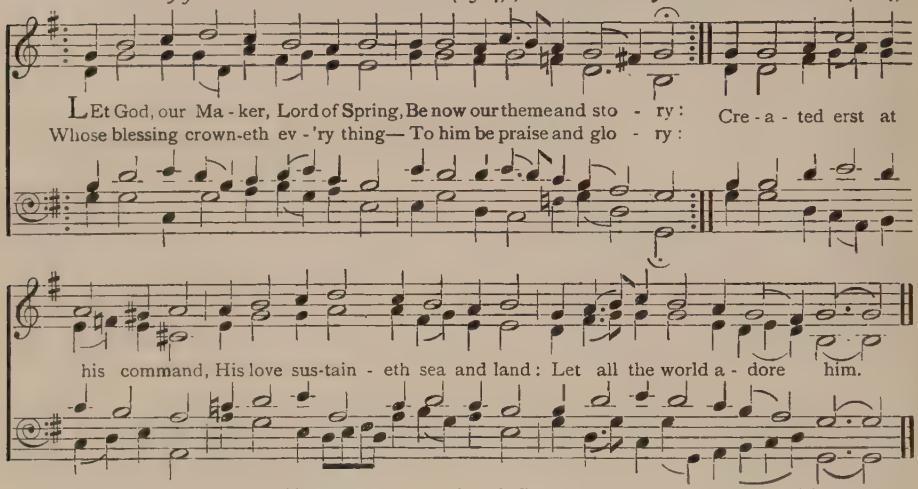

IF thou wouldst be par - ta - ker Of end - less life, O son of pride, To
faith sub - mit thy rea - son; Love God, not po - pu - la - ri - ty; Hate thy
be - - - - set - ting sin. 2 Walk hum - bly with thy Ma - ker, In
spi - rit of the Cru - ci - fied; Fear God at ev - 'ry sea - son With


ho - ly re - gu - la - ri - ty: Love all, or..... kith, or kin.
3 So shalt thou, at thy lat - ter end, By alms, with prayer and fast - ing, Have
right with Je - sus to as - cend To glo - ry ev - er - last - ing, Which
now by faith and cha - ri - ty, Thou may - est..... hope to win.

404 Lob sei Gott, der den Frühling schafft

Tune—ALLEIN GOTT IN DER HÖH' SEI EHR (Iambic, 8.7. 8.7. 8.8.7.)

Melody founded on an Easter Gloria (1524); *Harmonized by Hieron. Prætorius* (1604)


LEt God, our Ma - ker, Lord of Spring, Be now our theme and sto - ry: Cre - a - ted erst at
Whose blessing crown-eth ev - 'ry thing— To him be praise and glo - ry:
his command, His love sus-tain - eth sea and land: Let all the world a - dore him.

2 The fields, of late that lifeless lay,
Now wake from winter-slumber;
He raineth, each returning day,
New blessings out of number:
The worm, begotten of the earth,
And feather'd fowl, in common mirth
Proclaim their Maker's honour.

3 O'er dale and down by his decree
Soft western winds are blowing;
On mountain-side and lowland-lea
The grass afresh is growing:
From opening buds upon the spray
Fair flowers break forth in blossom gay,
The youthful year adorning.

4 The Sun, renewing Nature's face,
Kind warmth abroad is flinging:
Hill, wood, and wold in every place
For very joy are singing:
Blithe go the till-men forth to field,
With prayer that mead and seed may yield
An harvest rich in blessing.

5 Great God, thy temple is the sward,
Bedeck'd with damask raiment;
The earth, by thee to life restored,
Doth bear thee fruit in payment:
And I, by grace exalted far
More than the sweetest roses are,
Shall I withhold thy praises?

6 Come, mortals, come, exalt and know
The goodness of your Maker;
For our behoof the daisies blow,
And lilies of the acre.
I bless thee, Lord; I worship thee,
For thou art always near to me,
In strength and loving-kindness.

7 Thou callest clouds upon the land,
The cry of thirst thou stillest;
And, pouring gifts with open hand,
Mankind with plenty fillest:
Thou makest hail, dew, breeze and shower,
Swift Angels of thy mighty power,
And wells of human gladness.

8 Thou sendest, Lord, thy thunder-sound,
A-quaking hill and heather,
To ripen fruit and bless the ground
By fair or froward weather:
Soon cometh sunshine after rain,
And all thy creatures hymn thee fain,
Who calm'd the angry tempest.

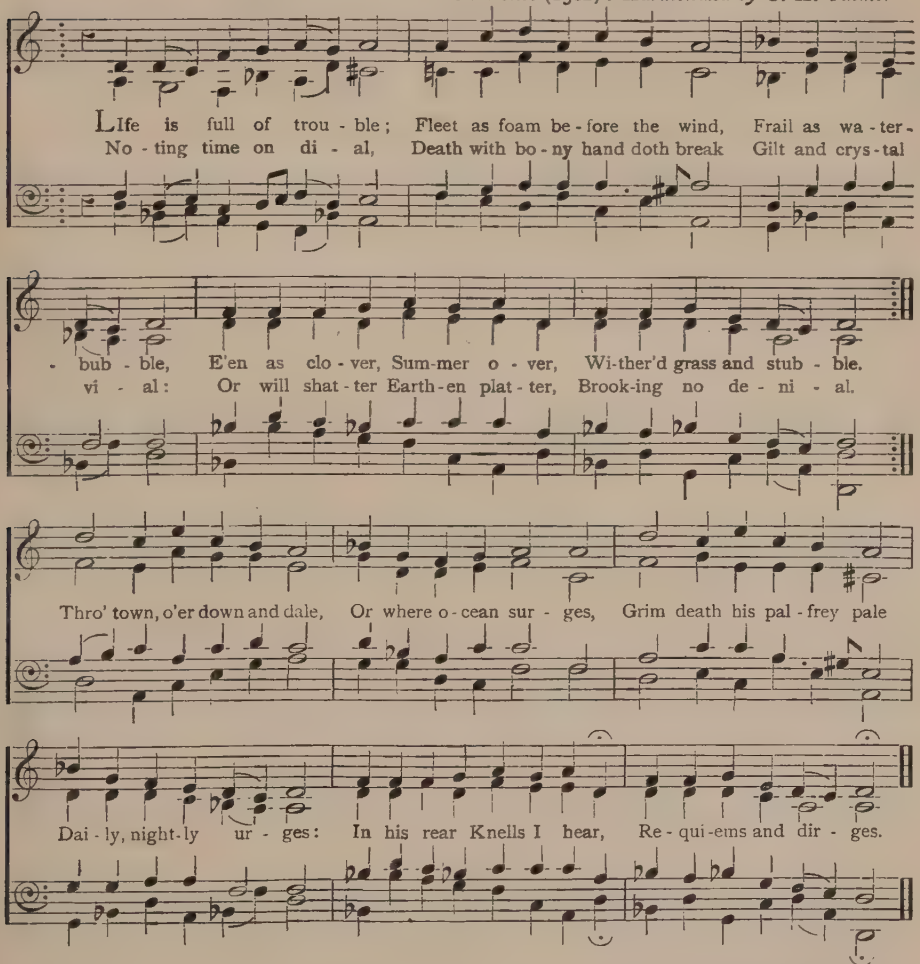
9 Thou source of joyaunce here below,
Of all good gifts the Giver,
From thee shall bliss hereafter flow
As from a mighty river:
Well is thy servant, well is he,
Who gives his heart betimes to thee,
And falls asleep in Jesus.

Gottfried Benedict Funk (1734–1814); Tr. *G. R. W.*

405 LIFE IS FULL OF TROUBLE

Tune—MIRVM SI LÆTERIS (Trochaic, 6.7.6.4.4.6. ://: 6.6.6.6.4.4.6.)

Piæ Cantiones (1582): *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*


Life is full of trou - ble; Fleet as foam be - fore the wind, Frail as wa - ter -
No - ting time on di - al, Death with bo - ny hand doth break Gilt and crys - tal
- bub - ble, E'en as clo - ver, Sum-mer o - ver, Wi-ther'd grass and stub - ble.
vi - al: Or will shat - ter Earth-en plat - ter, Brook-ing no de - ni - al.
Thro' town, o'er down and dale, Or where o - cean sur - ges, Grim death his pal - frey pale
Dai - ly, night-ly ur - ges: In his rear Knells I hear, Re - qui-ems and dir - ges.

2

Therefore, man, with harrow
Break the fallow of thine heart;
Ere death wing his arrow,
Ere thou diest,
Ere thou liest
In thy grave-bed narrow.

Now, betime discerning
Everlasting weal or woe,
Soul, to God-ward turning,
In faith's college,
Gain true knowledge,
Wisdom worth the learning.

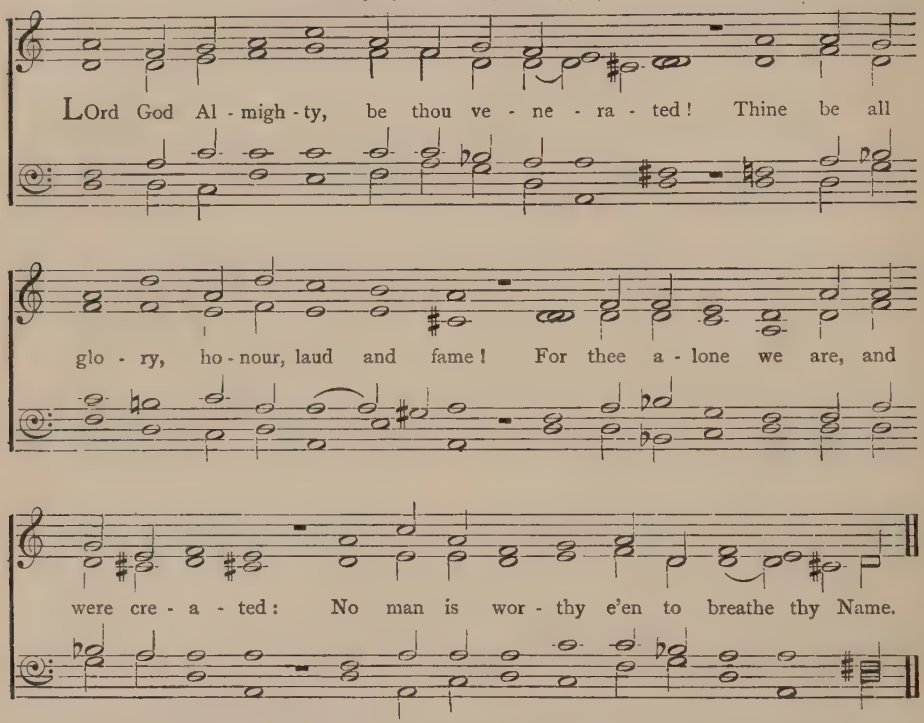
So need'st thou nothing fear,—
Man, nor foe infernal;
But may'st at doomsday hear
From the King supernal
(Through repentance)
Joyful sentence,—
'Enter life eternal.'

G. R. W.

406 A ALTISSIMO OMNIPOTENTE

Tune—DONNE SECOURS, SEIGNEUR (Ps. xii) (Iambic, 11.10. 11.10.)

Melody by L. Bourgeois (1551); *Harmonized by Charles Wood.*


LOrd God Al - migh - ty, be thou ve - ne - ra - ted! Thine be all
glo - ry, ho - nour, laud and fame! For thee a - lone we are, and
were cre - a - ted: No man is wor - thy e'en to breathe thy Name.

2 Blessed be thou, good Lord, for all thy creatures;
Chiefly for Brother Sun, who day by day
Declares the greater splendour of thy features,
And lights us with his bright and beauteous ray.

3 Blessed be thou for Sister Moon, together
With all the Stars, thine handiwork on high:
For Brother Wind, for fair or froward weather,
And clouds, that moisture to our world supply.

4 For Sister Water thanks to thee we render,
Thy gift so precious, useful, pure, and sweet:
For Brother Fire due praise we also tender,
Cresset of night, strong, jocund, source of heat.

5 Blessed be thou for Earth, our common Mother,
Store-house of daily food for man and brute:
For herb and tree, with blessings many other,
Gay-colour'd flow'rs, and divers kinds of fruit.

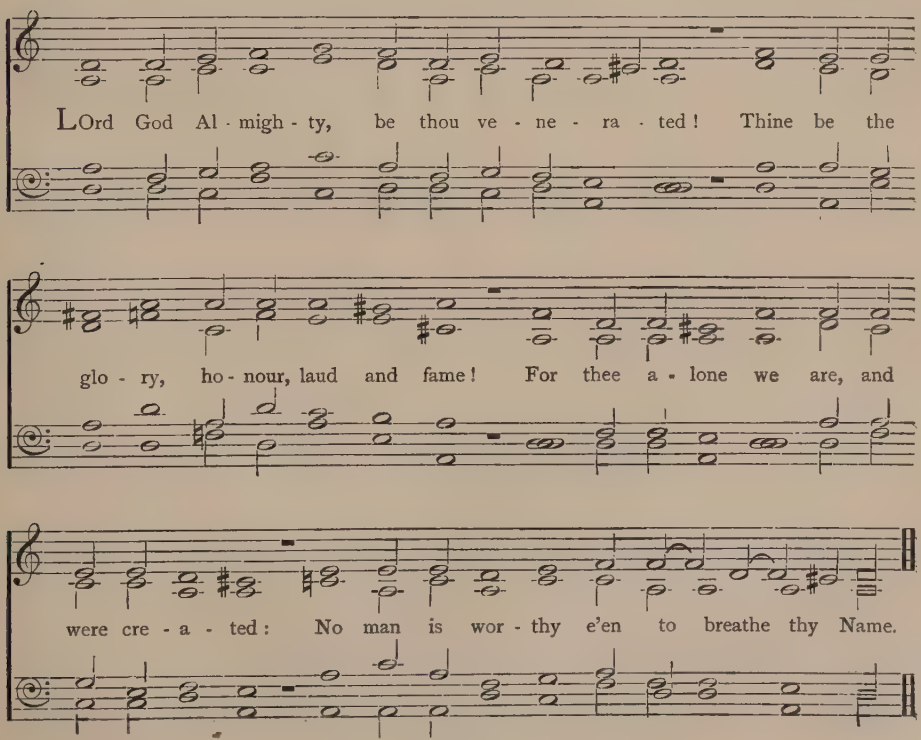
6 Blessed be thou for Sister Death, whose portal
No flesh may 'scape, nor turn therefrom away:
Woe to the man in wilful sin or mortal!
An he should die therein, wo worth the day!

7 Blest are the dead, ere death who did thy pleasure;
They from the second death go safe and free:—
Now to our Lord be thanks exceeding measure;
Him serve with love, and much humility.

S. Francis of Assisi (1182–1226); Tr. *G. R. W.*

406 B

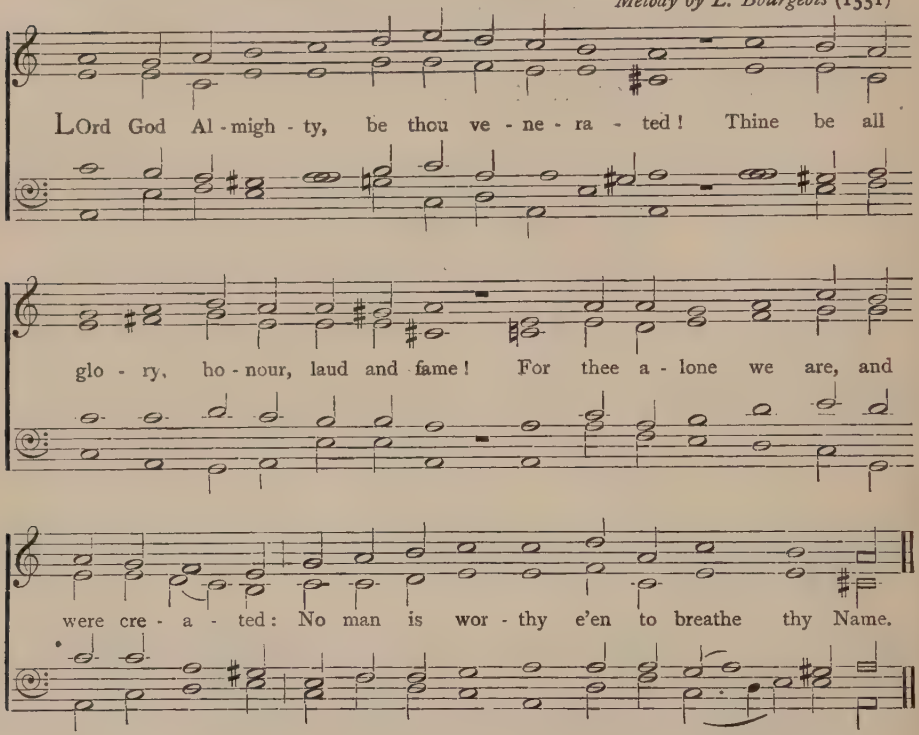
The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor; Harmonized by Claude Goudimel († 1572)


LOrd God Al - migh - ty, be thou ve - ne - ra - ted! Thine be the
glo - ry, ho - nour, laud and fame! For thee a - lone we are, and
were cre - a - ted: No man is wor - thy e'en to breathe thy Name.

406 C ALTISSIMO OMNIPOTENTE

Tune—L'OMNIPOTENT À MON SEIGNEUR (Ps. cx) (Iambic, 11.10. 11.10.)

Melody by L. Bourgeois (1551)


LOrd God Al - migh - ty, be thou ve - ne - ra - ted! Thine be all
glo - ry, ho - nour, laud and fame! For thee a - lone we are, and
were cre - a - ted: No man is wor - thy e'en to breathe thy Name.

2 Blessed be thou, good Lord, for all thy creatures;
Chiefly for Brother Sun, who day by day
Declares the greater splendour of thy features,
And lights us with his bright and beauteous ray.

3 Blessed be thou for Sister Moon, together
With all the Stars, thine handiwork on high:
For Brother Wind, for fair or froward weather,
And clouds, that moisture to our world supply.

4 For Sister Water thanks to thee we render,
Thy gift so precious, useful, pure, and sweet:
For Brother Fire due praise we also tender,
Cresset of night, strong, jocund, source of heat.

5 Blessed be thou for Earth, our common Mother,
Store-house of daily food for man and brute:
For herb and tree, with blessings many other,
Gay-colour'd flow'rs, and divers kinds of fruit.

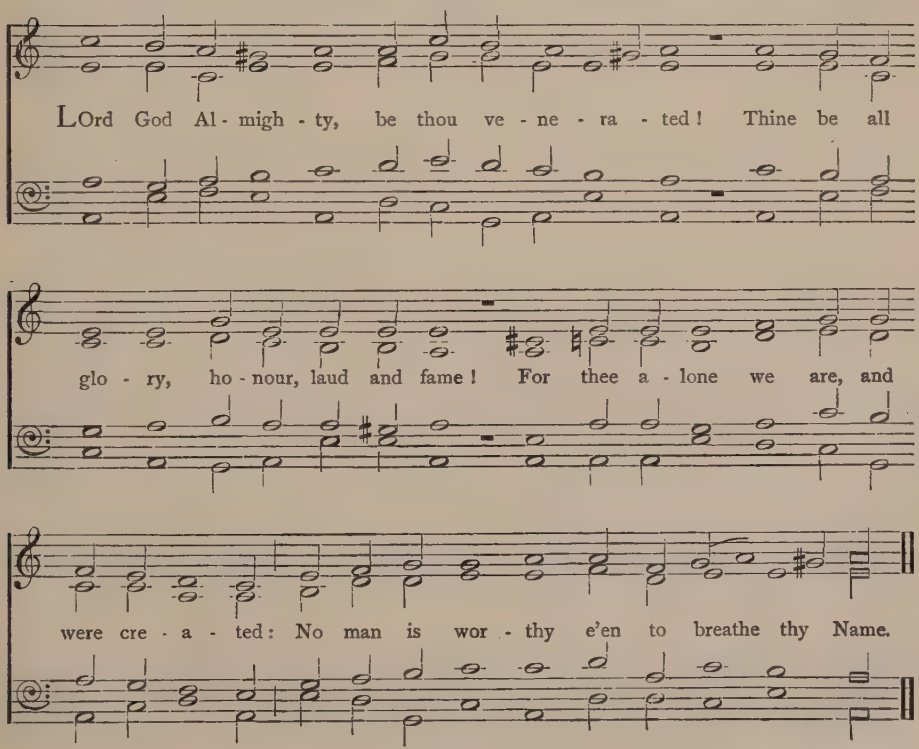
6 Blessed be thou for Sister Death, whose portal
No flesh may 'scape, nor turn therefrom away:
Woe to the man in wilful sin or mortal!
An he should die therein, wo worth the day!

7 Blest are the dead, ere death who did thy pleasure;
They from the second death go safe and free:—
Now to our Lord be thanks exceeding measure;
Him serve with love, and much humility.

S. Francis of Assisi (1182–1226); Tr. *G. R. W.*

406 D

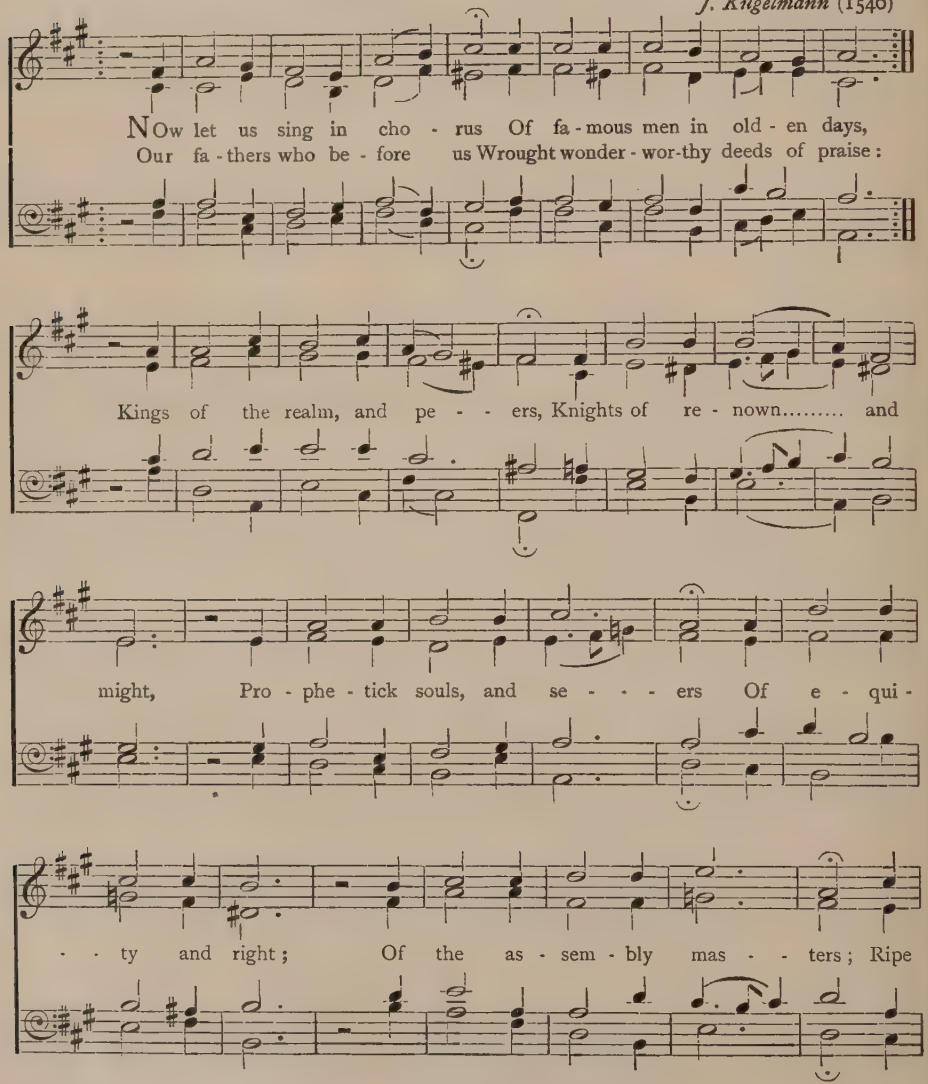
The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor; Harmonized by Claude Goudimel († 1572)

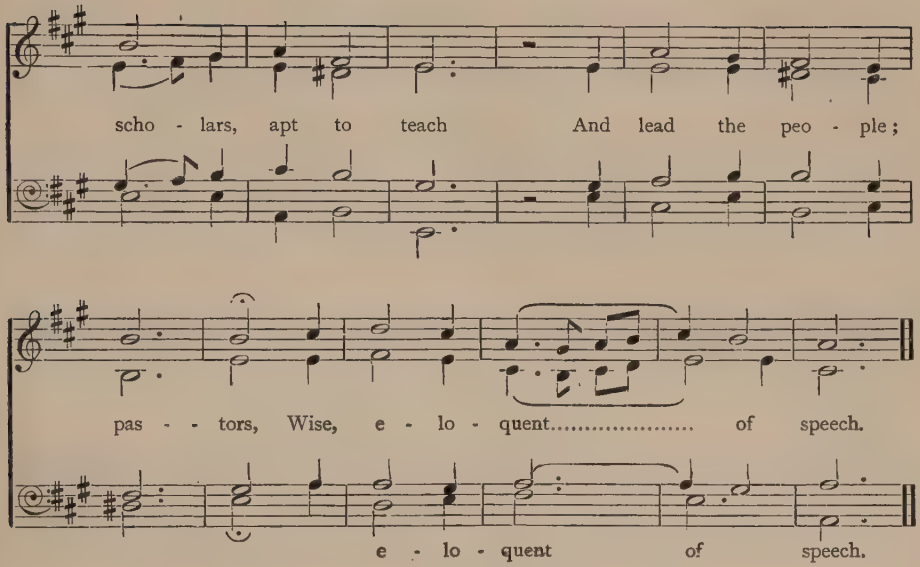

LOrd God Al - migh - ty, be thou ve - ne - ra - ted! Thine be all
glo - ry, ho - nour, laud and fame! For thee a - lone we are, and
were cre - a - ted: No man is wor - thy e'en to breathe thy Name.

407 Αἰνέσωμεν δὴ ἄνδρας ἐνδόξους (Ecclus. xliv)

Tune—NUN LOB, MEIN SEEL, DEN HERREN (Iambic, 7.8.7.8. 7.6 7.6. 7.6.7.6.)

J. Kugelmann (1540)


NOw let us sing in cho - rus Of fa - mous men in old - en days,
Our fa - thers who be - fore us Wrought wonder - wor-thy deeds of praise:
Kings of the realm, and pe - - - ers, Knights of re - nown..... and
might, Pro - phe - tick souls, and se - - - - ers Of e - qui -
- - ty and right; Of the as - sem - bly mas - - - ters; Ripe



2 Next, let there be recited,
And here let Holy Church rehearse,
Their praise who erst indited
And sung their Maker's praise in verse;
Such as of yore invented
The organ, harp and lyre,
Whose voice the psalm precented,
Who ruled it in the quire;
Rich men of sundry nations,
In peaceful homes and climes,
Blest in their generations,
The glory of their times.

3 There be of them, behind them
That have bequeath'd an honour'd name:
And some who, to remind them,
Have left but legacies of shame,
Or utterly have perish'd,
As they had ne'er been born,
Whose record is not cherish'd,
Whose acts are had in scorn.
But these were tender-hearted
And cannot be forgot;
Their names, though long departed,
Time never can out-blot.

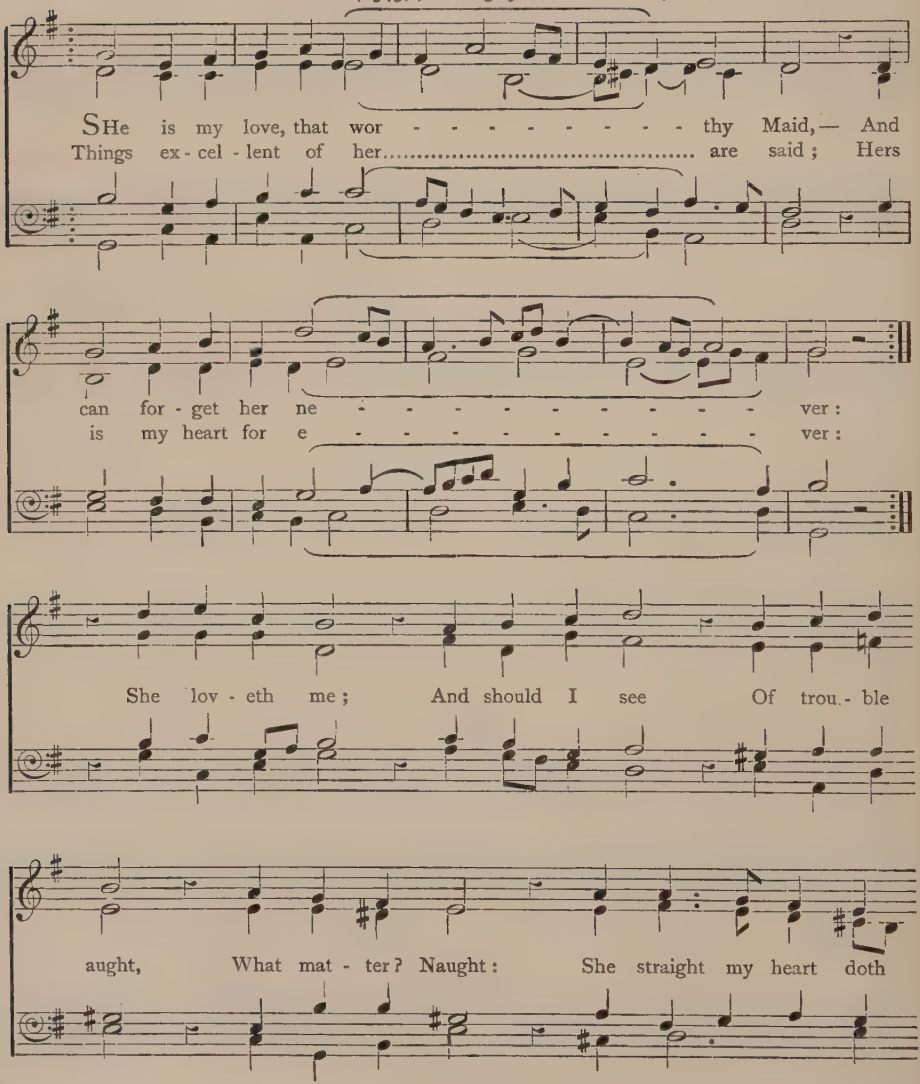
4 Their seed remaineth ever;
Their covenant shall have no break;
Their heritage shall never
Decay, but prosper for their sake.
Though, turn'd to ash and embers,
Their bodies rest in peace,
Their wisdom man remembers,
And shall, till time surcease;
Yea, bells from many a steeple
The merry peal shall raise,
And yearly shall the people
Commemorate their praise.

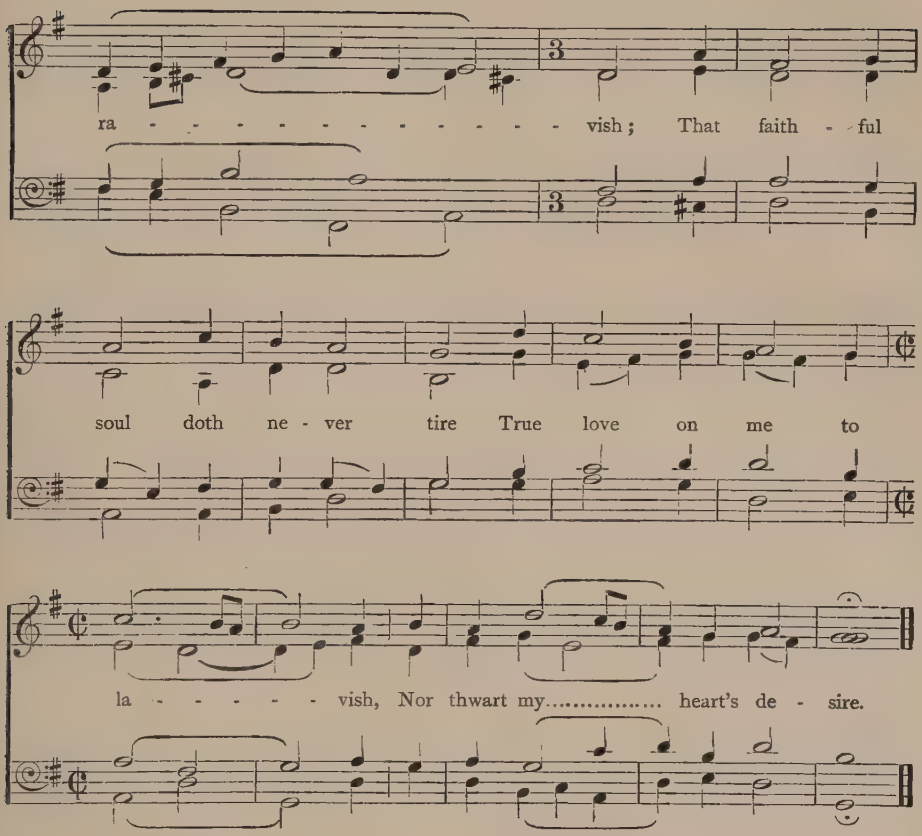
Jesus, son of Sirach, c. 200 B.C.; Tr. *G. R. W.*

¶ *For one of Bach's more elaborate Settings of this Melody, see Nos. 302 or 347.*

408 Sie iſt mir lieb, die werde Magd (Rev. xij, 1–6)

PROPER TUNE (Iambic, 8.7. 8.7. 4.4. 4.4. 7.8. 7.6.)

Babst (1545); *Setting by M. Prætorius* (1610), *and Charles Wood*

SHe is my love, that wor - - - - - - - - - thy Maid,— And
Things ex - cel - lent of her..... are said; Hers
can for - get her ne - - - - - - - - - - ver:
is my heart for e - - - - - - - - - - ver:
She lov - eth me; And should I see Of trou - ble
aught, What mat - ter? Naught: She straight my heart doth



2 She weareth golden crown full fine,
Twelve stars therein be gleaming;
Her smock is like the clear sunshine
Afar at noon-day beaming:
Beneath her shoon
Behold the Moon:
The King of bliss,
His Bride she is:
The hour of travail on her,
Soon she will child the Holy One,
Whom all the world shall honour;—
E'en she obey her Son.

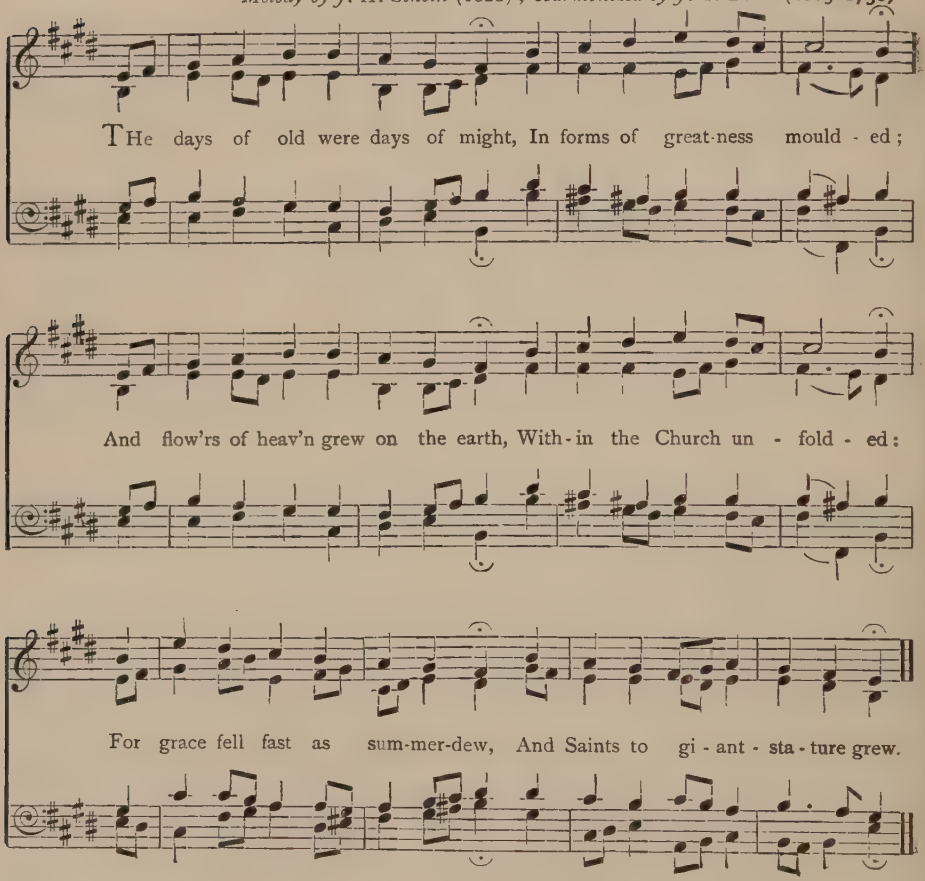
3 The Dragon old her Child would fain
Devour in malice dire;
But all his fury is in vain,
He may not glut his ire:
The Babe certain
To heaven up-ta'en,
Hath left his foe,
On earth below
To rage a little season:
The Mother too alone must dwell;
Yet her from harm and treason
The Father guardeth well.

M. Luther (1483–1546); Tr. *G. R. W.*

409 THE DAYS OF OLD

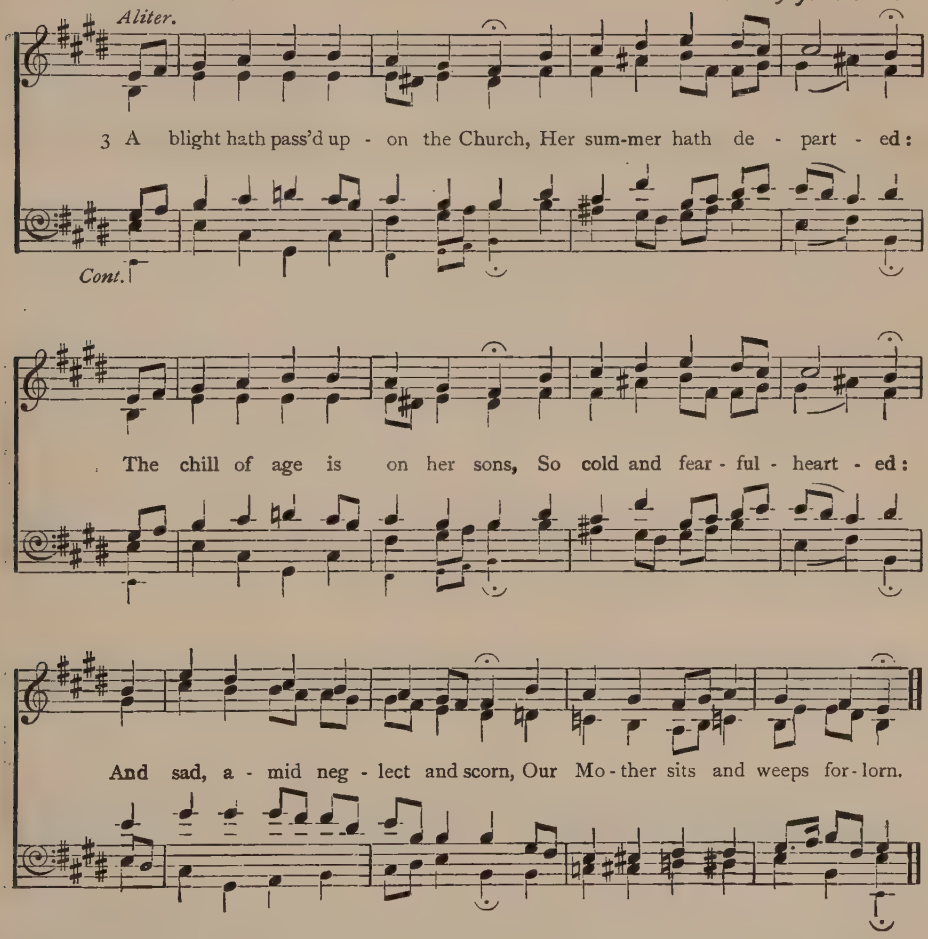
Tune—MACH'S MIT MIR, GOTT, NACH DEINER GÜT' (Trochaic, 8.7. 8.7. 8.8.)

Melody by J. H. Schein (1628); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685-1750)


THe days of old were days of might, In forms of great-ness mould - ed;
And flow'rs of heav'n grew on the earth, With-in the Church un - fold - ed:
For grace fell fast as sum-mer-dew, And Saints to gi - ant - sta - ture grew.

2 But one by one the gifts are gone
That in the Church resided;
And gone the Spirit's living light,
That on her walls abided,
When by our shrines he came to dwell
In power and presence visible.

Verse 3 in Unison. *Also by J. S. Bach.*


Aliter.
3 A blight hath pass'd up - on the Church, Her sum-mer hath de - part - ed:
Cont.
The chill of age is on her sons, So cold and fear - ful - heart - ed:
And sad, a - mid neg - lect and scorn, Our Mo - ther sits and weeps for - lorn.

4 Smaller and smaller still each year
The holy circle groweth;
And what the end of all shall be
Nor man nor Angel knoweth.
And so we wait and watch in fear:—
It may be that the Lord is near.

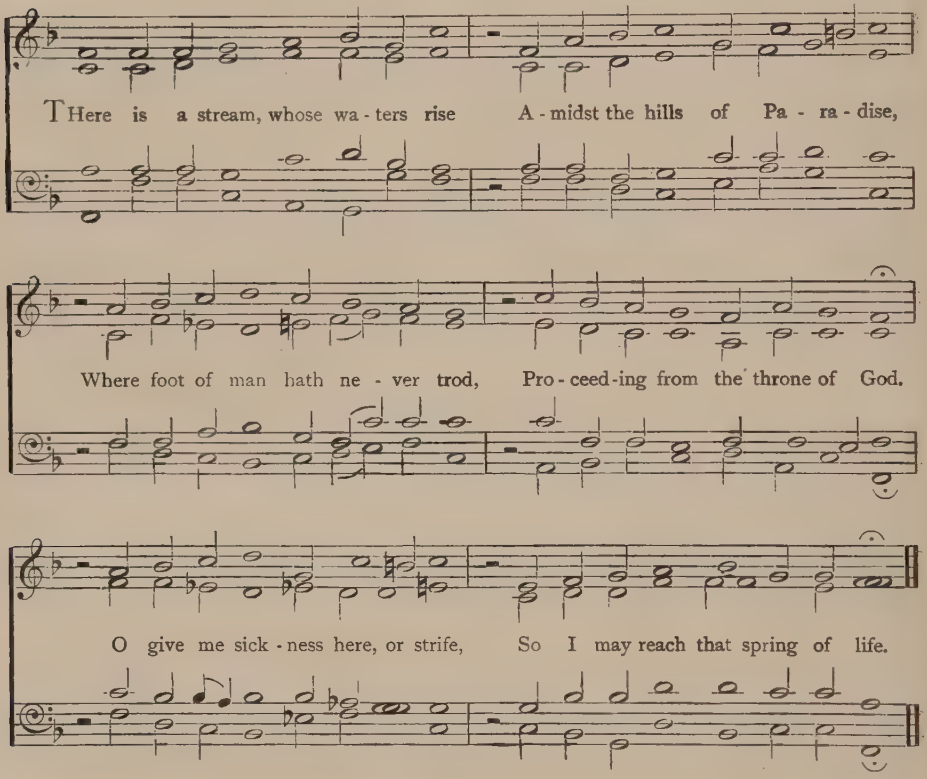
F. W. Faber (1814–1863)

¶ *For an older form of the Tune, see No. 60; and for another Setting by Bach, No. 85*

410A THERE IS A STREAM

Tune—ANGELS' SONG (Iambic, 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.)

Melody and Bass by Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625); *Mean parts by Edmund W. Goldsmith*


THere is a stream, whose wa - ters rise A - midst the hills of Pa - ra - dise,
Where foot of man hath ne - ver trod, Pro - ceed - ing from the throne of God.
O give me sick - ness here, or strife, So I may reach that spring of life.

2 There is a rock that nigh at hand
Gives shadow in a weary land;
Who in that stricken rock hath rest
Finds waters gushing from its breast.
O grant me when this scene is o'er,
Their lot who thirst not any more.

3 There is a people who have cast
The strife and toil away at last:
On whom,—so calm their rest, and sweet,—
The sun lights not, nor any heat;
Give me with them at length to be,
And send me here what pleaseth thee.

4 O thou, who camest death to spoil,
And barest weariness and toil,
And just before thy chains were burst,
Fulfilling Scripture, saidst 'I thirst,'
Who call'st thy weary servants o'er
The same rough road thou trodd'st before;

5 Thou only good, thou only wise,
Who dost so lovingly chastise,
To give more strength and add more grace;
Grant me thy spirit to embrace,
The more—the more that nature faints—
The glorious portion of All Saints.

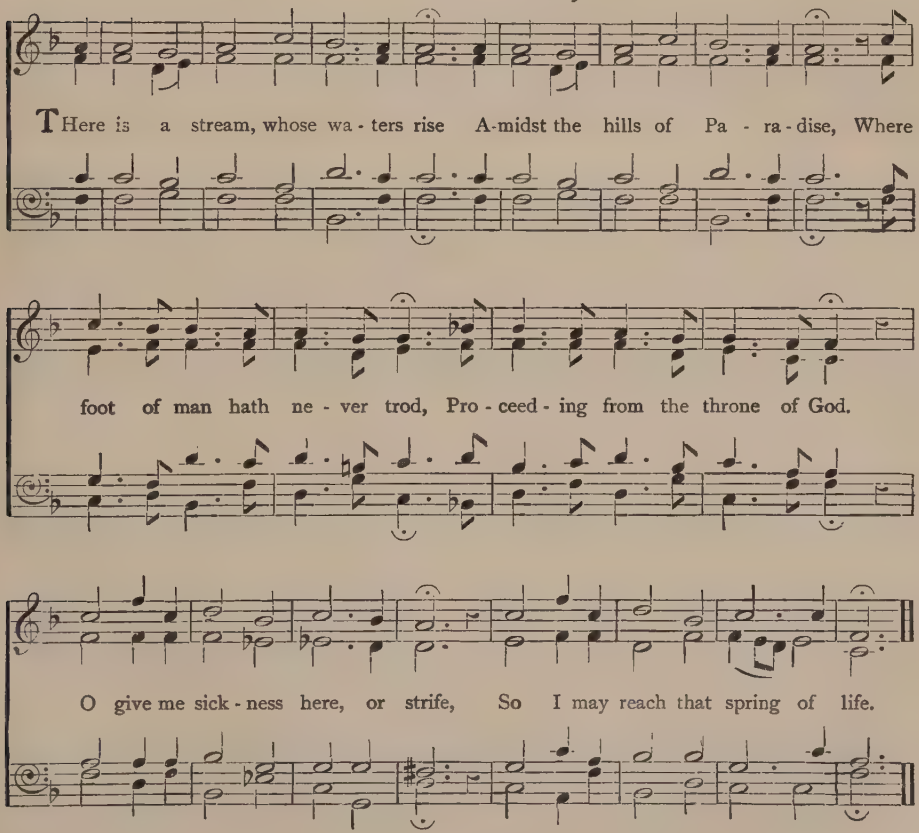
6 Thou would'st not, Lord, ascend to reign,
But first on earth thou suffered'st pain;
And now, O Father, at thy side
For us he pleads, for us who died;
Shading from storm, and blast, and heat,
With that eternal Paraclete.

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

4 IOB

Tune—O SOETEN JESUS, GODT EN MENSCH

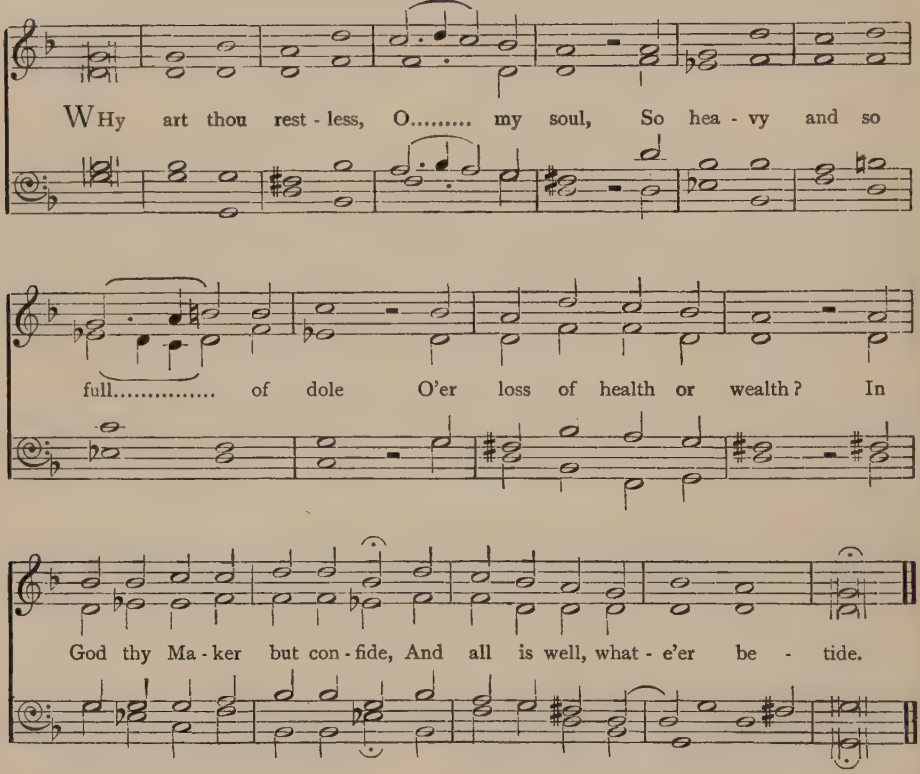
From De Coussemaker's Chants populaires des Flamands de France (1856);
Harmonized by G. R. W.


THere is a stream, whose wa - ters rise A-midst the hills of Pa - ra - dise, Where
foot of man hath ne - ver trod, Pro - ceed - ing from the throne of God.
O give me sick - ness here, or strife, So I may reach that spring of life.

411A Warum betrübst du dich, mein Herz

(Iambic, 8.8.6. 8 8.)

Melody by Barth. Monœtius (1565) ; *Setting by J. H. Schein* (1593–1627)


WHy art thou rest - less, O..... my soul, So hea - vy and so
full..... of dole O'er loss of health or wealth? In
God thy Ma - ker but con - fide, And all is well, what - e'er be - tide.

2 The Lord is mindful of his own ;
He will not leave thee all alone ;
Both heaven and earth are his :
The Lord, he is thy God indeed,
A present help in time of need.

3 When dearth and drought o'er Jewry spread,
Elias had no lack of bread :
In one Sareptan home,
God, through that famine long and sore,
Supplied him of a widow's store.

4 'Neath juniper what time he slept,
An Angel o'er him vigil kept,
That said, 'Arise and eat :'
And in the strength thereof he trod
The way to Horeb, mount of God.

5 When Daniel, forsook by men,
Was cast into the lion-den,
God spake by Angel-tongue,
'Go, Habbacuc, with harvest-mess,
Sustain my servant in distress.'

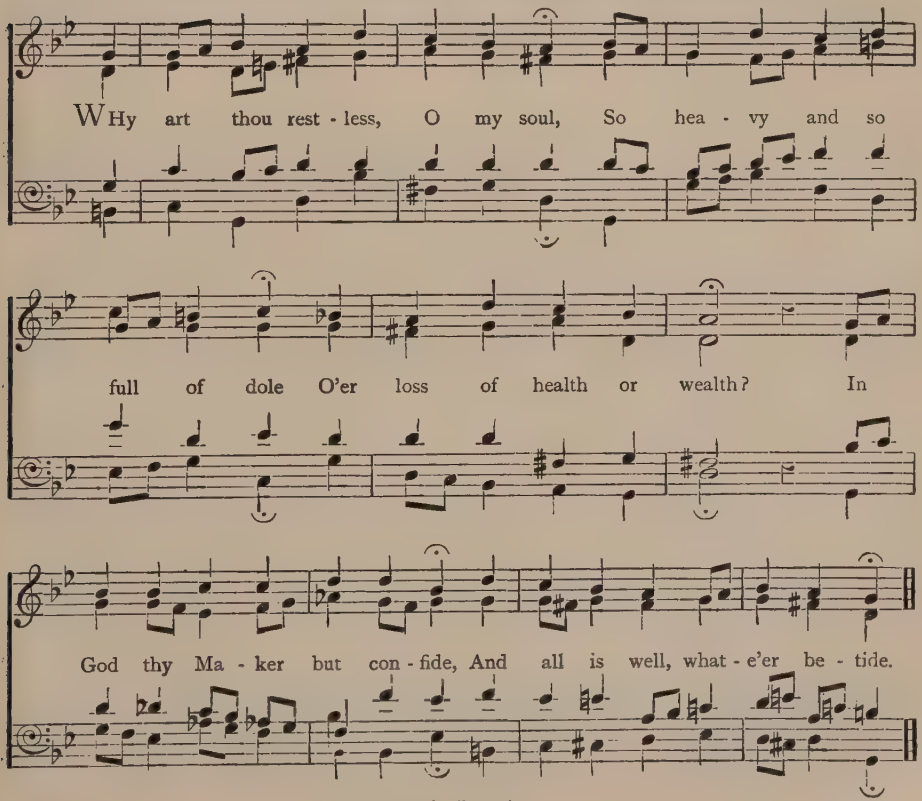
6 When Joseph, into Egypt sold,
Lay hurt in Pharao's dungeon cold,
Because of righteousness,
Him God upraised from bond and thrall
O'er Jacob and his brethren all.

7 Nor were the Children three forgot
Of God, within the furnace hot;
He sent his Angel down,
In danger's hour, and bade him save
His Martyrs from a fiery grave.

8 Thine arm, O Lord, is mighty still
To guard thy faithful folk from ill,
Now, as in olden days:
Let me but in thy fear abide,
And well is me, whate'er betide.

(?) *Hans Sachs* (1494–1576); Tr. *G. R. W.*

411 B *A later form of the foregoing; Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)

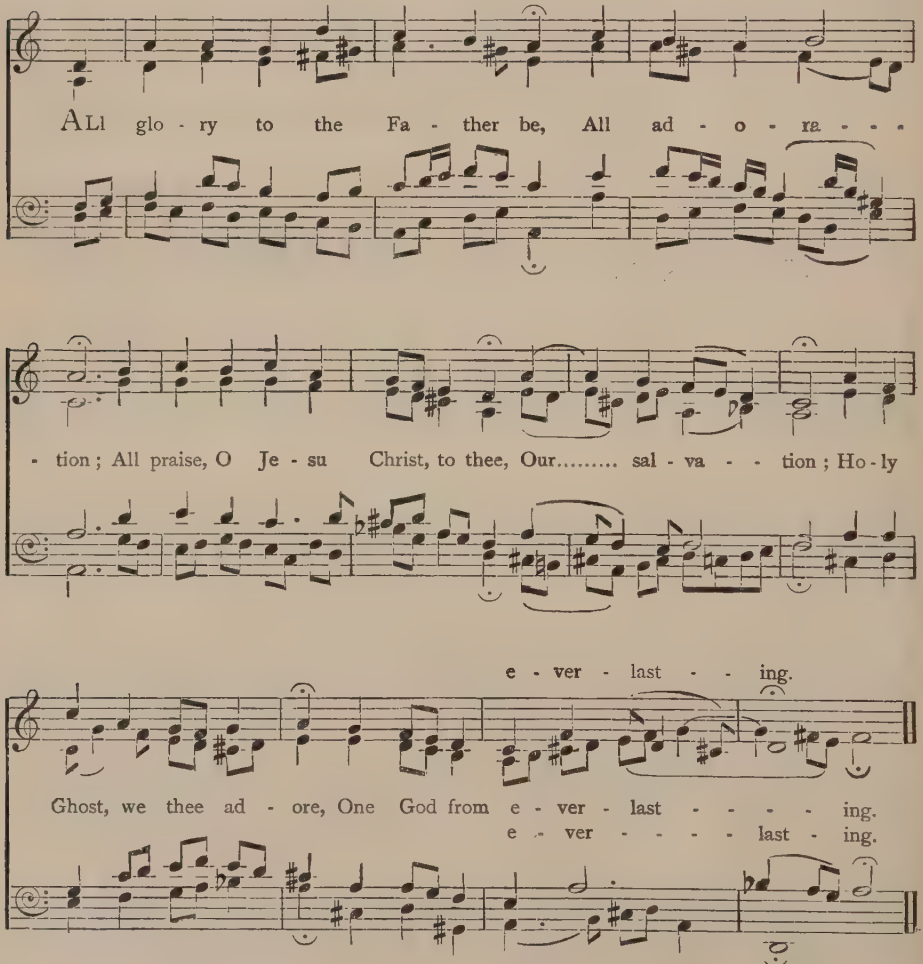

Why art thou rest - less, O my soul, So hea - vy and so
full of dole O'er loss of health or wealth? In
God thy Ma - ker but con - fide, And all is well, what - e'er be - tide.

DOXOLOGIES

412 A ALL GLORY TO THE FATHER BE

Tune—MIT FRIED' UND FREUD' (Iambic-trochaic, 8.5.8.4.$\overline{7}$.7.)

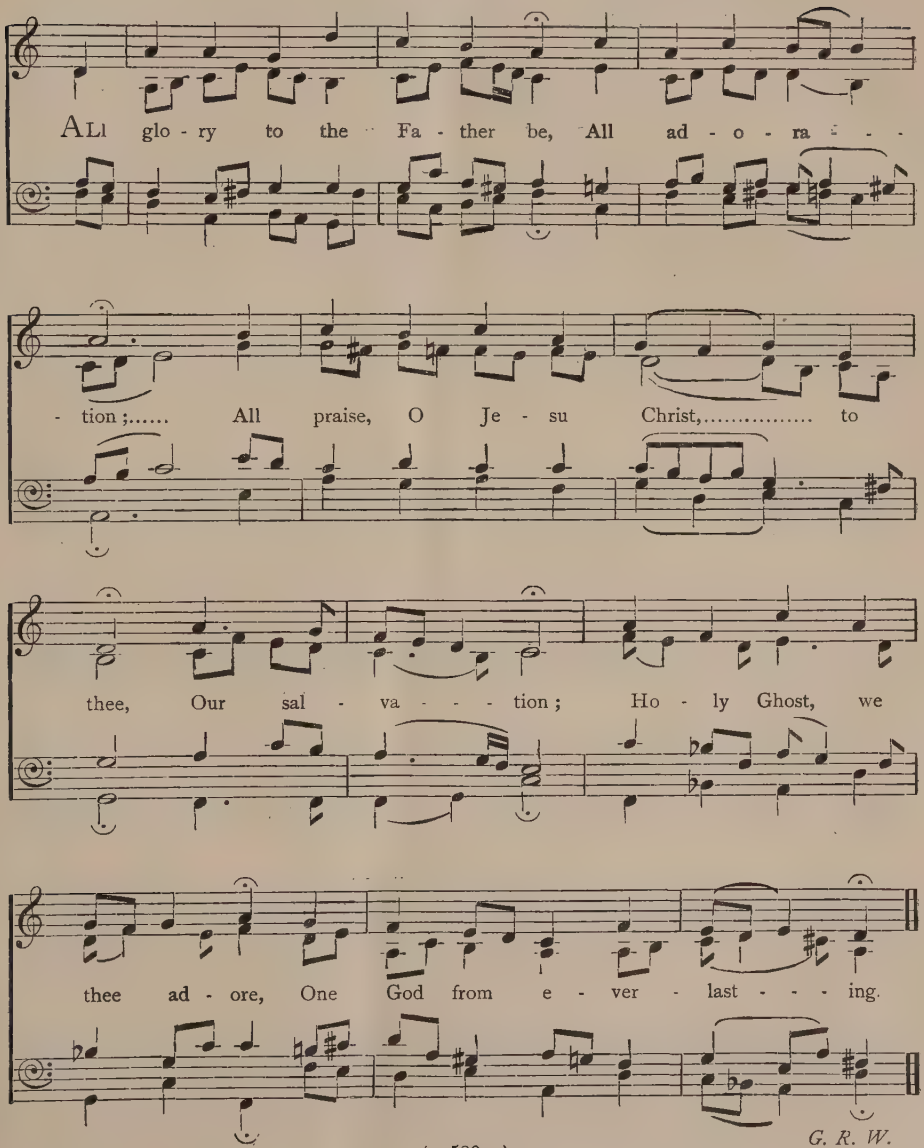
J. Walter, Gesangbuch (1524); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


ALL glo - ry to the Fa - ther be, All ad - o - ra - - -
- tion; All praise, O Je - su Christ, to thee, Our..... sal - va - - tion; Ho - ly
e - ver - last - - ing.
Ghost, we thee ad - ore, One God from e - ver - last - - - - - ing.
e - ver - - - - - last - ing.
e - - - ver - last - ing.

G. R. W.

412 B

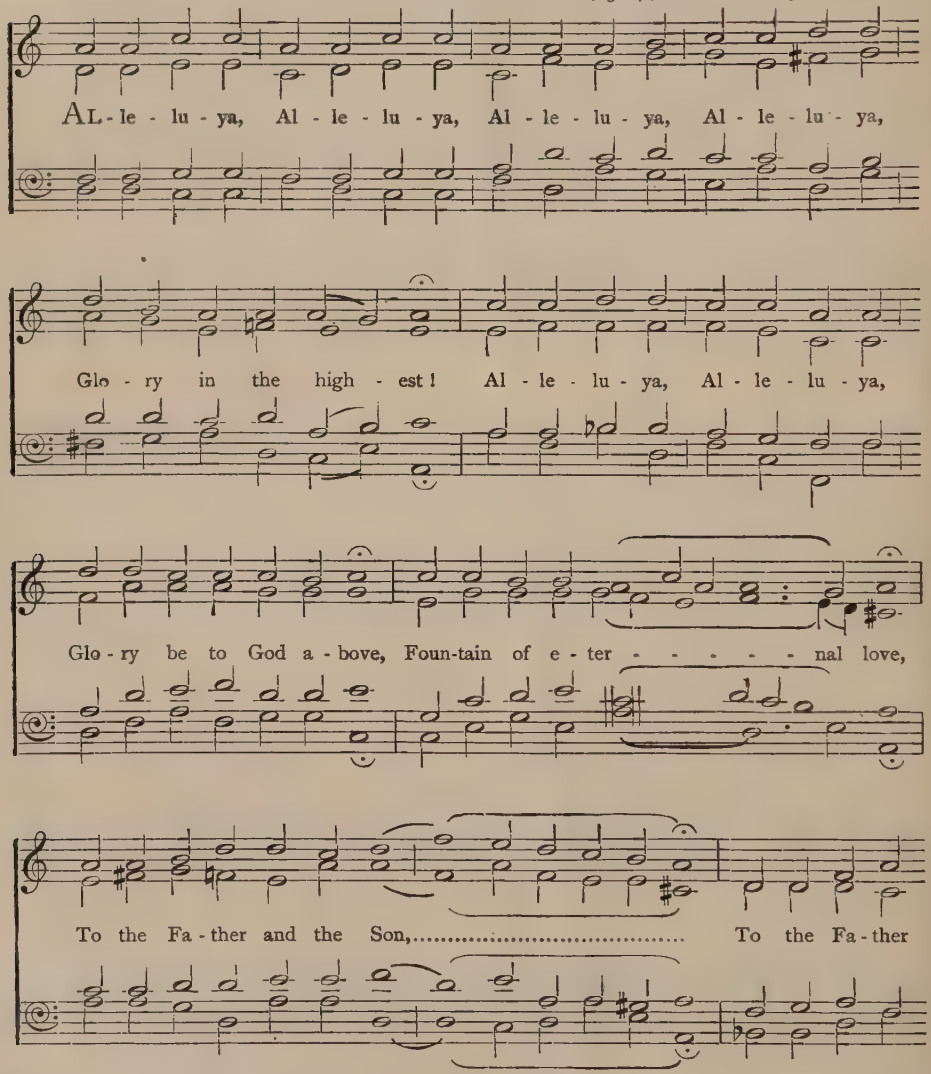
The foregoing; Harmonized by Johannes Brahms (1883–1897)

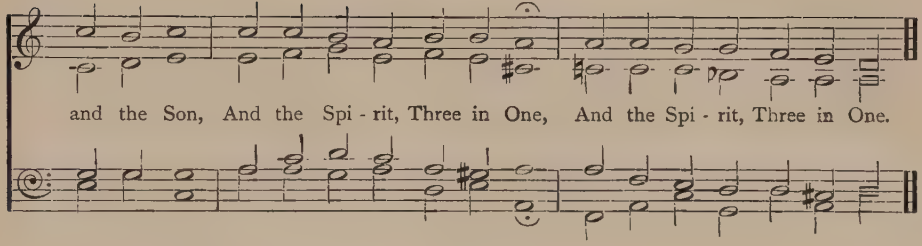

All glo - ry to the Fa - ther be, All ad - o - ra - - -
- tion;..... All praise, O Je - su Christ,..... to
thee, Our sal - va - - - - tion; Ho - ly Ghost, we
thee ad - ore, One God from e - ver - last - - - ing.

G. R. W.

413 ALLELVYA, GLORY IN THE HIGHEST

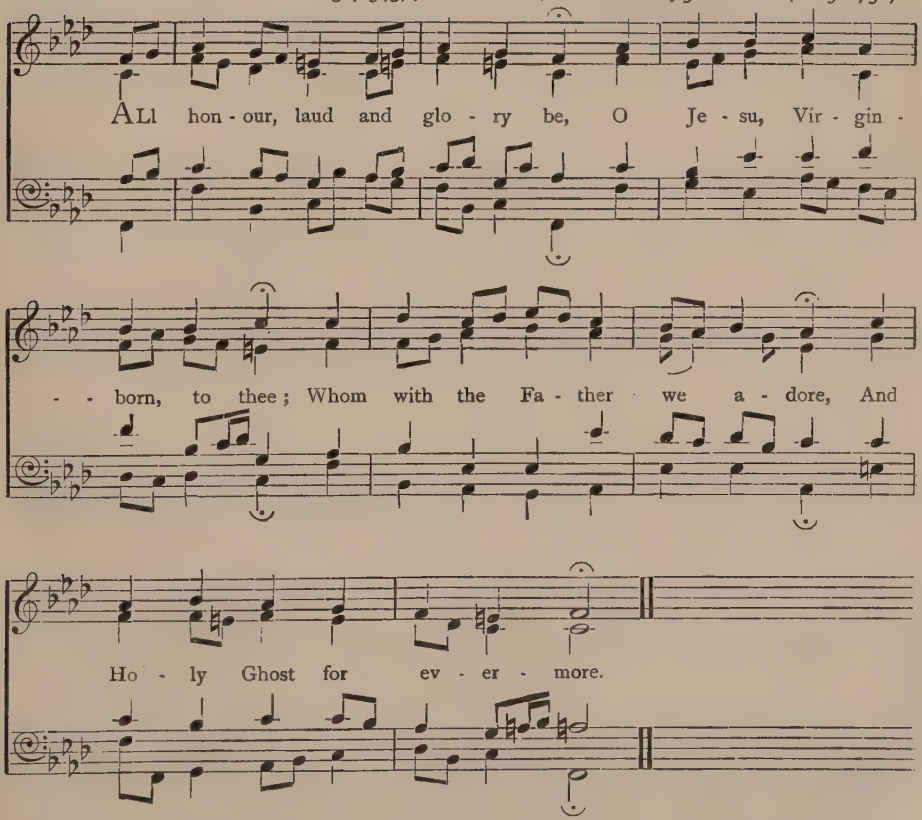
Tune—IVCVNDARE IVGITER (Trochaic, 8.6. 7.7. 7.7.)

Piæ Cantiones (1582); *Harmonized by G. R. W.*

AL-le-lu-ya, Al-le-lu-ya, Al-le-lu-ya, Al-le-lu-ya,
Glo-ry in the high-est! Al-le-lu-ya, Al-le-lu-ya,
Glo-ry be to God a-bove, Foun-tain of e-ter-nal love,
To the Fa-ther and the Son, To the Fa-ther



414 A Erhalt uns, Herr, bei deinem Wort

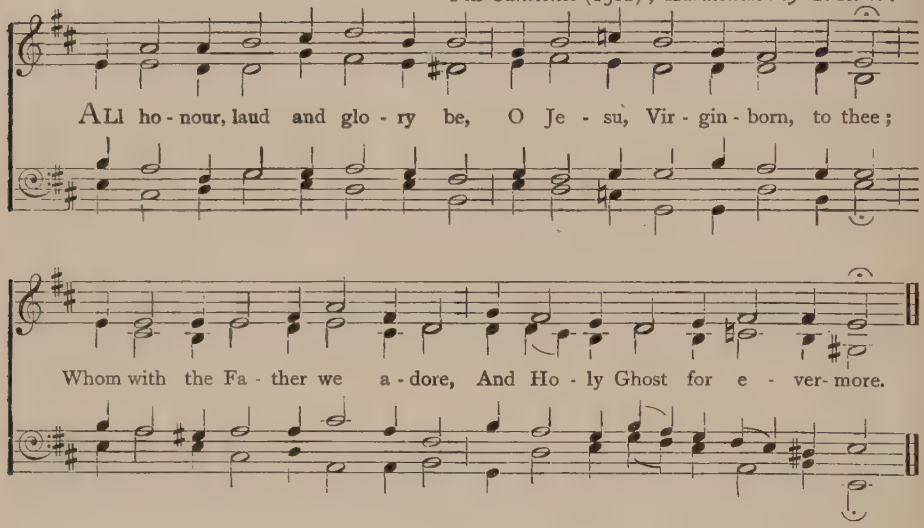
Klug (1543); *later version, harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)



414 B

Tune—O Rex cœlorvm Domine

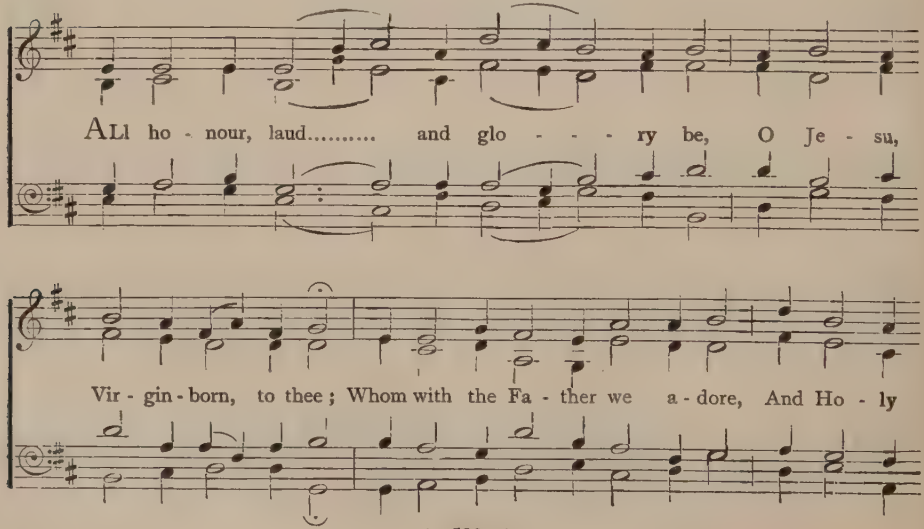
Piæ Cantiones (1582); *Harmonized by G. R. W.*

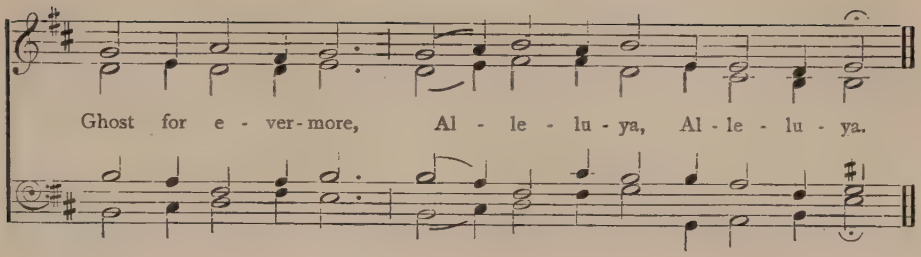


414 C

Tune—Svm in aliena Provincia

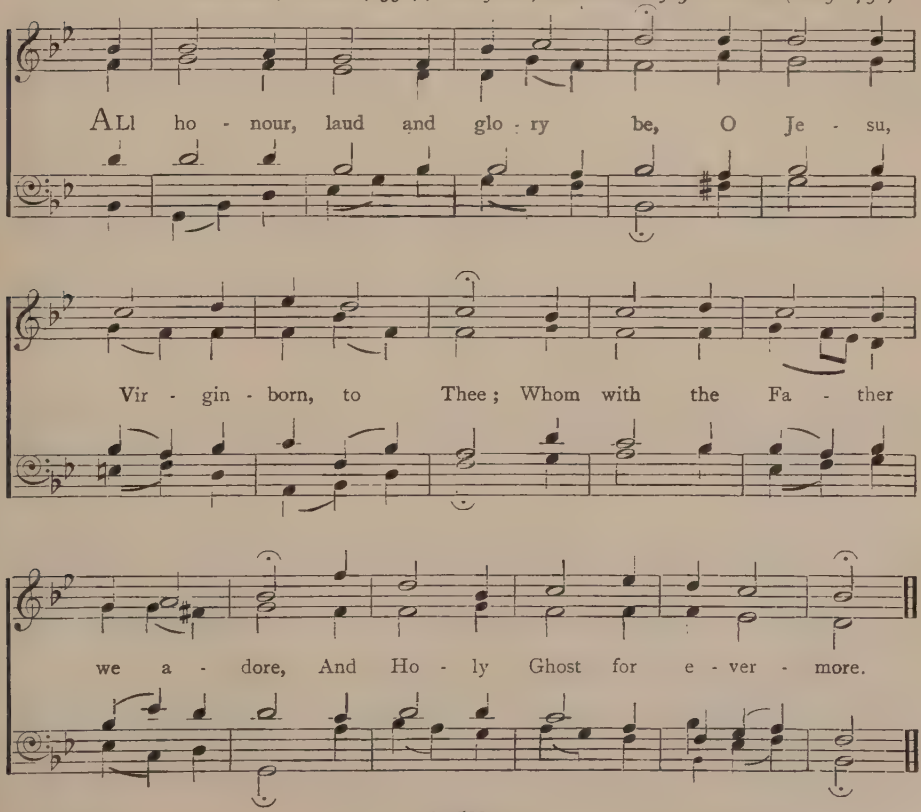
Piæ Cantiones (1582); *Harmonized by John Robert Lunn*





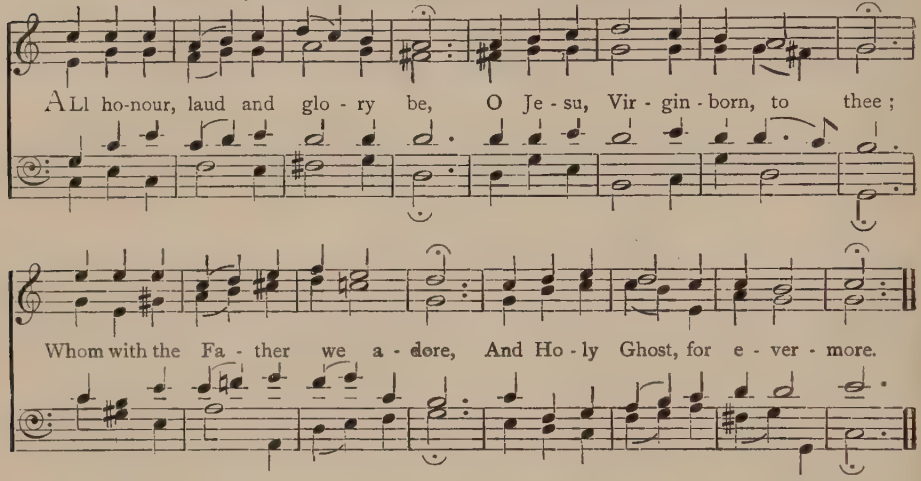
414 D *Tune*—FÜR DEINEN THRON TRET ICH HIERMIT

Ps. cxxxiv, *Geneva* (1551); *later form, harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)



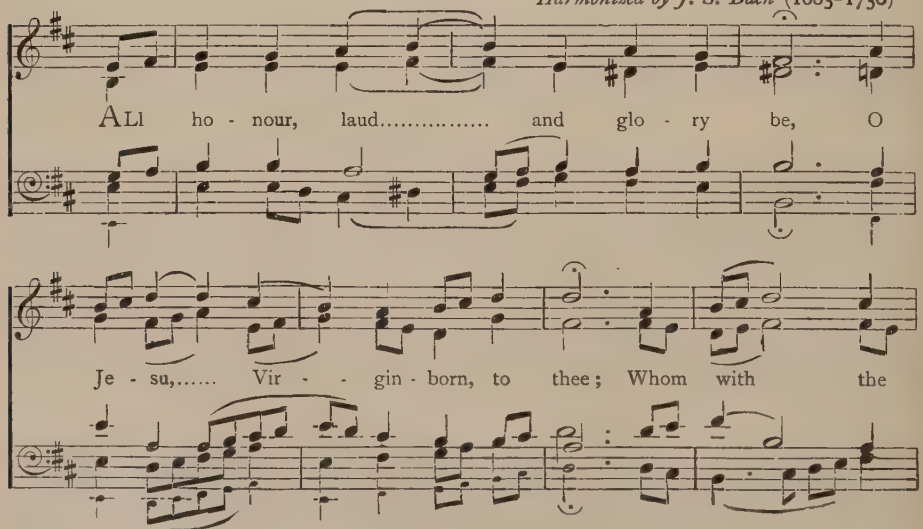
414 E

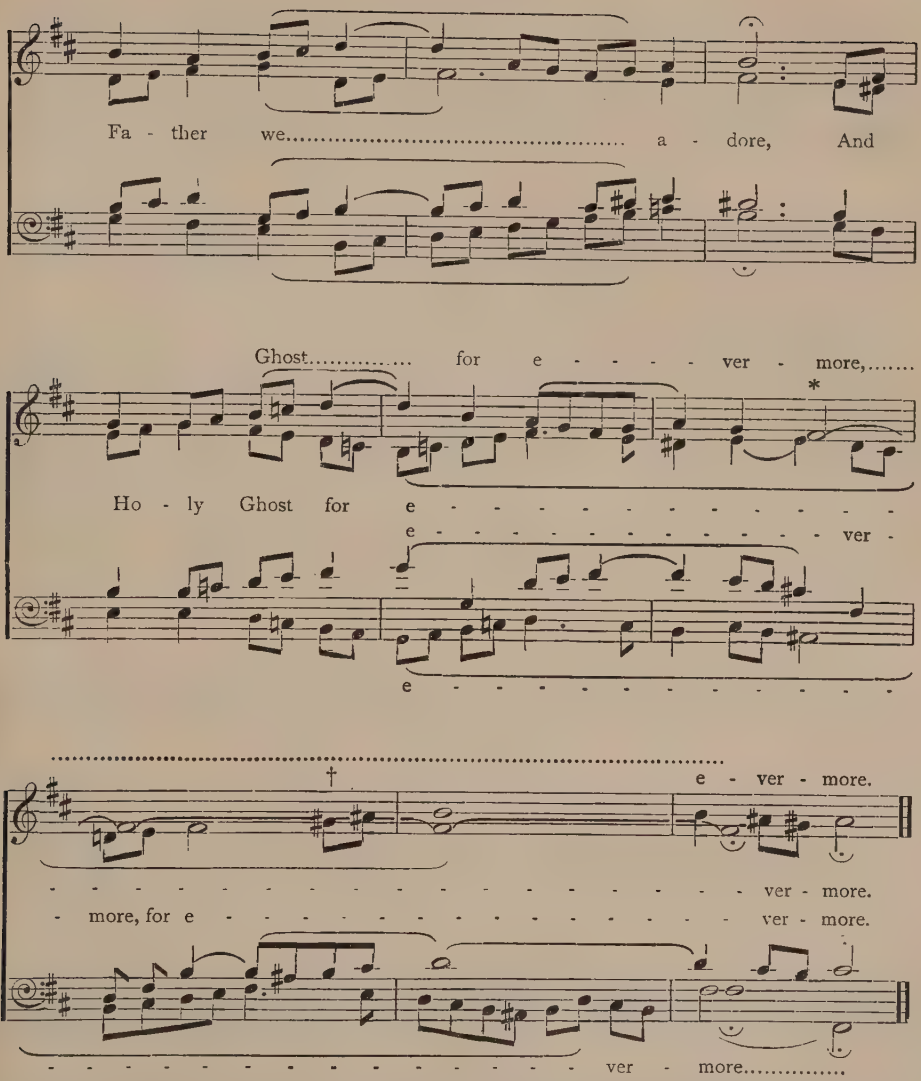
Tune—ACH GOTT, WIE MANCHES HERZELEID

From As hymnodus sacer (*Leipzig*, 1625); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)

414 F

Tune—CHRISTUM WIR SOLLEN LOBEN SCHON (Iambic, 8.8.8.8.)

Harmonized by J. S. Bach (1685-1750)



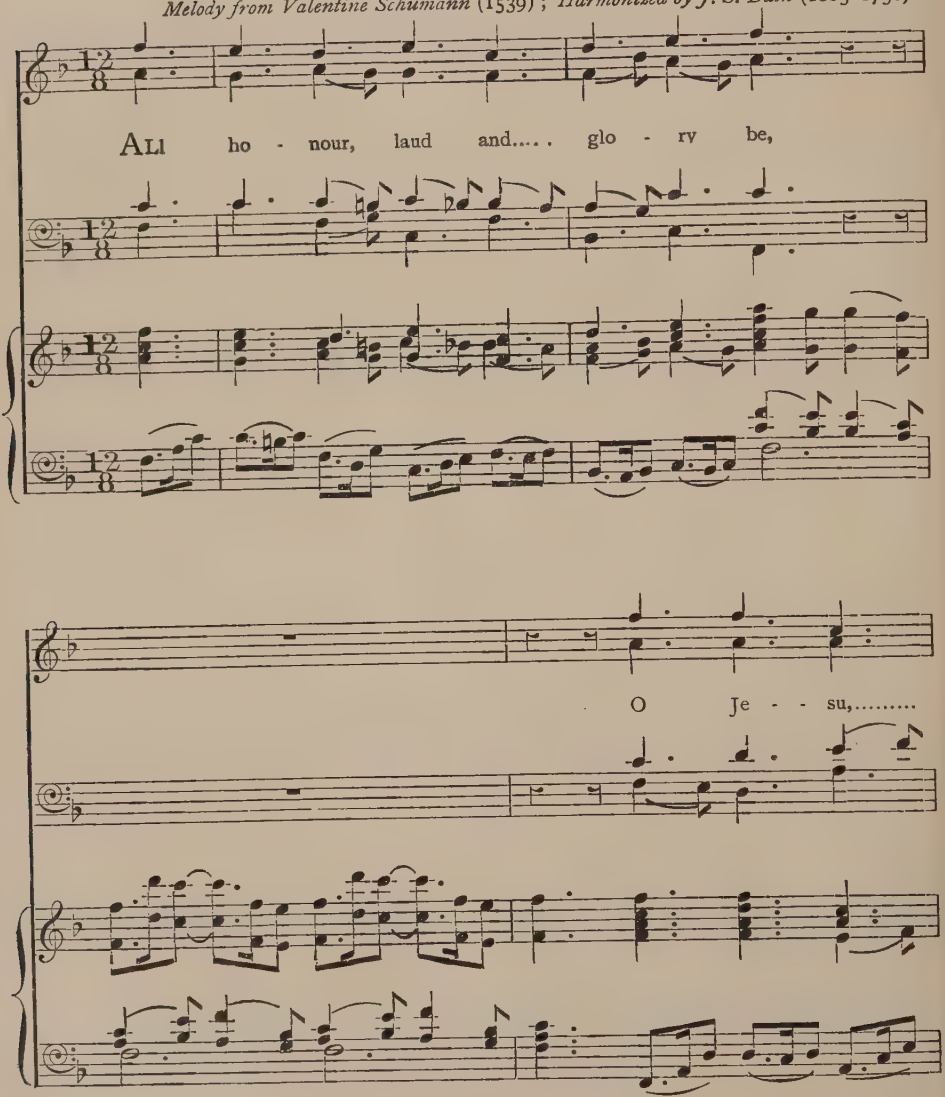


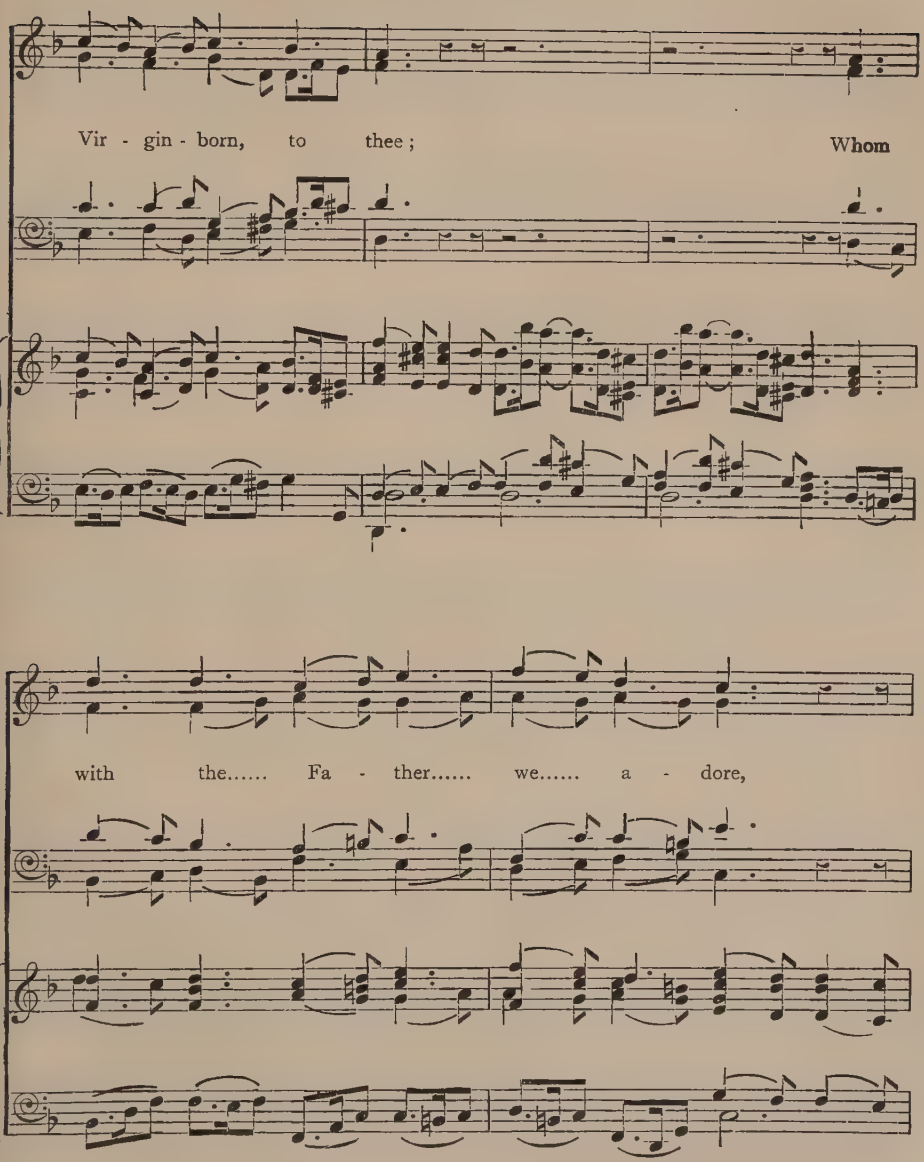
* The Trebles hold this F for the remaining 3½ bars. † The Altos here soar above the Trebles.

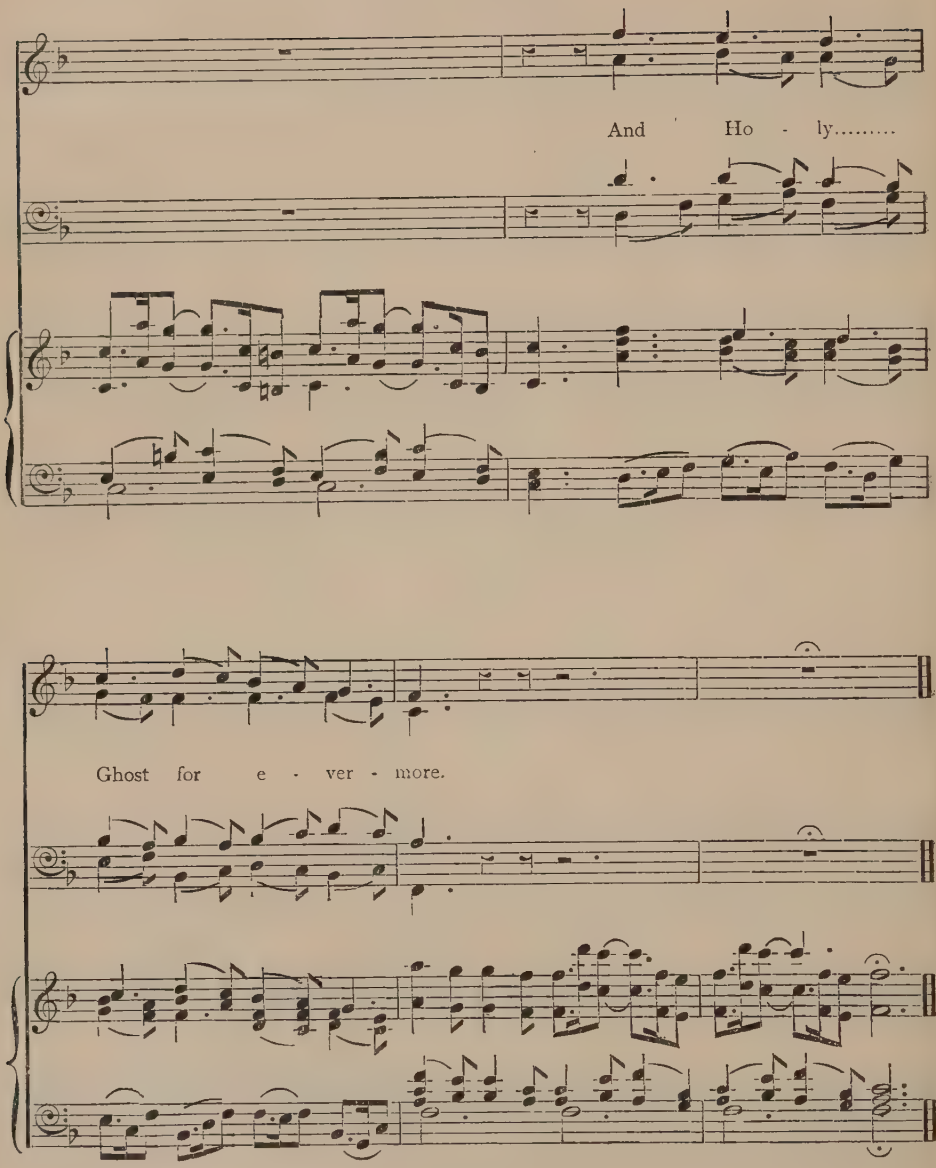
¶ *For an older form of this Melody* (A solis ortus cardine), *see No. 21.*

414 G *Tune*—VON HIMMEL HOCH DA KOM ICH HER

Melody from Valentine Schumann (1539); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)



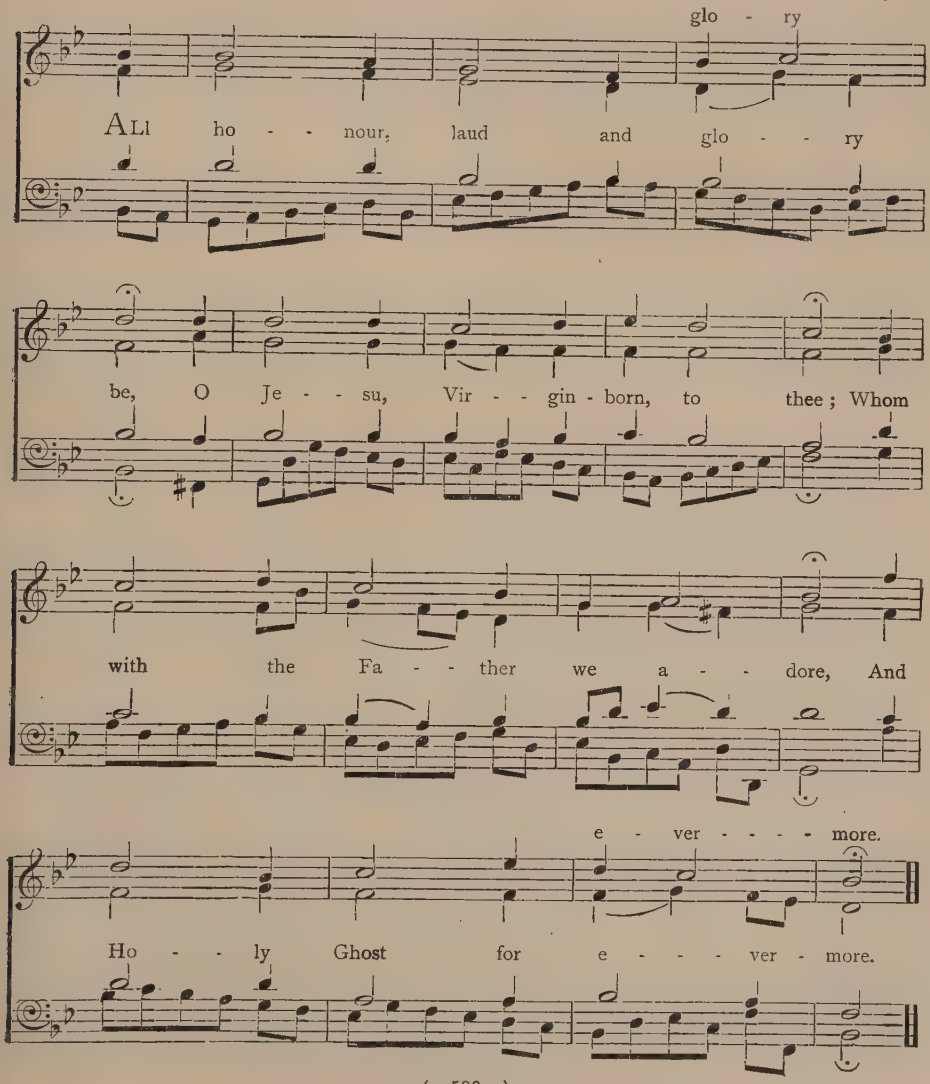

Vir - gin - born, to thee; Whom
with the..... Fa - ther..... we..... a - dore,


And Ho - ly.....
Ghost for e - ver - more.

414 H

Tune—HERR GOTT, DICH LOBEN ALLE WIR
OR SUS SERVITEURS (Ps. cxxxiv)

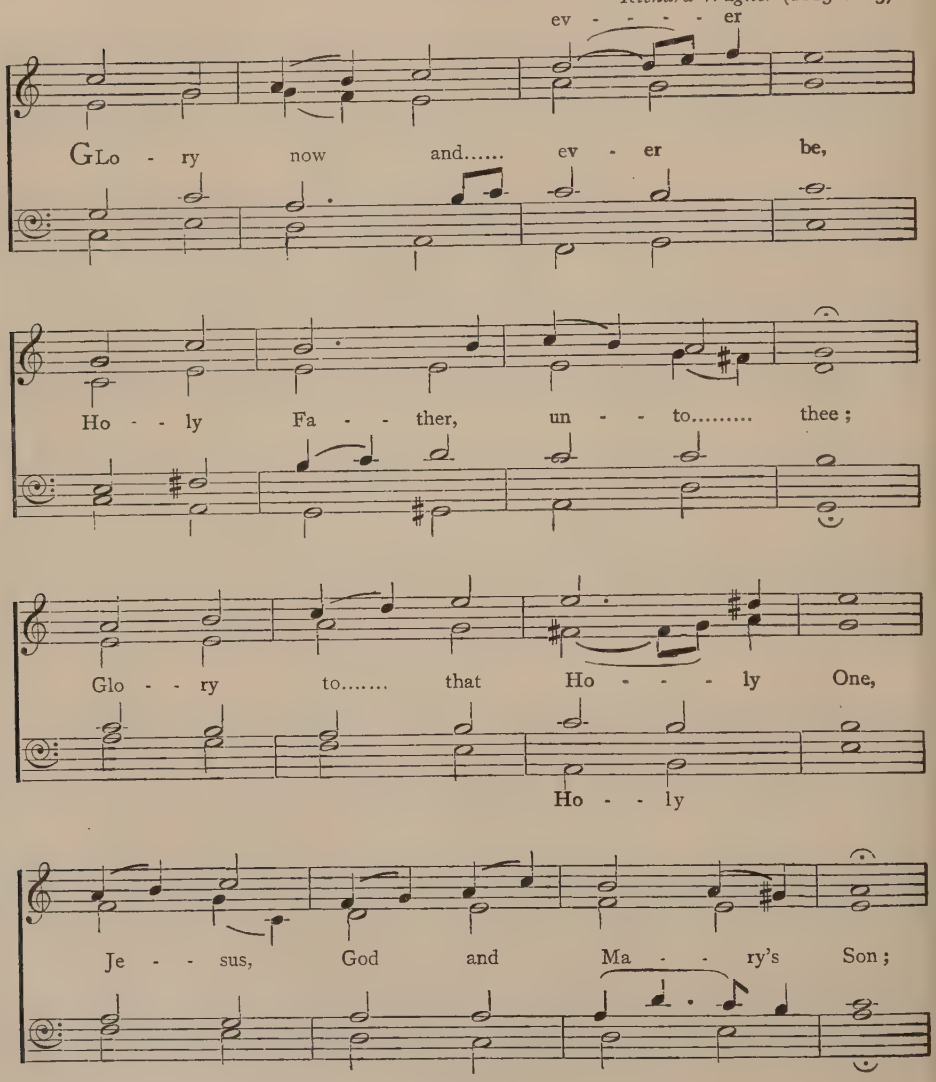
Geneva (1551); *later form, harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)

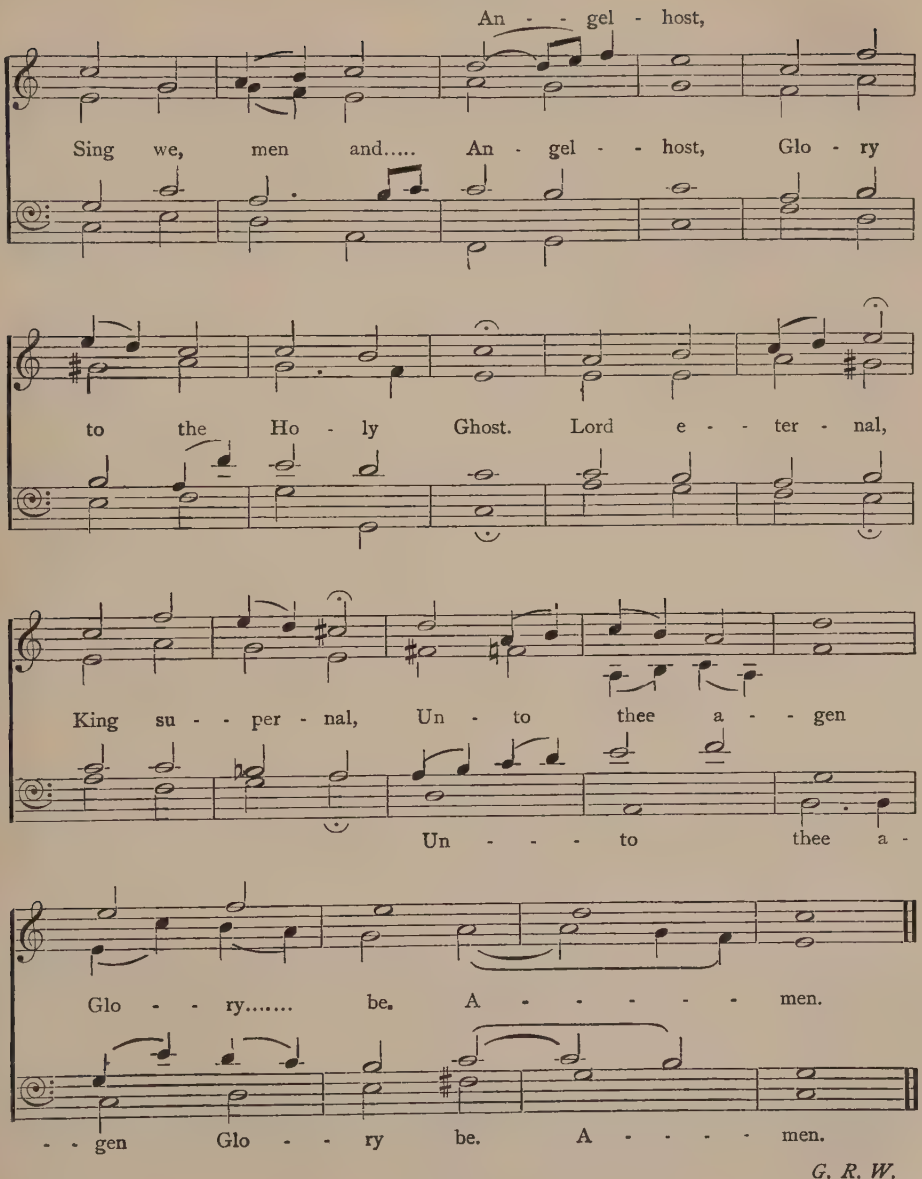

glo - ry
All ho - - nour, laud and glo - - ry
be, O Je - - su, Vir - - gin - born, to thee; Whom
with the Fa - - ther we a - - dore, And
e - ver - - - - more.
Ho - - ly Ghost for e - - - - ver - more.

415 GLORY NOW AND EVER BE

Tune—DA ZU DIR DER HEILAND KAM (Trochaic, 7·7·7·7·7·7·4·4·5·5·)

Richard Wagner (1813–1883)

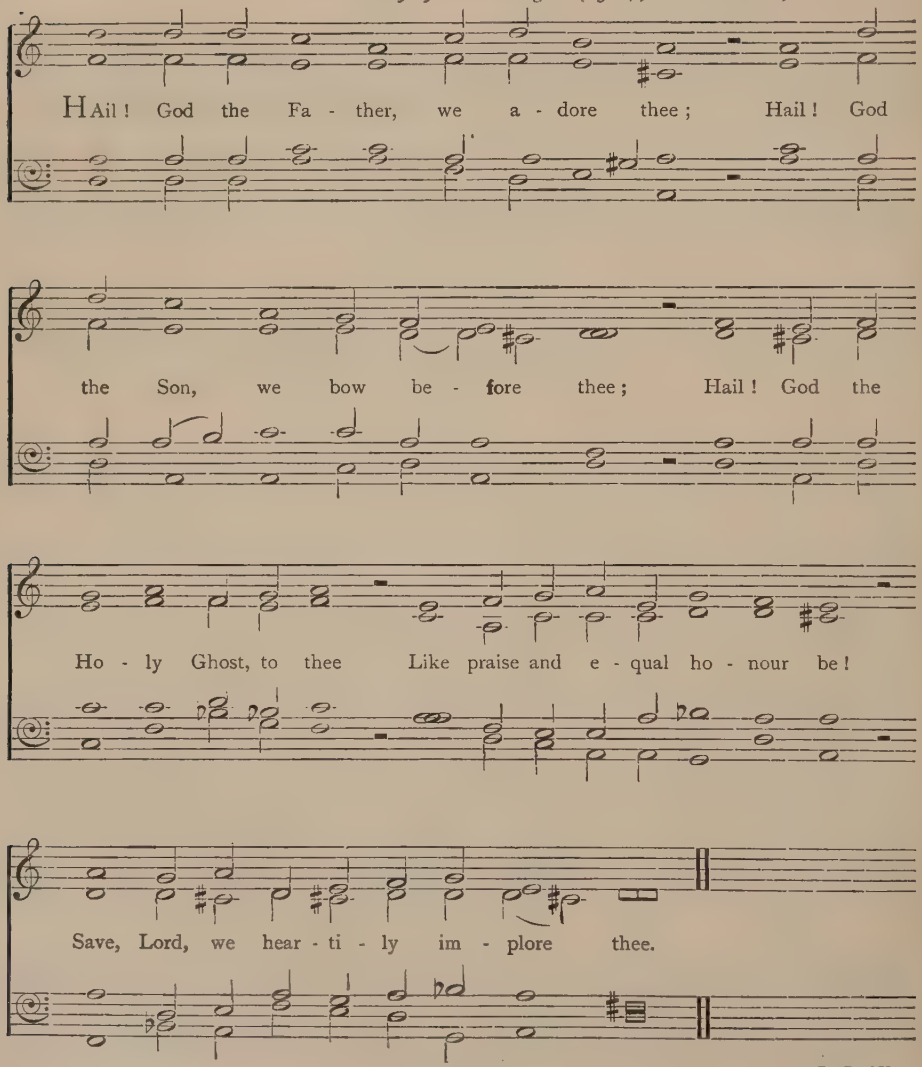



An - - gel - host,
Sing we, men and..... An - gel - - host, Glo - ry
to the Ho - ly Ghost. Lord e - - ter - nal,
King su - - per - nal, Un - to thee a - - gen
Un - - - to thee a -
Glo - - ry..... be. A - - - - - - men.
- - gen Glo - - ry be. A - - - - men.

G. R. W.

416[A] HAIL! GOD THE FATHER

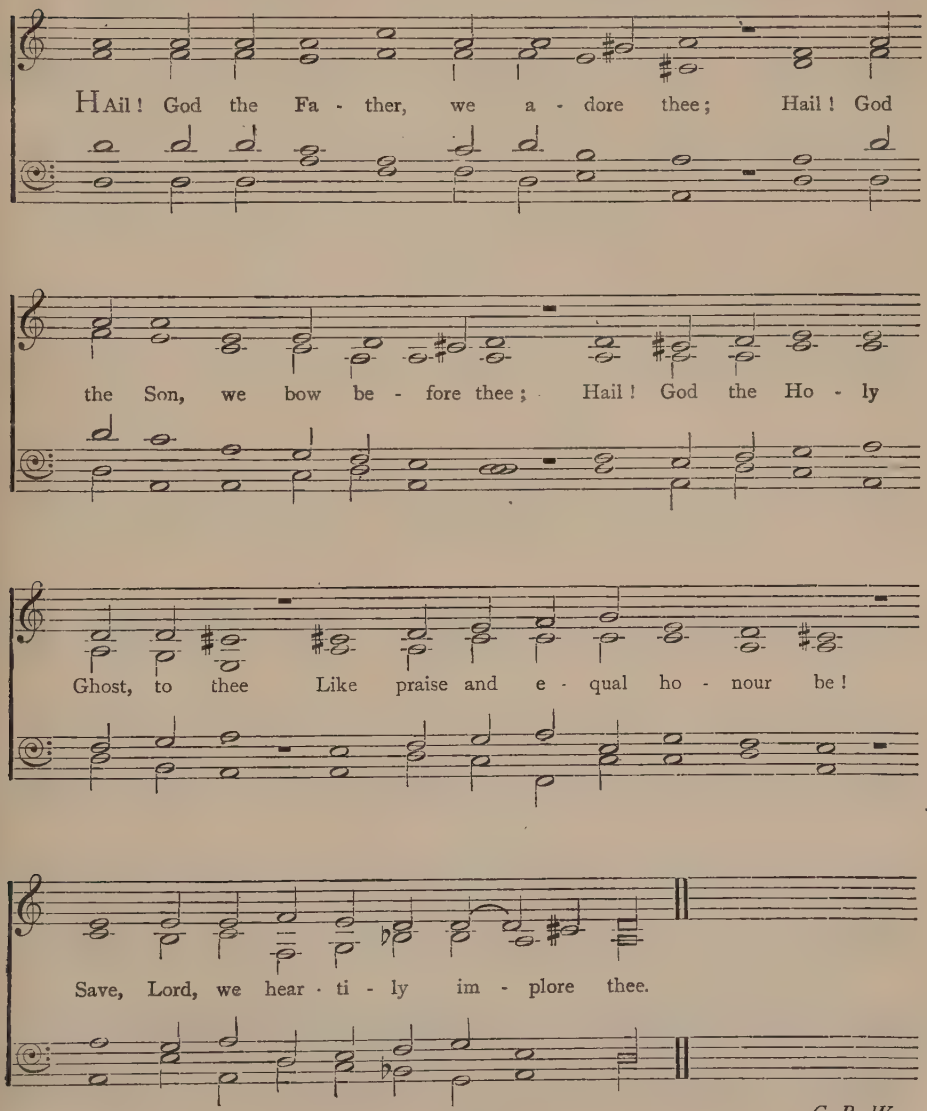
Tune—CHANTEZ À DIEU CHANSON NOUVELLE (Ps. xcvi) (Trochaic, 9.9.8.8.9.)

Melody by Pierre Dagues (1562); *Harmonized by G. R. W.*

HAil! God the Fa - ther, we a - dore thee; Hail! God
the Son, we bow be - fore thee; Hail! God the
Ho - ly Ghost, to thee Like praise and e - qual ho - nour be!
Save, Lord, we hear - ti - ly im - plore thee.

G. R. W.

416 B

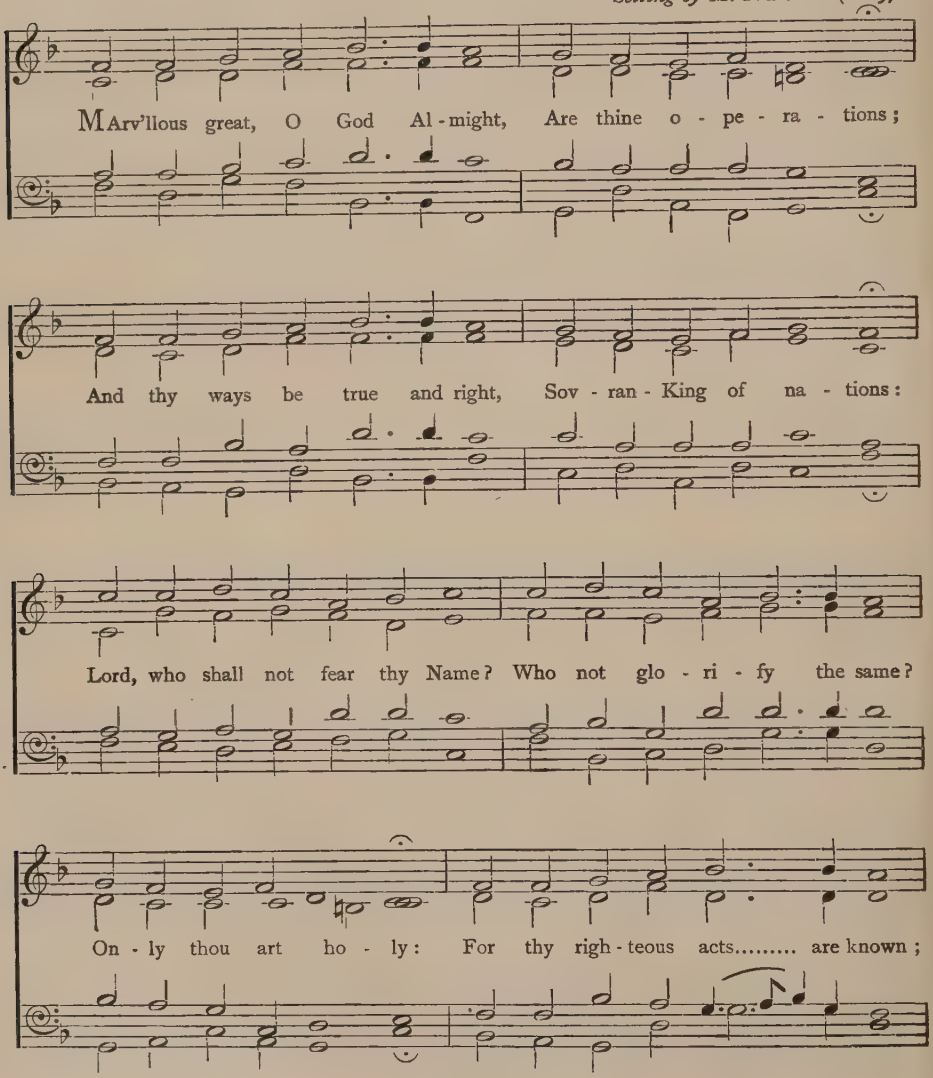
The foregoing, with the Melody in the Tenor; Harmonized by Claude Goudimel († 1572)

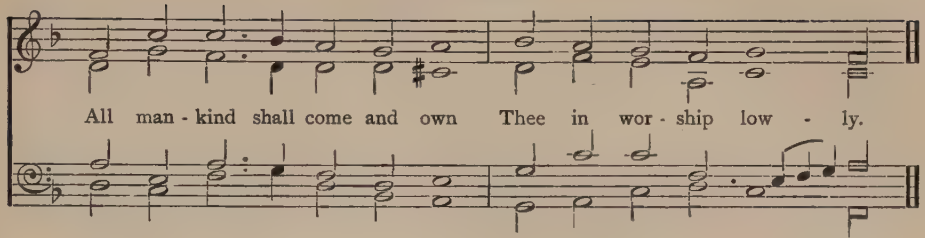

HAil! God the Fa - ther, we a - dore thee; Hail! God
the Son, we bow be - fore thee; Hail! God the Ho - ly
Ghost, to thee Like praise and e - qual ho - nour be!
Save, Lord, we hear - ti - ly im - plore thee.

G. R. W.

417 Μεγάλα καὶ θαύμαστὰ

Tune—EVA, MEA ANIMA (Trochaic, 7.6. 7.6. 7.7.6. 7.7.6.)

Setting by M. Prætorius (1609)

MArv'llous great, O God Al-might, Are thine o-pe-ra-tions;
And thy ways be true and right, Sov-ran-King of na-tions:
Lord, who shall not fear thy Name? Who not glo-ri-fy the same?
On-ly thou art ho-ly: For thy righ-teous acts..... are known;

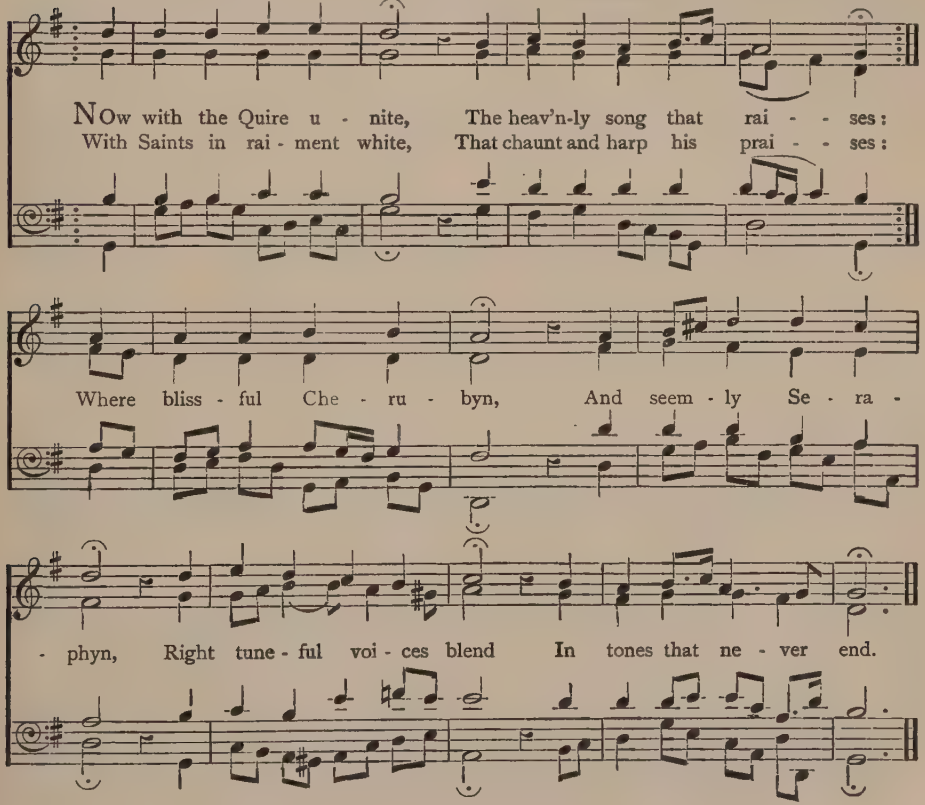


G. R. W.

418 NOW WITH THE QUIRE UNITE

Tune—NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT (Iambic, 6.7. 6.7. 6.6.6.6.)

Melody by J. Crüger (1598–1662); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


NOw with the Quire u - nite, The heav'n-ly song that rai - - ses:
With Saints in rai - ment white, That chaunt and harp his prai - - ses:
Where bliss - ful Che - ru - byn, And seem - ly Se - ra -
- phyn, Right tune - ful voi - ces blend In tones that ne - ver end.

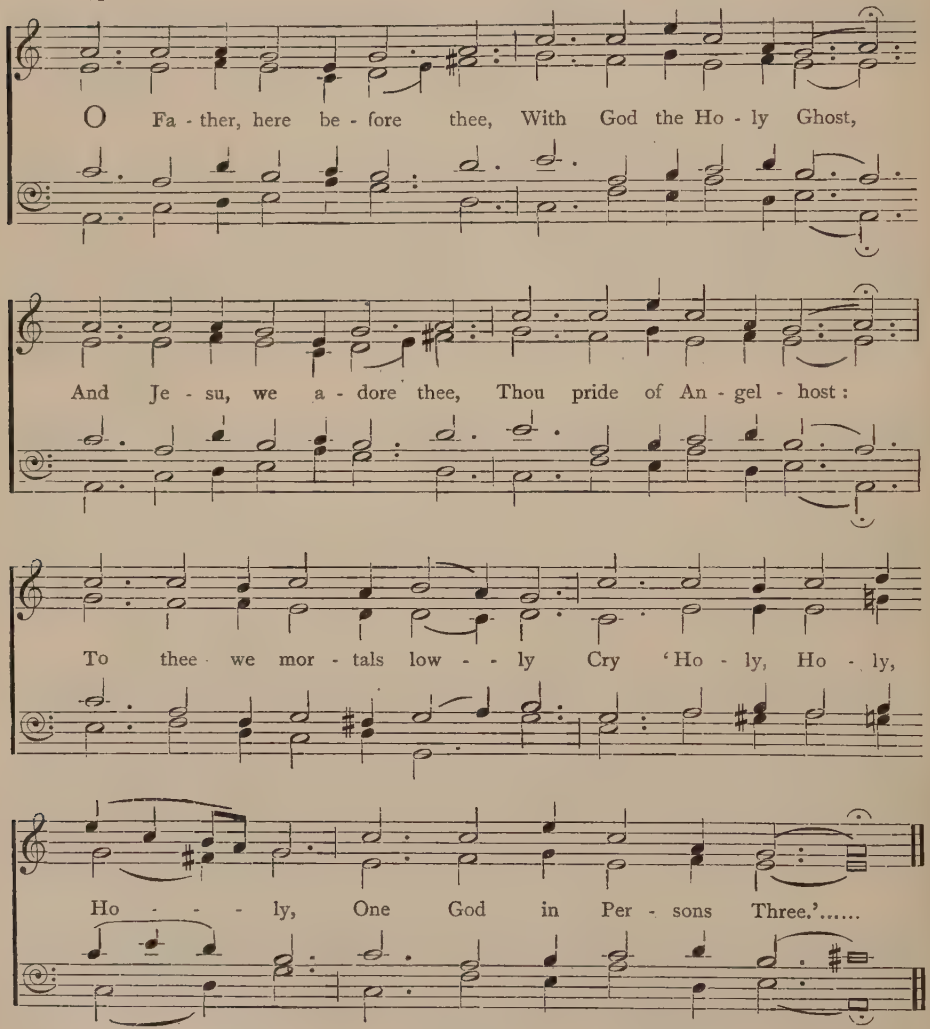
¶ *For another form of this Tune, see No. 356*

419 A Προσκυνοῦμεν Πατέρα

Tune—KÖNT ICH VON HERTZEN SINGEN (HILF GOTT DAS MIRS GELINGE)

(Iambic, 7.6. 7.6. 7.7. 6.)

Hypo-æolian Mode. *Babst* (1545); *Harmonized by G. R. W.*

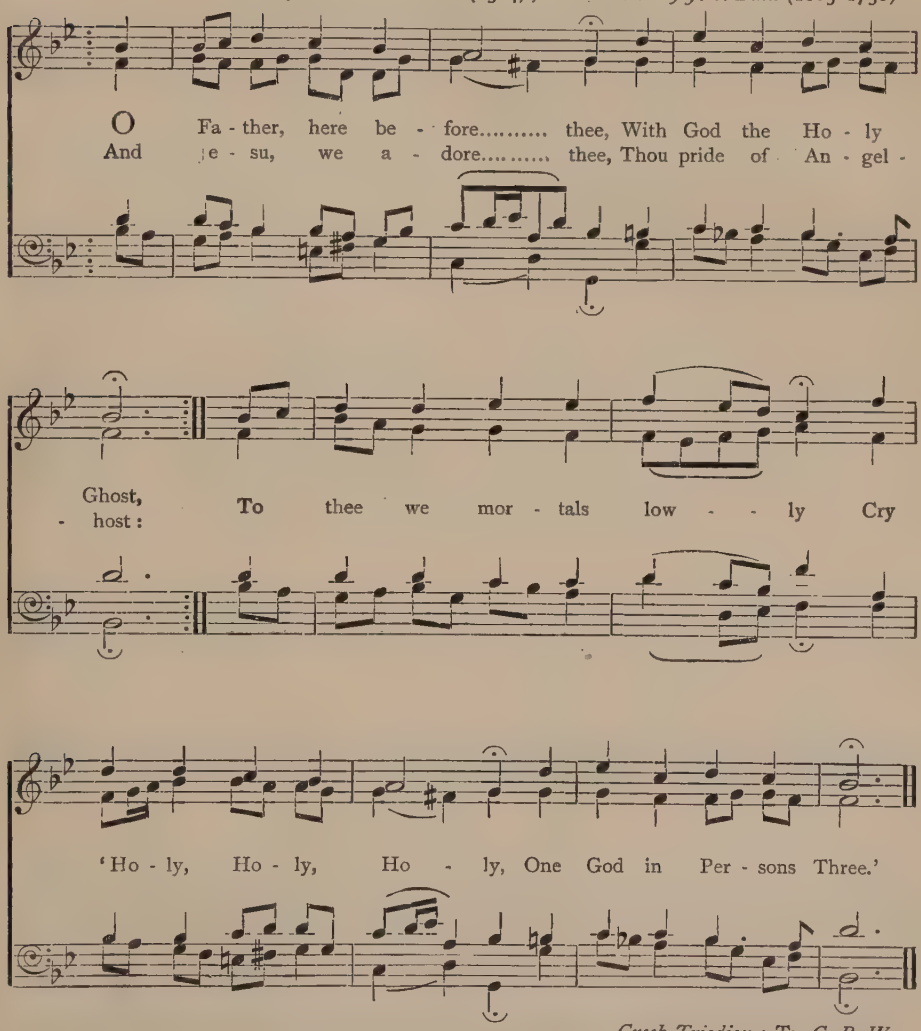

O Fa - ther, here be - fore thee, With God the Ho - ly Ghost,
And Je - su, we a - dore thee, Thou pride of An - gel - host:
To thee we mor - tals low - - ly Cry 'Ho - ly, Ho - ly,
Ho - - - ly, One God in Per - sons Three.'.....

Greek Triodion; Tr. *G. R. W.*

419 B

Tune—HERR CHRIST, DER EINIG GOTT'S SOHN

Erfurter Enchiridion (1524); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685-1750)


O Fa - ther, here be - fore..... thee, With God the Ho - ly
And Je - su, we a - dore..... thee, Thou pride of An - gel -
Ghost,
- host:
To thee we mor - tals low - - ly Cry
'Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, One God in Per - sons Three.'

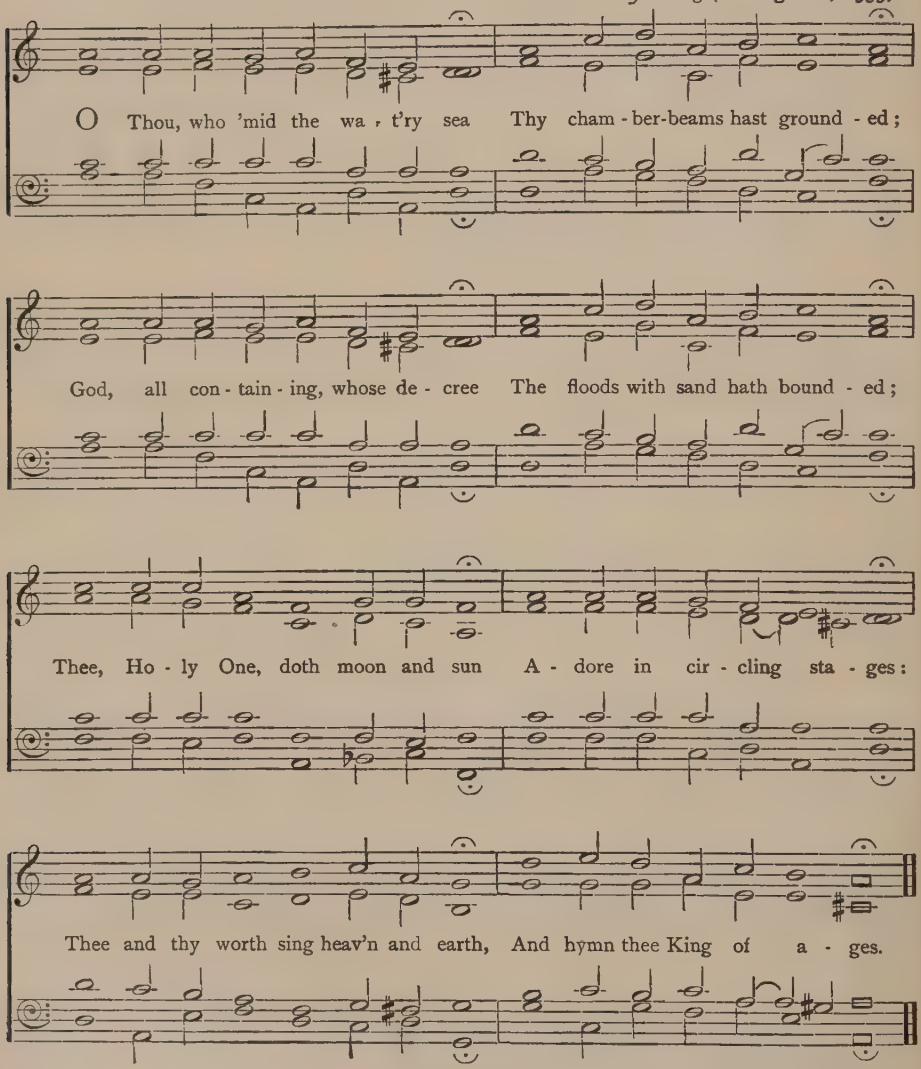
Greek Triodion; Tr. *G. R. W.*

¶ *See also No. 123*

420[A] Ὁ στεγάζων ἐν ὕδασι

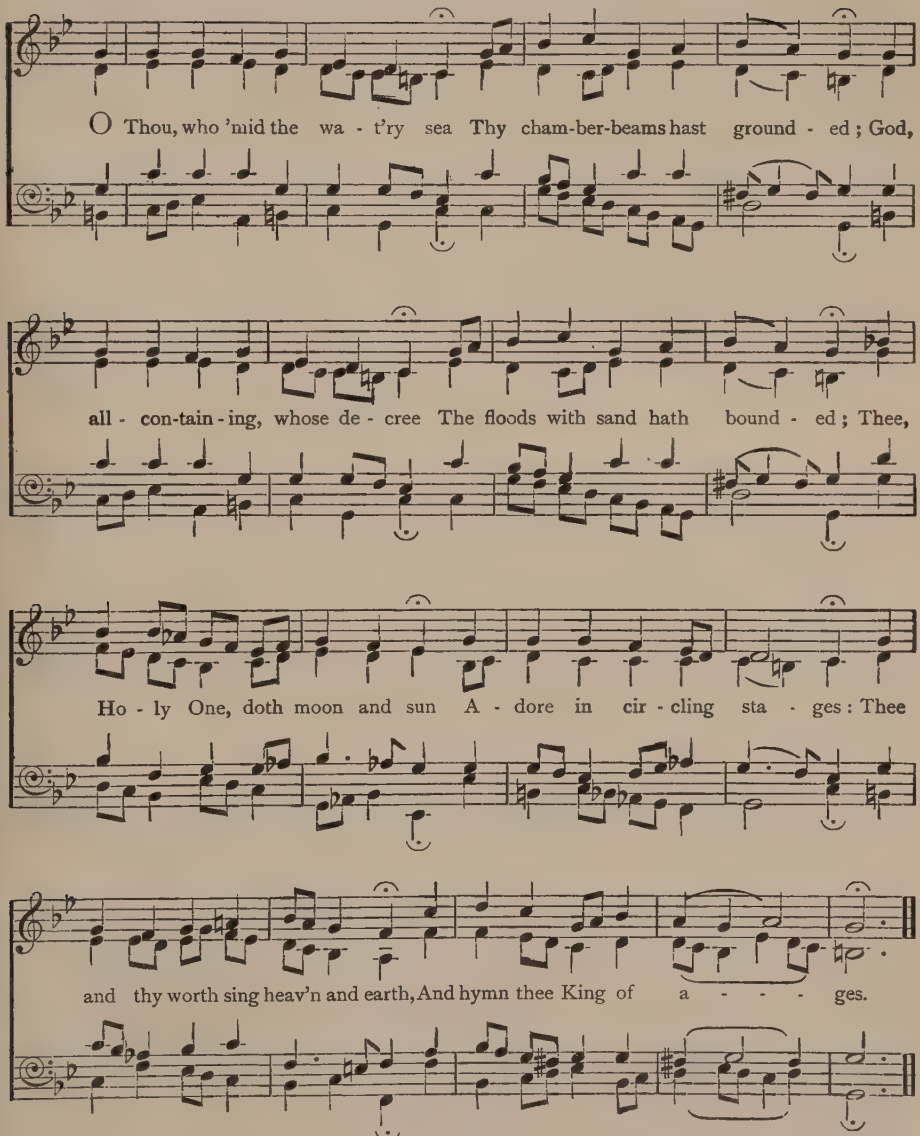
Tune—DURCH ADAMS FALL IST GANZ VERDERBT

J. Klug (Gesangbuch, 1535)


O Thou, who 'mid the wa - t'ry sea Thy cham - ber-beams hast ground - ed;
God, all con - tain - ing, whose de - cree The floods with sand hath bound - ed;
Thee, Ho - ly One, doth moon and sun A - dore in cir - cling sta - ges:
Thee and thy worth sing heav'n and earth, And hymn thee King of a - ges.

G. R. W.

420 B *The foregoing, as given by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)

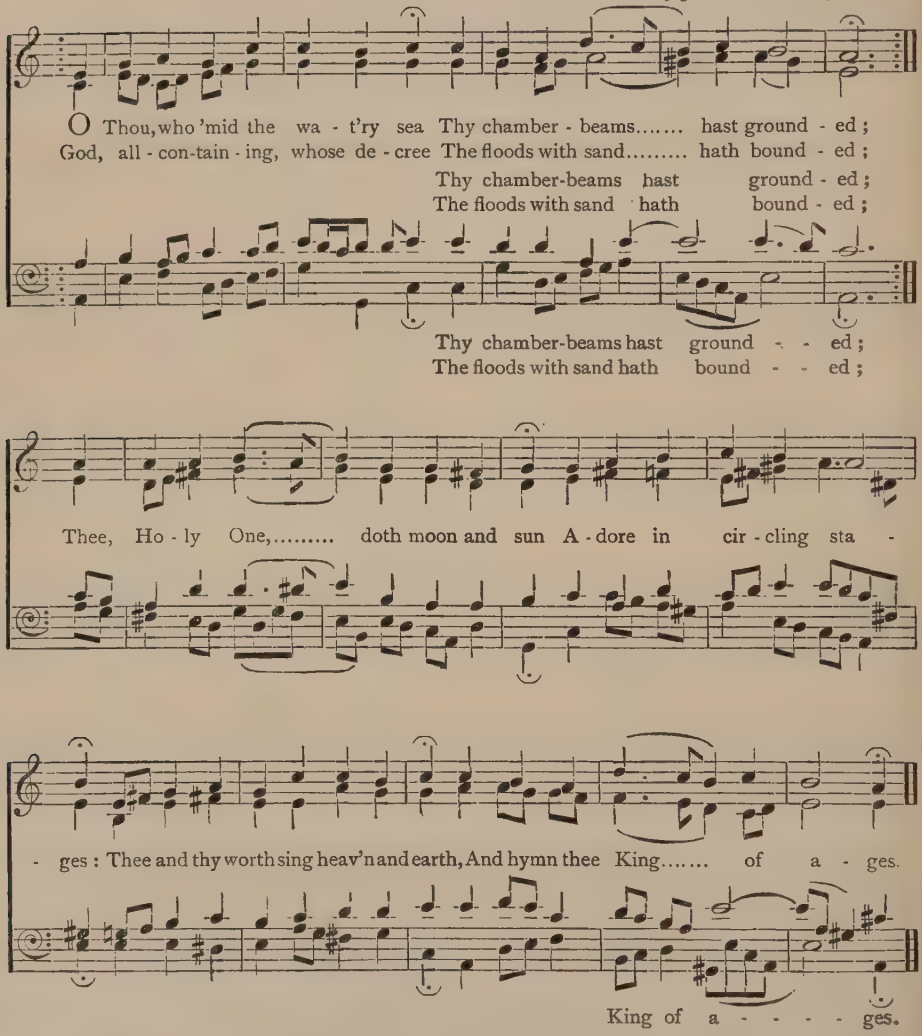

O Thou, who 'mid the wa - t'ry sea Thy cham-ber-beams hast ground - ed; God,
all - con-tain - ing, whose de - cree The floods with sand hath bound - ed; Thee,
Ho - ly One, doth moon and sun A - dore in cir - cling sta - ges: Thee
and thy worth sing heav'n and earth, And hymn thee King of a - - - - ges.

G. R. W

420 C

Tune—IL ME SOUFFIT DE TOUTS MES MAULX (WAS MEIN GOTT WILL)

Harmonized by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)

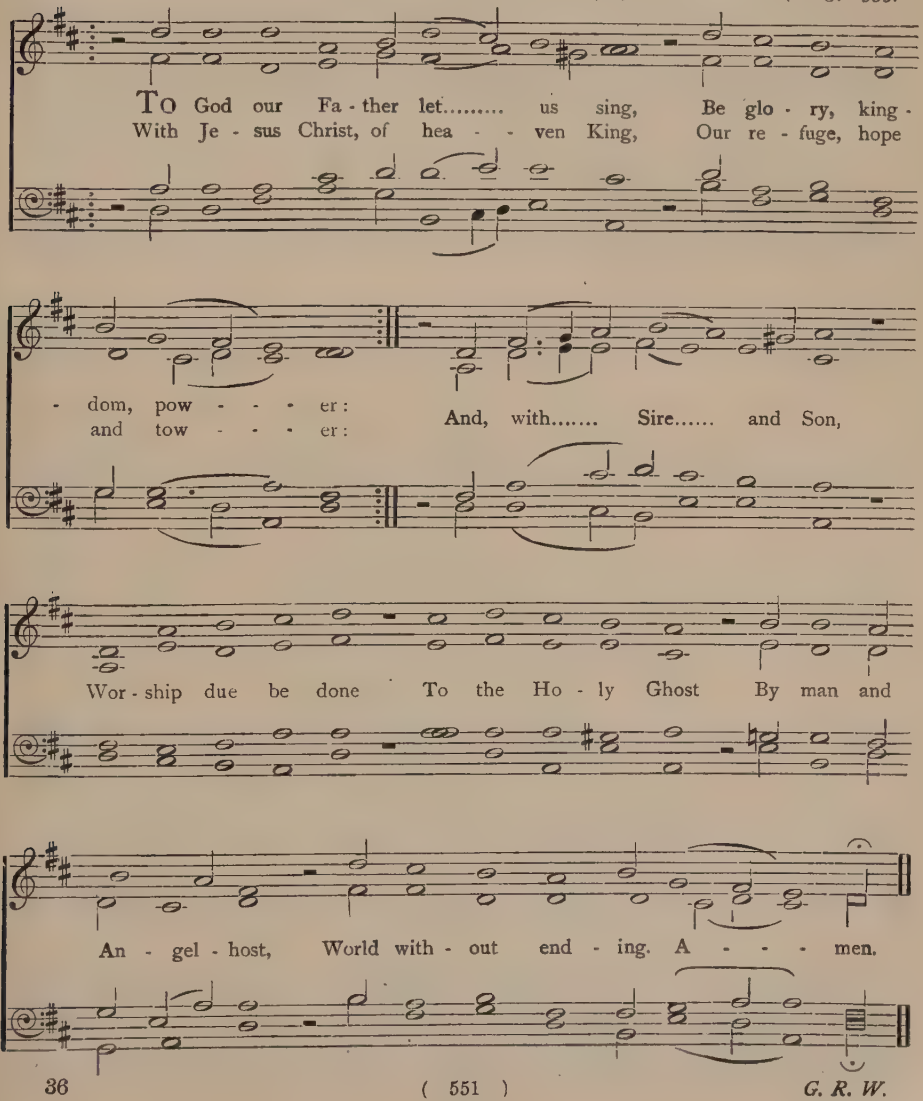

O Thou, who 'mid the wa - t'ry sea Thy chamber - beams..... hast ground - ed ;
God, all - con-tain - ing, whose de - cree The floods with sand..... hath bound - ed ;
Thy chamber-beams hast ground - ed ;
The floods with sand hath bound - ed ;
Thy chamber-beams hast ground - - ed ;
The floods with sand hath bound - - ed ;
Thee, Ho - ly One,..... doth moon and sun A - dore in cir - cling sta -
- ges : Thee and thy worth sing heav'n and earth, And hymn thee King..... of a - ges.
King of a - - - - ges.

¶ *For other Settings of this Tune, see Nos. 281 A & 360* G. R. W.

421 TO GOD OUR FATHER LET US SING

Tune—EIN' FESTE BURG (Iambic-trochaic, 8.7. 8.7. $\overline{5}.\overline{5}.\overline{5}.$ 6 7.)

Melody by Martin Luther (Klug, 1535)

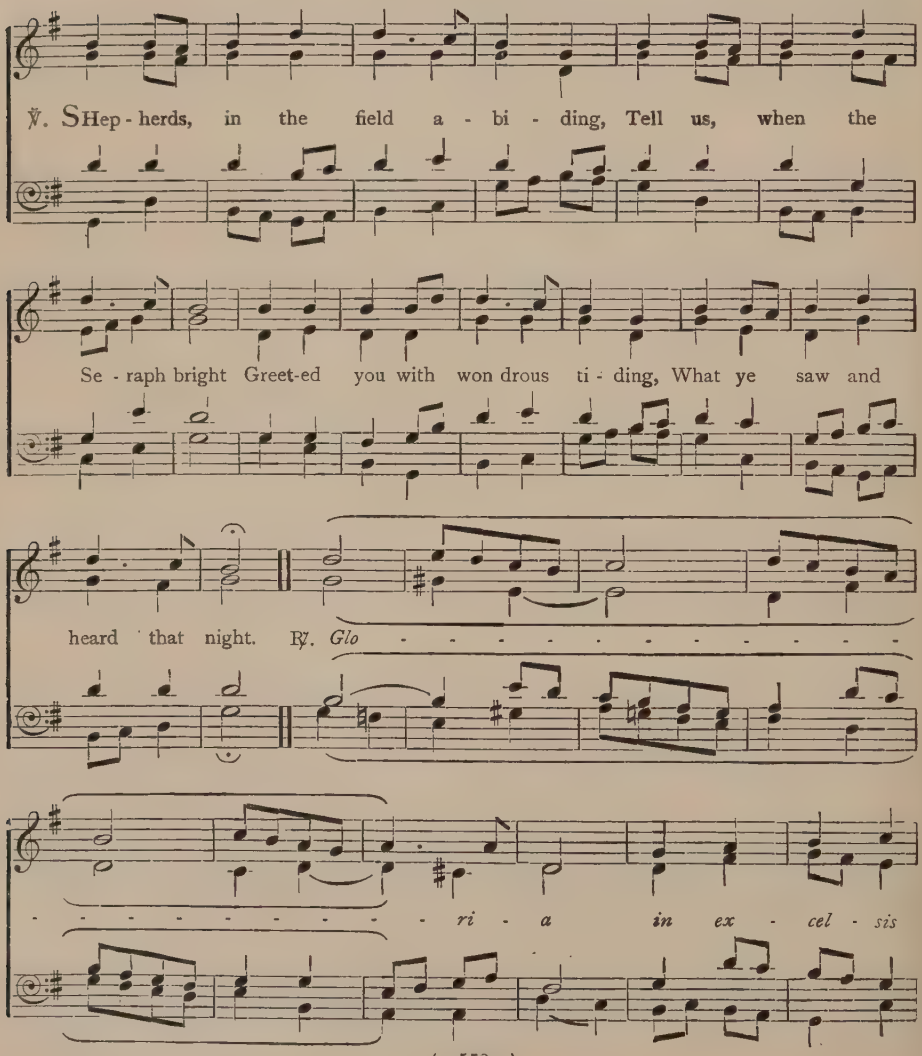

To God our Fa - ther let..... us sing, Be glo - ry, king -
With Je - sus Christ, of hea - - ven King, Our re - fuge, hope
- dom, pow - - - er:
and tow - - - er:
And, with..... Sire..... and Son,
Wor - ship due be done To the Ho - ly Ghost By man and
An - gel - host, World with - out end - ing. A - - - men.

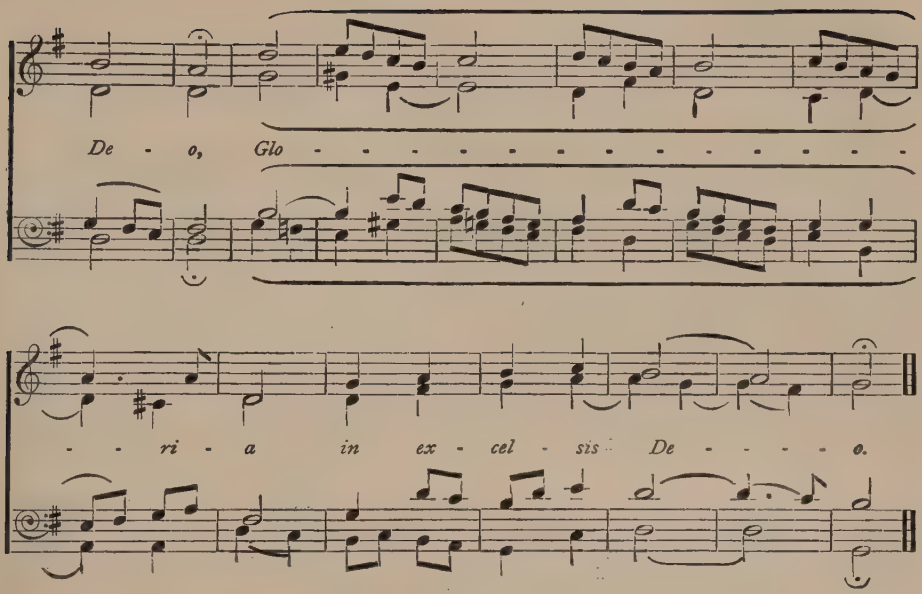
CAROLS

422 QVEM VIDISTIS, PASTORES

(Trochaic, 8.7. 8.7. 9.)

Tune (French) harmonized by Charles Wood


℣. SHep - herds, in the field a - bi - ding, Tell us, when the
Se - raph bright Greet-ed you with won drous ti - ding, What ye saw and
heard that night. ℟. Glo - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - ri - a in ex - cel - sis



2.

℣. We beheld (it is no fable)
God incarnate, King of bliss,
Swathed and cradled in a stable,
And the Angel-strain was this :
℟. *Gloria in excelsis Deo.*

3.

℣. Quiristers on high were singing
Jesus and his Virgin-birth ;
Heav'nly bells the while a-ringing,
'Peace, goodwill to men on earth.'
℟. *Gloria in excelsis Deo.*

4.

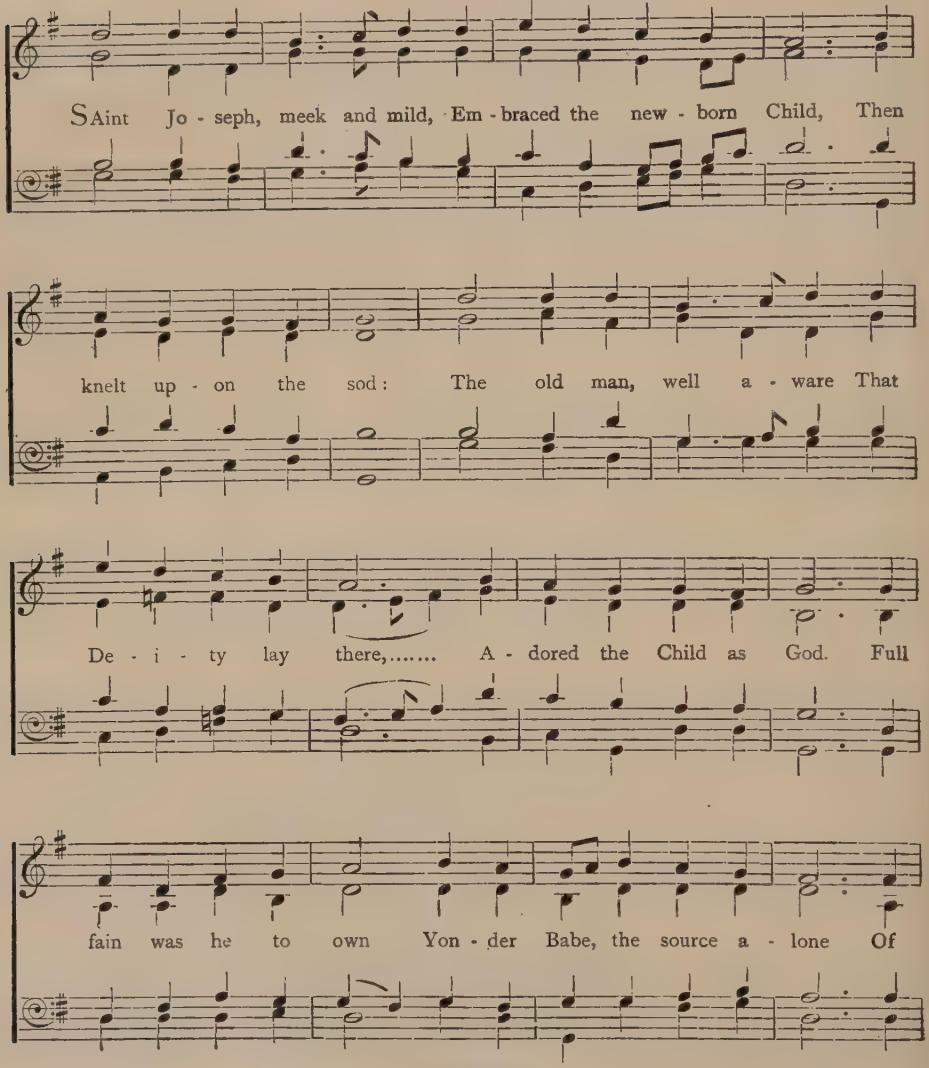
℣. Thanks, good herdmen ; true your story ;
Have with you to Bethlehem :
Angels hymn the King of Glory ;
Carol we with you and them.
℟. *Gloria in excelsis Deo.*

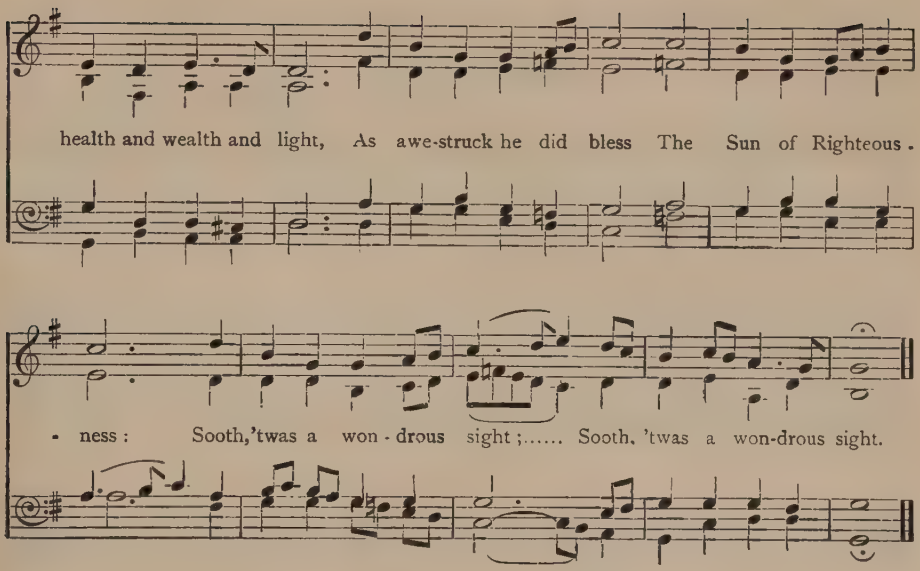
After an ancient Antiphon, *G. R. W.*

423 SAINT JOSEPH, MEEK AND MILD

Tune—GATHERING PEASCODS (Iambic, 6.6.6. 6.6.6. 6.7.6. 6.6.6.)

Old English Melody (1650); *Harmonized by Edmund W. Goldsmith*


SAint Jo - seph, meek and mild, Em - braced the new - born Child, Then
knelt up - on the sod: The old man, well a - ware That
De - i - ty lay there,..... A - dored the Child as God. Full
fain was he to own Yon - der Babe, the source a - lone Of


health and wealth and light, As awe-struck he did bless The Sun of Righteous-
-ness: Sooth,'twas a won-drous sight;..... Sooth, 'twas a won-drous sight.

2. 'Who gave me charge and care
Of God's own Son and Heir?
The Lord, I well dare say.
The Mother-maid—as blind,
'Twas once within my mind
To put her clean away:
Nor knew that she, most blest,
Ever-Virgin, in her breast
Such priceless Jewel bare—
A heav'nly Pearl, the which
Poor Joseph shall enrich
O'er all men everywhere.

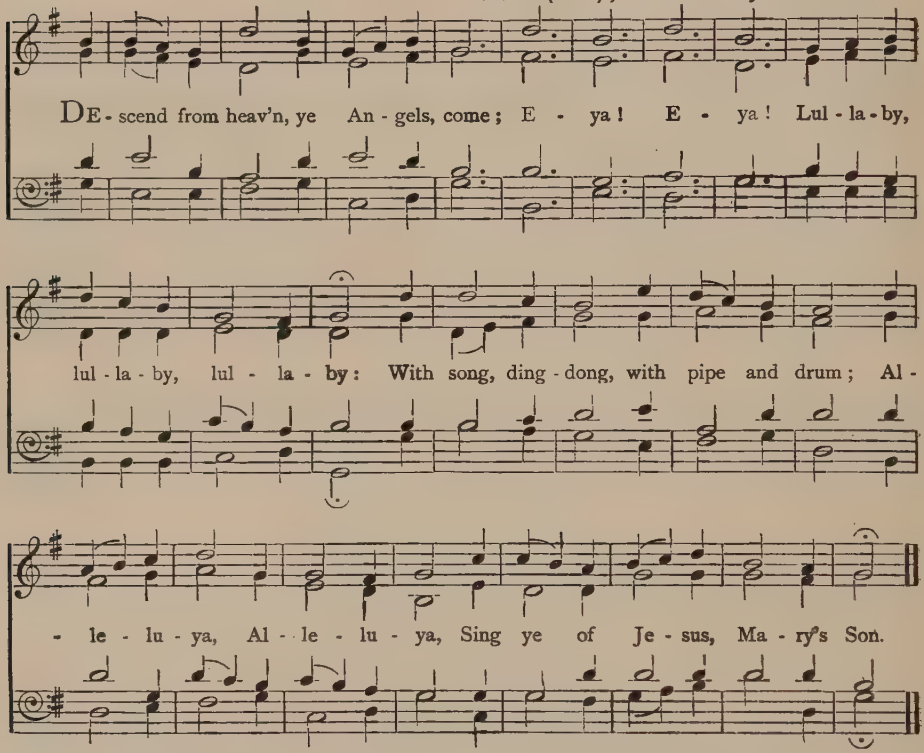
3. 'Mine ancestor of yore
Was David; he that wore
The royal crown by right:
Howbeit, I from great
Fell into low estate,—
Am but a timber-wright:
Yet, Son of David, thou
Wilt ere long upon my brow
Set kingly diadem:
Meanwhile, mine arms enfold
The King of kings, of old—
The Babe of Bethlehem.'

S. Ephrem Syrus (*c.* 307–373); Tr. *G. R. W.*

424 Vom Himmel kompt, O Engel, kompt

(Irregular, 8.13. 8.8.8.)

Mainz (1628); *Harmonized by Charles Wood*


DE - scend from heav'n, ye An - gels, come; E - ya! E - ya! Lul - la - by,
lul - la - by, lul - la - by: With song, ding - dong, with pipe and drum; Al -
- le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya, Sing ye of Je - sus, Ma - ry's Son.

2 Nor leave behind, ye tuneful quires,—
Eya! Eya! Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,—
Your merry harpsichords and lyres;
Alleluya, Alleluya,
And sing of Jesus, Mary's Son.

3 And let your voices rise and fall—
Eya! Eya! Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,—
With organ, lute and virginal;
Alleluya, Alleluya,
In praise of Jesus, Mary's Son.

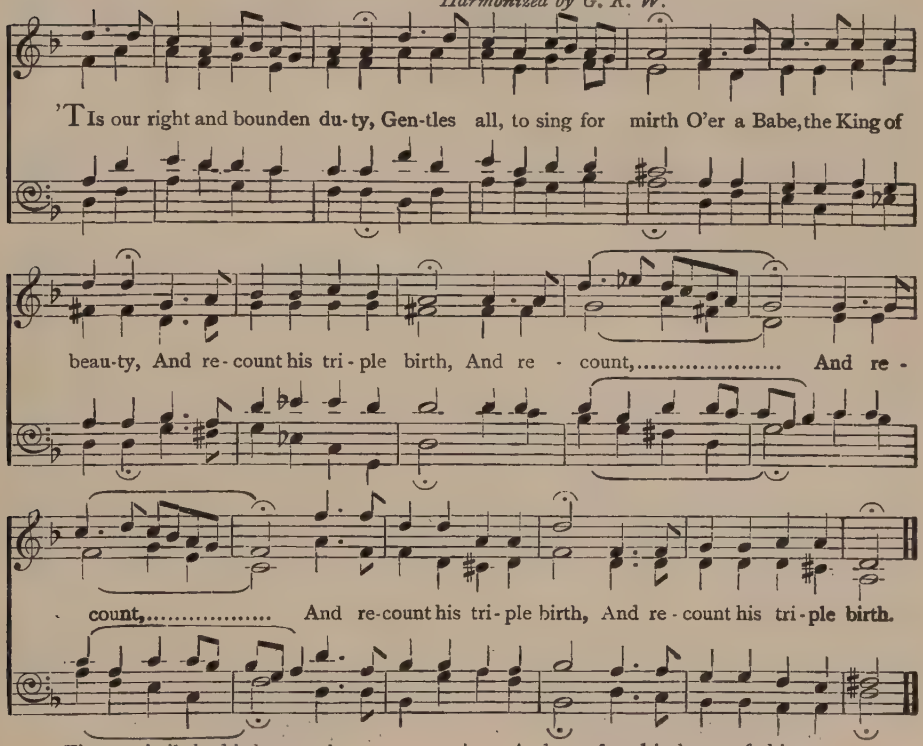
4 Sing, 'Peace, goodwill from shore to shore';
Eya! Eya! Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby:
'Glory on high for evermore';
Alleluya, Alleluya,
In praise of Jesus, Mary's Son.

Mainz (1628); Tr. *G. R. W.*

425 't Is naer reden en behoorte

(Trochaic, 8.7. 8.7.)

From E. Coussemaker's Chants Populaires des Flamands de France (1856);
Harmonized by G. R. W.


'T Is our right and bounden du-ty, Gen-tles all, to sing for mirth O'er a Babe, the King of
beau-ty, And re-count his tri-ple birth, And re - count,..... And re -
count,..... And re-count his tri-ple birth, And re-count his tri-ple birth.

2 First we hail the birth eternal
Of the Word of God, the Son;
Gotten of the Sire supernal,
Ere the world or time begun. (iij)

3 Secondly, good sirs, remember
Mary's childing in a stall;
Jesu's birth-day in December,
To repair our shameful fall. (iij)

4 Thirdly, ye, with high endeavour,
Whoso choose the better part,
Yesterday, to-day, for ever,
Christ is born within your heart. (iij)

5 Once the Lord, of his compassion,
Veil'd his majesty of awe;
And was found in human fashion,
As a Babe, in hay and straw. (iij)

6 O the love, surpassing wonder!
Still the Eternal and Divine
Hides his Body daily under
Homely forms of bread and wine. (iij)

7 Christ Child, low we bow before thee,
Lord and God Omnipotent;
Truly present, we adore thee
Here beneath a Sacrament. (iij)

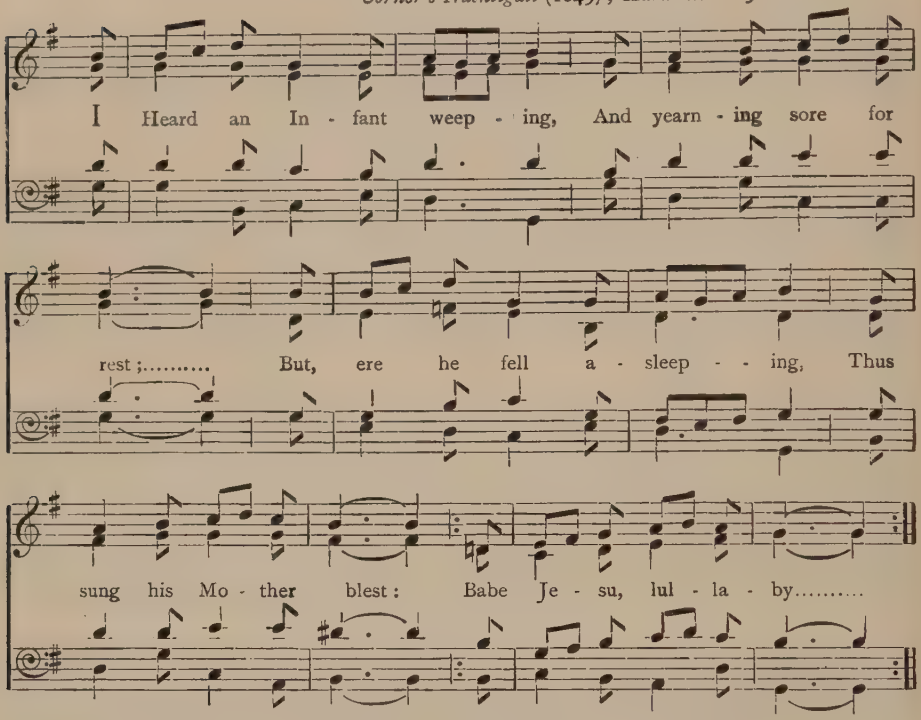
8 Thee we praise, O Christ, together
With the Sire and Spirit blest,
By the upper world, and nether,
Three in One by all confest. (iij)

Tr. *G. R. W.*

426 DVM VIRGO VAGIENTEM

Tune—EIN KINDLEIN IN DER WIEGEN (Iambic, 7.6. 7.6. 6.)

Corner's Nachtigall (1649); *Harmonized by Charles Wood*


I Heard an In - fant weep - ing, And yearn - ing sore for
rest;..... But, ere he fell a - sleep - - ing, Thus
sung his Mo - ther blest: Babe Je - su, lul - la - by.....

2 My Lamb, from God forth-faring,
My Life, my guiding Star,
Fair lily, of my bearing,
Than jewel rarer far:
Babe Jesu, lullaby.

3 Jesu, more sweet than honey,
My fountain of delight,
Beyond the worth of money,
The Dayspring from the height:
Babe Jesu, lullaby.

4 O joyaunce of thy Mother,
Her heart's-ease, all in all,
Creator, Son and Brother,
Hear Mary's madrigal:
Babe Jesu, lullaby.

5 Whereto the ox is lending
The tenor to mine air,
And ass his voice is blending,
The burden for to bear.
Babe Jesu, lullaby.

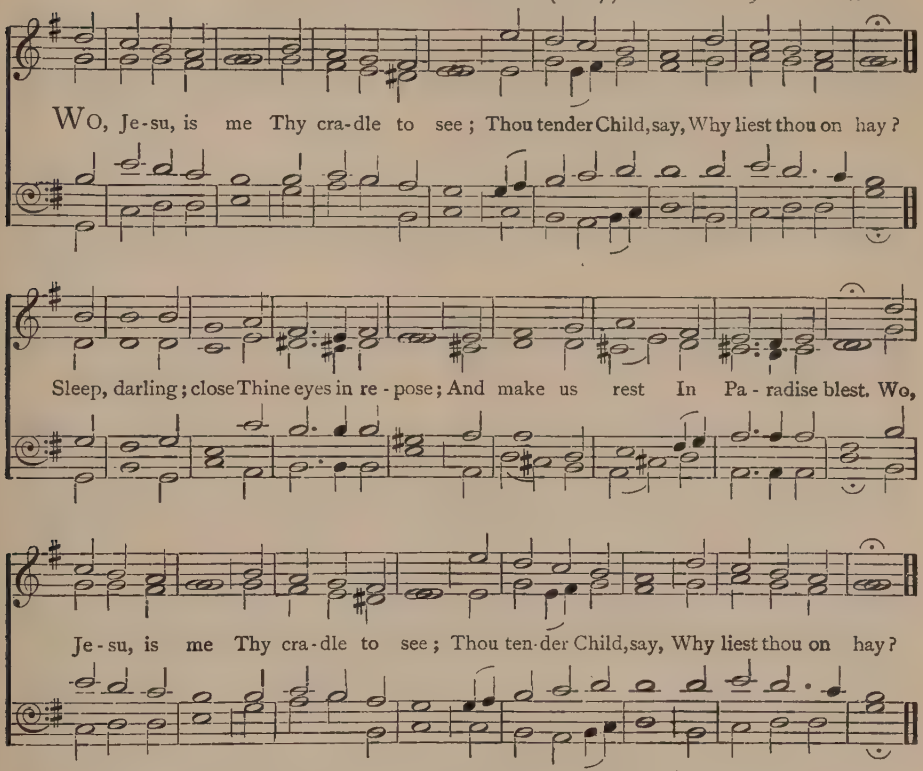
6 But if thou would'st a sweeter,
And more melodious chant,
To mend our faulty metre,
Bid Angels make descant.
Babe Jesu, lullaby.

Daniel's Thesaurus Hymnologicus, II. p. 343: Tr. *G. R. W.*

427 O Jeslein zart

(Amphibrachic-iambic, 5·5· 5·5· 4·5· 4·5·)

Mainz (1661); *Harmonized by Charles Wood*


Wo, Je-su, is me Thy cra-dle to see; Thou tender Child, say, Why liest thou on hay?
Sleep, darling; close Thine eyes in re-pose; And make us rest In Pa-radise blest. Wo,
Je-su, is me Thy cra-dle to see; Thou ten-der Child, say, Why liest thou on hay?

2 Sleep on, prithee, rest;
Naught shall thee molest;
For ox, ass and sheep
Be all fast asleep.
Sleep, darling; close etc.

3 Hark! Seraphim high
And Cherubim cry:
Thy cradle a flock
Of Angels doth rock.
Sleep, darling; close etc.

4 See! see! darling dear,
Saint Joseph is here;
And I too am near:
Sleep on without fear.
Sleep, darling; close etc.

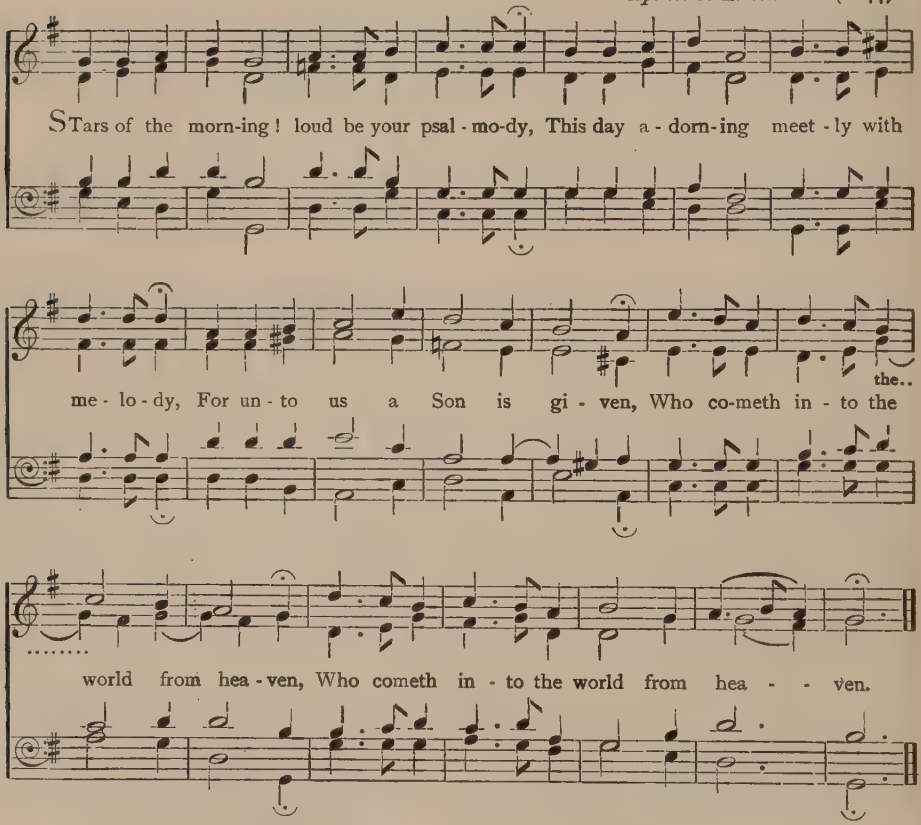
5 Sir ox, quiet keep;
The Infant will sleep;
Ass, prithee, lie still,
To sleep is his will.
Sleep, darling; close etc.

D. G. Corner's Gesangbuch (1631); Tr. *G. R. W.*

428 STARS OF THE MORNING!

Tune—NUN PREISET ALLE (Alcaic Metre)

Apelles v. Löwenstern (1644)


STars of the morn-ing! loud be your psal-mo-dy, This day a-dorn-ing meet-ly with
me-lo-dy, For un-to us a Son is gi-ven, Who co-meth in-to the
the..
world from hea-ven, Who cometh in-to the world from hea - - ven.

2 God's Son eternal, leaving the heritage
Of realm supernal, maketh a pilgrimage,
Forth from a virgin-womb proceeding,
Mercy to bring to the mercy-needing.

3 Lo! Mary poureth lowly her orison;
Joseph imploreth humbly a benison;
Where ox and ass, their Owner knowing,
Down to the crib of a Babe are bowing.

4 King of Archangels, throned on the Cherubim,
Worship of Angels, joy of the Seraphim;
Whence may we feeble mortals capture
Skill to adore him with holy rapture?

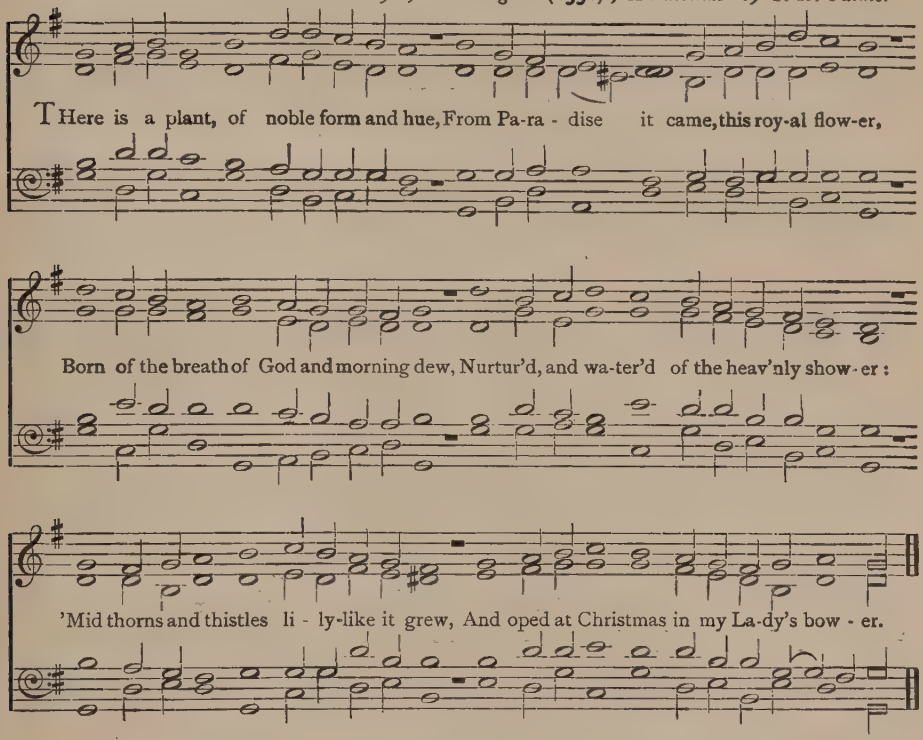
5 Heavenly chorus, learn us a madrigal,
Glad and sonorous, meet for this festival!
Thy lowly heart, O Joseph, lend us!
Mary, in all that we lack, befriend us!

Richard Prosser Ellis

429 THERE IS A PLANT

Tune—BIENHEUREUSE EST LA PERSONNE (Ps. cxix) (Iambic, 10.11. 10.11. 10.11.)

Melody by L. Bourgeois (1551); *Harmonized by G. H. Palmer*


THere is a plant, of noble form and hue, From Pa-ra - dise it came, this roy-al flow-er,
Born of the breath of God and morning dew, Nurtur'd, and wa-ter'd of the heav'nly show-er:
'Mid thorns and thistles li - ly-like it grew, And oped at Christmas in my La-dy's bow - er.

2 A white and ruddy Rose, with rich perfume,
As balsam sweet, unto the mouth as honey:
'Tis ay in blossom, in December's gloom,
As in July, on cloudy days or sunny:
Way-faring men may cull this priceless Bloom,
An so they will, for love, and free of money.

3 Jesu, thou art this Rose, of Jesse's stem,
The Virgin-born, whose praise my song engages
O for the heav'nly new Hierusalem,
Land, free from summer's heat and winter's rages,
Where I might eye thee, Babe of Bethlehem,
And chaunt thy grace through never-ending ages!

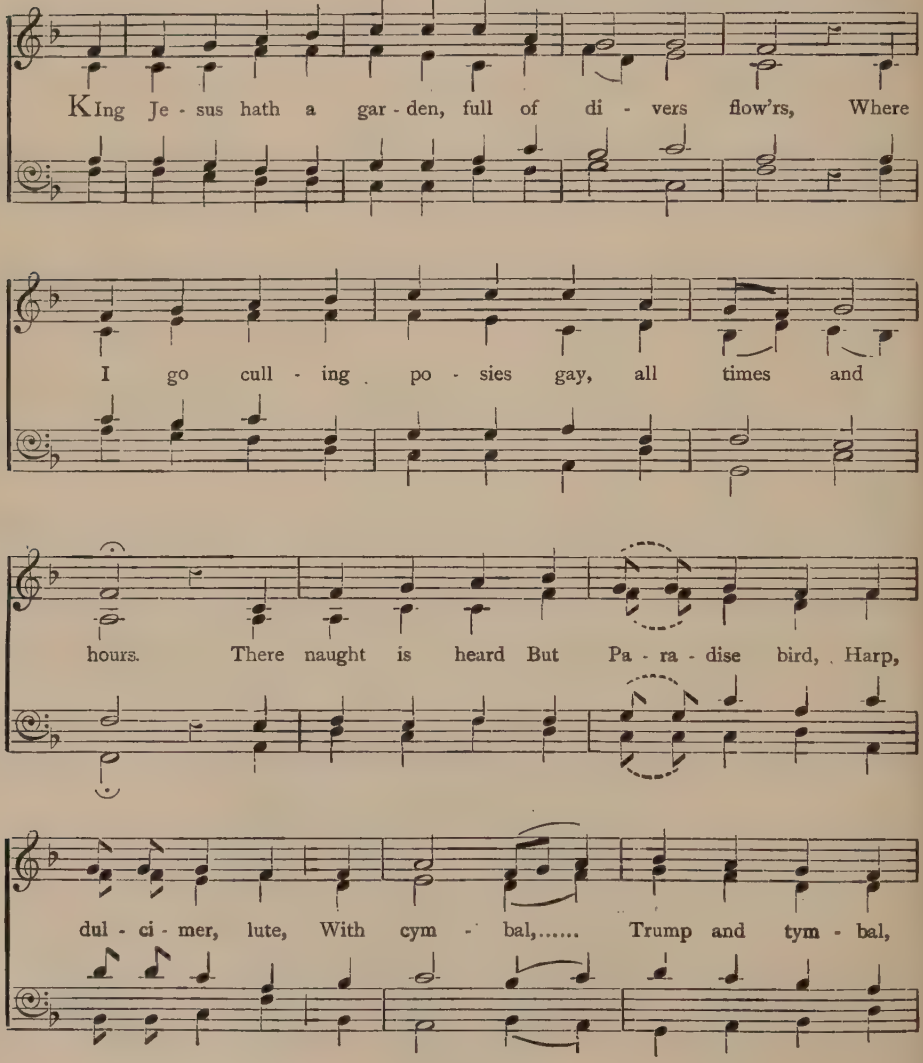
G. R. W.

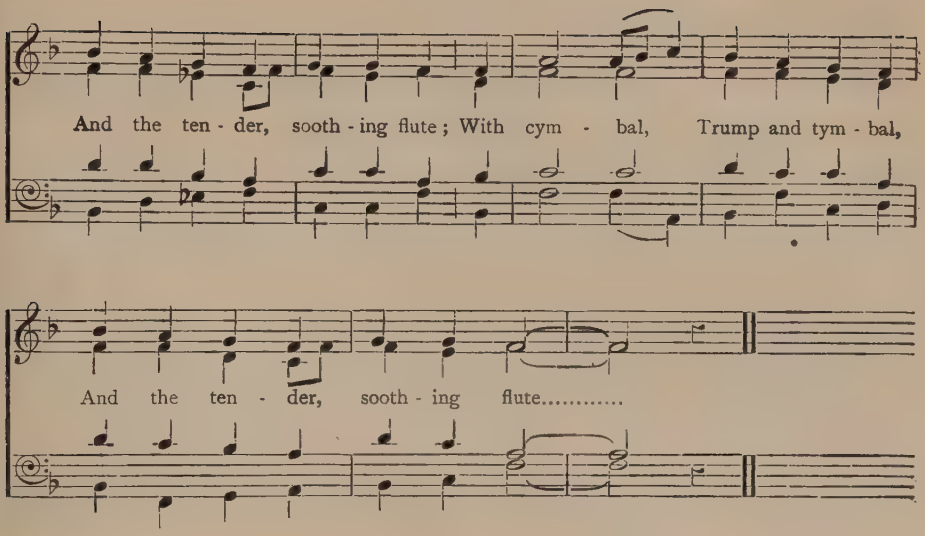
¶ *For another Setting, with the Melody in the Tenor, see No. 304* B

430 Heer Jesus heeft een Hofken

PROPER MELODY (Irregular Metre)

Bruges (1609) : *Harmonized by Charles Wood*


KIng Je - sus hath a gar - den, full of di - vers flow'rs, Where
I go cull - ing po - sies gay, all times and
hours. There naught is heard But Pa - ra - dise bird, Harp,
dul - ci - mer, lute, With cym - bal,..... Trump and tym - bal,



2 The Lily, white in blossom there, is Chastity:
The Violet, with sweet perfume, Humility.
There naught is heard, etc.

3 The bonny Damask-rose is known as Patience;
The blithe and thrifty Marygold, Obedience:
There naught is heard, etc.

4 The Crown Imperial bloometh too in yonder place:
'Tis Charity, of stock divine, the flower of grace.
There naught is heard, etc.

5 Yet, 'mid the brave, the bravest prize of all may claim
The Star of Bethlem—Jesus—blessed be his Name!
There naught is heard, etc.

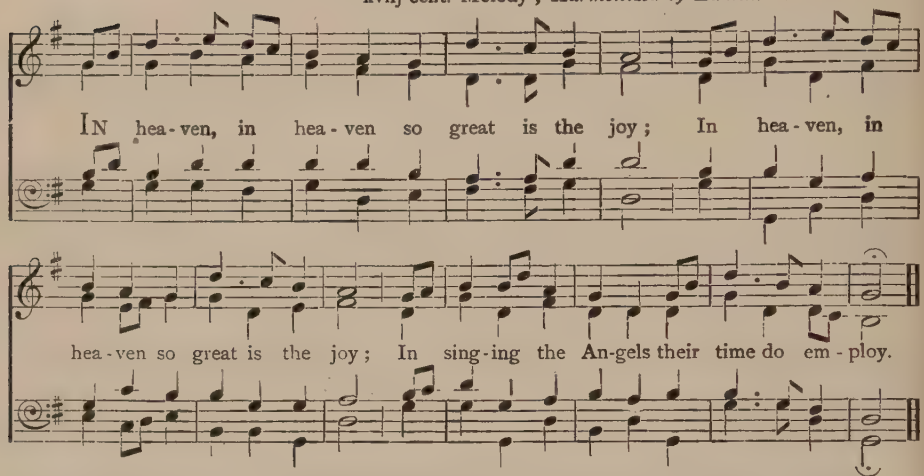
6 Ah! Jesu, Lord, my heal and weal, my bliss complete,
Make thou my heart thy garden-plot, fair, trim and neat,
That I may hear
This musick clear:
Harp, dulcimer, lute,
With cymbal,
Trump and tymbal,
And the tender, soothing flute.

Geestlijcke Harmonie (Emmerich, 1633); Tr. *G. R. W.*

431 A Im Himmel, im Himmel

(Amphibrachic, 11.11.)

xviij cent. Melody ; *Harmonized by Edmund W. Goldsmith*



2 In singing, bell-ringing and worshipful mirth,
They bless the Creator of heaven and earth.

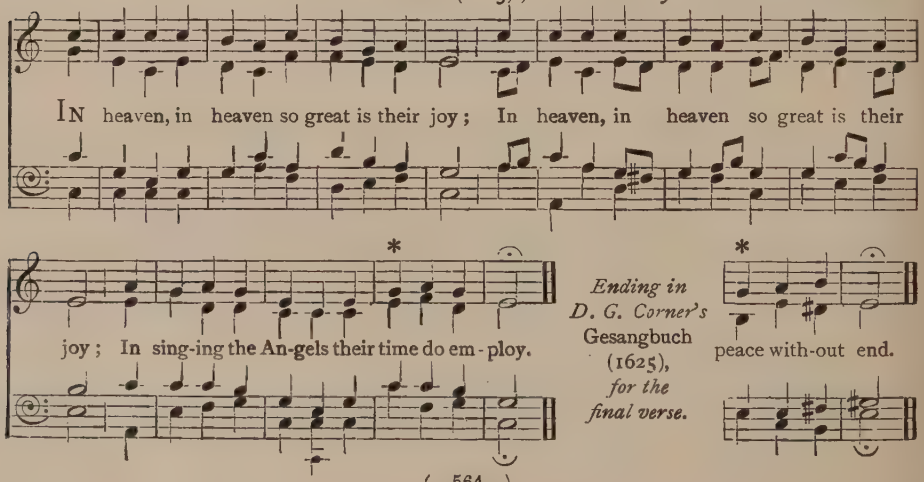
3 No city for grace may with Syon contend,
Nor measure her pleasure and peace without end.

431 B

Tune—Es sungen drey Engel

('Ein ander alt Gesang,' xiij cent., *Phrygian Mode*)

Mainzer Cantual (1605) ; *Harmonized by Edmund W. Goldsmith*

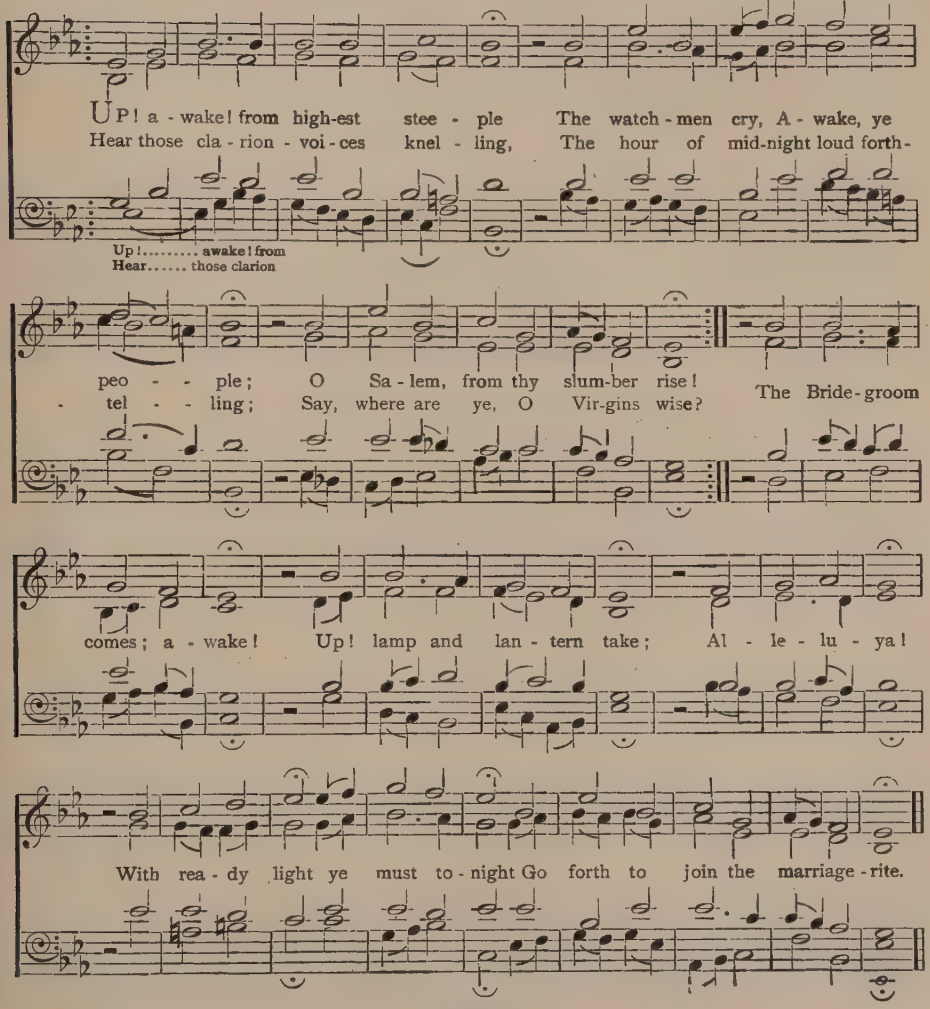

In heaven, in heaven so great is their joy; In heaven, in heaven so great is their
joy; In sing-ing the An-gels their time do em-ploy.
peace with-out end.

Ending in D. G. Corner's Gesangbuch (1625), *for the final verse.*

SUPPLEMENT.

5 A Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme

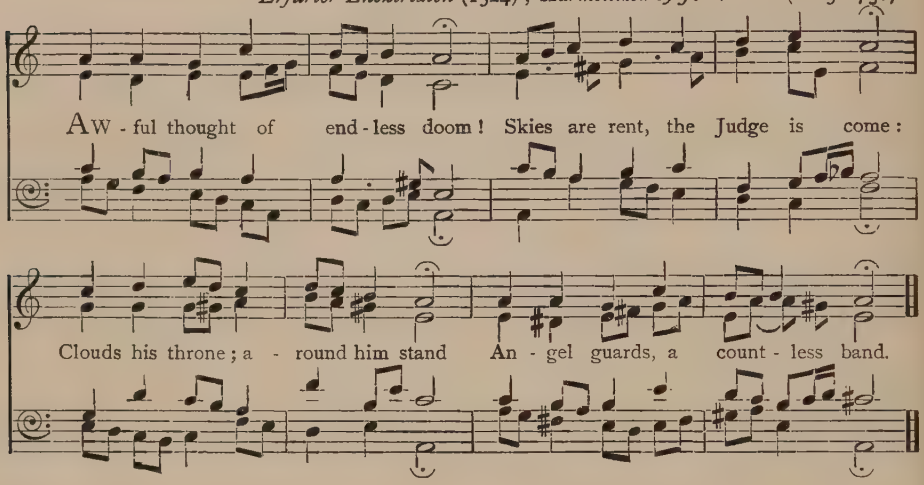
PROPER TUNE (Trochaic-iambic, 8.9.8. 8.9.8. 6.6. 4.4. 4.8.)

Philipp Nicolai (1599); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)

UP! a - wake! from high-est stee - ple The watch - men cry, A - wake, ye
Hear those cla - rion - voi - ces knel - ling, The hour of mid-night loud forth -
Up!..... awake! from
Hear..... those clarion
peo - - ple; O Sa - lem, from thy slum-ber rise!
- tel - - ling; Say, where are ye, O Vir-gins wise?
The Bride-groom
comes; a - wake! Up! lamp and lan - tern take; Al - le - lu - ya!
With rea - dy light ye must to - night Go forth to join the marriage - rite.

7 A SENSVS QVIS HORROR PERCVTIT

Tune—NUN KOMM, DER HEIDEN HEILAND (Trochaic, 7.7. 7.7.)

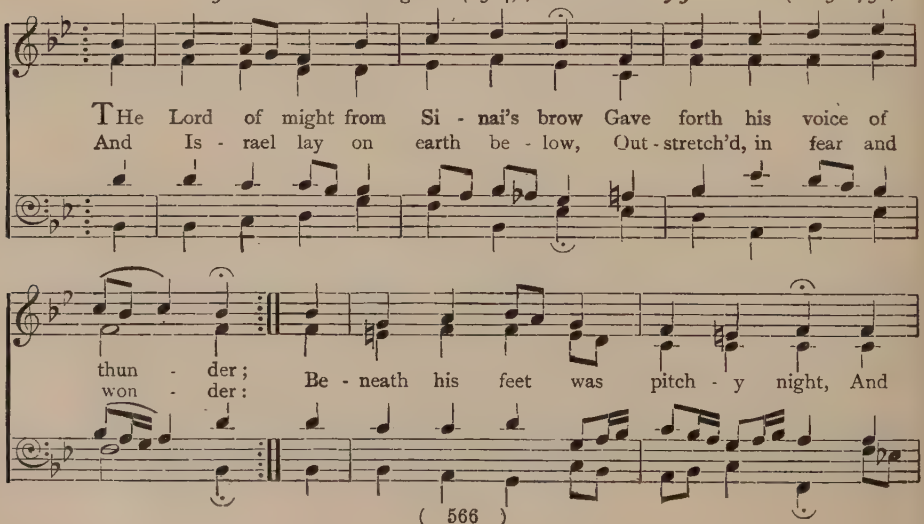
Erfurter Enchiridion (1524); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)

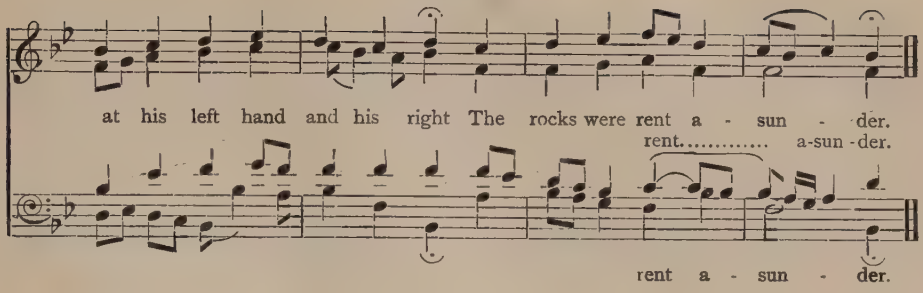

AW - ful thought of end - less doom! Skies are rent, the Judge is come:
Clouds his throne; a - round him stand An - gel guards, a count - less band.

13 A THE LORD OF MIGHT

Tune—ES SPRICHT DER UNWEISEN MUND WOHL (Iambic, 8.7. 8.7. 8.8.7.)

Joh. Walter's Gesangbuch (1524); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)

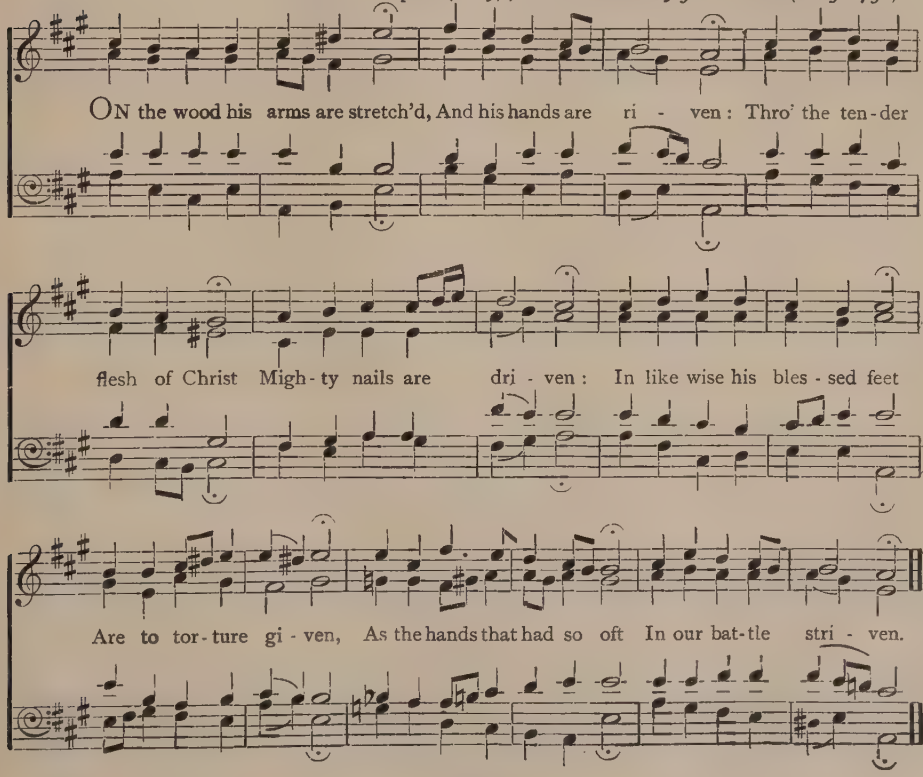

THe Lord of might from Si - nai's brow Gave forth his voice of
And Is - rael lay on earth be - low, Out - stretch'd, in fear and
thun - der;
won - der:
Be - neath his feet was pitch - y night, And



56 D TENSIS LIGNO BRACHIIS

Tune—JESU LEIDEN, PEIN UND TOD (Trochaic, 7.6. 7.6. 7.6. 7.6.)

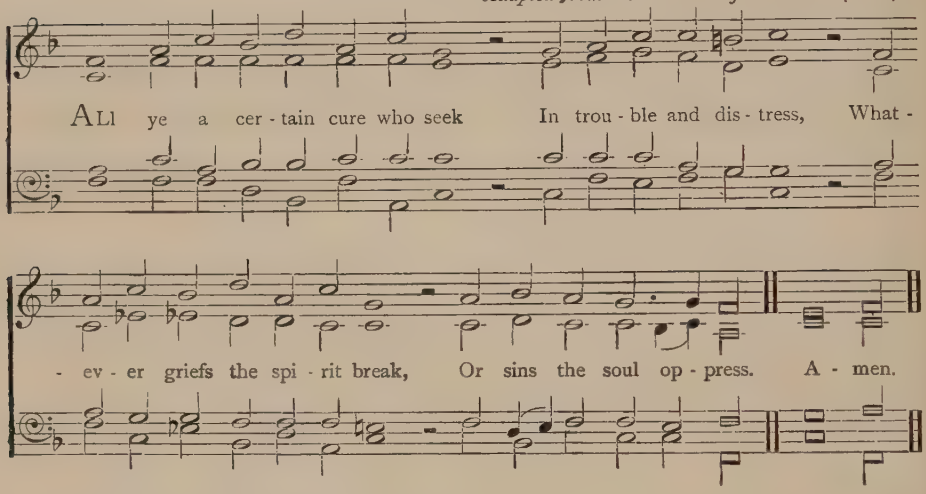
Melchior Vulpius (1609); *as harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685-1750)


ON the wood his arms are stretch'd, And his hands are ri - ven: Thro' the ten-der
flesh of Christ Migh-ty nails are dri - ven: In like wise his bles-sed feet
Are to tor-ture gi - ven, As the hands that had so oft In our bat-tle stri - ven.

65 A QVICVNQVE CERTVM QVÆRITIS

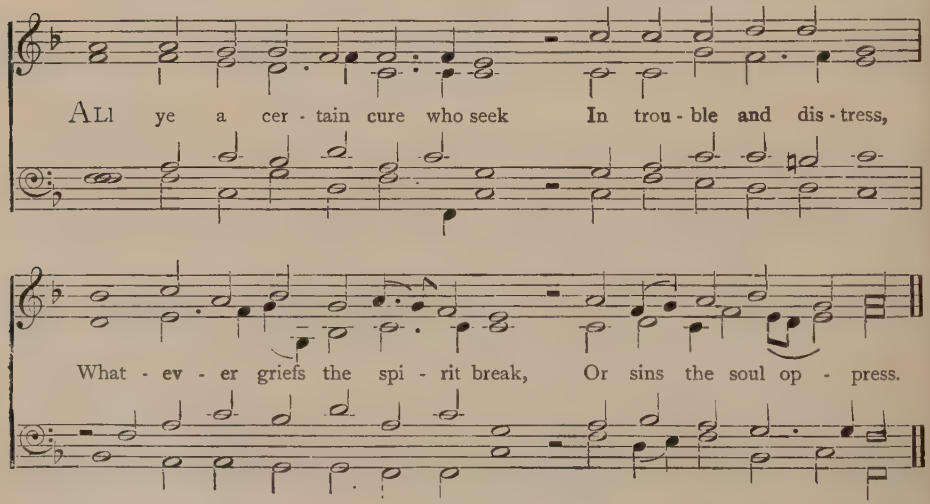
YORK TUNE (Iambic, 8.6. 8.6.)

Adapted from T. Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621)



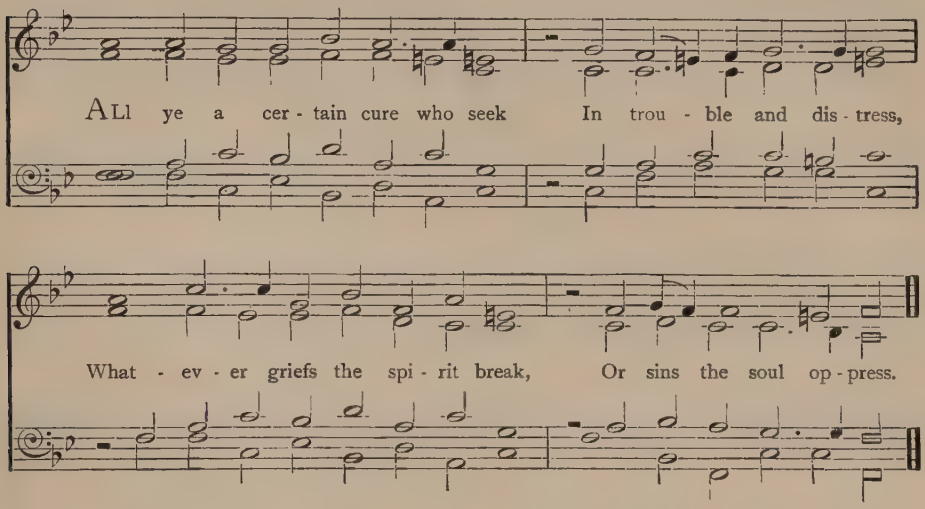
65 B

Another Setting from T. Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621); *Harmonized by J. Milton, sen.*



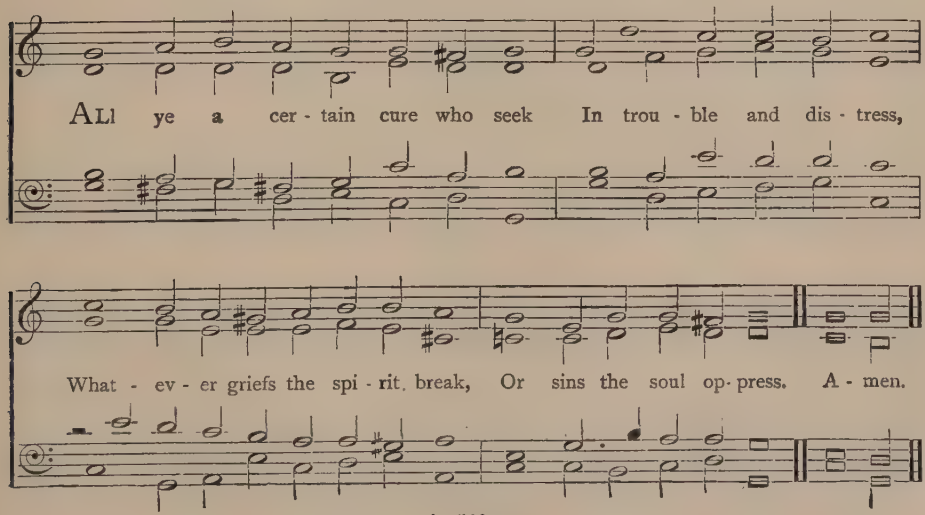
65 C

A third Setting from T. Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621); *also harmonized by J. Milton, sen.*



65 D LINCOLN TUNE (Pss. vii & lvi) (Iambic, 8.6. 8.6.)

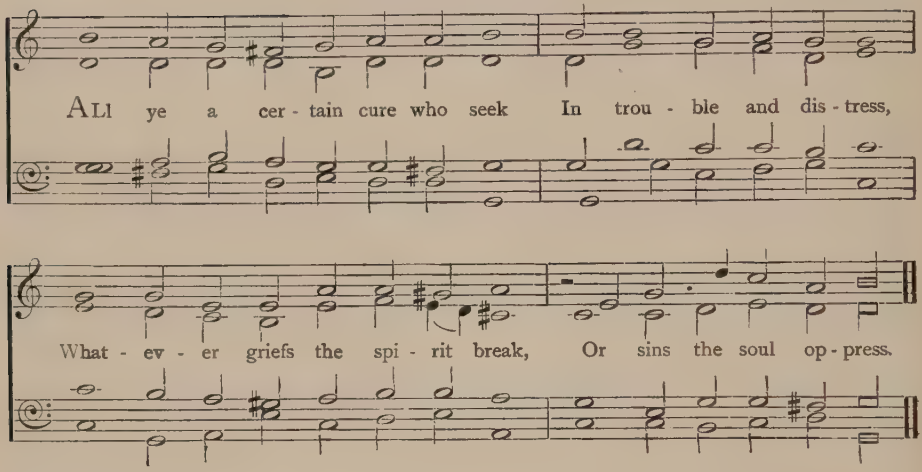
From T. Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621); *Arranged by Edmund W. Goldsmith*



65 E

LINCOLN TUNE (Iambic, 8.6. 8.6.)

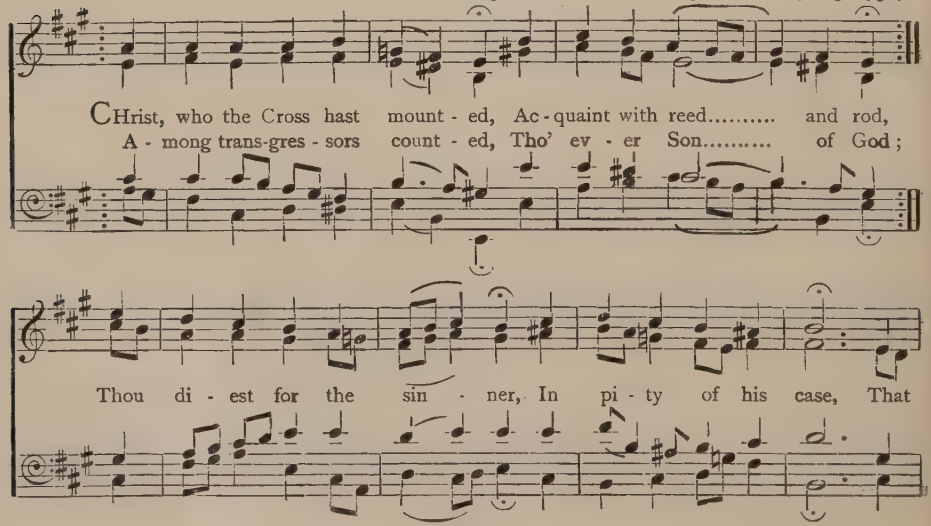
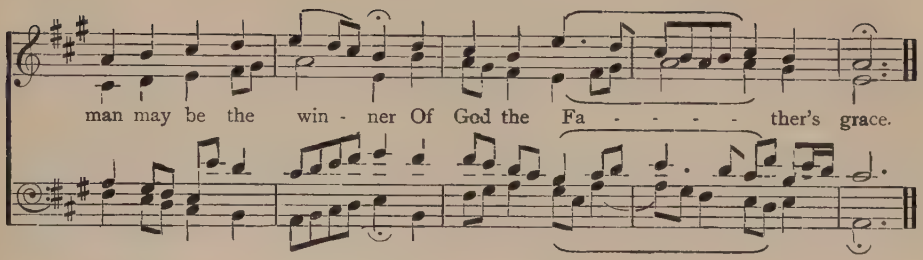
From T. Ravenscroft's Psalter; Harmonized by W. Harrison (1621)



75 C (Verse 3) CHRIST, WHO THE CROSS HAST MOUNTED

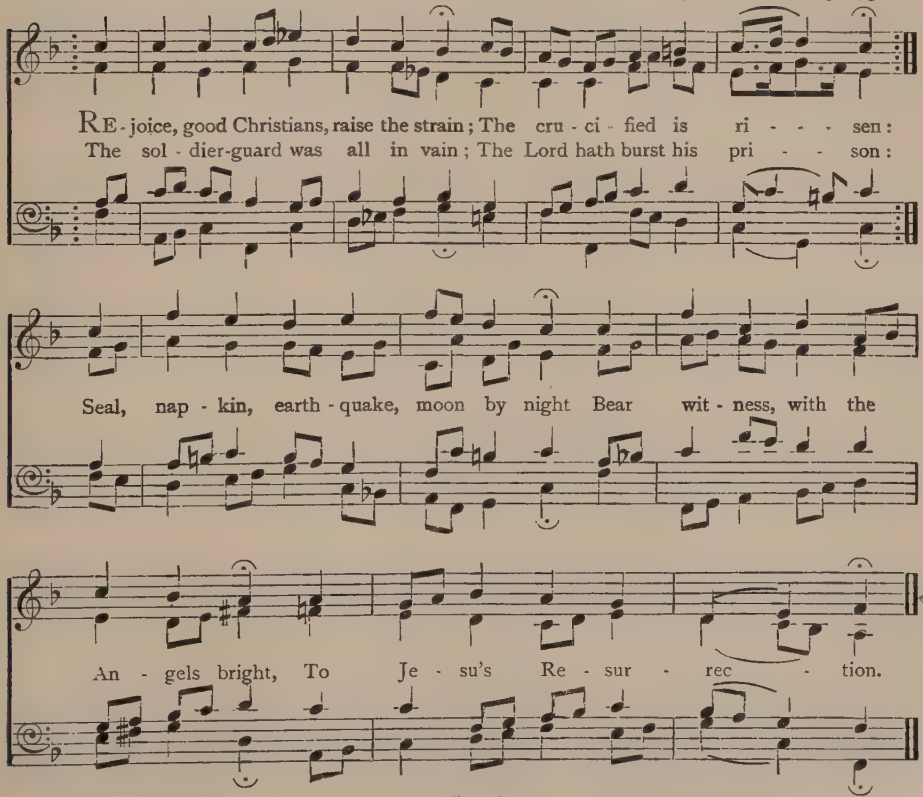
Tune—ICH DANK' DIR, LIEBER HERRE (Iambic, 7.6. 7.6. 7.6. 7.6.)

J. K. Horn (1544); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


CHrist, who the Cross hast mount - ed, Ac - quaint with reed..... and rod,
A - mong trans-gres - sors count - ed, Tho' ev - er Son..... of God;
Thou di - est for the sin - ner, In pi - ty of his case, That

107A REJOICE, GOOD CHRISTIANS, RAISE THE STRAIN

Tune—ES IST DAS HEIL UNS KOMMEN HER . (Iambic, 8.7. 8.7. 8.8.7.

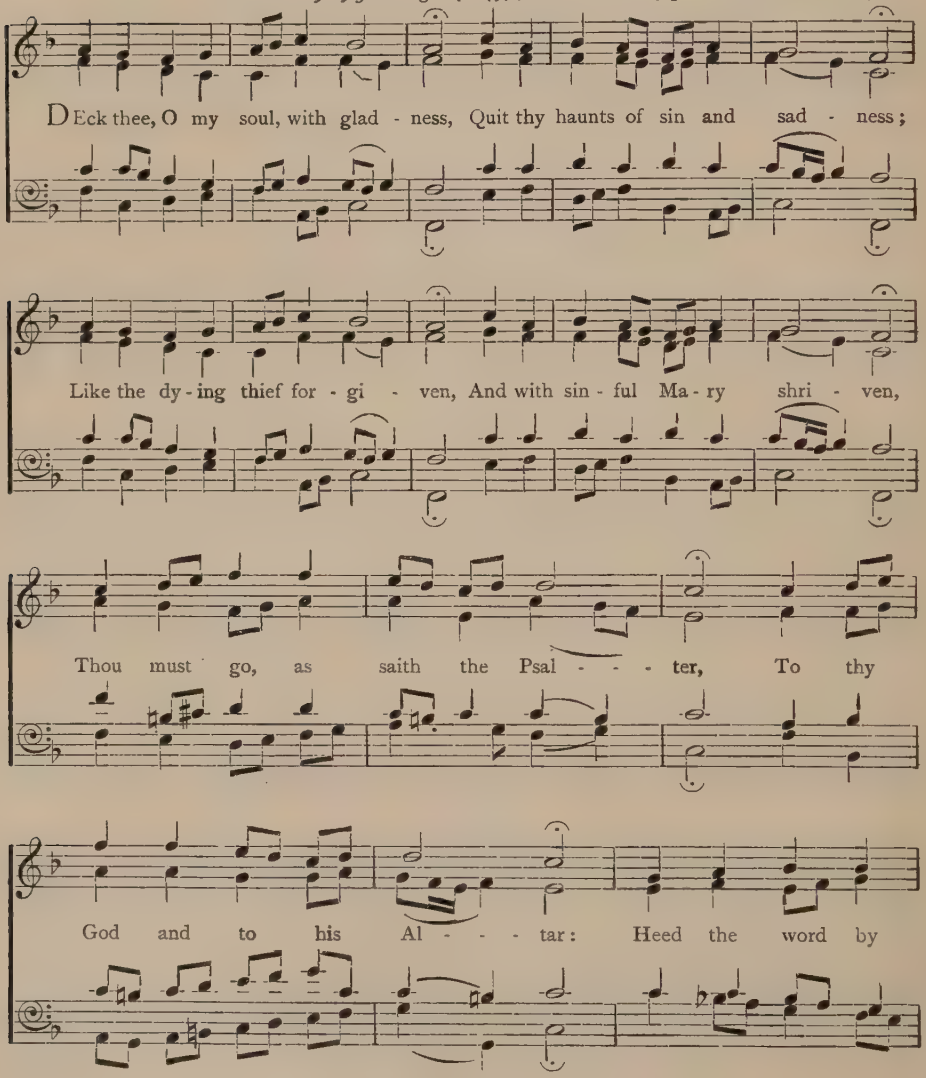
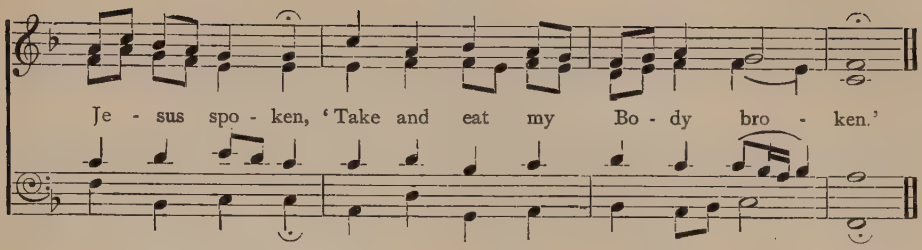
Wittenberg (1524); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


RE - joice, good Christians, raise the strain; The cru - ci - fied is ri - - - - sen:
The sol - dier-guard was all in vain; The Lord hath burst his pri - - - son:
Seal, nap - kin, earth - quake, moon by night Bear wit - ness, with the
An - gels bright, To Je - su's Re - sur - rec - - tion.

145 A Schmücke dich, O liebe Seele

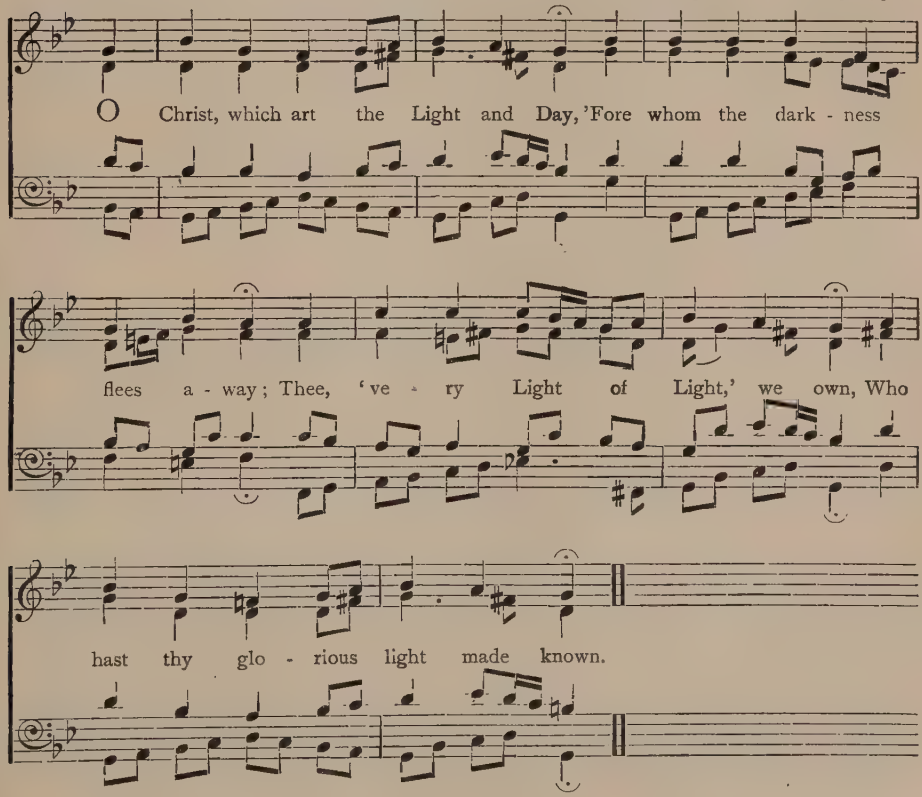
(Trochaic, 8.8. 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.)

Melody by J. Crüger (1649); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


DEck thee, O my soul, with glad - ness, Quit thy haunts of sin and sad - ness;
Like the dy - ing thief for - gi - ven, And with sin - ful Ma - ry shri - ven,
Thou must go, as saith the Psal - - - ter, To thy
God and to his Al - - - tar: Heed the word by

181 A CHRISTE, QVI LVX ES, ET DIES

Tune—CHRISTE, DER DU BIST TAG UND LICHT (Iambic, 8.8. 8.8.)

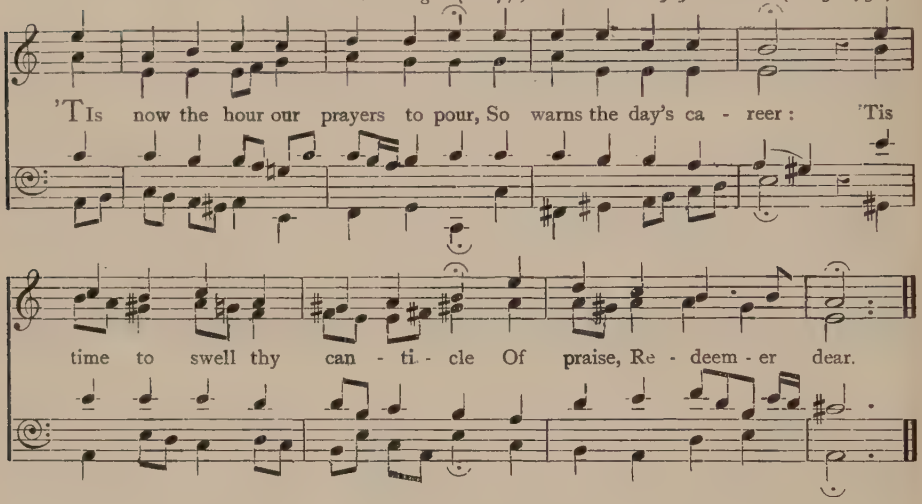
Later metrical form of the proper Gregorian Melody ; Harmonized by J. S. Bach (1685–1750)


O Christ, which art the Light and Day, 'Fore whom the dark - ness
flees a - way; Thee, 'ver - y Light of Light,' we own, Who
hast thy glo - rious light made known.

188[A] FVNDERE PRECES TEMPVS EST

Tune—NUN SICH DER TAG GEENDET HAT (Iambic, 8.6. 8.6.)

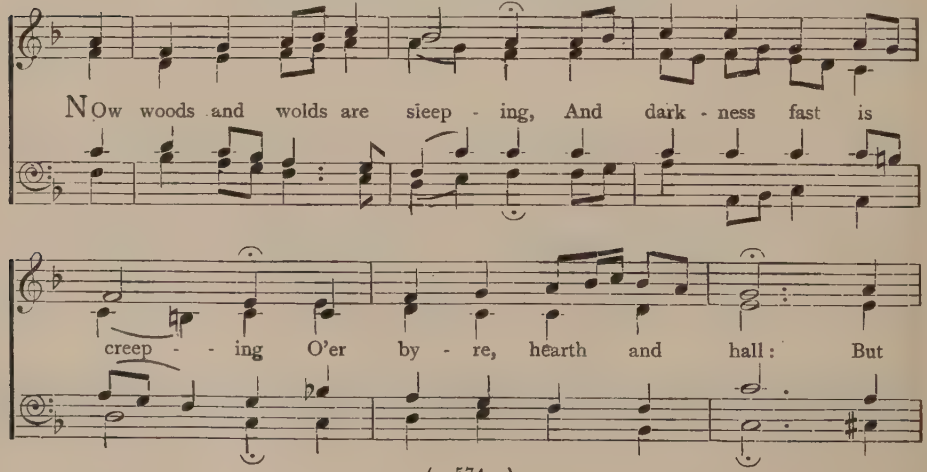
Adam Krieger (1667); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)

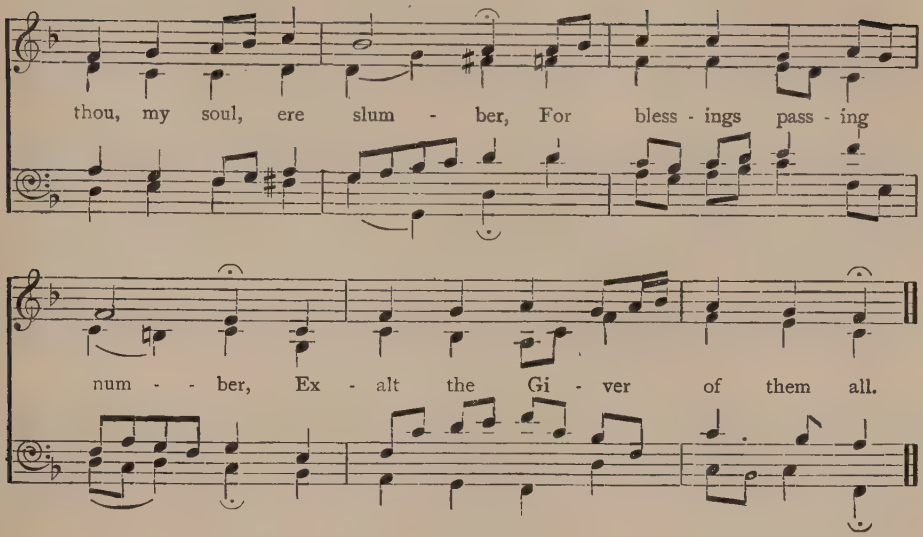


191[A] Nun ruhen alle Wälder

(Iambic, 7.7.6. 7.7.8.)

Heinrich Isaac (*c.* 1455–1520); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)

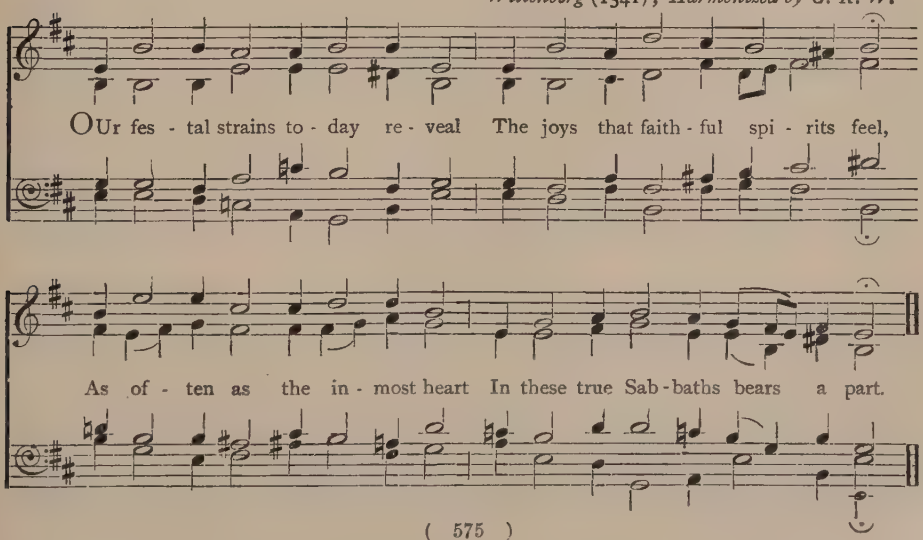




232 A INTERNI FESTI GAVDIA

Tune—So treiben wir den Winter aus (Iambic, 8.8. 8.8.)

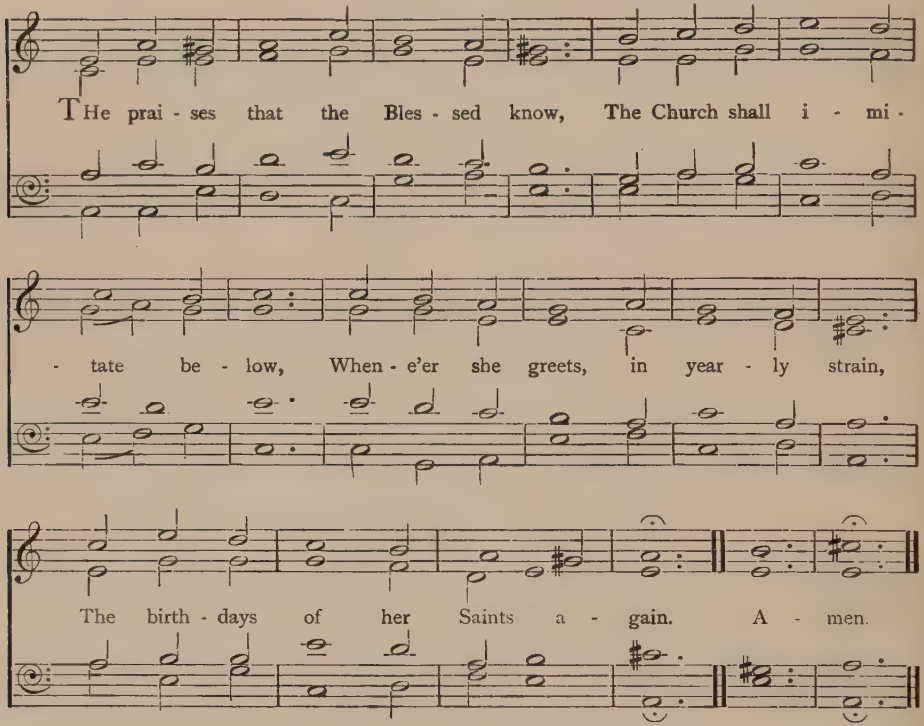
Wittenberg (1541); *Harmonized by G. R. W.*


OUr fes - tal strains to - day re - veal The joys that faith - ful spi - rits feel,
As of - ten as the in - most heart In these true Sab - baths bears a part.

233 A HARVM LAVDVM PRÆCONIA

Tune—MEIN SEEL, O GOTT, MUSS LOBEN DICH (Iambic, 8.8. 8.8.)

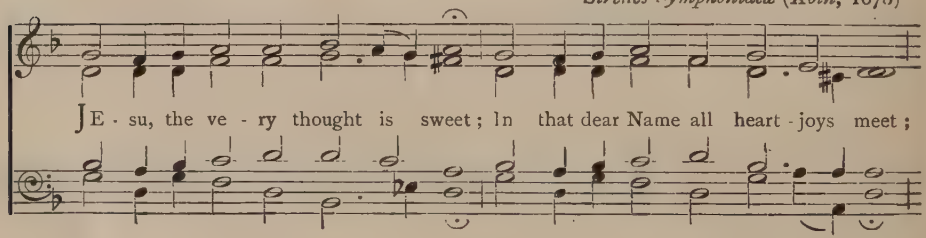
Setting by M. Prætorius (1607)

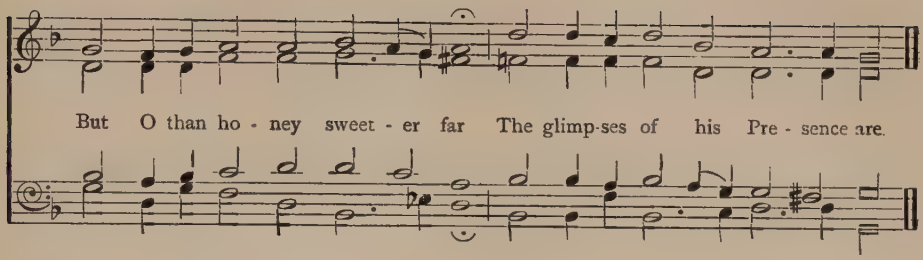

THe prai - ses that the Bles - sed know, The Church shall i - mi -
- tate be - low, When - e'er she greets, in year - ly strain,
The birth - days of her Saints a - gain. A - men.

264 A JESV, DVLCIS MEMORIA

(Iambic, 8.8. 8.8.)

Sirenes Symphoniacæ (*Köln*, 1678)

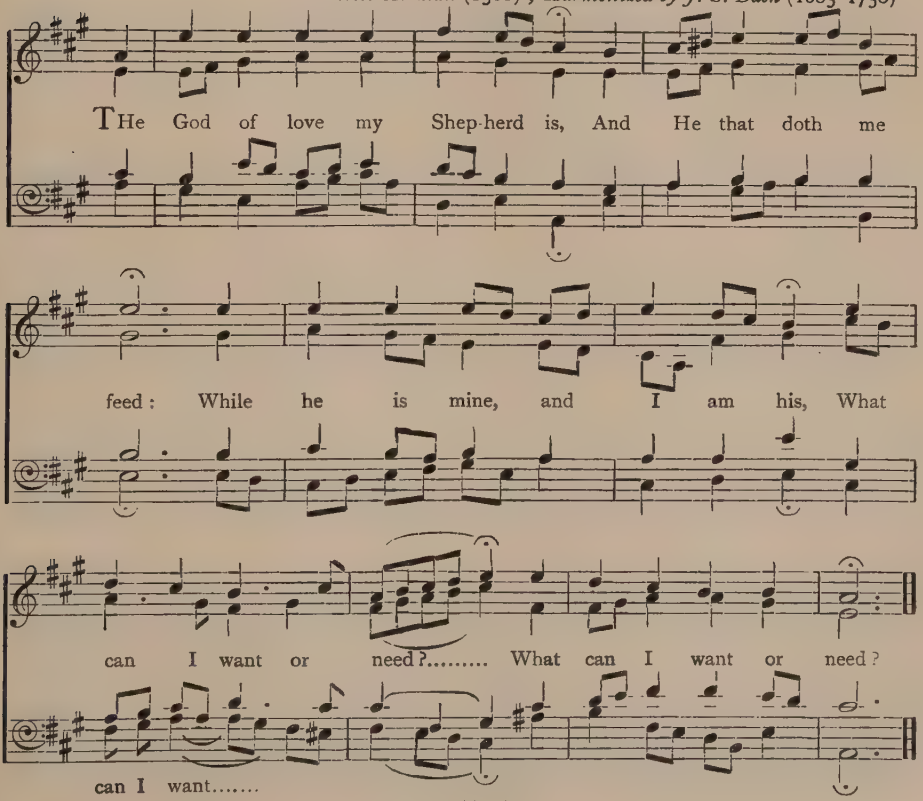




294 C DOMINVS REGIT ME (Ps. xxiij)

Tune—LOBT GOTT, IHR CHRISTEN ALLZUGLEICH

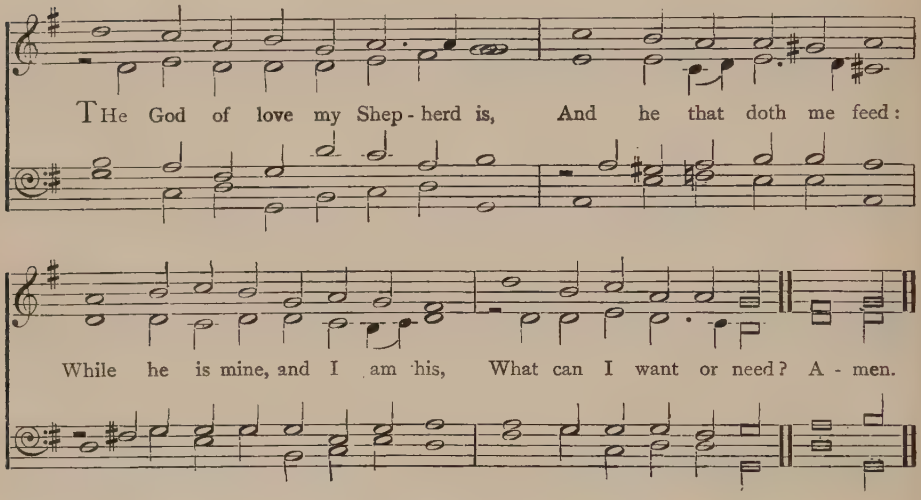
Nic. Herman (1560) ; *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


THe God of love my Shep-herd is, And He that doth me
feed : While he is mine, and I am his, What
can I want or need?..... What can I want or need?
can I want.....

294 D DOMINVS REGIT ME (Ps. xxiij)

BRISTOL TUNE (Ps. xvi)

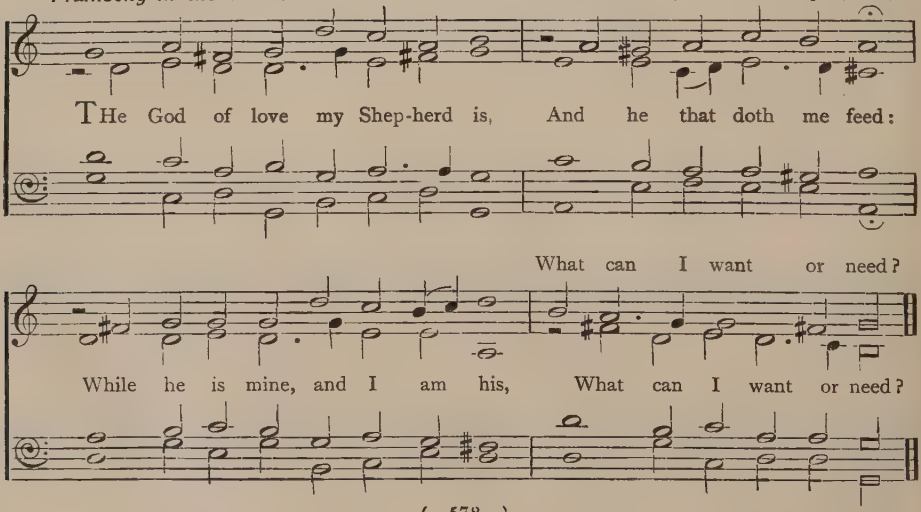
Adapted from T. Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621)



294 E

Plainsong in the Tenor.

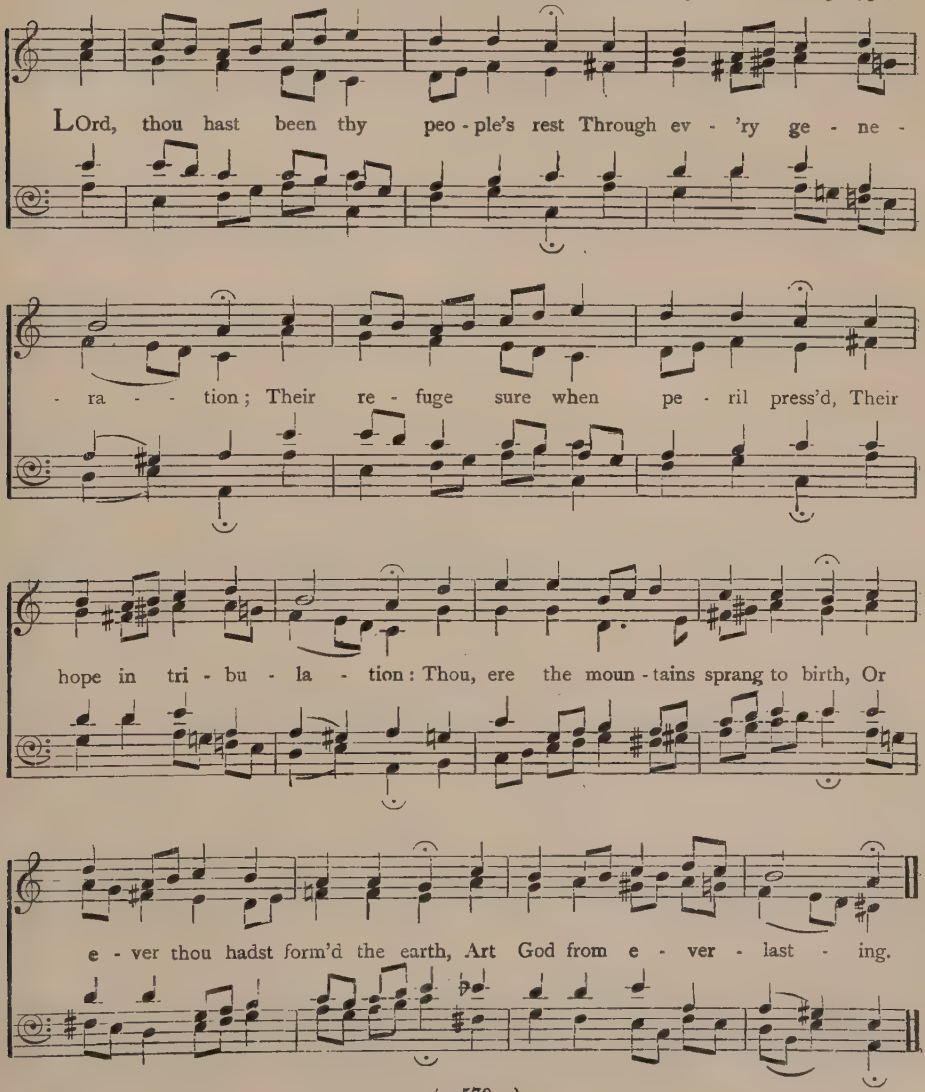
Harmonized by T. Ravenscroft (1621)


THe God of love my Shep-herd is, And he that doth me feed:
What can I want or need?
While he is mine, and I am his, What can I want or need?

299A DOMINE REFVGIVM (Ps. xc)

Tune—WO GOTT DER HERR NICHT BEI UNS HÄLT (Iambic, 8.7. 8.7. 8.8.7.)

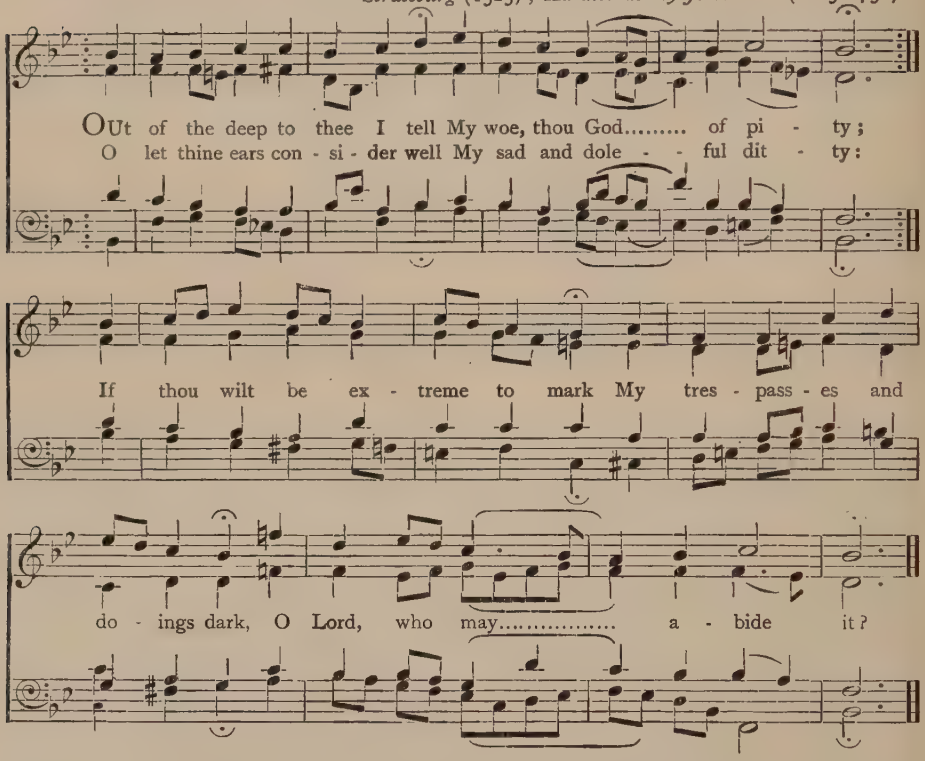
Klug's Gesangbuch (1535); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* 1685–1750)


LOrd, thou hast been thy peo - ple's rest Through ev - 'ry ge - ne -
- ra - - tion; Their re - fuge sure when pe - ril press'd, Their
hope in tri - bu - la - tion: Thou, ere the moun - tains sprang to birth, Or
e - ver thou hadst form'd the earth, Art God from e - ver - last - ing.

305 A Aus tiefer Not (Ps. cxxx)

Tune—HERR, WIE DU WILLST SO SCHICK'S MIT MIR (Iambic, 8.7. 8.7. 8.8. 7.)

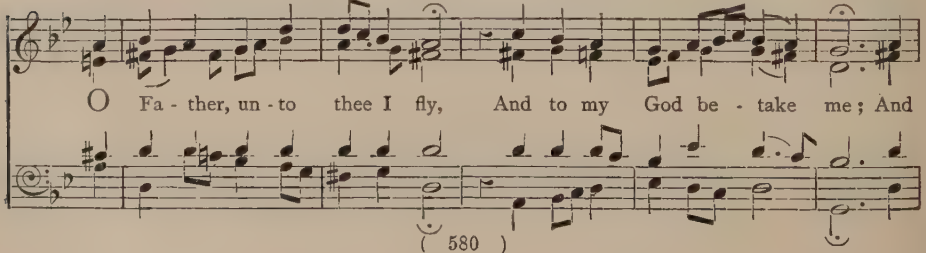
Strassburg (1525); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)

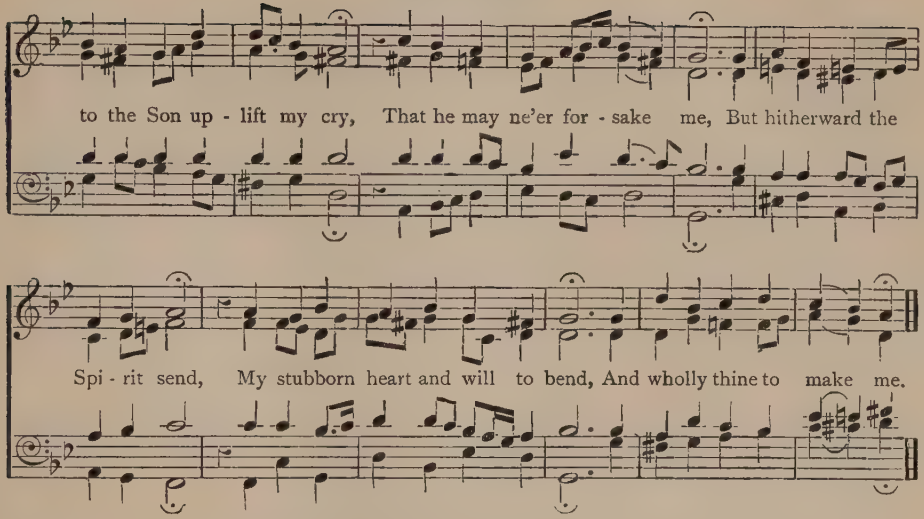

OUt of the deep to thee I tell My woe, thou God..... of pi - ty;
O let thine ears con - si - der well My sad and dole - - ful dit - ty:
If thou wilt be ex - treme to mark My tres - pass - es and
do - ings dark, O Lord, who may..... a - bide it?

357 C O FATHER, UNTO THEE I FLY

Tune—ACH GOTT, VOM HIMMEL SIEH' DAREIN (Iambic, 8.7. 8.7. 8.8. 7.)

Erfurter Enchiridion (1524); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)

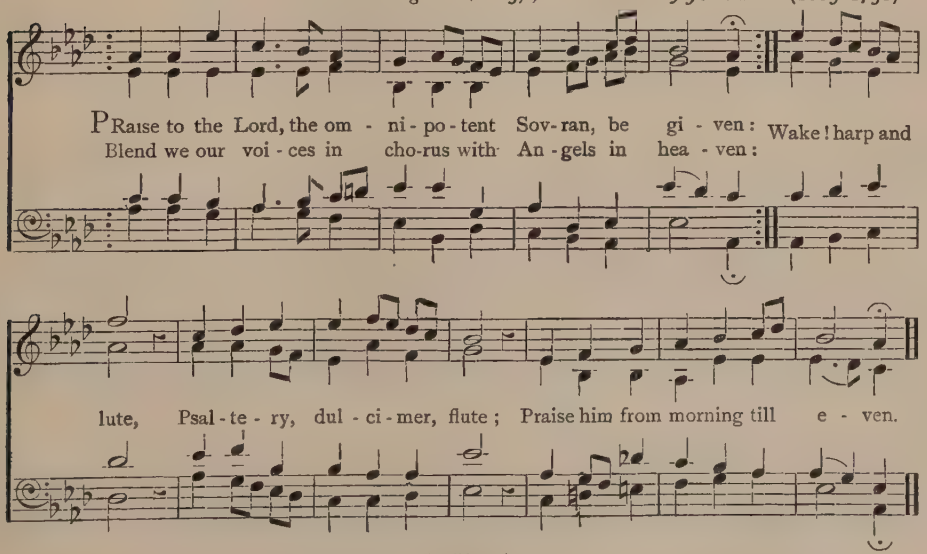



to the Son up - lift my cry, That he may ne'er for - sake me, But hitherward the
Spi - rit send, My stubborn heart and will to bend, And wholly thine to make me.

369 A Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen König

Tune—HAST DU DENN, JESU, DEIN ANGESICHT (Dactylic, 14.14.4.7.8.)

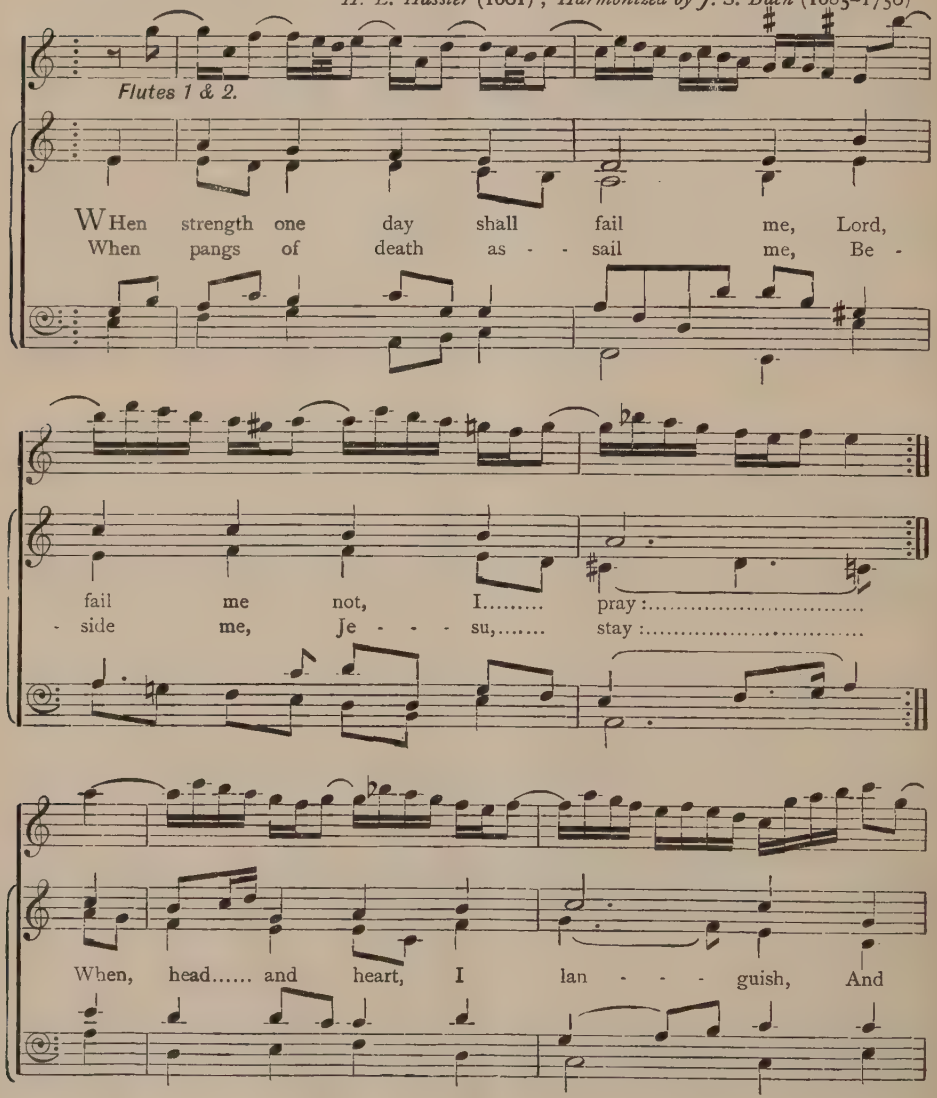
Stralsund Gesangbuch (1665); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)

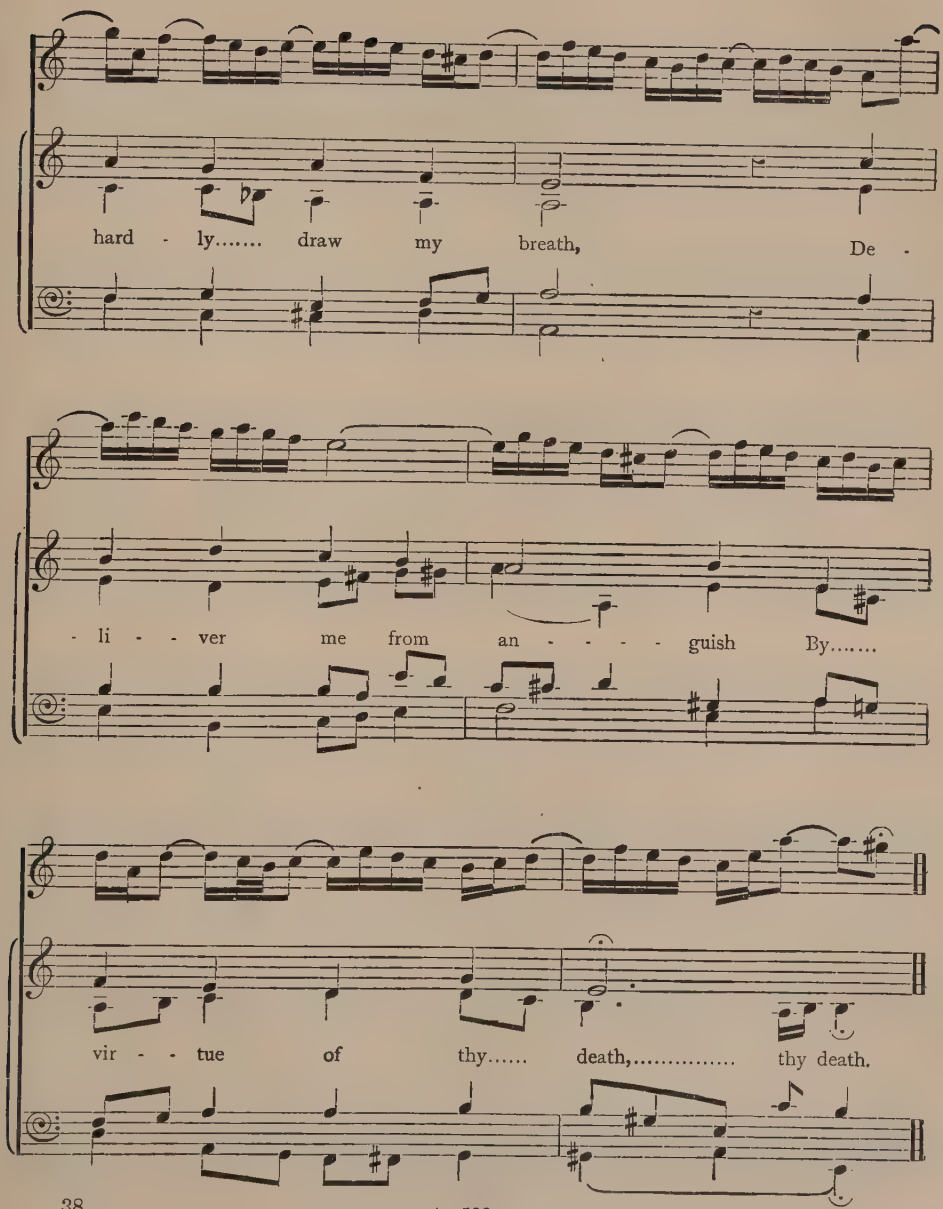

PRaise to the Lord, the om - ni - po - tent Sov - ran, be gi - ven: Wake! harp and
Blend we our voi - ces in cho-rus with An - gels in hea - ven:
lute, Psal - te - ry, dul - ci - mer, flute; Praise him from morning till e - ven.

390 A Wenn ich einmal soll scheiden

Tune—HERZLICH THUT MICH VERLANGEN (Iambic, 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.)

H. L. Hassler (1601); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)

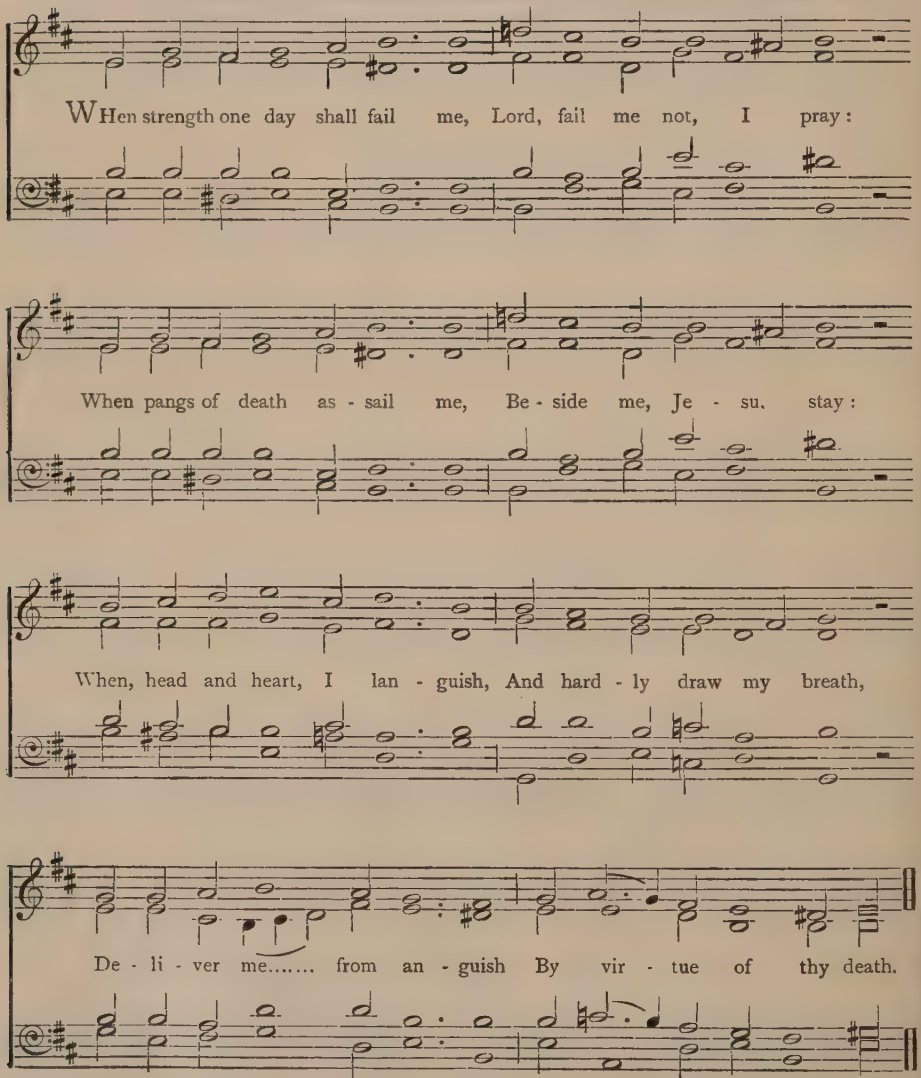

Flutes 1 & 2.
WHen strength one day shall fail me, Lord,
When pangs of death as - - sail me, Be -
fail me not, I..... pray :.....
- side me, Je - - - su,..... stay :.....
When, head..... and heart, I lan - - - guish, And


hard - ly..... draw my breath, De -
- li - - ver me from an - - - - guish By.....
vir - - tue of thy..... death,..... thy death.

390 B

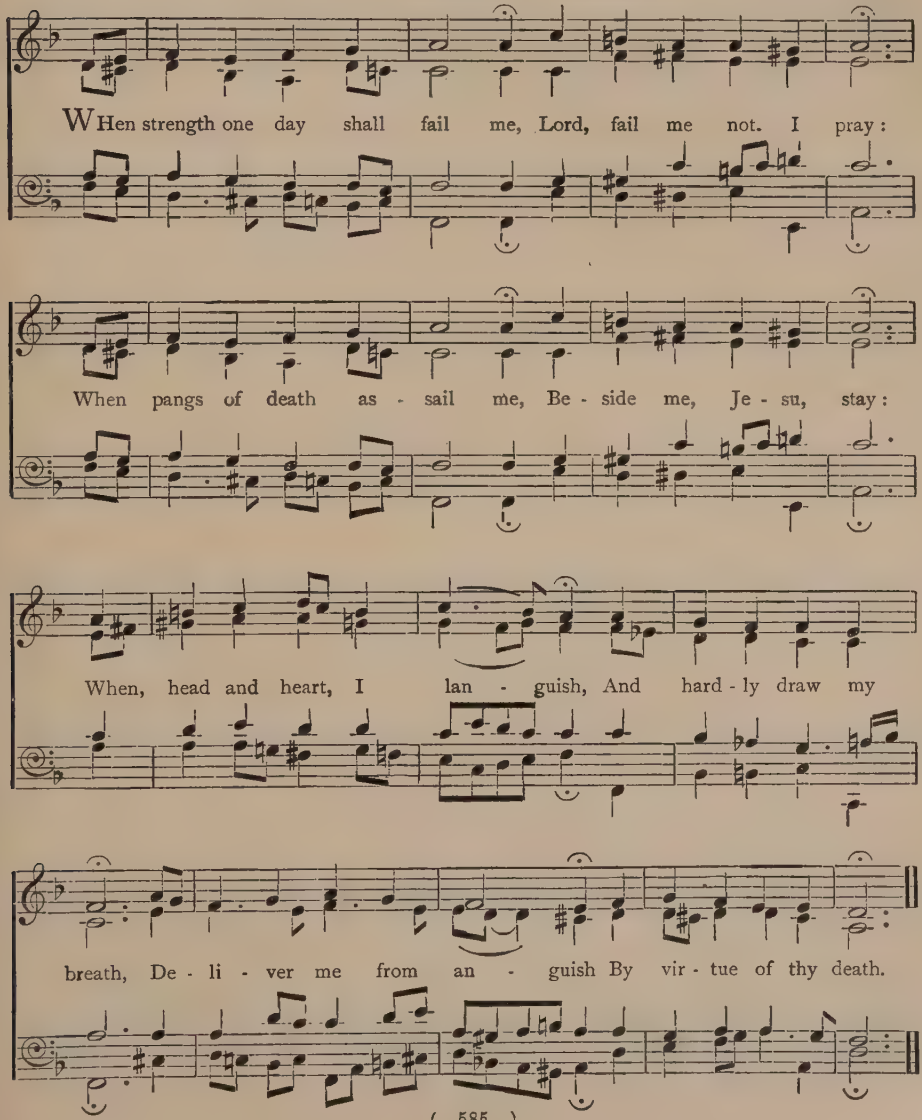
Tune—LOBET GOTT UNSERN HERREN (Iambic, 7.6. 7.6. 7.6. 7.6.)

Melody first in Gesius' Enchiridion (1603); *Harmonized by M. Prætorius* (1609)


When strength one day shall fail me, Lord, fail me not, I pray:
When pangs of death as - sail me, Be - side me, Je - su, stay:
When, head and heart, I lan - guish, And hard - ly draw my breath,
De - li - ver me..... from an - guish By vir - tue of thy death.

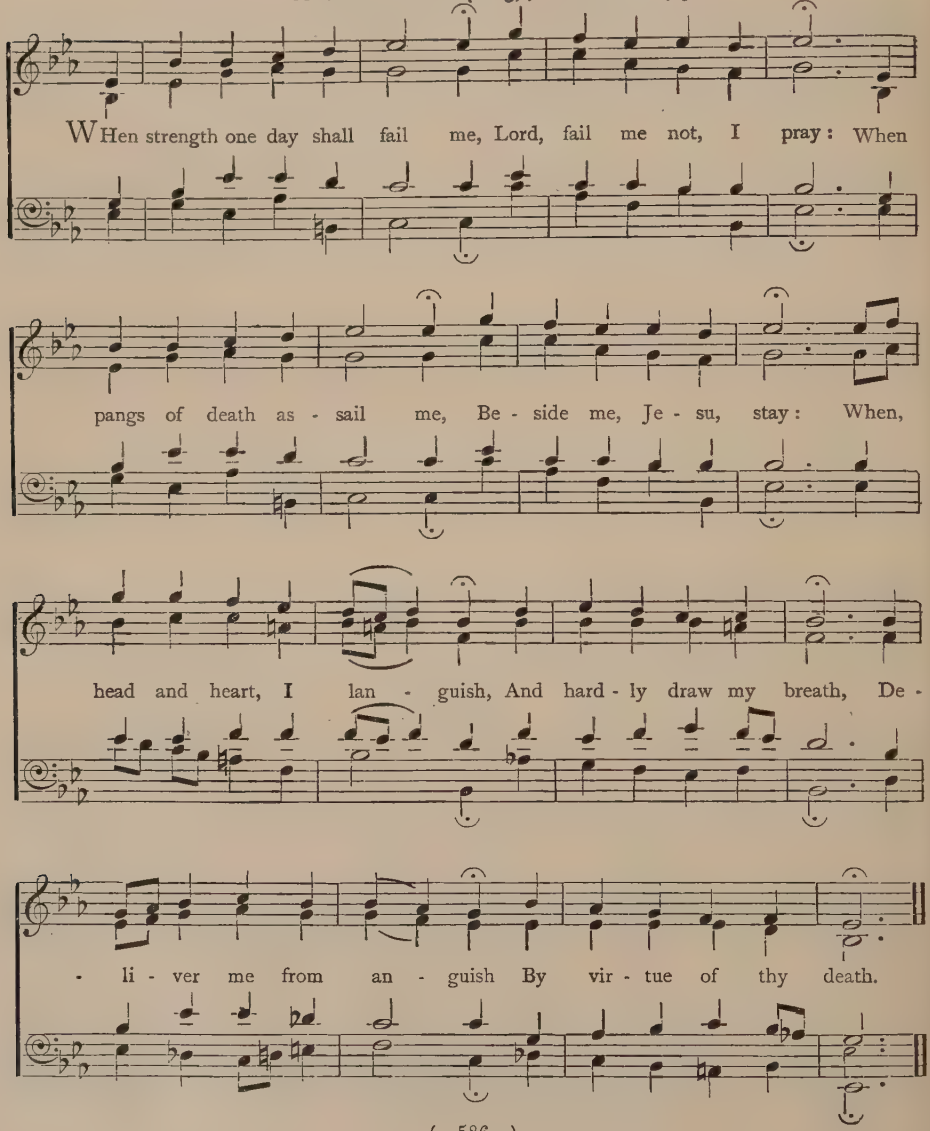
390 C *Tune*—BEFIEHL DU DEINE WEGE (Iambic, 7.6. 7.6. 7.6. 7.6.)

Barth. Gesius (1603); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1685–1750)


WHen strength one day shall fail me, Lord, fail me not. I pray:
When pangs of death as - sail me, Be - side me, Je - su, stay:
When, head and heart, I lan - guish, And hard - ly draw my
breath, De - li - ver me from an - guish By vir - tue of thy death.

390 D

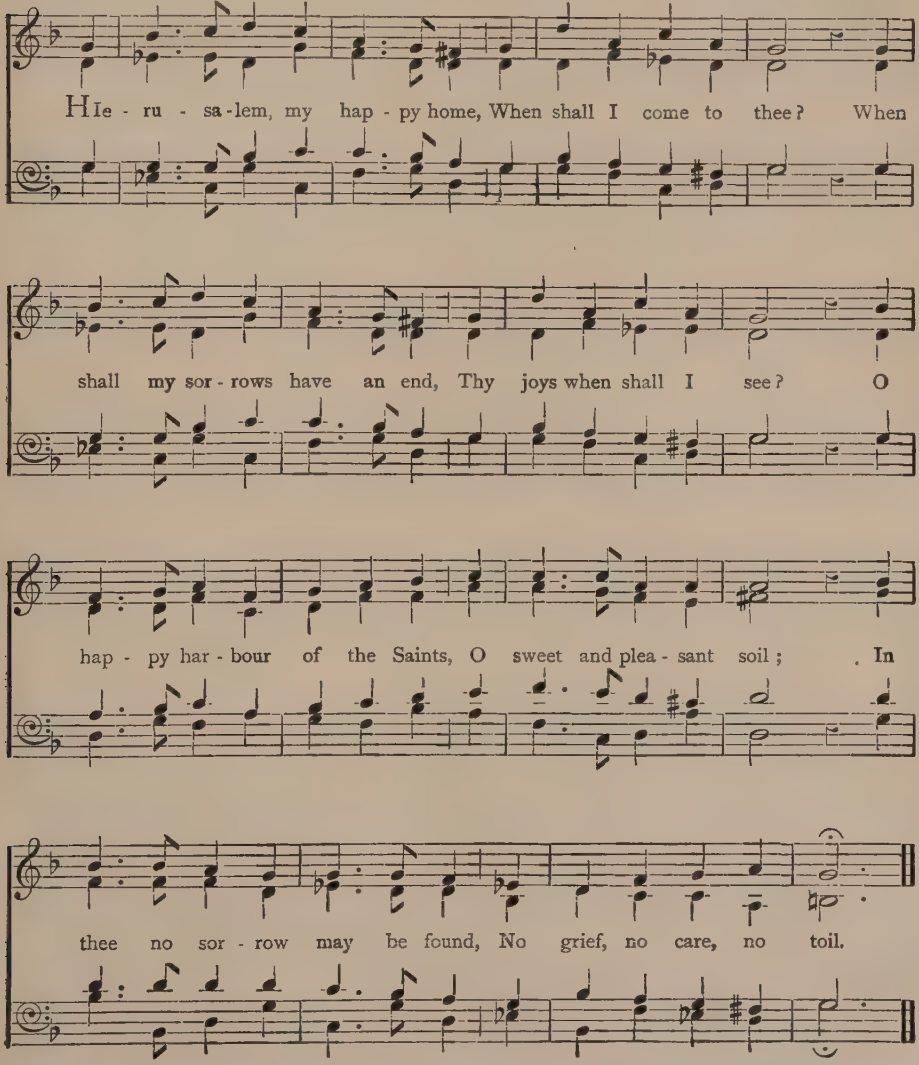
Tune—VALET WILL ICH DIR GEBEN (Iambic, 7.6. 7.6. 7.6. 7.6.)

Melchior Teschner (1613); *Harmonized by J. S. Bach* (1680–1750)

WHen strength one day shall fail me, Lord, fail me not, I pray: When
pangs of death as - sail me, Be - side me, Je - su, stay: When,
head and heart, I lan - guish, And hard - ly draw my breath, De -
- li - ver me from an - guish By vir - tue of thy death.

401 E HIERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME

Tune – NUN SEHT UND MERKET, LIEBEN LEUT (Iambic, 8.6. 8.6. 8.6. 8.6.)

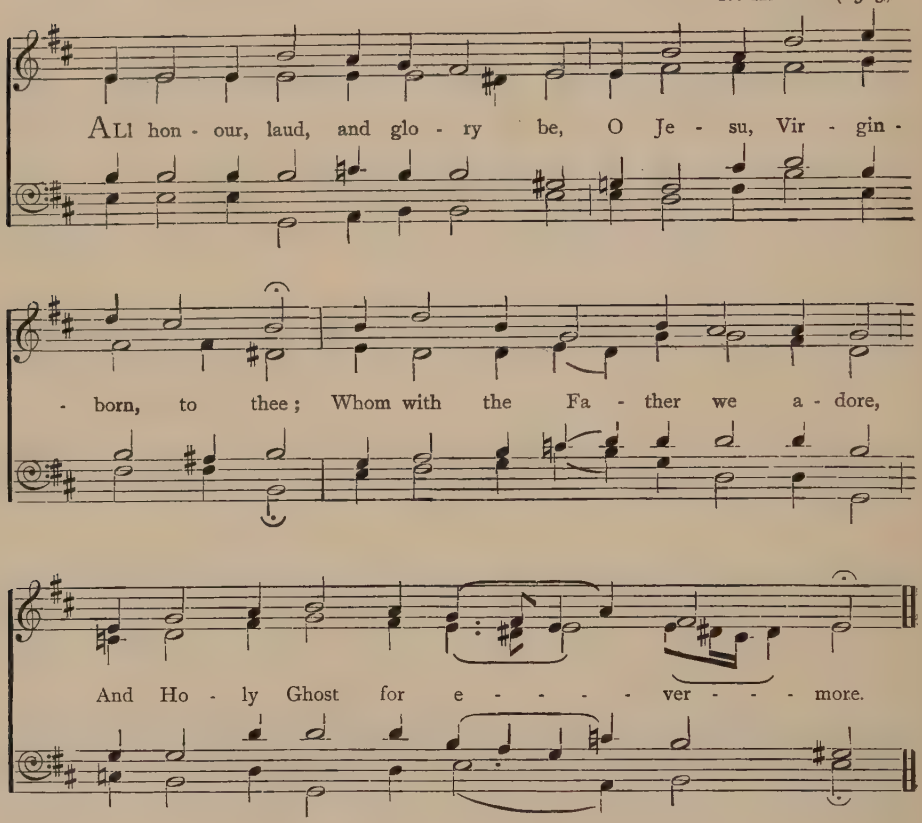
Plainsong in the Tenor. *Böhm. Brüder* (1566)


Hie - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, When shall I come to thee? When
shall my sor - rows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see? O
hap - py har - bour of the Saints, O sweet and plea - sant soil; In
thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.

414[1] IESV, TIBI SIT GLORIA

Tune—GOTT SCHUF ADAM GERECHT UND WEIS (Iambic, 8.8. 8.8.)

N. Herman (1563)



MEMENTO MEI, DEVS MEVS, PRO HOC; ET PARCE
MIHI SECVNDVM MVLTITVDINEM
MISERATIONVM
TVARVM.

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c denotes Editor's Copyright

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